

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

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Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow

Dates: 1921 Jul - Dec

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ms 135
Swatow, China, July 3, 1921

My Dearests:

A year ago this time I was up in Foochow, trying my best to get up the mountain to Kuliang that night before dark. This year I am very glad that I am not going away. I had about as many, and about as difficult problems then, but I didn't realize then as I do now, how difficult they are. If I had, and had troubled more about them, perhaps I wouldn't have some of them to do all over again this year. I am glad I didn't for I certainly was in no condition to do any extra worrying then. As things stand at the present, Heng S. S. says she doesn't want to come back next year for it is too hard and the others will not cooperate with her. Miss Tang told me just on Friday, graduation day, that she is planning to move her things out next Monday and she does not intend to stay in the school next year. I just wish I could know when they mean what they say, and then maybe I would know what to do next. If both of these go, you see I will have no one to stay in the school at all. I think I shall try to get Mrs. Lim my helper to talk with each of them and maybe then I can find out where I stand.

I was wondering this morning why it is that I am not more bothered about the whole matter. I can account for it in one way and that is that the people who have been praying for me are folks whose prayers are effectual. For I know that there are people who have been praying for the strength of my body, and my body is most certainly much stronger than it was a year ago. And that in turn explains why I am able to keep down the worry more than I did. And then too God is certainly hearing the prayers of those who are asking for me to be relieved from worry. He is answering it in his own wise way. I cannot see any way before me just now but somehow I feel that it is not in His plan for me to get all unstrung and upset and in a condition to spoil life for other people by worrying myself into the figgets. My trouble now is that I can't tell either one that the other is going to leave, for fear that one or both of them might not be meaning what she says. I am hoping to see Mrs. Lim about it this evening and perhaps I shall feel a little more hopeful.

Yesterday Ruth sailed for America, and with the strain of exams and taking grades and graduation and everything the going out to the boat to see her off made me just a little bit ~~tired~~ tireder than I want ever to get. I was almost at the weeping point once or twice but it was not because Ruth was going really, tho I love her dearly and hate like everything to see her go. I was simply too tired to stand up. The grades are not yet reckoned, to say nothing of being written on the report blanks, and they should be sent out by tomorrow afternoon. The head professor will be leaving and we must get them off before he goes. The girls who have been doing the reckoning have made heaps of mistakes and so there are only ninety-eight done instead of the 140 that I gave out. About half of the last term's reports are written on the blanks but none of this term's. And I had in the background of my mind all this business of the teacher's and the matron's leaving. It was all just a bit too much and I did think once or twice that I would never get home without disgracing myself.

Father Barraclough was out at the boat to see Ruth off and he was very much concerned about how thin and pulled down I am looking.

He says I was much fatter when he first knew me. The trouble is that he often sees me when I am very tired and this is one of the times, and of course he had to make a great speech about my needing to get away somewhere. Well, he doesn't know my state of mind. I was pretty near to being upset yesterday and consequently I did worry some and as a consequence of that I got tired and more tired and showed it in my face as I always do. But I know that I am not as near the ragged edge as I was last year and I am not easily angered as I was then. And I am dead sure that I can take some things much more philosophically than I could then, and that I can a great deal better wait to let things work out for themselves than I could then. Last year I felt it in me bones that I would bust and blow up in smoke if I didn't get away from everything. It is not so a bit. Last year when I was bothered as I was yesterday I would not have realized that it was because I was tired, but would have thought that the whole world or at least half of it was conspiring to make trouble for me!

We had a very pretty graduation and everything went on greased wheels. We didn't know beforehand whether the girls would sing on or off the tune but the song was lovely. Emily played for it and for the graduation march. I made my little speech as I did last year, and while I stumbled and repeated some, yet this time my speaking was real speaking and not simply something that I learned by rote and had to look at my paper when I forgot. Last year my verse was "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee! This year I took "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory though Jesus Christ our Lord".

Don't I have the worst luck writing to the men? It is really something orful. I wrote the best letter I knew how to Ralph Denison but he has not seen fit to answer it. Mr. Todd, who was very nice to me at Kuliang last summer wrote to me even before I had left Kuliang, and in each letter since then has asked questions in such a way that I could scarcely not answer them, altho I had at the slightest intentions of striking up a correspondence with the gentleman. Alas! Is it not fortunate that I placed no fond hopes in that direction? Last week only I received word from him as he was leaving for America on a furlough of three months. He will bring his bride with him. He had already told me about his engagement, and I was slightly peeved because his letter told me in such an apologetic strain, as tho he thought I would expect to have some claim upon him! He had been visiting in the station with Petra Jonson whom we knew last summer at Kuliang. She teased him umercifully at Kuliang about taking me to the movies and didn't stop afterwards, I suppose. But I don't see how she could know that he ever wrote letters to me unless he told her himself! I am sure I haven't.

I guess I'll have to say about the men who don't write to me, what Charles Rich said to me: If all my friends had teated me the way they did, I should have blown my brains out long ago! However, I haven't spent any sleepless nights since I came out here over that sort of thing.

Ruth went home without ever getting her engagement ring after all. And she had already received a cable before she left that he could not send the money for her passage home. But Emily had arranged to lend it to her; or rather, she is borrowing it from Mr. Stafford and Emily

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has agreed to pay it to Mrs. if Ruth or her man or somebody doesn't pay it back inside of six months. We don't really think it is a risk, but it certainly did put Ruth in a most awkward position, and she was very brave about it.

Well, my dearest dears, good night and sweet dreams to you !

With all the love there is,

Abbe

Swatow, China, July 13, 1921

Dear Ones: *ack*

Again I am just going to write a tiny scribble to you folks and enclose a letter that I have written to Mabelle which will tell you a few things of interest perhaps. You will probably feel like asking a whole lot of questions, as Mabelle will, about things that I think I have made clear but haven't. However, I hope you can get something from it.

About the Newmans and the Leshers: You don't know either one so I have not written about them, as there seemed nothing to write that would be of any great interest, but mostly gossip, instead. The two men were out here in the mission at the same time and did not get along very well together or with anyone else. When they both went home on furlough they got into trouble with each other and each one blames the other entirely, or did. Dr. Newman finally decided that he could not work in the same mission with Dr. Lesher and told Dr. Franklin so. Then the Board had a meeting and decided to send Dr. Lesher elsewhere. So we got a cable out here asking if it was all right to send the Leshers to East China. We had no way of knowing what it was all about and so naturally thought that the Leshers did not want to come back here but had asked to be transferred to E. China. So we said all right but the E.C. people had heard something about Dr. Leshers' troubles and general attitude about things when he was on the field and they had an idea that they did not very much want him. As a matter of fact the reason the Dr. Hylbert of E. China came down here at the time of the 60th Anniversary was to find out about the Leshers. After being at our meeting and hearing what was to be said pro and con about the Leshers he went back to E.C. and the next that we heard was that E. China had refused to have anything to do with the Leshers. Of course this has been a terrible strain on the Leshers and really I think that Newman was a great deal to blame for the whole thing though I am not on the inside track and I don't know how great Newman's provocation was. But Lesher has written letters which seem to prove that he is a changed man and that while there seemed to be much to upset his faith yet he has undergone the wonderful experience of getting the victory over a very hard disposition of his, and over the tendency to bear grudges against folks. Some folks out here are absolutely unbelieving of such a change, and others say that a man like Lesher would go to jail before he would say anything that he didn't really feel. The other night they had an open meeting of the reference Com. to discuss this matter and I went with my mind firmly made up not to vote either way for I don't know the Leshers at all. But the vote that was taken was that if the Board is willing we will gladly welcome the Leshers back to the field. And that is what we have thought right along but have understood that the Board wanted to take the matter out of our hands so we did not dare to do a thing about it. It may have been the best thing for the Leshers to have had this wait and the hard experience though. Mrs. Lesher is a doctor too and everyone has good words for her. So the Leshers have been cabled for and we hope they will come out this fall.

Well, Newman just before all this fuss had resigned. He had no hospital to work with and therefore he said, he had had a whole year of idleness to his debit. Do you remember reading a whole page in the

Baptist about his work and the great things he hoped to do etc. ? Well, half of that was not true at all. One of his reasons for resigning was that the ladies in Kityang had not offered him a place in ~~there~~ hospital but on the contrary had asked him to find a place immediately for the few men patients that were there. That is what he said. Clara Leach has had an awfully hard time of it I tell you. I don't know all the details but I guess that some of the things he said to her were pretty insulting. He really wanted them to turn over their whole hospital for him to run and since they were women workers under the Womens Board they didn't see the wisdom ~~not~~ the necessity for doing that. Whereupon he got nasty and said a lot of things. You see he was pretty much peeved because he was sure he could get just what he wanted and even before he got it he wrote to the Baptist and said that he had it. In Com. meeting Clara faced him with that for one thing and asked him what he meant by writing it. A few weeks ago he had a "telegram" (he wrote and told the folks to send it) from the Red Cross up in ~~Siberia~~ asking him to come up and help with the typhus fever. But there wasn't any typhus after he got there and he was making inquiries about another place. He thought he found one and on the strength of that he resigned from our mission. But just lately he has found that that place is not open to him after all, and so he has applied to East China. Many people down here think that E.China will not receive him. He evidently expected to have the mission get down on its knees and beg him to stay and they didn't do it and he is as mad as a hatter and I don't know what he will do about it.

Well I must stop and go over to see the new house and want this letter to go on the mail today,

With very much love to you both,

Abbie

P.S. your letters of June 19,
mailed the 25th - arrived here
on July 19th - no 138
Dear Ones: - Isn't that great!

Swatow, China, July 20, 1921

I do want to tell you a little bit about the splendid trip we had over to Chaoyang last week. I felt when I got back as tho I had had a vacation that would last me for a week of Sundays. It is always so restful over there and altho I think this was the hottest weather I have ever seen when I have been over there, yet the whole trip was restful as usual and more interesting than ever before.

Katherine and Tracy are both at home from school now and Dr. Everham was spending the week-end over there too. We went on the last launch on Thursday and got there just in time to go for a swim in the lagoon out in front of the house. We all went out in a row-boat that was big enough for about half our number, tipping and shipping water every time that the rower rowed a bit strenuously. There was no danger tho, for in no place were we above our waists, until we got to the other side of the lagoon. Such mud I never saw in my whole life. Actually my feet sank into the soft slippery slime until I was up to my knees every step I took. So I preferred to swim or float most of the time.

The next morning we had breakfast at seven sharp and after the morning worship we started out, the servants in one boat and the westerners in another, with chairs and chairmen on ahead, I mean, a chair in each boat, for we had to walk too far to be sure we could do it comfortably. We had a boatribe of about ten miles and then Emily and I went out to see the Sea Gate school. It is vacation time but I thought it would help just to see the place where they work and the conditions they work under. Fifteen boys and girls study in that tiny upper room with two small windows in it. A family, one a tiny baby, is living there already. But they all consider that a very good place, and compared to a good many, it is very presentable, airy, and clean.

The others of the party had gone on, except Dr. Groesbeck, who went to see a piece of land, and we soon followed; through the flourishing fishing village of Sea Gate, - city, I'd better call it, and on beyond past yellow sandy beaches and blue blue water that made us just homesick, to an old deserted fort up on a little promontory beyond the city. It was about 11 o'clock then so we made haste to get into our bathing suits and had a splendid time swimming in that refreshingly cold, salty water. We didn't dare take off our pith hats, - we had worn old ones on purpose so we wouldn't care, - and Emily's only complaint was that she couldn't go under with her pith hat on to find how deep it was. But you know I am perfectly willing to take some one's else word for a thing of that sort so that particular thing didn't worry me!

