

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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S'atow, China, Jan. 16, 1921

Dear Ones;

The things you sent are just lovely. And I appreciate it all the more because I know it means something to spend a lot of money for one thing for me when there are a lot of things that you need yourselves too. I'm not going to say I wish you hadn't sent the shoes for they are a perfect fit and so pretty! I do have a sort of guilty feeling though to have such nice ones,- I mean, such expensive ones when you have been having sickness and other things to make it hard.

I am so anxious to have one of the girls hem my tablecloth; I'm going to have her hemstitch it on two sides or all around, I don't yet know which. Even tho it is not a pattern cloth it will look something like one if it has hemstitching all the way around. I haven't written to the Washburn people but I must do that the very next thing. I am going to tell them to send white spool sewing cotton sizes 36 to 50, and fine tatting cotton in pretty colors; also Sharp and Crewel needles, crochet hooks, tatting shuttles, little work bags, combs, tooth paste and tooth brushes, towels or wash cloths, pencils, erasers, tablets or note books. I don't mean I am going to tell them to send all these things, but it is like the list that I sent you, they may have a wide variety. I shall tell them other things too when I get to writing, probably.

And now let me tell you some things that I would love to have you buy with some of my money. Forty copies (\$2.00 worth) of the leaflet Just Girls, that I am enclosing. I am sending it to a good many people. I would also like a twelve yard piece of some val. edging to put on the embroidered white dress that I had last commencement time. I have decided that that is what the dress needs to make it becoming to me. It is too plain an effect as it is. Fillet lace would be too heavy, and that is the only kind I can buy here usually.

What bold thing do you suppose I have dared to do? I have written six letters to as many different people, informing them that I am sending them tatting to sell. I am sending you one of them to see. Will you read it and then pass it on, and then tell me what you think of it; whether it was going too far to presume that folks would be tickled to death to do this little stunt. You may faint when I tell you to whom I am sending the other five letters; Gladys Lyman, Mrs. Speed, Mrs. Gammon, Lillian Carson, and Bessie Pierce. You may have \$60.00 worth of tattin g coming in to you, you see; but I really have faith to believe that you won't!

I am sending Baby Ruth some things, and I am sending them to you so that if there should be any duty you can pay it out of MY MONEY, without FAIL, and ON NO ACCOUNT out of YOURS!

Did you say something once upon a time about sending out some seeds for dandelion greens? I seem to remember that you did but haven't had any of the greens to eat yet and so I can't remember whether you really did see anything or not. It sounds good to me anyway!

Had a Xmas card from Emily H. Obeir, on her way to the Philippines where Prof. O. has the chair of Physics in the U. of the Philippines. She wants me to write; a request is a big concession, it seems to me, when I have never even answered her wedding announcement! Don't you think so? Marion Boss, the new girl who just arrived last week for Chaochowfu, to take Ruth Sperry's place, was on the Steamer from Shanghai down to Manila with Emily. She found out that she was a Colby girl and so spoke of her when I said that Colby was my college. I am going to write. The same day that Miss Boss came, Miss Marjorie Fleming of Swatow, I mean for the work in Swatow city, came. She will live in Swatow city, with the Speichers on the other side of the bay from us. She will have all sorts of things to do in the new institutional church.

The Mr. Ling about whom you sent the clipping, happens to be the very one that helped me so much just when I was getting ready for my last exam. a little more than a year ago now. I never should have done so well on that old history, if it hadn't been for his splendid help. He had just finished his work at Nanking University, and had come down here to teach in the Academy. It was before his school began that he helped me. I do know his Mother, and she is one of the bible women with whom I went on that very first country trip. I know his father too; and his young sister just came up this year from our primary school into the regular school.

Very lovingly yours,

Abbie

All the copies I sent were
plainer than this, I think.

Suataw, China
October 31, 1920

Dear People;

Sunday night here and Sunday morning there I we are just at
the close of God's day, and you are just at the beginning of it. This
is the one time in all the week, I believe, when I meet often think of
you. It is a real inspiration to picture you all getting ready for the
church services and the Sunday School services and Young People's and
all. We have had our busy, full, happy day, and you are all ready for
yours.

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

"But all the day and the long night too
"When skies are blue or clouds hang gray,
"There is never a moment when God above
"Is not watching o'er us with tender love,
"And I look to Him and so do you;
"He cares for us both the long years through,-
"At the mile of sea 'twixt you and me
"Seems none at all!"

Aren't these verses beautiful? One of my fellow workers out here
a dear girl who lives with me, wrote them to her mother. I'm sure you
will be happy to share them too.

I have been a good many busy days and struggled with not a few
puzzling problems since I wrote my last letters to you. Miss Calley
went home in June as she had planned, and after a good summer's rest
in the hills, I have plunged again into the work for which I have been
preparing these two years. I have been confronted with some situations
which were difficult, and constantly there is a little fear lest some
carelessness of mine or my inexperience may do something to harm the
work. Yet I feel, too, that His is the hand that is leading me, and
if I can only learn to trust Him more fully, His own work will surely
prosper.

On the 31st and 22nd of this month we celebrated the Sixtieth
Anniversary of the opening of the South China mission. We did
surely have what the Chinese would call a "tan-jiet"- which means "a
lot of people together having a grand good time"! Only a certain
number of delegates from each school were present at all the sessions
and our chapel was filled with guests from inland stations. We had
speeches from American guests; Dr. Robins of the Rochester Theological
Seminary, and missionaries returning to their work in other parts of
China, as well as missionaries who came from their fields especially
to help us celebrate. These speeches were given in English, and trans-

lated into the Szeow dialect. Some of our own missionaries gave addresses in Chinese, after having given a brief summary of their talks in English for the benefit of the Western guests. In the devotional services the Chinese pastors took turns with the missionaries. But two of the finest, most stirring talks we had were by two of our college graduates. These men have a far vision of what the Chinese church must do if progress in the future is to be rapid and real. They believe thoroughly, and preach fervently, the gospel of a church which shall not be dependent upon the money, the energy, the Christianity, of the foreigner. We are proud of their spirit.

On Thursday afternoon the residents in the part of Szeow were invited to a tea to meet the Western visitors; and on Friday afternoon the delegates, both Chinese and foreign, enjoyed a tour of the schools on the compound. The Academy boys exhibited the apparatus that is used in their science courses, along with some of the work of their Health Promotion Club, - such as model houses, model kitchens, sanitary and unsanitary wells (all in miniature). They greeted us with wailing band music, then with welcome speeches and Chinese string instrument music. The kindergarten kiddies were nothing short of captivating as they gave their little exercises and acted a little story, on the tennis lawn. Last of all, the visitors came to hear our girls sing. I wish you might have heard them. It is more than worth any number of discouragements to hear these sweet voices singing "My Task", "O come to my heart, Lord Jesus", "Fly as a bird to your mountain", "Sweeter as the days go by", "We shall see the King some day", and others.

Saturday morning was the grand parade in Szeow city. Our girls and the primary and the kindergarten, - and boys' schools from Kityang and Chaoyang and even as far inland as Ia ping. The Women's School and the theological seminary and our boys' academy were all there; the whole parade made an imposing procession of over twelve hundred people. The bright banners made gorgeous splashes of color in the crowded streets, and the various school bands beat their drums and tooted their horns, demonstrating their enthusiasm by a joyful noise, though some critics hesitate to give the name noise! The Chinese love processions, and this grand display seemed a most fitting climax to the biggest event in sixty years.

Our 104 girls send you warmest greetings. I am daily getting to know them better, especially the ones who are in my classes in Old Testament History, Music, and Beginners English. We are very sorry that our third year class of High School work could not be opened this year on account of inefficient teaching staff. The girls are clamoring for this work and we must begin it next year. Will you not pray that the right teachers may be found and the way be opened?

I want to thank you for the letters you dear Aronstock people have written to me and the things some of you have sent me at different times. I wish I might write each of you a personal letter. I want to tell the Bridgewater girls again how much I do appreciate the splendid boxes they sent; some of these things will make Christmas happier for the girls this year! And thank you all for your prayer and loving interest. That, I know, is what carries us over a good many hard places out here!

Yours in the Master's service,

Abbie J. Sanderson

No 86.

Swatara

Jan 23

Dear Ines —

Will you
forgive me if I don't
write you a letter this
week? All I have done
this evening is to write
these two letters — one to
Bud and the other to
Mr. Giberson. I'll send
them to you and let you
pass them — one.

It is quarter of eleven
this minute and I
must get to bed to make
up some sleep. I'm
quite well straightened
around after my cold and
digestive upset, etc. I
have decided that I must
be careful and continue
to be careful, about what
I eat!

P.S. Jan. 23 Very much love to
box of candied
ginger, and
peanut candy —
my two dears,
Abbie.

No 119

Suataw, (Chaoyang) China
Feb 28, 1921

Dearest Mother Mine:

This is the forty-ninth letter since last Tuesday - I started to say it was the forty-ninth that I had finished - but I haven't exactly finished it yet! And then I started to say that it was the forty-ninth I had begun - but I've begun more than that. I have letters already started to Uncle Arthur and to Miss Brigham - which are not yet finished. To be accurate, then; I have finished forty-eight letters and mailed most of them. I have still a batch which I am herewith sending to you to forward - please.