When we got back from bathing we were as hungry as bears and were ready to do justice to the splendid dinner that Mrs. G. had provided. I forgot to say that in the morning we ate out of doors on the west side of the house before the sun got around. At noon we sat in a little natural cave made of on huge rock which sprawled itself across two others that were about five feet apart. The opening was perhaps ten or twelve feet wide, so you see that when the matting was spread down we had a very comfortable place to sit, sheltered from the sun, a fine breeze blowing directly thro the cave and a grand, glorious view of that blue, blue sea! Our waffles with chicken gravy which we had had in the morning did not in the least pall our appetites for rice and fricasseed chicken

and all sorts of nice things that went along. Afterwards we loaded on the floor of the cave while Mrs. G. read Joseph Lincoln's "Cap'n Warren's Wards" until it was nearly three o'clock. Then we went in swimming again and had a grand time getting ourselves all sunburned. I do believe there is nothing so nice in the whole world in the way of recreation as swimming in good salty cool sea water. I do love it! If you could have ever have seen Dr. Groesbeck saying that he would help me out to the beach (I had been swimming quite a while and they thought I looked a little blue and cold. The minute he said it, his foot struck a slippery rock, and the play of different expressions over his face was certainly worth seeing. He recovered himself once almost. But to see first surprise then consternation then amusement and resignation chase each other across his countenance, oh! it was fun. Thendown he went in the inevitable splash, and when he came up he was the most sheepish looking man I ever saw. I was absolutely helpless by that time and they had todrag me to shore. The reason for my helplessness was my laughing, which they said did me as much good as a cup of hot soup! I guess it did.

We got back to Chaoyang at just eight o'clock, and had supper in the moonlight out on the lawn. The next day we were tired and sore but oh it was worth it! We loafed all day Saturday and I didn't do much more than that on Sunday. Monday morning we came home and got all settled down so that we could get to studying good and proper on Tuesday Bright and early.

Tuesday evening we had the Wrenches, very nice people who are in exporting business in Swatow, over here to supper. We had it on the veranda and then sang and played afterwards. They went home about ten P.M. Yesterday morning Newton Carman came up and asked us if we didn't want to go to Double Island in the evening for a moonlight swim and then a little lunch on the beach. Of course we did, and agreed at once. We didn't know then just how long it would take us, but I don't care a bit, am glad I went and will do the same thing the very next chance I get. We had an early supper and then about seven o'clock started for the jetty. There were a few delays so we did not get started much before half past seven. I don't know whether it was an unfavorable wind or what, for the tide was in our favor, but we got down there at exactly nine o'clock. We got into swimming toga as quickly as we could and didn't stay in the water very long. When we got dressed Miss Sollman came up and said that the men down at the men's bungalow (Mr. Keefe, the Standard Oil man, and some others,) wanted us to come down there and sit on their veranda with them. We knew that we must go back with the others but we went back with Miss Sollman to tell them that we were sorry we couldn't stay - that the others would be expecting us and would think it funny if we didn't go, and Newton came down and found us there. He invited them all up to their house (The Newmans and the Carmans are staying in a house down there for the summer) So we all did and then Mr. Keefe took us all up for a moonlight ride in the Donald, the Standard oil launch. We let our sampan go, and he brought us home. The moon was the most perfect I have ever seen I think; just one night past full and the sky fairly light enough to read almost even when the moon was behind a cloud. The girls came with us and so did the men (!) and I was favored by having Mr. Keefe stand down on the front of the boat right near where I was sitting flat on the deck, and by having him confer his entire attention upon his conversation with me. There there! That is certainly a silly thing to say; let me explain. One day last year when Emily was sick and Peggy and Ruth wanted to go down to the island

with Mr. Keefe and some of the others on a picnic, but didn't finally because there was no chaperone and we had told the men that we would not go unless they got someone, I was nearly distracted because I thought that they were going to have their party and I guess I flew around here like a wild woman. I know that when I saw them at the door (we had expected them to come about six and they came at half past three) I went down to the door but did not have sense to invite them upstairs. They did not know then that anyone was sick, and while they were down in the dining room waiting for us they set the alarm at three o'clock in the morning. It startled the girls that night (Ruth was taking her turn at sitting up with Emily) and the men apologised afterwards but I think somehow Mr. Keefe thought he had hurt my feelings or something for the two or three times since then he has seemed to put himself out to be very polite and nice to me. He wasn't that before. Maybe I have told you all this before, anyway! Poor man, it is very nice to have him be so careful, but I hope he won't hurt himself! I suppose before last night he thought that I was an old old maid, but inadvertently I let out the fact that I am 28 years old and found that that is his age. We talked a good deal about going home to America. He was very friendly to Ruth Sperry and now she has just come home. He goes in October.

The three men that were with him I never saw before and don't even remember their names. Mrs. Carman had invited McJorn, the Postmaster, over to supper and he went along too. Oh, well, it is interesting to meet these people from time to time, but the most of them have not enough in common with us to be able to keep up a decent conversation, or for us to do so, whichever way you look at it: I helps get us out of the rut, tho.

We most certainly did have one grand ride last night, but that is not the only reason that I am as happy as a clam. I have found out that I don't have to teach Myer's General History, at least this year, and that that may brige us over until Miss Pue gets back and then I won't have to teach it at all. I do hope so! I shall have to teach arithmetic probably and I don't know how I shall get along with that. I am going to teach Proverbs, and if anybody knows of any book that will help me to do that, please get it and send it to me quick! Mr. Capen is going to take the girls right into his class in the Academy and the Theological Seminary will have it then too. The class will meet at the Seminary, half way between the two high schools. The Academy science teacher is to have the class in science right along with his class at the academy, and Mrs Huang will be the chaperone to go with them to each class. So

I feel much easier to know that all these things are arranged and that I needn't have the same uneasy feeling that I did all last summer. Of course, the girls who have been teaching this year have been waiting to get back to their studying and they cannot possibly teach anywhere near the amount that they have done this year but There are more girls in the lower classes who can begin to take on some of that work.

I see that my mistakes are getting worse and worse and my spelling very bad too so I guess it is time to stop.

With very much love,

Nr 139

Swatow, China, Aug. 9, 1921

Dear Mother:

What you will be thinking of me is more than I know: I have meant to write every day for two weeks and then haven't done it at all. Last week I was busy composing a letter to Uncle Homer which I thought I would send on to you and let it do mostly for your letter. But I didn't get that finished and anyway I want to copy some of the parts of it to send to other people. I don't seem to be getting along any better with my letter writing than I did last summer. Then on Saturday I pricked my finger and got a little infection in it and it was painful to write. Nothing to mention, and it is on my left hand so that if I had had ambition to write with a pen I could have sent you a letter all right. It is much better today and is on the mend for good.

A week ago Saturday in the afternoon I was called out from my bath to receive my new Singer Sewing machine. I am so glad that you sent the Singer, and I am not sure but I like the single drawer one better than I would the double. I looks more like a table. I am ashamed indeed that over a week has gone by without my telling you that it has come. I had a big temptation to date my letter back a week, but you see I am being honest. I have found out some things since I wrote to you about sending a machine. I did not know before that there is a Singer agency right here in Swatow! My machine was not sent from America just now, though of course I suppose it came from there originally. It came from Hongkong, and if the shop here had happened to have that kind in stock, it would have come to me simply from Swatow. They have a repair shop over in Swatow, and I can get all the supplies there. Now this is a new thing here I don't know just how recently. Miss Sollman did not know about it even. So you can see that I am tickled to pieces that you sent just what you did and should doubtless have wanted to kick myself if you had sent the Damascus. I just love this machine and think I am absolutely the most fortunate girl in the world to have such nice things sent to me.

I am thinking seriously about getting the course in singing lessons (Victrola records) that I had under Mrs. Lindsay. I don't know how much they cost, but I am wondering whether there is any of the money that Mr. Giberson sent, left with you or not. I don't see how there can be because you have bought so many of the things that I wanted, but if there is, I would like to know how much. Some of the girls show marked ability and if we can make music teachers even if not great singers out of some of them we shall be doing a wonderful thing.

This week end we went down to Double Island and got caught in the tail of a typhoon again. We were all sleeping out on the veranda on Sunday night when the wind suddenly got so big and gusty that we were afraid the beds would blow over. So we all crawled out in a hurry and pulled our beds inside out of the rain. If I had not had a rubber blanket hung up beside me I should have been rained on for fair. We didn't get much sleep that night so we were pretty glad to get back and have a good snooze in our own

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beds the next night. Our own house is the place to rest really, and I think that I shall get more out of the rest here before we go down to Double Island for the two weeks that we are now planning, than I shall down there. But of course the sea bathing down there is wonderful and so refreshing. These Standard Oil folks are very kind and have offered to take us down any afternoon and back up here in the evening. We have done that twice and it is great. They like the ride and they get Peggy and Gwladys Aston and Miss Sollman to come up with us and then they have another nice ride back. The S.O. folks work up in Swatow every day and then go down to the Island every night you see.

Our matron is gone for good and all I guess. We are to have some repairs on the school buildings and I have been over to school all morning with Miss Tang to see about it. I did not wear a pith hat as I should and so I am waiting now to see whether the heavy feeling in my head is going to develop into a headache. I guess it won't though. I have just had another thought. It is almost twelve o'clock and I haven't had even a drink of water since breakfast. That often makes me feel rotten. I think I am going to be sick in bed or something, and then when I have had my dinner I am all right again.. Isn't it awful to be so dependent upon one's food?

The other night we went for a walk and almost got lost. We didn't get back home until ~~just~~ eight o'clock. It is sort of a revelation to me for I didn't suppose you could get lost on this island. We did not stay awake that night fidgeting because we hadn't had enough exercise! The boys were just beginning to get worried for we usually have our supper by seven o'clock and they didn't know what to make of our being as late as that though in the summer time especially we are far from punctual.

Word has just come from Thai Iong that Ruth Hall, our new girl who recently came out for Hope, has become engaged to Mr. Rentoul, an English Presbyterian missionary, after having known him ten days only. She is to be married this fall and they will go back to his station very soon. It seems to me a very short time, but I suppose she has thought it all out. I don't know whether she thinks that as long as she is to marry him she ought to stop getting salary right away, and so the sooner the better, or how. I am sure that she has reasoned it something like that, for she is one of the most conscientious girls I ever knew. The work at Hope needs her terribly and I know the Adamses will be just sick about it. I don't know the man but Miss Sollman prophesies that she will not be happy. I think she will, though. The foreign mission field is one of the best places in the world to have a husband, though I am not sure that I would choose to go there to get one! Lucky thing I wouldn't, for I doubt if there would be one to be found for the likes of me. And yesterday comes word that Petra Johnsen, our friend up at Kuliang last summer, is to be married this next Chinese New Year. Poor Peggy! I do not know how she will stand two such heavy shocks in one week!

Will stop now and hope to finish Uncle Homer's letter before long. This typewriter certainly is a timesaver now. At first I was very slow, but now I write on it about twice as fast as I can write by hand. Of course that is not a great speed if I were trying for a stenog's position but it is much better than nothing.