What do you think I have been doing this afternoon and evening? Reading over your old letters! I began it to look for the names of women you have spoken about - Mrs. Hotchkiss and some others - whom I ought to remember to send greetings - But I can't find it at all - though I know I brought letters telling about that over here to Chaoyang with me - So when I should and don't - won't you please give them word from me as you know I am thinking it is my heart? I know you can (!) and you have my full and free command - and permission as to do - So often when I am writing to you I am upstairs and your letter is downstairs - or vice versa -

Well - in this process of reading over letters I have come across an appalling number of things that I can't remember answering at

The Ch'u Yin Yin-mu - that father was talking about is what we call the Tzu-in - Ji-bo - You see there is a slight resemblance - but not enough so that people speaking the different dialects can understand each other. There is a big movement on foot to spread the use of Mandarin all over China. You folks read about it long ago in the papers - and wondered, I suppose, why I was so silent about it - and the above mentioned phonetic alphabet - Well, the reason is this - it hadn't got down here yet. We had heard about it, of course - but no one had done anything about it and no one took much interest more than to say "oh t'ei!" (hard to do!) But now the teachers have agitated the matter - mostly new ones who have come down from studying in the north. The students are enthusiastic about it - and the teaching of the phonetics through the victrola is a method that is being used in a good many schools. That's one big reason I have decided to use the money the girl sent for a victrola - And we shall enjoy the music, too!

You folks have heard me tell about making dresses out of old Chinese silk things that have been fumigated - I wonder if you would like to have me send you some if I

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ever run across any more? Would Gladys like anything like that I do you spoke -? It would almost invariably have to be combined for you or me - but she might be able to get a whole dress out of one -

You spoke of the quilt you were finishing last March - Did you mean you would send it? If I wanted it? For I never have too many - and often wish I had more - (We have to borrow sometimes when we have guests) But - if you need it yourself - or if A. & Gladys need it - please don't send it. I am sure that I am much more fortunate and much better situated more comfortable, I mean - in a good many ways than you folks at home are - And I think it a crime to have you send me some things that I could get along without if you are needing them - any of you!

I think I have told you that the typewriter paper you sent is fine - but when I make a lot of copies of things - I like paper of this size that I am now using - of the quality that Mrs. Lamb's letter is written on - or similar - I can get it here and I don't know how expensive it is - If too much so I will let you know - and have you buy some for me -

Last week I came another bunch of Priscilla's and the Needlecraft - Will you please subscribe to Needlecraft with my money and then send it on to me - I am sure we could get helpful designs from it - as I almost always do from the Priscillas you send - I am so glad to get them, always -

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This reminds me ~~that~~ I have wanted for some time to ask you if you want me to send you more things for Xmas presents - I'm sure you do - at least I would if in your place - I'd love to have you send me more cards for next year - and would like to know whether tatting is what you like best to give - or tassels - or some drawn work pieces (I haven't sent you much -) or writing paper - Of the things I have sent - what do you like best - or more of all of them?

Did I ever tell you that Mrs. Speicher wanted me to thank you for the picture roll she received from you? She told me long ago -

Did you get my letter saying that I'm interested in the Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board Arrangement - but I can't seem to find out much about it and if you can get the literature, blanks, etc - I would be happy to see it & consider the matter. My salary is \$800.00 gold.

I have not heard from Mr. Johnson but have written to him and certainly think you ought to be hearing from him by now.

I don't quite understand whether that money from Myrtle Kimball was really mine - or father's - and I don't know what to say if I write to her - You said something about putting it in the Sewing machine fund - but said that you didn't know whether it was paid or mine -

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In the pictures of the reunion I have been wondering
where the "other" people were. Is Harold there - sitting in
the front row? That C. E. Ling was my teacher while I

Did I tell you that C. S. Ling was my teacher while I was preparing history for exam - and that I went on a country trip with his mother - yes - For sure I did - I went with an old man up

The parables I sent were done by an old man up in Kitzang - and are not used here except as interesting and beautiful ornaments - I'm wondering if you received the other Xmas package I sent - I shall be pretty mad if you don't - for it had a mixture of things in it! Haven't heard that Arthur received his - either -

People were so good to me - ^{and I write you that Emily} ^{and pretty bag} that Marguerite gave me an amber drop for a neck chain - Peggy - and Margaret Winn gave me Mrs. Ashmores porch chair which they bought from her? Ruth gave me a set of after dinner coffee cups - Miss Sullivan a lovely picture of Clara Leach a white brass charcoal hand warmer - Pearl Mason (the girl I met at Kuliang) the sweetest photo of her self - then there were a heap of other little things. Ruth Whitman sent a pair of lovely blue & white bath towels - Gladys Paul a lovely leather bound five year "Line-a-day" (good hint?) - Lucy Montgomery a little book by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews - Helen Fadden a book by Margaret Slattery - Bessie Pierce a book by Grace L. H. Lutz - Eva Sawtelle the Atlantic for the third consecutive year - Mabelle Culley a fine box of stationery - Eva Owen a hd kpf & check for five dollars - Alice Shaw a lovely chiffon bag of flowers sacket - Martha Meier - a hd kpf - the N. E. district women - lace collar & cuffs -

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Lucile writes a lovely rose colored silk tie, Edith Trues
a new book of songs - Ruth Taylor wrote that she and
her father wanted to know what they might send me
for Xmas worth about ten dollars? I told about things
for the work - but have just sent the letter -

Now - these are all lovely things - don't you
think I am a fortunate mortal - a lucky dog in other
words? But now comes the fine one - I thought
the finest present you had was the shoes you
folks sent - and it is - But it isn't the most
extravagant - For while it seems extravagant to
pay such a price for shoes - yet it is necessary
to have shoes that fit - and important to have
nice looking ones - while - I think it is not
necessary - no important - I have white silk
stockings - but just grand - Mrs. Stacy sent me them.
The grande climax - though is what you sent me -
I shall feel frivolous and care less enough when
I'm wearing it - to make me feel rested for a
month - Guess - a pink - adorable pink
silk undervest!

The model you saw in Missions is not
a model of our new house - but of the new
Domestic Science dormitory which the W.W.F.
girls gave - Ours is a big house - with four
separate suites of rooms in it - while the picture
is of the ideal Chinese house in which the girls

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8.

Will live and will be taught their own cooking & other essentials -

My scalp is pretty bad, but I have the women wash my hair often and I'm always hoping that I'll get time to have it treated. I don't spend my time worrying about it tho! The breast is perfectly all right - has given me no more trouble - The arches are bothering a little now - so that I have to be careful what shoes I wear and how far I walk - but they are not bad - and I'm not limping as I did several weeks ago -

Now - ~~isn't~~ this a hob-gobble? But I've been scribbling for over an hour just as fast as my pen would go - and I haven't tried to say things in any proper way - or arrangement. I'm going back to Hakeluck tomorrow and wanted to get this much done -

Love

Yours own

Abbie

Dearest Ones:

Over two weeks since I wrote to you at all, and I am certainly ashamed. Every time I let such long time go I think I will never do it again but here I am. I wish you would spank me or something, - anything, in fact, except punish me by not writing to me. That might be the proper form of chastisement but also the most cruel form.

When I wrote to you last it was the week before school and some of the girls had already come back. How would you like a few extracts from my diary since that date ?

Feb. 25:

"Read a chapter in Mark and some from Ephesians with Hui-pi Che. Several new girls arrived. Old ones appearing. Tennis for the third day in succession, wonderful ! Bought Ruth's curtains and wrote to Mother ordering more scrim.

Feb. 26:

"Welcomed new girls all day, in fact registered 12 for the dormitory when there was room for only six- I am a nut ! Heng S.S. gently reminded me of what I had done ! Packed and sent brown suit, blue sailor suit and blue voile to S Shanghai for dyeing. Out for tennis for a fourth time. Met Mr. and Mrs. Angell.

Feb. 27:

"And still the new girls come. Went to Chinese church, then English, where Mr. Gamble preached. In P.M. Peggy and Margaret came over and we sang, then walked out to the point- between my sessions with Heng S.S. and new pupils !

Feb. 28:

"Began classes after a fashion. Busy all day talking with teachers or pupils. Emily arrived at noon from Kaying. Examinations in P.M. Still more new ones coming. Teacher's meeting in the evening. (In P.M. to East Hall with E.

Mar. 1:

" Another new pupil, - one that I visited last winter with Miss Sollman and urged to come to school. In A.M. sent new pupils into classes and talked to the late comers, fininf them each 50¢. Prepared & taught my Old Testament class. A short walk with E. Lu Sin-se came to discuss opening of new school at Hou-1e. Promised \$25. IN evening Girls' school prayermeeting, then Church music committee until 10.30.

Mar. 2:

"Arranged more classes for the new pupils. Deacon from Tat-hau-pou came to discuss the annual loan. Hong lau's mother came to discuss opening a new girls' school at Kuang pou. Promised \$15. 5 P.M. a meeting of educational com. at 6.30 Mr. Capen gave me his teachers' schedule. Skipped missionary prayermeeting to arrange schedule. Mr. Waters was here about twenty min. to talk over the Kuang-pou school. In bed about 1.30.

Mar. 3:

" Up at 6.30. Wrote notes to Tang and Lim Sin-se about schedule and sent for Lou Sin-se to come. Every minute busy till 12. To hospital to have throat painted. A half hour nap. At school from 2 until 4. Woman's prayermeeting. Calls from Mrs. Page, Enid, and Lou Sin-se. To bed early.

Mar. 4:

" Arranged new pupils' Arith. class. Set Hui-pi to work on schedule blanks. A long conference with Heng S.S. about Hui-siang (a girl who is very bright and wants to be promoted into the graduating class. Rec'd tuition and planned work until 12. Studied O.T. Hist. until 5.30 At \$4.45 choir practice. Mr. Barracrough walked home with us. Evening practiced for quartet on Sunday and had an hour of reading Dickens, Wordsworth, etc. at Capen's.

Mar. 5:

" At school at 8.30 to see if all the girls were doing their composition. Washed my hair. 5 new pupils arrived today. In P.M. Lou Sin-se and I settled final matters of the schedule, in evening told the other two men teachers about it. Kueh S.S. is sick and has not yet arrived. I don't know what to do about it. Played a set and a half of tennis.