Very much love to you both,

Abbie

No 140

Swatow, China, August 15, 1921

Dear Ones:

When we came back from Chaoyang late on Sat. P.M. we were delighted that there was a good home mail.. I had a letter from you and one from Arthur. A. says that he wants to go back to college and intends to do it if he gets to be 40 before he finishes. You said that you thought that if he were back where he was ~~two~~ years ago he would make every effort to go on and learn to be a doctor. Well, do you think that is really his purpose now? In his letter he simply talked about getting back into college and didn't say anything about going on to do anything else. Has he said any more than that to you I wonder? I am going to send some tatting to you soon. The money that you get for it you are to keep and see how things turn out for Arthur. You will know when he needs it most for his education. The money for the tatting really does not go for Arthur's education, for it is really as though I were sending some of my salary to you to keep and that same amount of money I am still putting into the education of girls out here. So don't think that the girls are losing by my sending this money to you. You don't have to say that it is tatting money, see what I mean?

I do hope that Arthur got past that time of wanting to strike for more pay. I certainly do think it would be a horrid way to act and if A. only waited until he thought it over a little I am sure he would see it that way too. If he did a thing like that I am sure it was only because he had not stopped long enough to think it out. I don't think that he is mean enough to do a thing like that deliberately. If he did it I know it was on impulse. I hope, hope he didn't!

At Chaoyang we had another lovely picnic, and are going yet once again before the summer is over. The last of this month is the Groesbeck's anniversary and they have invited us for that occasion. We shall go again where we have been both these times and will have another lovely time bathing and picnicking. It is cooler over there than here and that is another reason we like to go there so well. We go and come for the most part on the last launch when it is cooler, or sometimes early in the morning before the sun is so very hot. We could not possibly endure it to travel in the middle of the day. From this last letter it would seem almost as though you were having a taste of Swatow weather yourselves. I did feel sorry for your having to entertain a minister on such a very hot day. For even if it is hotter out here, still we manage to wear the minimum amount of clothing and have a time to rest nearly every day, and when we are resting we don't mention the amount of clothing we have on. In fact we scarcely have enough on to warrant mentioning! This morning, for instance, I was so hot when I was dressing that I thought I simply could not stand it. After I got dressed I felt cooler and now I am resigned to the heat, as it were! I am dripping wet, for I have not stopped from my studying and writing letters all morning and it is now 12 M. I am hungry, too!

To-morrow Miss Pou, one of the teachers we had two years ago, who did not get along very well with Mabelle, and stopped teaching here, is to be married to Mr. Ho who came out last year to teach in the academy after having studied in America some years. I am honored by having been requested to play the wedding march! Never having done such a thing before I am somewhat flustered but you should hear me bravely trying over The Bridal Chorus from Loengrin and the Wedding March of Mendelssohn on Mabelle's organ and doing my little best to make it sound like the real thing!

Love from your own

Abbie

Swatow, August 22, 1921

Dearests:

It is just seven o'clock in the morning and I am waiting while Emily is getting dressed. Last night was an awful night for heat and altho I managed to sleep pretty well, Emily did not, and she says that at 12 o'clock in the night the thermometer said 90 in her room. She is pretty well worn out this morning. This is about the hottest that I have ever known anywhere. The thermometer does not run as high even as in the big cities at home, but the humidity is well-nigh unbearable. I guess this is a hot year all over the world. You have been having your share of the hot weather too, haven't you? Up in Shanghai one day last week there were two hundred deaths on account of the heat. It is a good deal farther north than we are you know. I am most certainly thankful that we are in the country, I mean, not in the heart of a city, and that we are so near the sea. We are going over to Chaoyang again this afternoon and that means we shall have a fine trip and a grand sea bath to-morrow. Then on Friday if nothing happens we are going down to Double Island and hope that it will be a little cooler down there. Two nights last week we went down in a sampan and then sent the sampan home ahead of us with the boy, because the Standard Oil people invited us to come in their launch, the Donald. They didn't have to come at all, in fact, both nights; this week Mr. Keefe had a party at his house and by all rights should have been there as host. But Mr. Keefe thinks a good deal of Peggy Wellwood and he doesn't have the chance to take her out for a moonlight ride every night. So he and another boy, Mr. Wolfe, who is an American by parentage, English by training but sorry for it, and who has lived all over the world (21 years old and clever as anyone I ever saw) brought Miss Soilsman and Peggy and Miss Johnson and Emily and me up home and then all but we two went back again. On the other night there were two other men with Mr. Keefe. Next Friday Peggy comes up and we go down and thus we don't know whether we shall have any more rides after that or not! Peggy is certainly the drawing card where the men are concerned.

On Saturday I dismissed the two women who work as cooks and buyers at the school. There has been dishonest dealing somewhere, and they do not know what the word clean means so we are going to begin over with 8 other women and see whether we can have things a little better. I was counting nets and mattresses this morning and you can imagine that I have felt creepy and crawly ever since. I haven't seen so many creeping things of this particular species since I have been in China. I didn't see so many this morning only that I heard Miss Tang exclaim and then I knew the vermin were there but I didn't look to see. When the new a-sims come I shall have a grand clean-out. Miss Tang is a good one to superintend that work for she is as fussy particular about having things nice and clean as any of us would be.

It is afternoon now and I am still hot. It is much hotter than it was this morning, I am positive, though the thermometer registers only 91 in Emily's bedroom, the coolest room in the house!!

This is not a long letter but I simply haven't ambition to write any more now. I had four cold tub plunge baths yesterday besides any number of times wiping my face and arms with cold water and a drop or two of bay rum. I have had two baths already today and perhaps will get in two or three more. Marguerite says she sometimes gets up in the middle of the night to get into her tub.

Oh, dear, I haven't even mentioned the thing that I wanted most to write about! The floor brush has come, and is just what I want, though, since I am planning to use it for a hearth brush, I have put it away most carefully and can't make myself believe that in a few months it will be so cool that I shall be grateful for a cherry blaze in the grate! It makes me perspire to write it even! And the other package arrived safely. One of the bottles of typewriter oil was broken, and it was with fear and trembling that I went through the rest of the package, but not a thing was touched with the oil, thanks to the careful way you wrapped everything in oiled paper. The needles, the sewing machine oil, the belting, everything is exactly right as it always is when you send it. And you know without my telling you what I think of the lovely cards you send me.

The Ministers and Missionaries' Benefit Fund doesn't seem to let in such as I, does it ? Do you know the reason for that ? Or have you heard or seen any discussion on the subject ? Then I don't see but I'll have to find a man missionary if I am to have to do with this kind of insurance ! What do you think ?

It is absolutely too hot to think, and since my thinkery is not very brilliant in ordinary weather, it bids fair to stop altogether in this heat.

I am hoping it won't, though !

Much love to you ,

Abbie

M 142.

Swatow, China, Aug. 30, 1921

Dearest Ones:

Here I am down at Double Island and very very glad that I am here. It is suddenly much cooler these last two weeks anyway, - I mean the first of this week and the last of last week, and so it is correspondingly much cooler down here. We were planning to come down on Saturday but were both very tired and Emily was sick in bed all day Friday and on Saturday morning she was too weak and sick to get up and get ready to come. I could have got her things ready for her, but she didn't want to come until Monday and I was perfectly willing. Last week we went over to Chaoyang for another picnic at Hai mng. Mr. Wolfe went with us and we all had a grand time. We got back Wednesday morning and that afternoon went over to Swatow to take a little ride on the little light convenient machine. Emily had never been so when Mr. McIorn the postmaster invited us to go and have tea with him by the side of the railroad when we had had a little ride, we accepted. The first time we couldn't go because E. was sick, so this time we went even though we were a little bit tired. We had a good time, but the next day things looked pretty gloomy to both of us. We got to thinking about the ~~fact that~~ the two Chinese girls who have been with Miss Sollman down here all summer, and since "Miss Sollman is to stay on down here with us we thought that the Chinese girls would be staying with her. And E. was at the point where she didn't want to see a Chinese for two solid weeks. And she felt so badly that I felt badly too and we both pretty nearly went up in smoke. By Monday morning the situation looked better to both of us and here we are with every prospect of having a grand two weeks rest. Those last two days I got so sick and tired of hearing outside the window "Is the Kou-nie there or not"? that I was nearly ready to throw a brick at the next one that came. It gets pretty wearing by the end of the summer, and while I have had a good summer and am glad that I did not plan anything else than just what I have done, still, I am most thankful for this quiet respite from being surrounded every minute!

Last night we had a good swim and I had my head under water voluntarily about ten times. Pa, you would most certainly laugh at my attempts to dive. I am about the clumsiest thing that you ever saw and I know it but it doesn't do a bit of good to be ashamed about, so I am going to see if I have the nerve to keep right on and learn to dive. I used to think that I did learn to dive at East pond but now I am sure that I never did know how. When I tried to last night I could not even stand up straight and just floundered so hard that I tumbled over backwards with a huge splash that sent the water all over everybody and sent me down for once in my life involuntarily!

Next summer I hope that I can go to Hokansan. Did the Uffords say anything definite about inviting me to their house next summer? I should love to be with them, and I want to go up there anyway to get acquainted with our East China missionaries. Ellen Peterson wanted me to go up this summer. She will be there next summer just the same I presume. It will be good to see her again. She can tell me heaps of things about Waterville people, I am sure. She has been there since I have. You see she was at home for the Colby Centennial, and also for the 50th Anniversary at New Sweden. Mustn't she have had a wonderful furlough?

Always with love, your own daughter,

Abbie

No. 143.

Swatow, China, Sept. 4, 1921

Dearests:

We have been herel at Double Island a week now, or will have been to-morrow, and it has been delightfully cool here, and such a rest! I really think I can go back to work any time now and feel that I have had a little respite from the everlasting questionings. It makes me feel ashamed of mentioning them, though, when I hear how Miss Sollman is everlastingly besieged. She has been here so long now that everyone depends upon her for advice and they go to her about everything big and little. She cannot escape from it.

We are in the middle of a typhoon just now. We went in swimming last night as usual, but we had hard work just to get the few rods down to the shore. The rain pelted harder than some hailstorms that I have been out in, and we were glad enough not to stay in too long. So we just went down and had our dip anyway. Miss Sollman didn't go in, for she said it was too cold. I suppose it was a nutty thing to do but then it is a relief to do nutty things once in a while. After we came out Emily and I were discussing things. She said that if her mother had been here she would have told here it was foolish for her to go in and then E. would have gone in just the same and her mother would have worried about her all the time she was in. "What would your mother say if she were here?" And I said, "She would say, 'Just like your father!'" Then we talked some more about it. E. said that she would always be independent and go whether she knew her mother wanted her to or not. I said I thought what I would probably do would be to try to convince you that it was all right, but that if there were really a reason why you very much wanted me not to go you would tell me that you didn't want me to go and that usually that would be enough. And that anyway Father would probably be the first one to want to go along too, and that if he went you would not say anything, knowing that if you did Father would think it was just because you were afraid of the water wherever it is. And that you would decide that probably it was all right so you would tell us to go along and not stay too long, but that probably while we were gone you would worry just as much about us as her mother would. Am I anywhere near right, do you think?