Mar. 6:

" Sang in quartet.

Sang in quartet in Chinese Church. Mixed fudge and peppermint candy, Practiced chants, then to walk with the school girls (they are the same dear girls!) and then to Evensong service. In evening wrote to H.I.T. and wrapped up the romanized testaments he asked me to buy. (This is the Mr. Todd I met in Kuliang last summer. He has written to me several times since then. Don't scent romance, please, ther' ain't no such animile!)

Mar. 7:

"Gave Chinese Lit. Exam to 3 new girls. Arranged Gym schedule for our 133 girls. Studied Hist lesson. To hospital for throat treatment. Taught my 133 and Singing classes, had a pupil teachers' meeting. Went over to East Hill with E.

Mar. 8:

"Discussed gym and music classes with Sok-hiang. A lesson to the High School girls on their Easter song. Took accounts and made a new arrangement with Heng Sin-se-nie. To walk on Cemetery Hill with E. . Waited so long for Heng Sin-se that I missed prayermeeting.

Mar. 9:

"In P.M. went to Swatow to hunt for English books with Ruth. Went out to Mrs. Speicher's to talk about Hui-cheng's coming back to school. Just missed the union prayermeeting.

Mar. 10:

"Arranged another makeup English class. Took blue thread to Hui liam for tatting, and yokes to Hong lau for repair. Sok-hiang led missionary meeting, topic: 'Pundita Ramabai'. In P.M. got a-sim started on my purple dress (another concoction from old Chinese jackets!)

Mar. 11:

"Usual work. Read Deborah's Song with Hui-pi. A little talk with Mrs. Lim about dresses and hats for the H.S. girls. She doesn't like the ugly little hats any better than I do. I hope there won't be a tussle about it.

Mar. 12:

"To Swatow with Tsu-gek (the contractor who is building our new house) to inspect the new Customs' residences. The porcelain bathtubs are just wonderful! A new girl came for admission but we had to turn her away because there is no room. Did a little sewing. Out for a game of tennis. Chinese eats eats with the Bungalow girls over at their house. We played dominoes and then danced. Miss Sollman had gone out into the country."

Well! Is that a little history for you? I thought I would write you a letter after I got thought with this, but that will have to wait now, and we'll call this the letter this time! Don't worry about my throat. I am going to the hospital for treatment partly because my catarrh has been bothering a little more than usual, which is not at all alarming, however, but mostly because so many of the girls have bad throats and I don't want to run any careless risk of infection of any kind. An ounce of precaution, - you know! I am in fine health, and doing my best to keep so. I know some people will think I am shirking if I get out for tennis a little more than some of them do, but I've decided it is right, and the Board is always harping that we must do more of that sort of thing, so I am going ahead as best as I know how. How's that for you?

Very lovingly yours,

Abbie

Dear Mother:

Only day before yesterday I sent my letter to you but I am beginning another to you so that you will be more likely to get one inside of a shorter period than two weeks. Maybe if I hurry you will get this on the same mail with no. 121, though that is not the ideal way to get them, I know. I can't any more than begin this, for it is twenty minutes past eight now, and chapel is at half past. I have a good many things to do today:

Look after a sick girl (malaria)

Finish up an exhibit of pictures and work to send home to the Board

Work on accounts and get them finished up

Correct a pile of Old Testament History papers in Chinese

11.45 P.M.

I wanted to come upstairs to work and so am writing this with pen. I had to leave this morning before I finished my list - I have been at it all day and here is a report of how I have succeeded.

The sick girl is better - I have seen her twice today and she looks a hundred per cent better than yesterday. We are very glad, of course - and much relieved.

The exhibit I haven't touched, and Miss Dollman wants it sure ~~put~~ by tomorrow!

The accounts are all finished - Hooray! These should have been in last conference ^(Dec.) but just then I had to wait to hear from the Hong Kong bank before I could be sure about a certain deposit, so I didn't hurry about getting them all finished. After conference there was a rush of other things and no chance to have accounts audited, so I didn't feel in a rush to get everything cleared up.

But Mary Egg came over today and she and Mr. Page will audit them tomorrow A.M. I stayed at home from the girls' prayer meeting tonight to fix them. Once I thought I was in a terrible mess - for I couldn't possibly reckon straight. But it came out all right. and I feel free as can be!

I spent the morning correcting papers; have one set corrected and another set begun. The first part of

the evening (when I expected to work on accounts) I spent talking over a troublesome school situation. The whole thing is cleared up now, and I needn't have spent five minutes, but the mother of the teachers involved must tell me a lot of unimportant details and so the minutes sped by!

Yesterday afternoon Emily and I discovered that two doors and a window were wrong in the second story of our new house. And the second story wall is already built nearly half way. So all last evening and all day today we tried to get hold of the contractor. He came about 5.30 P.M. and will fix the doors all right.

It is after 12 now - and I must skip to bed - & I shall be a dumb sleepyhead tomorrow!

Yours with love

Abbie

Wed. Mar 16 - 10.40 P.M.

Didn't get this letter sent yet after all. I thought yesterday was a busy day, but today was more full than yesterday. After chapel corrected some more papers, read over a package which I intend to use in leading tomorrow's chapel talk (with teacher), found sick girl nurse & sent for her mother - sent her to the hospital. She has malaria and also mumps. The bedroom in which she is sleeping is used for a classroom all the time - and you can imagine how convenient it is to have nurses come and give enemas etc. while classes of twenty or more are reciting not ten feet away from the bed! Are we crowded?!!

Mary Agg came and audited my accounts & now they are on their way to New York. I spent an hour in the A.M. & about same in P.M. getting school exhibit finished up that is gone now, too! From two until nearly five I spent having a preliminary examination, with the help of Miss Ans. of two girls who are asking for baptism, and then calling in their homes in Kakechik the little village up here on the hill, & one in the Big a la Kakechik down by the shore. To add permission etc. I visited the sick girl again & we have a changed dress - we substituted Mrs. & Mrs. Post for supper, and then at 7.30 we had a prayer meeting & a committee to arrange a Mass meeting. We had prayer meeting & appointed - Mr. Mather, Mr. Bass, Mrs. Sullivan & myself. No five Abbie

Dear Ones:

It is now ten minutes of eight in the morning. I want to tell you what we are thinking about these days and then you will know more in detail how we need your prayers, and will feel as though China is not so very far away after all !

Dingley May, the Chinese evangelist, is here in the interests of the Chinese Student Volunteer Movement, and I thought that it would be a splendid opportunity for the girls to hear him. So I have invited him to spare us a little time and he has promised to come to us some time today. But he asked us to prepare for his little talk by special prayer. Last night I had Heng Sin-se-nie tell the girls about it and ask them to pray especially that the girls' hearts might be softened to hear what he has to say. We expected him to come this morning at eight thirty, but I have just found that he will not come to us until P.M.

Last night about 5.30, - I was getting ready for a little game of tennis, - and a delegation of rather small girls came to see me. I thought they had come to fuss about being in the same class in English with some girls who had not studied as long as they had, but that wasn't it at all ! They came to ask whether they could join the church. I was delighted, of course, thought I knew that most of them, probably, were not yet ready for that step. The meeting before the church committee comes tomorrow, and so we had to hurry to get our work done. We plan not to let any of the girls go before the comm. until we are convinced that they are ready. This saves a great deal of unnecessary trouble, as you certainly must know. So Miss Ang and I had the girls come to us last evening and examined them enough to find out that they will all do much better to wait a short time at least. Doctrinal questions are asked at the examinations, they tell me, and our little girlies are vague indeed in their ideas on such things. Miss Ang has two classes every week of a nature to remedy this difficulty; one is an inquirer's class where the girls who have not yet decided to be Christian come to ask their questions, and the other is more for the purpose of ferreting out questions of doctrine and getting the girls who have decided a bit more firmly grounded in the faith. The two girls who were examined on Wednesday were found to be "easily provoked to anger" and so we have asked them to wait a little until they are more sure of themselves.

Yesterday P.M. Margaret Winn led the missionary prayermeeting and Mrs. Waters translated for her. She talked about her school down south, Mather School, where she taught three years, and Ruth and I sang Let Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and Steal Away, the darky songs. 'Fraid they did not sound much like negro melodies, but we sang 'em, anyway.

More later. I want to mail this this P.M. and then I will begin again.

Always with love,

Abbie

Dearest Dad:

Ever since last Saturday P.M. I have wanted to sit down and tell you about the things I heard and witnessed on that day, but haven't seemed to find the time somehow. I believe I wrote you in one of my letters a long time ago, didn't I, asking you what were some important questions to ask a candidate for admission to the church? If I didn't, I meant to, for that is one of the things that I didn't have much experience in before I left America. I think I said in my last letter that 13 of our girls were asking for baptism but we were not letting any of them go before the church because they seemed too uncertain about the meaning of it all. I certainly was glad with all my heart that we hadn't, for the way in which the examination was conducted a week ago today was to my mind not much short of criminal..

You, being only a country minister in the conservatism of New England cannot possibly know the proper method of questioning a candidate, so I will proceed to tell you how you should have examined me for instance and Gladys Latimer and other such whom it has come to your lot to usher into the fold of the Baptist Church! I will tell you how it is done (sometimes, but we hope it won't be so again) in far-off China by some of the old deacons who need a shaking together, or pressing down or running over, or maybe all three I don't know, and we hope they will get it some day in the not far future!

"How long do you pray every day?" (This put to a girl not more than sixteen years old.) She answered, three times.

"That is not nearly long enough. Have you ever prayed as long as a half hour at a stretch? -- No? -- Well, you ought to, -- you ought to pray two or three hours every day."