I told you, didn't I, that Ruth Hall who just came out last fall, at Thai long met Mr. Rentoul of the E.P. Mission and after they had known each other eleven days they were engaged. In fact they were engaged before that but it was eleven days when they announced to the general public. She was down here for a talk with Miss Sollman day before yesterday and so we saw her. There is absolutely no doubt in her mind. And she is the slow thoughtful kind of girl, too. She says she doesn't know how in the world she ever did make up her mind in such a hurry, but she was so sure that there seemed to be no reason for delaying. She will probably not be married right away, but will go back to Hope and help what she can there until about January, when she will have had time to get a ring from Ireland, and her mother will have had time to hear the news and write back to Ruth. Is it not exciting? And that is not the only exciting thing that has been going on, either. DOWN here at the Island Mr. Keefe, the young Standard Oil man who was my dinner partner at the second New Year's party, has been trying to win sweet Peggy. She has had a pretty hard time I guess, and has been pretty close to taking him but he is a Catholic, and he is not a missionary or doing any kind of Christian work. He is a splendid fellow, and Peggy likes him a lot, but she is not so sure that she loves him, and so she can't make up her mind. She was much incensed and so was he to learn accidentally that some of the folks in the mission were worrying about her and praying for her and thought that Peggy was not safe and that Keefe was not good enough for her. It is to his credit that he has tried to keep straight out here, when doing that is no easy thing. The whole trend of society out here such as the kind Keefe would be in is the kind to drag him down rather than to uplift, but he has managed to keep pretty straight for three years. True, there was a girl at home and the agreement was that if they both felt the same when he came home that they would be married. But K. says he does not feel the same and so that is not binding. They are both lonesome, that is true, and Peggy is a girl that was made to love and be married, so there you are. I sometimes think that that might be said of some other people as well as the pretty ones, but it is said more about the pretty ones than about the homely ones.

She asked me

Draw so want for today - it doesn't seem possible I will be to help her A.H.

Well, the old maid of the Sanderson^s seems ~~to~~ remain impervious ! And I guess she will remain so. Miss Sollman was kind enough to tell me the other day that she didn't see why the men ever passed me by ! And she said several other things that sounded very nice, but I guess she was trying to flatter me. I am glad if she likes me a little tiny bit ! Emily has said things like that to me but then E. looked at me with rose colored glasses.

But there will be no more engagements for a while, I am sure of that. This flurry will blow over and then we shall settle down as calm as anything for a good long while.

I can't remember whether I told you or not that just before I left to come down here I mailed to you a pair of little silver, gold washed anklets for Baby Ruth on her first birthday, or rather her second, the day that she is a year old, I mean. And I also sent a package of tatting. I am sorry you don't seem to be able to sell it. Your letter telling about it, came last Wednesday, down here. I will try to get something like the runner that I sent you. Do you suppose that people will buy any other drawnwork things if I send some to you ? I can get runners, and luncheon sets and tea cloths, camisoles and nighties and petticoats and dresses, and handkerchiefs. If you think you could get rid of some, just tell me. Maybe I'll send you some before I hear, but if I do I'll try to be cautious and not choose high priced things. I also sent the first two installments of a luncheon set for Alice Shaw. The price of it is about five dollars gold and I am sending it in little packages as you suggested. Tell me whether you have ever seen a much prettier design. Perhaps, though, you won't like it as well as I do. The dress that I had made last summer in Kuliang and kept until this year for graduation, I had embroidered with that design. I am in love with it.

When I go up to Swatow for the day (we shall go to-morrow if the weather is good enough) I am going to send two more of those packages and I think I shall also send some old Chinese jackets for dresses for you and Gladys. There are two purplish plum colored ones that would go together to make a stunning dress for you if I think, but if you don't agree with me, choose what you think best. It maybe that you would like that blue one better, and that the thinner dark one would make Gladys a dress. I don't know whether these would be enough or not. The blue may be too faded anyway but I liked the quality and the color of the silk. Maybe there will be two dresses and a coat lining or a petticoat from what I sent, especially if a combination can be made with some other material. If you can use these all yourself and would like them, write immediately and I will send some others for Gladys as soon as I can get them. The dresses that I have had made from Chinese jackets are really as satisfactory as any I have had made since I have been out here. The two heavy purple ones (I know that one has figures and the other has not but my blue one which is the best one I have, is made like that) cost \$2 gold apiece, and each of the other two \$1.50, I think. I haven't the account right here but it is about like that. So I didn't consider that I was terribly extravagant, even though the money I had to pay (Mex) being double this amount, sounds a little more. I have had them fumigated very thoroughly at the hospital, and as you see have had them ripped. I know what a nuisance it is to have to rip up old clothes before you make them up and so I had it done. I told you the prices because I thought you would like to know, but they are not for you to pay for. I don't know how much duty I shall have to pay on them but I hope not too much. They are not of as much value commercially as they were before they were ripped up, and that is the reason why I am sending them valued at a lower price.

Miss Sollman is staying down here with us and the cooking is a change for us you see, since she is having her cook stay down with her. Sui kim is a good cook but you see he is a younger man and besides she is a more careful housekeeper than either of us is. And moreover no two cooks cook just alike and we have been having our cook's meals for a whole year and we never bother much about the meals. So it is a relief to have something a little different and not to know when you see biscuits coming on to the table just exactly what they are going to taste like. It is very nice to have Miss Sollman down here with us and to get a chance to get a little more acquainted with her. She likes Emily, and she can stand having me around too, I guess, and so we are having a lovely time all together and we wish it could last longer.

I never really did learn thoroughly the touch system, you know, but that is the way I have been writing the most of the above paragraph, for fun !

Love Abbie

Dear Ones:

I have just been having the best time weeping my eyes out over Mrs. Montgomery's letter in the Aug. 13 Baptist, an article on the Kingdom of God in China by a Chinese girl who is studying at Ginling, and a lot of things that I have been reading in the last Missions. By the way, you are sending me Missions, aren't you? And do you happen to know who is sending me the Missionary Review of the World? You don't know how very grateful I am for those two papers and for the Baptist. And a girl in Waterville is sending me the Maine Messenger. She wants me to write to her but I have only sent her a couple of postals and a package of tatting to sell.

The tatting that I sent to Ethel Peterson she has sold and wants still more. Mrs. Speed has sent me the money for hers, along with a gift of money \$1 from a junior boy and of \$5 from a young woman. And she wants some more tatting too. She wrote me a delightfully interesting letter, telling me so many of the things that were exactly what I wanted to know.

Last night we dissipated! Just think! Mr. McIorn and Mr. Keefe and Mr. Adkins, three of the men who have been down on Double Island this summer, took six of us girls (Enid Johnson, Margaret Winn, Gwladys Aston, Peggy, Emily and me) over to Swatow to a Japanese supper in the Japanese hotel there. Then afterwards they took us to the movies. I told you that Mr. Keefe has been pretty serious about Peggy this summer. She and Mr. Keefe were together most of the time last night, and Mr. A. was mostly with Gwladys A. but Mr. McIorn took care of the rest of us in gallant fashion. But they all were nice to all of us, and it was not a spoony party for some and a left out feeling for the rest of us. We took off our shoes and sat on cushions in approved crosslegged fashion. There was the charcoal fire in the middle of the table and they cooked the vegetables in different kinds of sauces right there before our eyes. Then they put a raw egg into our bowls and it was cooked a little by having the hot things put on it. Then we stirred it all up and you couldn't tell the egg from any of the rest of it. It was delicious and I hope we'll have a chance to go and have it again. Then we had a moonlight ride which completed a most enjoyable evening.

I wrote to you last week that we almost didn't want to go to the island because the Chinese girls were going to be there and we were afraid that we would have no privacy etc. Well, the Chinese girls came home soon after we got down there, and we wouldn't have cared if they hadn't for they are most unobtrusive, and dear girls anyway. And we have had a lovely two weeks, getting better acquainted with Miss Sollman and understanding her a little better than we ever did before. As I said before, she likes us both pretty well, and we have come to the conclusion that she would not mind having a little rest from the people that she lives with all the year around. We have found out some more about Enid, and we can see better now why she irritates Miss S. so very much. I shouldn't wonder very much if Enid comes to live with us when we go into the new house but that is not decided yet.

At the island we found out what a good sport Miss Sollman is. We had two of the nicest parties down there, and one of them was at our house. Peggy and Gwladys, who have been down there all summer, had gone to Kityang, but even so, we enjoyed ourselves. Miss Sollman enjoys the company of the men as much as any of the rest of us do, and they like her too. She says there has never been such a nice bunch of men down there as there has been this year.

Saturday morning we came back and I am ready for the fray. It will begin tomorrow morning all right! Already there are more applicants for the school than we can place unless Miss Sollman can give us some room, - and I do not know what we shall do when school really opens.

Another thing that is on my mind, in fact I am not sure that it was not one of the things that I was subconsciously weeping about a little bit ago; that is, I have been asked to write an article on Girls Schools for the New East and it should be in already. I have tried twice and the attempts are neither of them any good. All the other articles are in and mine has to be some time this week. I feel like wailing I can't!! I don't know what I'll do about it for I feel that it would be awful for all the other girls' school work to be represented and mine not to be. Most of the interesting things about our

school have been the troubles that we want to suppress instead of handing them out to the public. I wish I could do something. I am going to stop right now and make one more attempt. If I can't do it this time I am going to give it up.

Love to you all,

Abbie

No. 15 Swatow, China, Sept, 18, 1921

Dearest Ones:

Another week has gone by and I thought that I surely would write to you in the middle of it sometime, just to show you that I can write more than once a week sometimes! I haven't written in the nice diary that Gladys Paul gave me for over a month, though. I have just let it go and then have lost heart as always do with a diary. I think I shall begin in it again tonight if we don't have to go to music committee meeting. There is one scheduled but I am not sure everybody can attend so I am hoping that they won't have it. If they do I don't know when my poor diary will get any attention.

The primary schools begin tomorrow, and the big school a week from tomorrow and many many things must be done in a week's time. We have found no one to take Heng Sinsenie's place to help out the teachers, and we have even been discussing the necessity of our having (one of the foreigners) to go over to school to live ourselves. But that seems to be out of the question just now. There is too much responsibility resting on me for me to take any more wear upon my system. Perhaps after Miss Calley comes back and we divide the work a little more we can do something of that sort. I mean it may be necessary. I don't think it would ever be pleasant, with the poor accommodations that the school has. It is bad enough for the Chinese who have been used to it and to worse all their lives, but I think it would be pretty hard for one of us.

The school will be so crowded that we are having to put up a makeshift or temporary building made of heavy bamboo sails, for the girls to sleep in. That makes one more room, making five in all. There are supposed to be teachers in every room, and we have only two teachers. The Chinese teachers are worried about it and I don't know what we are going to do about it either. It may be that we can put them on the honor and get good results that way. I don't know. This is a big problem and we are thinking very hard over it. It is one of the biggest problems that I have ever had.

This week has been a busy one with a little recreation thrown in. Have I mentioned in my letters a Mrs. Wrench in Swatow, where we have been entertained once or twice? On Friday we had an invitation to go down to D Doubie Island with the Boys who have been down there this summer. About nine o'clock in the morning a note came from Mrs. W. asking us to go on an all day trip with them. So we went just before dinner, and then late in the P.M. joined the other party. All the girls were invited to it, but Emily and I were the only ones favored by Mrs. W. She had asked Mr. Wolf to go too. You see the people over at the bungalow have been out almost every night this week, yes, even Miss Sollman! Twice we refused and once we did not get an invitation that was intended for us. Mrs. Wrench thought that we had been left out, and since we have been more friendly to her than the other girls have, she thought it was a shame, so invited us and left the others out. Mr. Keefe borrowed the Wrenches launch to take Peggy and Gladys Aston to Kitang for the weekend and the reason that he gave them was that he wanted to take his Hongkong manager up there. They don't like that and I don't blame them. Well, there is a lot more business that we don't know I guess, and as they wanted to be nice to us. Another thing is that I have several thousand yards of Mr. Wrench's thread being made up into tatting by the girls this summer as an experiment, and he doesn't know whether I will be willing to do more for him later on or not. He wants me to promise him all my work, and that I will not do. Well, they are being very nice to us, anyway. Friday they gave us a lovely day, and then asked us to go down again for a swim on Saturday and then over to their house to supper. We did, and then they took us to the pictures afterwards. They want us to go to Japanese supper with them next week. I warned Mrs. Wrench yesterday that this once more would probably have to last for some time for me.

The first of this week because we refused to go and because we didn't get our invitations, I was able to dig into the work and get a lot of things done that were on my mind. I finished an article for The New East that has been hanging over me, I made the accounts tally for the last six months, I got the permission of the committee to build the makeshift and then dictated the letters to the new pupils who are on the admission list. The work for the two classes that the girls are to take together with the boys has been arranged, and we

have found a woman to chaperone them to the school and back again when they go to classes. We were downhearted because Mrs. Waters thought last term that she could not teach in our school. She has found that she can, and in fact is to have a class with the older girls, once a week, in addition to the one she had before. I am very thankful to have her in the school, for she has had a good deal of experience and I depend on her more than anyone knows, just for a sense of the backing that I know she will give me when I get into hard places.

Is this enough of a spiel? I opened a letter of one of the Chinese girls- partly by mistake and partly on purpose (the rules say that all letters must be seen before the girls have them) and found that it is a very nice letter from a man who has known Ju Gek, our best English pupil, for five or six years. It is a very nice letter, written all in English, and is the sort that anyone would be proud to have. It suggests the important subject that the man is thinking about, but not in a sentimental way at all, and if the girl is not already engaged, I see no objection to her having attentions of this sort. It would be very hard to prevent them, I guess. But we have heard that she was engaged this summer, and if so, of course she should not receive letters from another man that suggest such things. I dread my talk with her!

McLorn, the postmaster, is just crazy about Emily. He says that he is not in love with her but he is pretty dippy about her and sees her whenever he gets the chance. She is going to fix him pretty soon, she says, so that she may have some peace. Ain't it awful? I am reminded of what I.K. said about its being a lucky thing that Abbie didn't have a man! There certainly are enough love affairs around here and it is a lucky thing that I don't have one of my own to worry about! Not that I am worrying about Emily in the least for she is a sensible girl and McLorn is a nut (I mean ~~THE NUT~~). A spinster is a handy thing to have around sometimes, but I hate having to be chaperoned by married women who can't take care of me as well as I can take care of myself!

Yours very lovingly,

Abbie

22/146

Swatow, China, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1921

Dearest Ones:

This is a day when I should have done many things and have succeeded in doing almost nothing. The getting ready for the opening of school this year has not been as easy as it sometimes is, and you know perhaps from what I have written before that I never have thought the opening of school a particularly easy task. Then at the very beginning of the day I got a pain in my tummy and my back- do you remember what I used to call my "banana backache"? I lay down and got over it once or twice and then went to Chinese church where it was so crowded that we had to sit out on a little bench outside the chapel. Once or twice while I was sitting there I had the pain again and almost got faint with it but was all right afterwards. I have been lounging around all day and haven't seen the new pupils who came today, but had them wait until tomorrow to tell me that they have arrived. Tomorrow all the girls come in and we shall have the grande bigge time, I tell you!

I am not going to write all about the things that we are doing tonight but will try to tell you more about them later. We are having more girls than we can accommodate, and we have decided to put up a matched for the new girls instead of turning them away. Coeducation has begun and the third year are finding their class in General Science a hard one. The textbook is in English and they have not really had enough to do it with any degree of ease, so therefore they are kicking hard. I have not yet found teachers for all of my classes and two of the teachers are sick and will not be able to teach for two weeks, and perhaps more. The woman who promised to come to help manage affairs in the school came yesterday- imagine!- when school is to open tomorrow- and said that she cannot come at all. That leaves all the burden of the school of about 150 girls on the shoulders of two teachers one of whom is sickly and neither of whom is at all strong. It also means that we have no one to live in the room with the high school girls- no one to live in the house with them I mean, which will not do very well out here. It seems as though every hour of every day of this last week some one had come to me with a complaint about something.

Still I am trying not to worry and to believe that it will all come out right some how, we do not now see just how. My schedule is not nearly arranged and I cannot see what we are going to about some of the things, but we are praying about it and hoping that we may see the right way without having to wait too long.

On Friday I was just at my wits end to know what to say to the girls who were frantic about their study in English, and so many other things happened on that day that I was nearly crazy. I had promised to go down to the sea for a refreshing little dip with the other girls, when just before the time to go along came the primary teacher saying that she could not live in the school because she would have to walk too far to keep up with the studying she is doing. I calmed her down a bit, went swimming for a few minutes and then went over to Swatow where we had been invited again to Japanese supper. Maybe someday I'll tell you all about how good it was but I haven't time now. We had a grand time but let me tell you the best of it. When we got out of the boat on the other side of the bay we found one of Swatow's three automobiles waiting in state for us. It had been hired for the occasion. Swatow has in all about two miles of road where one car could go one way. If two were to meet one would have to back down, it could not possibly pass. We traveled about half of this distance in the car, going at low speed all the time, out to the Japanese hotel. Miss Collman was with us and I am so glad she was! Mrs. Waters, we found out afterwards, did not think very much of the five - no, six- girls of us going the other time. If we had gone this time without an older person along, she would have had a lot more to say. As it is she has nothing to say at all. We had a grand supper, and then went for a real ride, traveling the remainder of Swatow's ~~three~~ miles, and back over the whole route a second time. I never thought I should ride in a car in Swatow, but I have done it and it certainly is a grand and glorious feeling! If I had been at home that night instead of in Swatow where the girls could not possibly get at me, I should have had to hear their tearful protest, which they had already registered in the morning, repeated in tearful accents. I was barely fit to go to the party, and on the ragged edge. The girls even came in and waited for me about an hour, saying that they could not sleep and must tell me about it before they could rest. It would honestly have been the death of

me if I had heard their story again that night. As it was, I found a note telling that they would be over to see me early the next morning, which they were ! We have got them a bit accustomed to the idea that this is not a thing which can be stopped. We worked hard enough to arrange this plan with the college trained teachers of the boys' academy, and to back down would be unthinkable. After they have been at it a little while they will find it so much easier.

I must quit or I shall not be able to ungress myself for bed, I am so sleepy !

With a heart full of love,

Abbie

P.S. Will you please get a few dark brown (or medium) cap hair nets when you have a chance to ?

Swatow, China, Oct. 2, 1921

Dear Ones:

Well! The first week of school proper is over. It has not been as bad as it could be, yet I don't want to go through it all over again in a hurry. We had the same old trouble that we have often had before about changing the man who carries the rubbish. It is a dirty job, of course, and it is well nigh impossible to find anyone who will do it well and leave things clean. They never want to give up the job when they have once begun it, though and it was like pulling teeth to get them to stop this time. This week I had a headache almost continuously for the whole week. On Thursday the new people we had hired to do this work said they would not stand it any longer to have the other man coming every morning to carry off the rubbish that they were supposed to have. I went over to see the man and couldn't seem to get him to understand that I really meant for him to stop. So after supper I had to do something more about it. It just seemed as though I could not go again, and finally when I had made up my mind that there was nothing else to do, Emily asked me to let her take one of the Chinese teachers and go with her. I thought at first that might not be wise, but she begged me to and finally I did so, and stayed at home myself. I was just nearly crazy with my head, and I guess it turned out all right that she did go. The man did not come the next time to get the rubbish!

Emily is taking the accounts this term too. It is a great help, I can tell you. I was busy every minute this opening week and don't see how I could possibly have attended to the tuitions too. Emily has taken in over twelve hundred and sixty dollars since last Saturday. She has wrapped each amount separately with the name of the girl who paid it and has it all ready to be taken to the bankers to be examined. Then whatever is not good money will be returned to the pupils and they will have to make it good.

Possibly you have guessed that I dearly love Emily, and whatever things I have said about her in the past, though they are all as true as can be, yet do not show her whole nature. She is ever so much better physically than she was last winter, though she is by no means strong. But she is fitting in gradually and will be a splendid worker when she gets at it. She has a hot hot temper, and of course that to my mind is a great drawback to doing effective mission work. But I think Miss Collman has about the same kind herself, and yet she is respected above the rest of us, and she can manage the Chinese better than any one else around here. So perhaps I was wrong in my opinion on that matter. Emily stands by me like a Trojan. I only hope that when Mabelle comes back we can all work together and do about six times as well as we would separately.

By the way, Mabelle is coming sooner than we expected. Miss Stansbury who was appointed for English work and in the Girls' School and in the Boys' Academy, was not able to come and so they are sending Miss Elsie Kittlitz in her place. Elsie is a friend of Mabelle's and she will probably teach some classes in stenography and also will help us women workers with the writing of our many letters. Won't that be a blessing? The Board wanted to appoint her regularly to a place such as Mary Cogg has in the General Board, but the people out here thought there was not sufficient call for a worker in that position. Too few of us, and we mostly newcomers, thought that we had enough mission letters to have a stenographer. Miss Collman objected because she thought that she could not conscientiously give over to a mission worker her personal letters. That was her own responsibility. I asked her if she meant that she couldn't give the letters written to her numerous friends about her work, and she said a rather feeble no, that she didn't believe she could. To my mind that is one important point in my mission work where I am failing miserably. If I could write more letters to the good friends that I have, keeping them in touch with my work, I would be doing more than twice as much as I am doing now. But now that Miss Kittlitz is coming out anyway, we may have a chance to find out how much we need this sort of thing and be moved bodily out of the silly rut that we have got into!

Must stop now and get this off on the mail. I forgot to say that I am teaching one of the high school English classes five hours a week, the whole of our high school three periods a week in Proverbs, the graduating class

of the grammar dept. arithmetic five periods a week, and the class lower than that the Old Testament History course that I have already taught one year. With the preparation that there is for the first two classes, I find that my time is pretty well taken. first year

Love to you both,

Abbie

P.S. I must send you the pictures of our bunch at Double Island and tell you some of the funny things about them. The pictures of the four of us are of Mr. Wrench, Mr. Wolf, Emily, Mrs. Wrench and me. Mrs. W. is in full bathing dress Hawaii style, and I am in the same a la Puritan old maid New England. I think you can tell which is which without great eye strain. In picture no 1. Mrs. Wrench's costume shows off to good advantage. I said to Mr. Wolf that he looked as though he had a shy streak just then. His reply sent us into a howl: "Who wouldn't?"