"What do you say when you pray?" The reply was that she prayed for Christ to forgive her sins, or something like that.

"Pray only one sentence, do you? Anything else? -- Can you read? Well, why can't you read? Well, you ought to. (She turned out to be the daughter of a widow who took in washings, and this girl had been obliged to work and take care of the younger ones all her life. She had wanted so much to study but had never had the opportunity to go to school.)

"Well, you must read. You must find a way to learn how to read. You will never be able to understand the doctrine very well unless you can read. It is very important."

Wouldn't you call that pretty stiff treatment?

There were eight of Mr. Capen's Academy boys who were there. Each one of them in a most manly straightforward way, some of them halting a little from the effort of taking such a big step, stood and told of his own Christian experience. What any one of them said was sufficient without a word further of questioning, but no indeed they weren't going to get out of it as easy as that! To a fine sensible boy who had answered the question "Are any of your relatives opposed to your becoming a Christian?" by saying that none of his relatives were in sympathy even with Xtnity--the above Quiz was given in a little different form.

"Have you ever prayed?" The boy had not long been a Christian, and he answered honestly that he had a few times.

"Only a few times! That is bad! You ought at least to pray two hours a day. Why, some men pray as long as five or six hours a day, and they get great spiritual power. You never spent all night on your knees, then, did you?"

We were boiling some of us by that time. Mr. Capen saved the day for the boy by speaking out, and calling him by name he asked which was more important, to pray five or six hours a day or to have one's heart right with God!

Another splendid boy confessed that when he came here to school he was one of the worst boys in the school. There was no one else so wickedly proud as he. He was absolutely sure of himself and if things didn't go his way he felt it no more than right to make them go his way. He didn't believe a fig in Christianity and scorned it. But he has come to realize gradually that the men who amount to anything in the world are those who can go about in the world freely and yet have nothing to do with the vices of the world. The vices, even the little ones, are enervating and weakening and are a handicap. He found that he couldn't be at all sure that he could resist temptations. And he felt sure that if he got out into the world the lure of evil things would trap him and he would surely fall. He ~~had~~ tried the gospel of Christ, believing that nothing else he had ever heard of could keep him in the right path, and hoping that it could. Now that he has found Christ and knows Him as his own personal Saviour he is sure, and he determines to cling to this precious new found faith as long as he lives.

I think this is wonderful for a boy not yet out of high school! I was thrilled through as he told it, - yet this is the question that followed a testimony like that.....

"Where can you go to church in the summer time, - at your home?" The boy answered that there was a chapel in a nearby village, - Presbyterian chapel.

"It is all right to associate with the Presbyterian friends and to go to church with them, but supposing it came time for communion and you were there what would you do?" Take communion with the others, the boy supposed.

"But it is not right to take communion with them is it?" Then followed a more or less lengthy dissertation upon the baptism by immersion and the baptism by sprinkling, and query as to whether the Presbyterians, being only sprinkled, not immersed, would rightly be called baptized believers. "And it wasn't right to break bread with them, was it?" The poor boy was so confused and utterly taken out of the spirit of his splendid confession, and mumbled that he didn't know, hadn't thought about that.

A well, well! We'd better turn to Mr. Capen and ask him to give you further instruction on this subject. You seem to lack a little on this point." Whereupon Mr. Capen promptly and with a decided firmness said that he was perfectly satisfied with the boy's answer and for his part, he should hope that all his boys would not hesitate to take communion with the Presbyterians and to join with them in any other way that they could! I guess the old elder thought he was set upon that time. (He was!)

I shudder to think of my poor little grammar and primary girls going through a mill like that. That is by no means all, simply a fair sample. But I am on that committee, and though I am the youngest one on it and the least among them all, still I dared to broach the subject last Wed. evening at the missionaries' prayermeeting, and ask whether the Elder (he is the one who has helped Dr. Ashmore all these years and has done so much in the writing and translating of Dr. Ashmore's colossal work, the conversion of the Bible into Swatow colloquial. But he seems to have Dr. Ashmore's narrow views without his fine sensitive spirit. The Chinese all greatly revere him, however, and that is the reason he was given the seat of honor at the examining board) always does the asking of the questions and what could be done about it. It seemed the voice of everyone there that I was expressing, only no one wanted to be the first one to say anything against the Elder It-san! They all looked at each other sheepishly and then agreed that it was scandalous and that of course something could be done about it. So the ball has been started rolling and I do not know what will positively be done about it, but think that something will.

We are hoping to have evangelistic meetings here among the schools as soon as they can be arranged. Very likely the meetings will be in full swing when you get this letter. Will you pray earnestly and ask everybody you know to do so, to pray earnestly that we may have a wonderful blessing?
Your loving daughter - Abbie

This reminds me very strongly of your own experience as I told you last night.

No 23

Swatow, China, APRIL THIRD, 1921

Dearest Mother o' Mine !

Your birthday and it is 10 o'clock at night this very minute and no word written to you yet ! But I put duty first this evening. I have just finished a three page letter to Miss Jean Hall Merritt of New Haven conn. the leader of the Berean class who had the responsibility of the salary of my helper, Mrs. Lim for this last year. They were interested in what I wrote about her before, she said and that perhaps they could do it another year if I needed a helper for another year. She wanted a picture of Mrs. Lim, and asked how long she had been helping me, and so on. She was going away on a trip West in May so I am sending the letter direct to her that she may get it as quickly as possible.

Your birthday present isn't sent yet, either ! I don't always have a birthday present for my mother, and when I have a perfectly good one, or maybe even two, wouldn't you think I could manage to send it on time ? I will get it off tomorrow if it is a possible thing. I hadn't heard a thing from you since Mar. 7, so you can imagine my joy to have a letter from you and one from Father too yesterday. I had no other letters except the one from Miss Merritt, but when I hear from you that is quite enough to keep me happy. I have made up my mind not to worry when I don't hear from you as often as I would like to, because I know that there are ~~sa~~ hundred things to delay letters. The steamers may be late or far between, you may just be busy and ever so many things. I suppose you have adopted a similar philosophy about hearing from me. But your last letter told of your increased family and I must confess that I have thought a great deal about how you were getting along these days. I didn't know how long Gladys was going to stay, - I suppose you didn't know yourself or you would have said, - and I know that an addition like that to your busy life would make a big difference. I don't think that I was the least bit jealous of Gladys, - I would hate to think that I would be as small as that, but I guess I was jealous of your strength being used up when you need to take care of it. Did she go back to her mother's when she left you or back to Burlington I am ashamed that I haven't written to her and to Arthur more than I have, and I certainly can't expect to get letters from them frequently if I write so seldom myself. But I do want to know all about them and I find my mind all wandering around in a circle when I get to thinking of how they are coming out. I keep seeing them first at Fairfax with you, and then down on the farm or near there, I wonder where they really are and then decide it is no good to worry for I shan't know for months what they really are doing!

Although you didn't get any birthday greetings from me on your birthday, as I am hoping Father did this year, yet I think you know even without my telling you, that I am wishing you all the good things that there are to wish for you in this coming year and then wishing there were more good things in the world for me to wish for you ! And this isn't idle talk either. God bless you and keep you, my dear precious mother !

Always your loving daughter,

Abbie

Dearest One,

Three years ago today since I arrived in China! It seems ages since I left America - but only a few months since I have been here - Mrs. Capen gave me lovely roses today for my anniversary!

I think I have had a little "wake-up" today, too, that will be good for me. I have been reading Torrey's book on personal work. I have been thinking a good deal lately about the girls in the school and why not more are becoming Christians. I have thought of speaking to different ones separately and then have just not done it. For I find that personal work out here is just as hard as it is at home. I never did much at home - and as I didn't get the practice for work out here! Torrey says that every real Christian should be on the lookout all the time for an opportunity to lead some one to Christ. I'm not, that is sure. The thought flashed into my head, "Am I a Christian?" I used often to have doubts about that but I find I haven't any longer - and my answer to this question inside of me was "Yes - I am a Christian, but not a consecrated one. God help me to be truly consecrated to his work". Will you get people to pray that I may be?

This afternoon I had a rare opportunity, - of a good long talk with one of the older girls whom I have never known very well - She was going to stay at home because there was no one to walk with her. I got her to walk with me and took her to the head of the line with me. I spoke to her about the femaleness of those who became Christians, fewer this year

than other years. She said - we have talked of it. Then I asked her about the personal workers groups that they used to have - (The teachers had told me that they had all stopped). I found out that they are not all stopped. She still carries on the one of which she is the leader - and that little group of six or seven is coming here for a little talk next Sunday morning. I have found out that the trouble I have been blaming on the girls - their lack of earnestness, is not that by a long shot. The principal trouble is that I thought by saying a few words to the girls now and then that I was doing enough. I haven't been on my job! Well - three years is a long time not to be on your job, isn't it? But I guess if I am to quit worrying I can begin here, and hope that I shall not forget the little lesson I have learned today!

Monday morning -

We are having mangoes again - the most delicious fruit in this part of the country. I think I have told you they are a cross between persimps and peaches - and if they are not very ripe, have a suggestion of turpentine. Doesn't sound very good, does it? But I'd rather set my teeth into one of them than eat most anything else I can think of.

I heard some steamboats whistling this morning, and as I'm hoping there will be mail from Y. O. U. U. N. S. !
Wish I be happy if there is ?!