I am greatly amused to compare No. 1 with No. 2, in the light of this remark just quoted. Mrs. W. is so pretty and has so many charms, and does not seem to be in the least shy about showing them off. And I am just the opposite and moreover, my poor old bathing suit is made from the thickest old Chinese cloth and by reason of fading has lost even the small vestiges of respectability that it once had if indeed it ever had any! However, this is not a pose, really signifies not even this mild meaning which it pleases my fancy to put into it. No. 3 shows me in an old suit of Emily's. Here I am posing and though I really think I am perhaps not quite as skinny nor quite as bowlegged as the picture would indicate, yet it is surprising how easy the pose was! No. 4 shows me as I appeared at Double Island, No 5 and No 6 are Emily, and "O. Mrs. Wrench. No. 8 is a bit more modest of Mrs. Wrench; in No. 9 you can see my watch still on my wrist. I carelessly left it on and did not discover it until I had been in the water about ten minutes. I have sent it to Kityan; but doubt if it will be any good at all. No. 10 and No. 1 are the best ones of Emily.

I am rather hard up in the matter of watches. I had tried to have the one that the Mills gave me fixed out here but it never kept good time since last summer at Auliang. Miss Sallman took it to Hongkong and it was worse when she brot it back than when she took it. So I sent it home to America by Ruth Sperry and haven't got it back yet. And for a long time this little watch has not been dependable. So when I gave it the bath in the ocean, it simply rebelled, as you would expect any, even the most robust of timepieces to do, to say nothing of one that is worn and weary! So some sweet day I shall have to invest in a new one. Just now I am wearing Marjorie Fleming's watch, until I find out whether there is any hope for mine. As soon as I find out, if there is not, I mean, I shall go to Swatow and buy a dollar watch or something like that until I can get my bearings and have a little more cash.

I am sending you a package of drawnwork. Please tell me whether there is any demand for such things as these. And if at any time you want to get some particular pattern, Put a big piece of paper over the design and rub over it lightly with a broad lead pencil, to get the general idea of the pattern. You notice that I am marking it value \$18. That is \$18. gold, although the prices of the things are marked in Mex. If people are willing to pay the prices as they are marked, and they will probably, then there will be a fair profit. If not, you mark them as you see fit.

Love again and always,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Oct. 9, 1921

Dear Ones:

We are having the grandest time! A few weeks ago Kate Failing wrote to me from India that her mother and her sister Henrietta (whom I met that first time when she came down to Hasseltine to visit Kate) from Vassar. On Friday morning Mrs. Failing and Henrietta came in on the boat from Shanghai and Miss Sollman, E. and I went out to meet them. You know Mrs. Failing used to be the president of the Columbia River District and was prominent in other ways in mission circles. Perhaps you have seen her at one time or another. Of course I wanted to have Henrietta, having seen her before and having known Kate. Miss Sollman wanted her mother because she wants to tell her all about things and get her interested in something, - possibly an electric light plant, - that she will give it or some part of it or something else.

And the very next day we went out to the boat again to meet the Leschers who are just coming back from an extended furlough. I don't know whether I have told you any of the trouble about them, but I haven't time to tell it all now and it isn't a matter that needs to be talked about now anyhow. Suffice it to say that the Newmans and the Leschers did not work very well together. Dr. Newman when at home on furlough told the Board that he could not work in the same mission, and for some reason unknown to us the Board immediately sent Dr. Newman out to us. But now that Dr. Newman has become dissatisfied with our mission and has left us, there was no reason why the Leschers should not come out to us and now they are here. Miss Katherine Bohn, a nurse for Kilyang, and Miss Edna Mason, an educational worker for Kaying, came with them. Henrietta Failing is in my room with me, and Miss Bohn is in Marjorie Fleming's with her. Miss Mason is over at Miss Sollman's.

The next day: I was too tired yesterday to write any more to you. In fact I went to church and was so tired that when I wept a few tears because the music touched me, I could not stop, and made a big scene almost, right there in church. I didn't really, and very few people knew about it. Just Emily who ran out and followed me when I had to come out, Marguerite who is watching me rather closely, and Mrs. Waters who was sitting right up front there where she could scarcely help seeing me. Marguerite like the nice girl that she is, came over afterwards and wanted to know if she could do anything. Emily was very dear to me. I didn't stop crying for about a half hour. I guess you can remember once or twice when I flopped over that way. This time there was no earthly physical reason why I should do it except that I am a bit tired all the time and am so anxious now forabelle to get back. I guess I am not big enough to stand up under a real test of any kind. I do hope she will get back before I make too big a fizzle of things. Our hundred and twenty girls in the dormitory have only the two old teachers Miss Tang and Miss

Ang to look after them. There is no one to stay with the high school girls and no one in sight and they won't let me go over into the building with the girls. I guess they are right but I don't know whether the girls will do all sorts of horrible things they shouldn't or not. I guess they won't but I can not feel at all sure of it. You see my good resolution not to worry has gone all to smash and I can't seem to get myself back to normal yet.

My classes are a pretty big drag just now. I told you before what they are and I won't enumerate. The music, both vocal and instrumental have yet to be arranged and I ought to get it all settled before tonight. Everybody is wondering why we are not getting any singing and why the organ lessons are not beginning yet and so on. I simply have not been able to get it arranged and yet I know I should have been able to do so. I get rather disgusted with myself when I keep learning more and more my limitations. It seems to me that when the school seems to go along all right just the same, that it really is not my credit at all that it is. I am sure if the others did not do it all that the school would be a complete fizzle.

Now don't you think that I am a piker clear and simple? Simple all right! I don't intend to be, but when you get this letter you can say to yourself, "She had a fit of the blues, she had had a headache for nearly two weeks, broke her glasses the first day of school and has been wearing one that don't quite fit ever since, she has had an eyelid that has twitched incessantly for the last two days, and there has been a big crowd around so that everything all together just simply got on her nerves."

"She really will come back on the rebound and be as fresh as a green pond long before we receive this letter" Every bit of which will be true, and I know it so well that I am ashamed to send such a letter as this home to you for fear you will think there is something seriously wrong when I know there is not a thing.

I am sorry indeed if I was so neglectful as not to tell you that the draft did come all right. That is, if you mean the one in which you included Mrs. Gammon's money? Did I not send my thankyou letter to her through you? I felt sure that I did and so that you knew about it that way if through no other. I am so sorry, and I was so glad to get the money. I used some of it right away to pay for some more tatting which I am sending to other people to sell. Gladys Lyman sold the ten dollars worth, and also Twenty dollars' worth more and has sent another order for still another twenty. Mrs. Speed has sent the money for hers, with two or three presents in money amounting to about thirteen dollars, for me personally besides. Mrs. Smith's check I thought would be no good (money order, I mean,) because it was made out to U.S. postmaster in Swatow China. There is none. But I sent it to Mr. Stafford and he got it cashed all right. I do wish you would send her a card to tell her how much it helped. I am going to write her sometime but I simply can't have time nor energy just now. I am getting to feel the way you used to mother about my letters. They are like a nightmare.

Ethel Peterson sent \$25 for the things I sent her and she wants about the same amount more. This last mail brought no letter from you but there were letters from Mrs. Dunn and from Mrs. Chas. Barnes. This is a second letter from Mrs. B. when I have never answered the first. She is very lovely in her letters as she always was when we talked face to face. But I can't seem to understand whether she really does have a deep interest in me or whether she is trying to make up for the way Mr. B. acted, - her conscience troubling her- etc. or what? It is very very nice to hear from her anyway.

My dearest love to you both and to the others if they are there now. (Didn't I make a mess of this paper just then!)

*Excuse my not going over this to correct mistakes
I want to send it off immediately*

Abbie

Ms 148

No 149
Swatow, China Oct. 18, 1921

Dearest Ones:

By now I suppose you have received my last mournful letter in which I was squalling about how tired I was and how much I had to do and so on! Well! I am in a better state of mind now than I was then. I told you I would get over it and that there really was nothing at all the matter with me. Mrs. Capen told me today at church that she was glad to see me looking better after I had been so desperately tired. Those two words do seem to express it pretty well. I was tired but last Tuesday morning when I was reading the last verse of the 40th chapter of Isaiah, I decided that I did not need to be so tired and so set about to see if there was anything that I could do to not let myself be tired. And the fine part of it is that I have been less and less tired ever since then. I was just letting myself worry too much and was thinking too much about myself.

You see I dreaded Henrietta Failing's visit and thought that it was going to be so long that it would never be over(it was only a week). The Failings are wealthy people and Mrs. is connected with the Board and - felt as though we were being observed and compared and all that sort of thing and I guess maybe we were. But the first few days seemed like a year and the days since Tuesday have gone on wings as happy days always do. They went on their way yesterday and they are glad of course to be getting so much nearer Kate.

Did I tell you that we have a new missionary out here? Mr. Cressey graduated from Denison University last June and here he is on a three term contract for the 'Oys' Academy. He is about 21 and seems to be a very nice likable boy. And Peggy Wellwood is going home, probably sailing with Clara Leach the twentieth of November. After Mr. Keefe went home she could not stand it any longer and so the morning after he left she had a terrible time and decided then that she would not wait then to see if her mother (who is in West China and is not very happy I guess) could go with her. I don't know whether she will marry Keefe but at least she will go home and find out whether she wants to or not. I do hope that if Keefe is not the right man for her, and most of us are inclined to doubt that, she will meet the right one immediately. She was rather a level headed little girl when she first came out here and up at Kuliang she was too, but either Keefe is the one or else she has lost her head.

Dear me! I have just now heard that Ruth Hall who became engaged to Mr. Rentoul, an English Presbyterian missionary, this summer at Thai Long is beginning to have some doubts on the question. We don't know what the doubts are about and some people say that they are probably doubts that she loves him. If so, the sooner that affair is wound up, the better. I don't know. She is pretty level headed and I thought she knew what she was doing even though other people couldn't see why her choice was what it was. Ain't it terrible? But you see there is nothing like that in the direction of A.G.S. and I certainly hope there will not be. Now I never said that in so many words before did I?

What I mean is that I hope with all my heart that if there is an unfortunate man upon this world who some day will want to marry me, or one whom some day I will want to marry, or both(!) I hope with all my heart and soul that it will not be while I am out here but somewhere in the world that I can get in touch with people who have sympathy for me and where I can get away from people who don't have any sympathy for people who do such a foolish thing as to fall in love or to be fallen in love with! Because from my own observation, when a girl does that out here, all the rest of the people fall into two classes: those who egg her on and help her out(mighty few in that class) and those who think she is a fool or next to it.

Things most certainly are straightening out at school. There is no one yet to live with the high school girls and no one in sight. But the girls are behaving themselves pretty well and I am getting the music and the other things straightened out one by one and pretty soon Mabelle will be back and we can all take it a little bit easier. One thing Mabelle will not like and that is that Emily is going to stop the language study before she has quite finished and take Peggy's place in the Kindergarten work until the end of the year. She will keep on with the two classes that she has in the girls' school

and with the four music lessons that she has at the girls' school, but her morning study must be given up and she must take the classes that Peggy is having now. Edna Smith is coming out but she can not do anything right away she must have a chance to study the language first. It was Emily's own idea and I did not discourage her. The two schools have been at swords points about a good many things and I think that if it is possible to have a better feeling there that we ought to help it along. Miss Sollman likes Emily and there is a good point of contact to begin with. Mabelle may not like it but Emily is getting the whole matter settled before Mabelle gets out here so that she cannot fuss about it.

I think that Emily is doing the right thing and I only hope that Mabelle will see it that way too.

Goodbye, love to you both and to all the good people who remember me and warm your hearts by thinking about your daughter,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Oct. 18, 1921

Dearest Bub:

Mother's letter just received this noon saying that you have gone to teaching school gave me such a fellow feeling for you that I am constrained to sit down immediately and congratulate you upon having attained to this state of mind and circumstance. The only thing you have to be careful of is that you don't let those junior high school prodigies find out that you don't know how to spell amount and across. Of course I, being your own kith and kin, am aware of the fact that even though you occasionally do spell those two offending words incorrectly, yet you do spell all the other words in the dic. just as the dic. itself would spell them. But these junior high school-ited sometimes think they know it all and if they found you writing amounts and acrosses they might take it into their pin-heads to infer that there were other words that sometimes wrote themselves crooked!

(You're not mad, are you? 'Cause I didn't write that to make you mad, I wrote it to make you laugh.)

What are you going to teach those youngsters, anyway? Teach them some manners and some religion, a little every day, even though you don't seem to be able to get very much of it across to them. They need it and they will be glad of it some time even though they don't think so now, and even though they pretend not to remember any of it. If you have any part of the same kind of feelings that I have had since I began to teach, you will find that in almost every line of work or study, you have to be just a little more careful of your own knowledge when it concerns something that you are going to pass on to someone else. It really is not a bad kind of training. For instance, in about ten minutes I must stop and go to work digging out my lesson to give the high school girls in Proverbs next time. I presume that I don't know nearly as much about the Book of Proverbs as any one of them does, so I have to be doubly careful what I try to put into Chinese. And I suppose this class in Proverbs is teaching me more than I can possibly teach any one of them!

h Did I tell you that I have not only that class but also a class in eighth grade arithmetic along with my course in Old Testament History that I had last year? I have an hour a day of high school English, too. Last week I almost got discouraged trying to keep up with my preparation and the correcting of my papers and everything. But I was just so tired that I could stand no more. I got calmed down a bit and have been all right. If I can manage not to worry I find that things really go off much better. I didn't use to believe in that theory but now I know it is the right one. Of course there are different kinds of "not worrying". This kind has to be the kind that is all mixed up with faith and trust and that sort of thing. You will think I have turned preacher if I tell you what has just come into my head, but I am going to tell you anyway. It is the first few verses in the 2nd chapter of Proverbs, that we had this very morning: teaching that we must receive God's commands, i.e., trust that if we do his will we will come out all right, and secondly, that we must search with all our hearts if we expect to find. The subject, of course, is the wisdom that is gained from studying the Bible, especially proverbs. The point that I mean is that if we search diligently but do not trust, we shall not find; while it is just as true that if we trustfully sit and wait but do not exert ourselves, we shall not find, either. It is this ~~xxxxxx~~ kind of searching that I am trying to learn, - the kind that trusts, but not too helplessly. I am a poor scholar, though, and I learn so slowly!

Oh, - we are busy folks out here. And every man thinks he is busier than the next one, I suppose. Sometimes I wonder what I would think, wonder if my eyes would be opened, if I had all sides of the work to attend to. Here I am, all bound up in the girls' school, and it is right that I should be, too. For that is what I was sent out here to do, and if I weren't all bound up in it and too busy almost to think of anything else, I would not be doing what is my bare duty. On the other hand, there is a danger of putting one's own work on so high a pedestal that all the other departments are hidden. Our new line, coeducation, in the third year of the high school, is helping a little bit to overcome that danger, but the danger is still there. Each of us is tempted to think that his work is slighted a bit in favor of some one's else work, when it is not true at all. But when we are working hand in hand

it is not nearly as difficult to get the other fellows point of view. You can see that with ten of our girls taking studies at the Boys' Academy, I am naturally interested in the progress of the boys' school more than I would be if we had no connection. It is just natural.

There is one department of the work out here, however, that is really slighted. It is slighted at this end as well as at the home end. We have had money in hand for years to send some girls away to become doctors but the few who have had a high enough education, have either gone on to school in college work or have married. And a big big opportunity is being lost simply because we have not had the doctors to carry on the work. Imagine a mission that has celebrated its 60th anniversary never having had a men's hospital! There have been no doctors to carry on the work. We have had one or two men doctors but just this year Dr. Newman left us. He is a man that is hard to get along with, and because he did not have all the fine equipment that a grand hospital would have at home, he would not stoop to the work that was at hand and try to win a few souls to Christ in the meantime while he was waiting to get his equipment. No, he resented the missions attitude toward him and so resigned. Some of us think that he did not want his resignation to be accepted, but it was, and so now he and his wife (who will have her third baby the last of this month) and the other little ones, are up in East China somewhere waiting for something that is better to their taste to turn up.

This is not a nice sounding story, and it is one that ordinarily should not be spread abroad. I am not writing this for you to tell, but just for you to see. It shows the things, I think. One is that anyone who is thinking of being a missionary doctor will do far better to bring the little skill and the little learning and the little experience that he has, with a humble heart and a real willingness to do God's will and to be used of Him in bringing to pass the things that His Master Mind has planned, than to bring much learning and much experience and much skill with a consciousness that that skill etc. are very precious things and must not be wasted in ordinary ways. The other thing is that missionary doctors are what are needed more than anything else out here. Doctors there are at home and plenty, and yet I suppose many men are training to be doctors to stay at home.

Oh, - I don't need to tell you what I am driving at, do I? But I have not yet received your answer to my question, Do you hope to be a doctor some day? I don't know what Gladys is like of course, and I don't know what she would think about such a thing, but I do believe that these things are things that everyone at home must think about and I am hoping so hard that you are thinking about them too. I must stop this minute and go to work on Proverbs, but I'd much rather keep on writing to you!

The pictures of Ruth and you folks are so good - I would like to eat them almost!

Ever lovingly yours,

Abbie

for you
" *yes*
Search + love
Oct 1921

No 150

Suataow, China

Oct. 24, 1921

Dearest Ones:

I called Mr. Page
"my dear" today! Isn't that
alarming - but he wasn't
bothered nearly as much as I
was - and I wasn't bothered
much - I was simply waxing
excited because they were allowing
sick workmen to sleep in the
quarters that will later be our
kitchen, and we were expostulating.
In about two minutes along came
Mrs. Page; and Mr. said that he
thought she was keeping pretty
close track of him or something
to that effect. If she came
over here every time he did,
though - she would be trotting
over all the time. Mr. Page
oversees the building of our
house and now we have begun
the foundation of the new
high school building - The hill

has to be cut down about thirty feet in some places, so we shall not be able to get a very big playground immediately around it.

It is fun to see things going up before your eyes, but I am no good when it comes to building houses. I haven't a natural bent that way - and I don't notice what is wrong until it is all done - I would certainly be at sea without Emily - She takes hold of that sort of thing far better than I do - She has a mind for it and can visualize it more clearly than I.

Yesterday our girls sang again - We hadn't much time to practice - and they just sang an old hymn which

did not require a great deal of practice - It was good to have them sing once more -

Right after service the committee of the missionary society came to get me to help suggest their missionary meeting programs for this term. That took until dinner time (Church service at 8.30 A.M.)

We have had Ruthe Hall here all this week. Did I tell you that she came down to Kityang last Sunday and broke her engagement? We thought it would be a terrible strain ^{for her} to have to go back to Hops where just now there is not another foreigner, and be thinking about things. She found she didn't love the man and so even though she has written home to the Board and everything - she changed her mind and now

she is happier than she
has been at all since she
was engaged - Isn't it
queer? I'm so glad she
found out before, instead
of after she married him.
Well, as I was saying, she
was here yesterday. ^{Mr}
Mason - the new worker for
Kaying, is still here - and
we invited her over for the
day yesterday - So - after dinner
we had a grand time at the
piano - Ruth plays beautifully -
and I sang - croakingly -
which is the only way I can
sing now - and I sang until
my throat was weary -

Then we had some cookies.
and then took the girls out
for a walk - and in the
evening went to bed rather
early -

Today I am not quite over my headache, though it has not bothered all the time.

I went to see Marguerite & see if she could give me anything ~~for~~ more than to tell me I ought to rest more - and she found that I weigh a little less than 120 pounds - So I am to go to bed early - and take little rests between time and all that. Since I am busy from 8.30^{AM} until 5.30 P.M. besides all the prayer meetings - (this week there is one Tuesday - one Wed. one Thurs. and one Fri.) I don't know just when my little naps will come in. I am pretty regular about taking a little rest after dinner. I eat like a pig - and so Marguerite thought maybe I had intestinal inhabitants but the test did not show any - I guess that is the blessed thing about it - that I

eat enough to go on from one meal to another - I can't miss a meal and go on and do my work properly - But I don't need to miss my meals, for strange to say - even when my head is just zipping - I am hungry as old outdoors.

This afternoon I came home from school at 5 and found Mr. Cressey - the new man, here for tea - Mr. Atkins came later - but didn't stay - In the middle of that was when Mrs. Page came to talk about the building -

Tomorrow morning - probably about 6 o'clock, we go out to meet the Foochow boat. Miss Faithfull - Davies (note the double l - the hyphenated name - never leave off the Faithfull - and pronounce it always David) an English missionary is coming here on her way through to England - We want to be especially nice to her - even though

she is said to be queer - for one of her co-workers - Alice Lacy - has just died. Alice wrote two or three weeks ago asking if we could have Miss F.D. come, and the next I had was a card from Miss F.D. saying she had just returned from Alice's funeral -

The girls are making oilcloth doilies - each one a piece for herself - They choose round, square or oblong shape - make their own design and then put it on in oil paint which will not wash off. I am teaching it, if you please, until Mabelle gets here - and then I expect not to be having it! Some of the designs are works of art I tell you!

Well - I think I will stop now and go cut some squares out of the oil cloth - to have them ready for work next

time. Its fun - even though
 I know next to nothing about
 it - a world be if I had
 proper time to get ready -

Love & types both -

Abbie

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No 151.

Swatow, China

Oct. 31, 1921

Dear Ones:

How does the prospect of getting endless letters on this brand of paper strike you? These are some blanks I had printed last year which are all wrong - or a lot wrong. I trusted the Chinese teacher to correct them and he did it so it decently, and so I have a lot left on my hands.

Well - my heart is much happier than it was on Saturday. As I told you, I have been having, back-
headaches lately which don't get better with a night's sleep as my headaches usually do - and I have been very weary, etc. On Wednesday - beginning early in the morning I had painful stomach trouble - and although I went to school that morning I was able to keep nothing in my stomach. Wed. P.M. Emily made me stay at home and she took my place teaching hand-work at the school. Thursday we all had an attack of ptomaine poisoning - possibly from the soup we had that night (Wed) It was practically the only thing that all of us ate. It was a light attack and I was the worst because I had been sick before. I couldn't get up on Thursday. Friday I was better but my head ached by spells. Friday a boy died from spinal meningitis - and all night Emily worried herself sick for fear I was going to have that! She wrote to Marguerite early in the A.M. and begged her to tell her that 'Abbie's headache was only a headache and not the other'. Marguerite put a great big "Yes!" around Emily's question and sent it back - My head still hurt badly on Saturday and I was in bed until about 3 P.M. when Miss Ang came over saying that Tsai Hsi a second year girl - was dreadfully sick - must go to hospital and we must post off for her father & mother. She had the same symptoms that the boy who died had had - Of course I didn't need my own headache to think of after that!