Always with love -

Yours own

P.S. I have written Arthur about the above, too. Will you get a copy of Torrey's book and send to him as present from me? Address: Bible Institute Colportage Association,
250 La Salle Ave. Chicago -

Swatow, China, April 11, 1921

Dear Arthur:

Three years ago yesterday I arrived here ! It hardly seems possible when I think of the length of time that I have been here, but when I think of the ages that it seems since I have seen you all and the heaps of things that have taken place since I came away, I could easily believe that I hadn't seen you for ten years ! Mr. and Mrs. Capen gave me five beautiful roses yesterday, shading from pale yellow to a deep crimson, - three of them for the years that I have already spent here and two for the two more years that I shall still be here before I go on furlough. I told them I hoped that the years would deepen in richness as the color of the roses ! I wish I could keep the roses that gave me such a beautiful thought. I am going to try to slip them all and have the bushes for my own.

Yesterday I had a little "wake-up", too, that will be good for me. I have been reading Torrey's book on Personal Work. I have been thinking a good deal lately about the girls in the school and why not more are becoming Christians. I have thought of speaking to different ones separately and then just have not done it. For I find that personal work here is just exactly as hard here as it is at home, and before I came out here I guess I thought that it would be easier or something. I never did much of it at home, and now when I have come out here with no other purpose, I am not used to it because I didn't have the practice at home.

Torrey says that every real Christian should be on the lookout all the time for an opportunity to lead some one to Christ. I'm not, that is sure. The thought flashed into my head, am I a Christian? I used often to have doubts about that, but I haven't any longer, - and the answer to this question was there almost as soon as I realized that the question was there, - "Yes, I am a Christian, but not a consecrated one. God help me to be truly consecrated to his work." Will you and Gladys please pray that I may be, so that the purpose God had in sending me out here may not be frustrated ?

Yesterday afternoon I had the rare opportunity of a good long talk with one of the older girls whom I have never known very well. All the girls were going to walk with me, but Sok eng was going to stay at home because she had no one to walk with her. (The girls always walk two and two.) I got her to walk with me and took her to the head of the line with me. I spoke to her about the fewness this year of the girls who are becoming Christians, fewer this year, it seems, than other years. She said, - we have talked of it. Then I asked about the personal workers groups that they used to have. (The teachers told me that that was all stopped long ago.) I found out that they are not all stopped, and this very girl, who isn't a natural leader and is not nearly so prominent as some of the others, still carries on the little group of which she is leader, and so that little group of six or seven is coming here for a little talk next Sunday morning. If they can get hold of something definite to work for and can get a real interest in someone else, it will be a worth while thing, I think.

So you see that while I have been listening to criticism of the girls, lack of earnestness, and have been willing to lay all the blame on them, the trouble was really not with them at all, but with my own self. I have thought that I would do well if I managed to take

care of the routine work of the school and say what little I could to the girls all together now and then,- for instance, at chapel exercises in the morning. But you see, I wasn't on my job ! Well. I think that three years is a long time not to be on your job, don't you ? But if I am to persist in my plan of not worrying, I can begin here, and hope that I shall not soon forget the little lesson that I have learned !

I wish you could have the delicious fruit that we are having now. Swatow oranges are famous all over the world for their sweetness. Their season is not yet over though it will be soon. We are also having good p~~um~~elos, which are something like grape fruit, only sweeter, and you take them from their skins like oranges and eat one huge lobe at a time. Then there are papayas, which tasted to me at first like raw pumpkin, but which are as sweet and juicy as a musk melon,- if you like them and if you happen to get one with a good flavor. Bananas we can get most of the year. But the prize of all seasons and climates is the mango, and we are just beginning to have that this year. Its flavor is indescribable, but I have probably told you before that it is a cross between parsnips and peaches, with now and then the faintest suggestion of something like turpentine. Perhaps that doesn't sound appetizing, but there is nothing that can compare with it, to my mind, except a certain dessert that our cook likes to surprise us with on the first hot night in spring time,- Mango Icecream !

I heard some steamboats whistling in the harbor this morning before I was up, and I am wondering whether there will be any mail today for me from certain folks that I love very much !

You will write and tell me all about things, won't you? About Joe and the others there, ~~Uncle~~ George and Uncle Samuels family and the folks in Dover, and all the friends in So. Berwick. And first of all, that precious little migget and her mother !

Very lovingly yours,

Abbie

I
fruits in Spring

Soft oranges

Apr. 1921

Swatow China, May 5, 1921

Dearest Ones :

What good news do you suppose I have ? Miss Sollman went to Canton for a Publication Soc. Comm. and on her way through Hongkong got my Victrola. I took the money that the girls (I.K. and that bunch) sent and added the ten (Mex) which I realized on the five dollar check that Eva Owen sent me after her tiff with I.K. (I figure that Eva blew I.K. up for "misappropriating funds" and that naturally I.K. wouldn't stand for it so probably sent back Eva's \$5 which she sent on to me. I.K. didn't tell me this of course and neither did Eva, but I read between the lines and that is what I thought I saw.) Then I took some of the money that came from the tatting (sent by Bessie Pierce and Lillian Carson). You see I had paid out that money in the first place to buy the tatting and I really can do what I please with it as far as the moral right is concerned. So since this Victrola is partly for the girls and partly for ourselves, my conscience is all the more clear on this point.

It cost a pretty penny, though, - more than I expected, - \$148.00. I asked Miss Sollman to get four records, good ones, but the ones I wanted the store did not have, and so she brought me only one, but two or three days afterwards we had a lovely surprise. Our birthdays, Emily's and mine, come near together and so the Sherwin Bungalow people thought the best kind of a present would be records for the new Vic that I was planning to buy. I think so too ! But they knew we would be glad to have them now, so they didn't wait for the days. And they gave us each two fine ones, each double faced, - with a piece on each side of the record, you know. So although we bought only one record ourselves, these are the pieces that we have and we think we are very lucky. They are all instrumental but Miss Sollman has loaned us one of Alma Gluck's and one of the famous Galliecurci until we get more.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| "Mighty Lak' a Rose" | (Orchestra selection) |
| Millicent Waltz | " " |
| "Gems from a Persian Garden" | (Victor Opera Co.) |
| " " " " | " " |
| From the "Bohemian Girl" | " " |
| " " " " | " " |
| "Normandie" (Xylophone Solo) | |
| "The Song thrush" (Orchestra) | |
| "Serenade" (Accordion Solo) | |
| "My Florence" " " | |

So now I must write and tell Mabelle not to get the machine after all. I am especially glad that we don't have to wait until next Feb. for it. I suppose that even with freight or shipping charges would not bring the price up to as much as that but since the money was out here and there was the chance to have Miss Sollman choose it for me, I decided to do the deed. I am glad on one account that we are to have the machine in the summer, for the completion of the new house will probably keep us here all summer long. Now don't you worry about that. If you could see the difference in me between last spring and this, you would think I was fit for life in the jungle or most anywhere. I am as husky as can be. And I don't have the slightest desire to go anywhere this summer. I am not going to say anything yet about summer school, for I don't know whether I can have one or not. I am beginning to have my troubles with the teachers again and I don't know just how I am coming out. But I am confident of one thing, that I shall not be so weighed down and overwhelmed, whatever happens, as I was last spring. I shall have my weeps and my discouragements but I shall be stronger to meet them.

You asked about the prints in the History of Swatow. Of course H. Fielden's picture is poorly printed but the picture itself is a rather flattering one I think. Dr. Everham's is a poor one and Mrs. Beath's very poor. Anna Foster's is good. I sort of hate to look at the one of me because it has such a washed out dispirited look. I guess it recorded pretty correctly the way I looked and felt at the time, though. It is fairly good of Clara Leach but looks a bit unnatural because she has left off her glasses. The picture of Miss Culley is a splendid one of her, but she looks much older now. It is splendid of Miss Traver but horrid of Mrs.

Worley and not very good of Miss Sollman. It is splendid of the Ashmores. I think I have mentioned before that Mrs. Martha Sanderson Ashmore was our Dr. Ashmore's mother.

I did look for Ruth Whitman's picture in the Feb. number of Missions but could not decide on any that I thought was Ruth. Yes, I do have letters frequently from her still. More frequently than she hears from me, I fear.

By the way, you mentioned in your letter to Emily that Mr. Giberson's letter had arrived, but I couldn't make out whether you meant that mine to him had reached you or that you had received one from him with the money, - I think you have not said in any other letter.

I am wondering whether you didn't receive my letter about the sewing machine. I should think you ought to have had it long ago. I am of course delighted at the prospect and as I said in my first letter about it, Miss Sollman advises me to have you get one from Monkey Ward's because they can more easily send supplies and repair and give information. If you have sent the money, however, don't worry, for I shall be able to get it out here I am sure. I said in my letter that the Damascus Grand rotary sounds fine to me.

About your sending money out here. I shall be glad to have you do that now while exchange is so good, simply keeping out as you suggested, enough for things that I want you to buy for me. Later on exchange may slump and then, especially when it comes near furlough time, I'll tell you whether I want or need it sent out or not.

A letter from Frances tells me that she is to be Valedictorian of her class at her graduation this year. Isn't that splendid? I am so glad for them. Aunt Susie must be very proud. I have sent Frances a Swatow silver chain with a Canton ivory carved plaque for a pendant. It is one of the things that Miss Sollman got for me in Canton when she went down this time. I could spend a mint on those things if I had it. I got only a few things like that for gifts expressly. The little plaque cost .80 and the chain .95 which means that it costs about .80 gold aside from the postage. I am sending it direct to her in the hope that she may get it in time for graduation.

Mother dear, why don't you go to a chiropodist for those corns? There ought to be a good one in Burlington, I should think, and if some thing can be done to relieve such suffering it is wrong not to do it. Pa, I think that you ought to see to it that she goes if possible. She will say that she doesn't want any man to see her feet, but that is nonsense for any chiropodist has seen far worse looking corns and feet than hers. I shall certainly make a bee line for one when I get to America. My corns are a nuisance to me too, but in far less degree. When I went to the corn doctor in Boston he fixed up my feet for several months. Mother would probably have to go several times in succession at first because hers are so bad. It will be expensive too, but not too expensive to pay.

My health is good but my plaguy head is a mess. If I took time to have the ointment rubbed on as I should I suppose it would get better but I don't, and I don't know when I shall ever be in a position to want or be willing to stand, even, having a greasy head all the time! I have no self respect when I have a greasy head, and I can't bear to live with myself or let anyone else!

I knitted part of the pink robe for little Ruth, and the sewing woman did the rest. I did the crocheted edge all myself - you couldn't guess where I learned it could you? The tatted bonnet I did not do! I have barely touched a tating shuttle since I came out here. If you could ever see the lightning way the girls flash their shuttles through their fingers you would understand why I am perfectly willing never to be seen tating out here. I still would like to knit once in a while if I had the time. That is perhaps because I am not quite as slow at that. If you ever have a chance to get new tating or crochet books or designs in crossstitch I should be more than happy to have them. The samples that came before were very nice.

Gladys and Arthur sent pictures which I think are fine. Isn't that baby a darling? I shall be so anxious to have more pictures later so that I can see her grow up too! I wish Gladys would have a picture of herself smiling a little bit. I think I could feel more acquainted with her if she did. I think the baby looks like Grandma S. There! Has anyone else said that? I really do! And if she will grow up to be one half as nice and one third as capable and one hundredth as lovable as that person, she will be worth a good deal to the world and we shall all be proud of her. Pa- how does that strike you? Don't you pretty much agree with me?

I haven't heard from the tatting from Gladys Latimer, Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Speed, but it is good news that they haven't sent any on to you yet for that makes me think that they are going to try to sell it anyway. I think I'll not send any more to Lillian Carson for she says

"Everybody most in Bridgewater do their own tatting and if it had not been from China and for that cause and your sake I don't really believe that they would have purchased it very freely. But they thought it very pretty and therefore responded to the sale." ~~XXXXXX~~ !!!!!!! Well I don't think it hurt them to buy the lace even though they didn't want it very much. So I sha'n't weep about that I assure you. But Alta Smith wanted me to send her some and so I am going to ask her if she still wants it. I shall plan not to send any more to Bridgewater without a definite request. Wouldn't you? Lillian sent \$10.15 so you see I made about double on that. I don't know yet how much Mex it brought but it is over \$20.00 I know. (The money that I took for the Vic. was the equivalent of that, not the actual money.)

Please give My love to Mrs. Webber when you write. I hope if she does ever hear me that I will have something to say that is worth her listening to. I have enough in my heart that is interesting, but whether I shall ever be able to make a good missionary talk is another thing!

Please take all duty that you have to pay out of my funds. I am not saying this for effect not because it sounds well but because I want you to do it. I shall feel much better about sending things if you will.

I do not understand about the difference in the plan for payment of salary. I had heard nothing whatever about it, and I wonder what it can mean. It will be very nice if that is the way it is to be and if it means that I will have extra gifts for the work. I can't believe, though that the Board would approve of the people's doing that and sending their mission money directly to the field instead of through the Board. There hasn't been a break of any sort has there, between the Aroostook churches and the Board? I spose you feel about as much out of it as I do, not being in Maine any more. The others (besides Mrs Gammon) had to pay \$3.25 duty on the tatting and made it up the same way that she did. I think it will be perfectly lovely if her Sunday school class wants to give something for the new house! I can't tell now which we shall need first, - dining room table and chairs or a bookcase, but there will be furnishings needed everywhere from veranda to Kitchen! It is the most fun to watch it go up. We can go up stairs now and out on our wonderful veranda. I wish you could be transported here and see everything as we see it and be able to have a sight of the work and all as it is.

Ruth Sperry counted the days yesterday, I think, and it is 56 days until she leaves here for Hongkong. She says she can hardly believe it, and that she is really and truly awfully sorry to leave us out here and there is only one reason why she would do it and that reason is James of course. I shall be awfully sorry to have her go. I don't know just what we shall do about the English until Emily finishes her work in the language. Maybe she will take some of the work and I will take some of it and maybe I will have to take all that Ruth is doing now. Enid will still be teaching English for us, but there will be still another high school class to plan for next fall and so I don't know just where we stand.

Emily is not very well and I am often worried about her. The trouble for which she was operated on shortly before her coming out here is coming back again apparently and every month she is nearly beside herself with pain for two days and then is exhausted. She has to go to bed

and often can't even lie down because she is in agony. She has a very small appetite and eats almost no dinner and supper, although she eats more breakfast than I do. She doesn't seem to be as blue and lonesome as she used to or perhaps not so often, but still she gets terribly discouraged about the language. She can do the characters but feels that she doesn't get along as well in the talking as she ought to. But I am sure she will come out all right in the end. They told me it was godsend if I got discouraged about the language, for then I would put forth greater effort to get it better, or something to that effect!

I think I told you that I had a card from Emily O. from Manila, and that I wrote her a long letter and received a card in reply that she was going home on account of the heat. I guessed there might be another reason but of course didn't know. From Japan she mailed a letter telling me her secret. She says, "Of course I hate to leave George but I am going home to give both mother and child the right chance". She said she loved the letter as I wrote and wants me to write again.

Eva Sawtelle sends me the Atlantic Monthly and writes occasionally. I think I owe her a letter now. Her last word was that she was engaged but didn't expect to be married for ages, about four years. That sounds funny to me. She has sense to know that she isn't as old as she was once and if she has really found the right man I should think she would want to marry him right straight away. (Hear the old maid's opinion!)

Zu writes to me oftener than I deserve and far oftener than I write to her. I think I told you that she sent me a beautiful pink silk undervest and her mother sent me a lovely pair of silk stockings for Christmas.

Day before yesterday I received a fine box of the most delicious caramels from Emily's mother. When she sent me the candy last year I waited so long before answering that I was ashamed, and so this time I sat right down yesterday and wrote her the best kind I know how. I can't gush or anything and I want always to tell the truth so this letter wasn't the easiest in the world to write but I can't do any better. I want to know what you think of it so I am going to send you rough draft of it.

Heaps of love, your own

Abbie J.

P.S. A girl in Marion Jarvis's telephone office wants me to write a "history of my career" since I came to China - I don't know when I can do it. I want to write to some more Crookston people, to, and to Miss Prescott but I don't know what to write - Just plodding every day things - or else trials and tribulations which aren't very good subjects for missionary letters!

Swatow, China

May 6, 1921

My dear "Emily's Mother,"-

This morning about
ten o'clock Emily and I were thinking
about you. You are thought about and
spoken of pretty often out here, somehow,
but this morning we were thinking
especially about you. One of the
reasons was that we had both stopped
our work to have a taste - several tastes -
in fact - of those delicious caramels
that came yesterday afternoon. Having

three daughters ym! do know what girls like, don't ym? I think ym are lovely to send them.

Hãng Tinsseⁿ nio, Emily's teacher, says that to know the mother of a good friend is something like having another mother. I do agree with her, and I am sure that when I go to America there will be a little mother in Philadelphia whom I shall be very eager to see. I know before I see her that I shall love her, partly for her daughter's sake and partly for her very own sake!

I wish ym could be out here for a

little while with us and see us at our daily tasks. If we weren't so busy, we should find it hard to wait to get settled in our new house. I am delighted with it, and, thanks to Emily, I don't have to ^{to} worry about the details of it. I have not a bit of brains about building a house, and if the matter depended entirely upon me I fear there would be some bad mistakes. Emily has the whole thing in her head when I haven't begun to grasp a half of it!

Emily has the faculty of helping out in a good many ways like that, did you know it? She perhaps doesn't tell you that she attends to the music lessons

and to all my horrid housekeeping accounts
and some other things - but they are a great
help to me. What do you think is her latest
method of making something easier for me? She
prepares the morning worship lesson in Chinese
and I just have to get it from her but don't have
to study it all out myself! Emily says these
are little things for her - but truly some of
them would be mountains for me with the
rest of my work! mother of a very dear girl;
You are ~~the~~ dear mother of a very dear girl;
~~She is a dear~~ and I am fortunate
indeed to have ^{you} ~~for~~ my friends.. ~~You are~~
~~dear too~~ I'm sure and I want to Thank
you so much ^{for sending} for the candies.

Yours ever lovingly,

Abbie G. Sanders

Swatow, China

June 15, 1921

Dear Ones:

I am enclosing to you a letter to Mabelle which will tell you some of the things we have been dealing with. Or rather that I have been dealing with. For I must say I feel rather alone when it comes to things like this. We have had girls in school before who have stolen money and other things but I didn't have charge then and the girl was a younger one always. This girl is a first year high school girl and one of the only two who will be likely to continue their study next year. The problem was a very big one to me, and even now I am not sure that the girl is absolutely sincere. But I believe I prefer to make a mistake on the side of leniency than on the side of harshness.

Since I wrote last I have been afflicted with a most annoying and painful sinus cold. I think it is very similar to the kind you have Pa, with the head pressure. I had such a headache for three days running that it seemed as tho I would go crazy. It didn't keep to the top of my head but ran down the frontal bone, in the cheek bones in front of my ears and finally in my jaws. I couldn't lie down part of the time, even when I had a little fever. But if I rubbed capsolin all over my face and sat propped up in my big arm chair, I could be comparatively comfortable for perhaps an hour. Then when the effect of the capsolin wore off the head ache and pressure would come back again. Then I began to cough and I wondered what kind of a sickness I was going to have. But it was the kind that is not dangerous and yet most uncomfortable. I put that smarting stuff all over my chest and may face so many times that ever since, I have had a beautiful countenance. Just exactly like an Ocean beach sunburn! Well I thought at the time that I never would have a clear head again, but I am better than ever now and very thankful that the hot days did not begin until after I was out of bed. It isn't as hot yet as it will be of course but still enough so that I lose several quarts(?) it seems, of perspiration a day. I don't know how it will seem to be staying here all summer. But after school closes, the 30th of June and the country exams are out of the way, I plan to take a rest., then start in and write some letters, then try to get a little sewing done for next winter, if it is ever cool enough for me to bear to touch woolen things! I don't know that I can get out to do any country exams this time. I am sending teachers to several places but don't want to get fagged the way I did last year, and don't intend to, for I don't believe that is in the plan. When Mabelle comes back and I don't have the responsibility I shall be able to do much more I hope. Oh, I can see so many ways now that I might have helped her that I didn't but I still have the chance ahead of me and I hope I'll be able to agree with her ideas so that I may be a real help to her instead of a burden. The experiences I am having now ought to make me able to to that anyway!

Must send this off on the next mail so my message this time is rather short.

Love and more love,

Abbie

no. 134

Swatow, China, June 26, 1921

Dear Ones:

Sunday night before the last week of strenuosity, and we are taking it easy for the last time this week, I suppose. Emily and I are in my study comparing our typewriters. She had a Corone sent her for her birthday, and it is most interesting to compare the two machines. Mine is bigger if anything than a good many typewriters, and hers of course is hardly bigger than a tiny minute. Hers is smaller in every way; the keys are closer to each other, the type is much smaller, the platen is narrower and that means that only narrow paper can be used. Hers is noisier than mine, but doesn't make the heavy clatter that the big heavy machines do. The grand thing about hers is that she can take it anywhere she goes, while mine has to be packed in its box with all care, to be taken any distance, and if it is to be taken upstairs, I have to call the boy to take it for me, because it would pull my very gizzard out before I got halfway up to the first landing !

Let me tell you, tho, that I would not change my splendid typewriter for any that I have seen. I like mine best of all, without any shadow of a doubt. And if I don't make more use of it this summer than I did last year I shall put myself down for a chump indeed.

Yesterday the teachers went out to examine the last country school, and so that business is all finished. I found out from Mrs. Baker that their school will close early after all and so she is inviting the teachers up there to examine the school. I am so glad that our teachers don't have to go. Graduation day is such a strain; or rather the events leading up to that day are so strenuous that afterwards everyone feels let down, and it is a task to collect wits and get at another job directly your own is finished for a year. The teachers are glad too, and they are also glad that we are not to have a summer school this year. I guess it was God's leading that we were following when we decided not to have it. The two younger teachers have not been well at all, and it would have been a crime to ask them to do anything this summer. They will have enough to do to get ready for their beginning to study again in the fall. They are behind in their arithmetic and I have arranged to have a man teacher help them catch up this vacation.

Thursday morning and Friday morning and a good part of yesterday morning were spent in taking grades. For each subject there are the mark for the last of the three monthly exams, the average of those three together, and the daily mark for the term. Then there is the final average in each subject, too. Really, to have every one of those come to me, and for me to have to write down all of them for 140 students, each student having from ten to fourteen subjects, it is too much. I really think we might devise a better method of

recording the marks. It is truly an awful strain and I'm not sure that it is right for us to subject ourselves to such a strain if there is another way that will do just as well. I am going to work this summer at a different method, to see if we cant find a better Plan.

Well, it is nine o'clock and I am thinking that the best thing I can do is to hie myself to my little bed. I hate to think of all the things that depend on my thinking about them to get them done in this next week. But I am certainly not worrying about them this year as I did last year. I am sure it is because people have been praying for me. I am learning something every day, I believe, about the power of prayer. Just today I had rather a wonderful little experience all to myself as I was reading a little book of Mabelle's about the victorious life. When I read the verse "My grace is sufficient for thee", all at once I saw so plainly the reason why I am bothered so much about somethings that worry me. Emily, for instance. I do love her dearly and yet sometimes it seems as tho I could not bear the thought of so many years stretching ahead when I must come up against her tempers and her flareups. I have always thought that getting "mad" like that was one of the worst sins and one of the most to be avoided; and now it is very hard for me to be as tolerant as I know I should. But this afternoon as I was reading, suddenly it was as clear as day that I needn't be worried by things like that if I would only "let go".

My dearest Beloveds, goodnight !

With all my love,

Abbie

Swatow, China June 19, 1921

Mass sail trip

Dear Arthur and Gladys:

What are you folks thinking about this sister of yours I wonder? It has been so long since I received the darling picture of Ruth that I am almost ashamed to write and thank you for it now! And the snapshots are splendid, too. How delighted I am to have them, every one of them! It makes me feel as tho I am not so terribly far away, after all. Be sure you keep on sending pictures to me so that I can keep acquainted for two years more, and so that I'll know how my little niece looks when I get back home!

My letters to you folks nowadays are pretty incomplete affairs I think, both as to the subject matter therein contained and as to the frequency with which I take my pen in hand. Well, two weeks more and I shall be free from some of the things that are uppermost in my mind just now. Not that I shall be free from all difficult problems then, but the ones I'll have then will be different. I shall have to arrange for teaching in the fall. We are surely to have a third year high school class this next term and the extra classes will have been arranged. I don't know who will take the places of the two girls who have been teaching this year but are to study next year. Mui Tsu, the teacher in our little primary school, is to do the same thing and as yet I have no one to take her place. This one last mentioned is probably the brightest, most accurate and most dependable of the three, and this summer she is to stay here and learn to write on my typewriter. I think she will prove a great help when she has learned this accomplishment. Several other girls will stay here and I have promised to find work for them. For one it will be grossstitching on table runners; for two or three others, tatting; for another crocheting and for another odds and ends such as pasting back to back old used postcards that have been sent to me from America, cutting out pretty pictures from old magazines for use in the primary schools, or making corrections in the school catalogue. Then I shall have my teacher more hours a day than I can now, and I can't tell what I shall be studying in preparation to teach next year. It may be that beloved(?) Myers General History, or it may be arithmetic or the advanced class in algebra, or it may be a course in the Proverbs or the Psalms.

I am not going out in the country for examinations this June, for the reason that I didn't stand very well the one trip that I took last June and I want to keep myself in trim at least until the school is closed. There is every prospect that I shall keep up like a rubber ball if I only have the sense to be just a wee bit careful. So the chances are pretty good I would say. These country schools are flourishing in some places. At Sa-leng, where I examined 9 or 11 pupils last January, three teachers yesterday examined 53, and they say that I shall simply have to furnish another teacher, for there is a prospect of over a hundred pupils in the fall. Tomorrow our matron and two of the high school girls go to another place to examine, and the following day they go on to see a school that was just opened at New Year's time. Next Saturday there is still another to be done and a week from Monday they go to Ghaochowfu where Mrs. Baker has invited us to examine the two schools under her jurisdiction.

Day before yesterday we had a treat. We (the unmarried ladies and Mr. Carman) had a wonderful sail (a little bit tippy but not scary enough to worry me in the least) down to Double Island. Some of the folks have already gone down there for the summer and we all went in bathing in the surf. We had the most wonderful time, and it was perfectly safe even if the waves did toss us up and then pound us down and spin us around on the sand, for Dr. Newman and Mr. Carman are both splendid swimmers, and they stayed with us all the time. It was just glorious. Emily and I did not think we should go anywhere this summer but would have to stay and help look after the new house. But several weeks ago just for fun we asked for the Double Island house for a week or two near the end of the season. But now that we have been down there again and have it fresh in our minds just how fine it is, I think we shall let the house go for a week or so and let some one else look after it. Maybe we'll have other chances to sail down and back the same night the way we did Friday. (The house belongs to the mission and is divided up among those who ask for it, preference being given to those who have been in the mission longest.) On the way back the other night the breeze was just enough to fill the sails out not enough to

tip the boat, and it was steady all the way. We nearly sang our throats out, everything from Merrily we Roll Along and Sweet and Low to Keep the Home Fires Burning and Till We Meet Again. The moon fairly outshone herself, and as for me, I was literally drifting in a sea of beauty, loveliness and restfulness for one short hour. I love the sailing so, for one thing, for another I haven't had a moonlight sail like that for years- is it? It seems so! And then this whole week has been a swamp of big and little worrisome things. That night everything combined to make us happy, even though we were all tired out when we started out in the afternoon, and some of us even cross and illtempered! Nature is a marvelous healer!

I say! Can you think of anything much more tantalizing than to get two slips notifying you of packages from America, at three o'clock on Sat. P.M. when the cook is away in the country and the house boy is left all alone to get tea and supper and you are going to have guests for tea? And when the cook, the only other person who could be sent across the bay to Swatow City to get the package has already gone earlier on other business? And when one of the packages has to be examined for duty and that has to be done promptly at two o'clock or not until the next day? And then you forlornly decide that you simply will have to possess your soul in patience until Monday, and not be able to know until then whether they be packages containing such things as curtains or engagement rings or patches or used post cards!

(NOTE: Not that we don't appreciate very much any patches or old, pretty postcards, for they help us in our business; but just at that psychological moment they are almost an anti-climax. Also: not that I am or ever have been guilty, especially since coming to these domains, of ever hoping for or expecting or looking forward to getting, either thro the mails or otherwise such a diverting thing as an engagement ring! Ah, no! That was merely put in for the sake of illustrating my point. That unfortunate person is Ruth Sperry, who wanted to throw her postcards into the bottom of the sea when she got them instead of her engagement ring. She hasn't got it yet but is expecting it every mail. Poor girl!)

I know of course that I should spend my time and energy in thinking what nice things it may be, and anticipating while I still have the chance. For if it shouldn't be the thing I am at the moment hoping for, and I could have it the same day, then all my opportunity for anticipating it, and the joy of hoping for it, would all be over so soon, whereas if I had over Sunday to enjoy that blissful state of mind, how fortunate I should consider myself. Ahem! I really suppose that more than half what I have written is mere words and that my actual state of mind is a cross between these two extremes, tempered, or should I say aggravated, by an eating curiosity!

Well, this is Sunday night and I must go to bed and stop this nonsense. I warn you, if I could see you face to face I would not stop with a small amount like this! What will Gladys think of me, Arthur, if I keep on much longer raving in this fashion? (Wouldn't you honestly advise me to quit before any more damage is done?)

Any amount of love to you all,

Abbie

M. 132

Swatow, China, 1921 (June 19)

Dear Mother:

My letters to you folks nowadays are pretty incomplete affairs I think, both as to the subject matter therein contained and to the frequency with which I take my pen in hand. Well, two weeks more and I shall be free from some of the things that are uppermost in my mind now. I shall have other problems then, some of them not so very easy, but different. I shall have to arrange for the teaching in the fall. We are surely to open a third year high school class in the fall and we have to arrange for those extra classes as well to see about teachers to take the place of the two girls who have been teaching in the school this year. Mui tsu, the other one of the three who were to have been in that class last year but stopped a year to teach, will stay here this summer and I will teach her to use my typewriter. I don't expect to use much effort myself but to use the book mostly. She is the brightest and most dependable of the three and the most accurate, and I think will be a great help to me in the matter of attending to business letters and some others. Then several other girls will stay here and I have promised to find work for them. For one it will be crossstitching on table runners; for two or three others tatting, for another crocheting, and for another, odds and ends such as pasting old post cards that have been sent from America, either back to back or pasting another piece of paper on the back, and cutting out pretty pictures from old magazines for use in the primary school, and making corrections in the school catalogue etc. Then I shall have my teacher more hours a day and I presume I shall be studying something besides Meyer's General History. There is a possibility that we may have a better teacher than I for the M.G.H. but I don't yet dare hope. At any rate I shall have to get ready for Arithmetic in one or two classes and perhaps Higher Algebra. You see I have gone easy this first year, and I guess it is a good thing that I did, for now I am in good condition to go ahead and try to do what a full sized woman ought to do next year. But in spite of all these things that I am looking ahead to for the summer time I shall write some letters first. Oh, I forgot! I had fully decided that I will never again say a thing about what I am going to do, but rather wait until I have at least begun to do it. You see I thought I should be able to have the summer school, in fact my mind was pretty much set upon it, but I couldn't manage and I am very thankful that I had sense enough to find that out before I started. I sometimes wonder whether my letters to you are not pretty much a recital of what I planned to do and then didn't! Maybe some day I will do something I don't know.

The country school work is flourishing in some places. Yesterday three of the teachers went out to Sa leng where I went last new years and examined a school of fifty-three pupils. Last Jan. I examined 9 or 11! Tomorrow Heng S.S. and two of the girls go to Nam leng for exam. and the next day on up to Kuang pou, Hong lau's home, where they have just started a girls' school. Next sat. they will probably go to Tat hau pou, and after school is closed some of them will go up to Chaochow fu, which is not one of my schools, by the way. Mrs. Baker particularly requested that we go from here to do the examining this time.

Day before yesterday we had a treat. We (the unmarried ladies and Mr. Carman) had a wonderful sail (a little bit tippy but not scary enough to worry me in the least if some of the others had not been scared) down to Double Island. Dr. and Mrs. Newman are already down there on their vacation and also Ruth Hall (of Hopo) and Marjorie Fleming (of Swatow) and we all went in bathing in the surf. We had the most wonderful time. The two men were in bathing with us and we can swim anyway, those of us who went out where the surf could touch us, so we weren't the least bit concerned and it was just glorious. Emily and I asked for the Double Island house some weeks ago, for the last week in Sept. or the first week in Aug. (I mean the other way around of course!) but it was almost in fun and we didn't really think we could be spared from the looking after the house for that length of time even. But now that we have tried the bathing down there and it is fresh in our memories we are quite sure that we shall want to go down there. Miss Sollman is to be there for the whole of August, I understand. I think this summer will find us sailing down there as we did Friday night a good many times. On the way back the other night the breeze was just ~~strong~~ enough to fill the sails but not enough to tip the boat, and it was steady all the way. We sang our throats out almost, everything from Merrily we Roll along and Sweet and Low, to Keep the Home Fires Burning and Till we

meet Again. The moon fairly outshone herself and we drifted literally in a sea of beauty, loveliness and perfect restfulness for one short hour! I do love the sailing so, and everything combined that night to make us happy, even tho we were all tired and some of us very cross and even ill tempered when we started out in the afternoon. Nature is a marvelous healer!

What could be more tantalizing that to get two slips notifying you of packages from America, Saturday afternoon when the cook is out with the teachers on a country trip, and the coolie has already gone to Swatow on other errands, and there is no one left in the house to send but the houseboy who has to do all the preparing himself for tea and supper (with the cook away) and you are going to have guests for tea, and besides it is after three o'clock, and there might not be time to get across to the other side anyway, and besides one of the packages has to be examined and for that you have to be at the office promptly at two o'clock! And you forlornly decide that there is absolutely no way out of it, and you simply will have to possess your soul in patience until Monday at least at noon, and maybe until four or five o'clock before you can know what is in store for you. We are so happy to have old postcards sent out, but once in a while it happens that when you are hoping for a package from your mother or even for an engagement ring, along comes a pkg. of old post cards and you fairly want to throw them into the bottom of the sea, even tho you know way down in the depths of your soul that you are as glad as can be to have them! Now you know how bad I am!

Of course I am hoping now that tomorrow I shall have your package, but can't tell until it comes. Here's hoping!

Yours with my heart's love,

Abbie P.

P.S. A letter from Mabel Bovell says,

"I seem to remember that Mr. Tatum was your cousin or something, I know the Miss Hall he is to marry - and have lived in the same house with her at Kiating." Isn't that news? I haven't had a thing but cards from him & Joy at Xmas since I've been out here, so don't know at all what this affair has been etc.

No 133

Swatow, China, June 20, 1921

Dear Mother and Father:

The packages that I had to wait over Sunday weren't postcards at all but they were nice typewriter paper and curtain cloth that ^{and} up to my best ideas and snaps and powder puffs and stuff to make hats of and belting and typewriter oil and teeny fine needles and just-right tape and shoe string and all the rest, and all of the things with the nicest dry goods store smell about them. I had to pay \$1.63 duty on the big p package and I have found out why. Things come in her duty free if they are valued at less than \$15.00. It is too bad that I have been too stupid to find this out and tell you before now but the fact remains that I haven't and so I had to pay the duty. So if you are going to send things again that can be divided so that any one package will not be valued quite up to \$15.00 it will probably save money for me. You did not have to pay any postage at all on these things, did you!!!! It costs something to get things to me, all right. Oh, I had such a good time opening my things and everything is just exactly what I wanted! Indeed I do very much prefer to have you pick out the things for me instead of sending to M.W. for them. The floor brush I mentioned is simply one of those like we have always had at home for a stove or hearth brush when it gets too dirty to use with the dustpan; a wooden handle and bristles that are fine for getting into corners. What do you call them?

It is hot, hot and I am so thankful that I have a tub of cold water upstairs waiting for me when I get thro doing this. It is now half past eight in the evening and I am down in my study writing this. Today has been rainy and now the air is so humid that it is almost hard to breathe. I am going to work a little on straightening up tuitions to see that my accounts are all straight before the girls go to their homes for the summer. And then I am going to work a little on the schedule for our final examinations next Monday and Tuesday. And then I am going straight to bed. Today Emily began to play the graduation song to accompany the girls when they march into the chapel singing, and also the class song of the graduates. I have played them for the last two years and can do it again if necessary but I thought she would like to do it and when I asked her she said she would be delighted. It will be fine to feel that she is sharing with me the sense of responsibility for the graduating exercises and anyway it will be a relief not to have to do everything, play the organ as well as give out the diplomas and make the speech, etc. She is afraid that she will get rattled so that she can't do it well enough but I don't think she will. She plays lots of things better than I do, and I am sure that she will do this beautifully. I'm so glad I asked her, for she just grabbed the chance and said she loved to have me ask her and she would just love to do it. She feels that just studying this old language is such a useless thing. I shall certainly be glad for her when she gets to doing something besides digging away all day. It may be that I am just enough of a phlegmatic temperament to endure that very thing but there is not a thing phlegmatic about Emily and I am sure it is wearing her all out to do it. She is bothered terribly with neuritis and that is always worse and makes her blue if she has nothing but her study to think about. I have noticed that more than once. Mabelle said before she went home that she hoped E. would not teach much in the school until her language study was over, and then I agreed with her because in my own case I was so thankful not to have any more interruptions than I had. But it is true that one person cannot possibly know what is absolutely the best thing for another person to do, especially if he be judging merely from his own experience. I should have been bothered, I think, with more outside work than I had when I was trying to get my language done, but the thing that E. seems to need and she has admitted it herself, is to get out and talk with the girls more. I don't know just what her attitude as a teacher will be, but there I go on my pet hobby; worrying about what somebody else should do. That is a trait I perfectly detest in anybody else. I have been telling the girls lately two or three times that each one of us has a personal responsibility first of all. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." I will do well to practice my own preaching.

Whew! I'm HOT!! There is not a breath around this corner where my typewriter table is and I have been pounding away as fast as I can make my fingers go. I have just looked at my watch again and find that it is still half past eight, which makes me rather curious as to the really correct

time. The house is suspiciously quiet upstairs and I remember now being a little surprised that it was still so early a little while ago when I looked for I had done quite a little reading before I came in here.

Love to you both with all my heart,

Abbie