ABIGAIL HART SCOTT MEMORIAL
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

憑文業修校學中女光正石礮頭油

We rushed around and did 行 品

中華民國 年 月 日	the things that had to be done -		聖 經 國 文 歷 史 算 術 西 文 師 範 物 理 化 學	學 生 第 年 級 成 績 表
	got her to the hospital and got a woman to help take care of her. She was taken to the isolation hospital and since we			
	couldn't ask any one to go there to stay with her, we took turns ourselves.	文 讀		
	I am ashamed of the small part that I had but they would not let me do	文 作		
	Myers' General History any more than	學 經		
	American History I did. We had a big	語 國		
	chair just outside the door (out doors). all fixed	史 中		
	up with a steamer rug, pillows.	史 西		
	English Coats etc. I got my	數 代		
	Reading Conversation Composition Rhetoric	何 幾		
lunch about 5 and stayed until nearly eight. Then Emily came and stayed until 1 P.M.				
Then Emily went down and stayed until I relieved her at 6 A.M.				
As it happened, both of them got more sleep than I did that night. Emily went to bed about eight and slept until she had to go. In the morning she slept soundly from 6 to				
nine. As for me - I was living over again the time of Ló Jin's death and feeling that it must not be. This girl is not yet a Christian, and her people are all heathen. Well - I can't tell you how many times I had				

been up to the tip top of cemetery hill and back by 3.30 when Emily's lantern came along the walk - She came upstairs so slowly that I felt sure she was bringing bad news. The post doctor had been called in consultation

(長 校)

the night before - and he, Dr. Everham and Dr. Childers³ all considered the case almost hopeless. He said it was absolutely hopeless. So when Emily said "The child is cooing for something to eat" my heart gave a great jump! We got something for her and Emily went back. She met Marguerite on the way. Mr. of course was relieved to hear the girl was better. For she had had very few hopes - she had taken over an ounce more than there ought to be - of fluid around the spinal column. And the girl is still getting better!

Dr. Braungren, the port doctor, said that it was not the cerebral trouble but was a form of malaria, even though the test showed not a single malarial germ. But he was wrong, as Dr. Everham proved when she tested the spinal fluid and found it abuzz full of meningitis germs.

And Sunday afternoon (I had been flat all day since I got back from the hospital at nine P.M.) the news came that Sister Rice - who lives in the house with our cook - and who is the best friend of our Miss Tang at school, and the mother of one of our girls, had been taken with the same trouble and carried to the isolation hospital. Miss Tang had gone with her - and so ought not to go back into school. So she stayed there, leaving Miss Ang - as frail as she is - alone in the school with all those girls.

In the meantime - some how Sat evening I caught cold - and got a bad throat. I had it painted, and took a big dose of salts - and when I learned about Sister Rice I was in the middle of trying to take a sweat - with the aid of hot lemon juice and numberless cups of hot water, shawls, pillows, down quilts, etc. I must have looked like a mountain when they came to talk about the matter! I did not dare get right out there, so I waited - and took my rub down and dressed clean - and stayed in the house about an hour - Emily running around for me and seeing about things over at school.

in the meantime. And there - to top it all. (4)
 We heard that the Educational Commission
 out from America was to meet on that night.
 So we ABIGAIL HART SCOTT MEMORIAL
 fixed up and went over to the waters for the
 meeting. They didn't have it, but I met Dr. Padelford

brother of Mrs. Peppers son in law and we talked
 Colby a good bit - He asked me whether

憑文業修校學中女光正石礮頭汕

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I knew Charles Barnes of Houlton
 He was Mrs. Barnes' Classmate at
 Colby (I had another lovely letter
 from her the other day, by the way)
 He also asked if I knew
 anyone in Calais - that used
 to be his home! Helen and
 Mollie Hanson are both
 studying law - They'll be good
 ones at it, I'm sure!
 Myers' General History He gave a
 American History little exclamation of
 pleasure when I said the
 name Sedgwick - Oh!
 Your father was pastor of
 that fine old historic church!
 English David Merrill - etc, etc
 Reading
 Conversation
 Composition
 Rhetoric } Well - this shows you
 what a mixed day
 yesterday was for me! I was
 so worn that I tried to get some
 sleep but couldn't - I had slept
 only from 5 to 6 - and not much for
 several nights before - Last
 night I thought that my cold was
 broken up - but I was not absolutely
 sure that it was - so you may imagine
 what a relief it was to wake up this A.M.
 and find that I had slept all night
 "on both ears" as the French say - We had our

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meeting with the commission and (長校) two of
 the English Presbyterian ladies were guests here at
 dinner - I have given three examinations.
 and had a singing class - been to the hospital
 twice - the usual busy day - and I feel as fit

as a fiddle - not a sign of headache.
So I guess one "fit" of business is over and
the shock and relief of the girls' being so
terribly sick and getting so suddenly better
has given me a new lease on life. There has
been talk of closing the schools and sending the
pupils home. It will not be done if no more
cases appear - but an epidemic of meningitis
with 700 students on this compound would
be unthinkable dreadful.

Marguerite is almost to her limit - and she
has had a bitterly difficult series of this this week.
The night our girl was so sick, a boy died who
had been kept alive for a week only by Marguerite's
strenuous efforts to save him. Half of his skin
was burned off in a dreadful explosion of
ether near fire at the Academy laboratory -
and no one thought he could live - That was
two Academy boys in one week, you see - and that
was hard enough - but on top of that - Marguerite
is being blamed by some - for their dying - She
has been just wonderful - and they would
not have lived so long as they did if she had
not taken care of them with her own hands -!
Oh - I think it is nicked to say such things! She
is just a peach - and she works herself almost
to death - and then these things come that
no one knows anything about - and because she
experiments - and the patients don't all live -
she gets blamed for it -!

They don't know now whether it is just
straight meningitis or what - but she is working
to the limit of her strength to find out - and
the two patients she has on her hands are
getting better - in spite of the contrary prognosis
of the two doctors - one of whom criticized her
as! Oh - I do hope they'll both get well!
Your letter with samples of Gladys' dresses
came on Saturday - I hope I'll have a -
blue gingham like that - I think it is just

ABIGAIL HART SCOTT MEMORIAL
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

憑文業修校學中女光正石譽頭油
行 品

中 華 民 國 年 月 日	awfully pretty - and I certainly want one very much like it. sometime - -		聖 經	學 生 第 年 級 成 績 表
	Well, it is sleepy time again, and I really feel as though I might sleep again tonight. It's grand to be free from headache!		國 文	
	Myers' General History With Love	文 讀 文 作 學 經 語 國	歷 史	
	American History	史 中 史 西	算 術	
	Yours ever always only Abbie	數 代 何 幾	西 文	
	English Reading Conversation Composition Rhetoric		師 範	
			物 理	
			化 學	

(長 校)

Chaoyang,
~~Sivatow~~, China

Sunday, Nov. 6, 1921

Mother dearest:

Just above I wrote

Sivatow from habit - but I ~~am~~ ^{am} really over here in Chaoyang, this splendid place to rest. Do you remember that I came here just after my last language exam - lagged and worn and not knowing hardly whether I was sick or well? It is surely the place of places out here to pack a good solid rest into a little bit of time.

I didn't think I would be coming here for an enforced rest as soon as this, though - now that sounds much worse than it really is, for there is nothing the matter with me at all. I am ashamed that I

couldn't keep a stiff upper lip -
even though I did have a hard
schedule. But this headache
that has been bothering me for
weeks seems to be a persistent
thing. Marguerite's medicine
didn't seem to have any effect
at all - and even my resting
every possible moment didn't
stop the aches. But on Monday,
after all our anxiety about
the little girl with spinal meningitis
or cerebral malaria or whatever
it is - was calmed down, my
headache stopped - and I
decided that I would probably
be better. I thought that the
menses which occurred that day
with almost no pain - were
relieving the pressure - and I
was much encouraged. I was
free from headache on Tuesday,
too. Wednesday it began again,
but I deliberately took time

off and went to bed for
two hours. I was better
when I got up - but soon
the headache began again
and by midnight I was
frantic with pain and
nervousness. I slept none
at all and in the morning
when Emily came in I went
all to pieces and cried out loud.
After a while she got the woman
who massages people's heads
to come and help me. I was
just one big nerve from head
to foot - and I thought she
would never touch me in a
place where it didn't hurt.
Then the trouble seemed more
like neuritis than anything
that I have known. After
a while I was easier - though -
but of course my bawling
had helped to make me worse.

Only the day before, I had refused Mrs. Groesbeck's invitation to come over here for a week. It seemed as though I just could not shirk my responsibility. Miss Lang wasn't very well. Miss Lang was away - out in the hospital taking care of her friend who was sick with spinal meningitis - I knew that Marguerite had been quite insistent about my going - and still I thought I ought not to -

But when I began to act in the manner described above - my housemates took matters into their own hands. Emily wrote a note to Mrs. Groesbeck saying that I had changed my mind, and was coming - and they hustled a boy off with it, saying that I would

(2)
be over in the afternoon!
I didn't decide to come at
all - but just came. I didn't
~~even~~ get out a thought to wear
or bring until one o'clock,
and I left about two ~~11~~
I stayed in bed until the
very last minute. and when
I did get up, - got dressed
and ready in as few motions
as possible - I forgot to say
that I have had a bad
cold, too - which is all
broken up now -

Marguerite had given me
pills for headache to take
every half hour - and all
the way over on the launch
I kept feeling better.

When I got to the landing
the chairmen were ready to
take me to North Monastery -
I got there just in time for
picnic supper with the G's - Mary

Ogg and Dr. Padelord, who was here over night. Then we went home & I went right to bed.

There have been almost no words of sympathy - nor any talk about my health - my worries, etc. That in itself has helped me forget that I had a headache - I haven't even had to try to get rid of it, - but I have just loafed. The first night I didn't sleep as well - but last night and the night before were unbroken blessed slumber - Today I have read some - and have rested - rested - I am alone for the day, for Mary & Mrs. J. went over to Swatow to hear Dr. Padelord speak in the Swatow church - I have been free to do just as I pleased. I ~~have~~ went to bed

for an hour after dinner - then
dressed and took a walk -
all by myself - and now I
feel ready to whip the world
with one hand - I haven't
had that particular sensation
before for some time!

Did I tell you that I
asked Marion Boss of Char-
chow for (who went to Hongkong
for dentistry) to get me a dark
green hat? I wanted one
that would go with my
brown suit made into a dress,
^{with} my green dress made over -
and ^{with} a sort of fawnish gray
that I picked up in Swatow
to make a cape or wrap from.

She brought me a warm
lined sand - almost tan -
with a brown ribbon on it!

It is nice - and it turns out
that I like it first rate - for

it certainly will go with the
brown (when its made) also
the green - It absolutely
fights with the fawn - though
or mouse - so I'll have to
scratch something together
for black to wear with it.

Did I tell you that last
spring I had my sailor
middy and the skirt that
did not match - dyed - and
they turned out black?

I haven't done anything
except to give that to the
tailor and he takes so

long that I sometimes
wonder whether I'll ever
see him in this dress again.

I did get my sewing woman
to make up my blue voile
enclosed a sketch of it -

The Groesbecks have come and
its supper time -

Love Abbie

No 153

Swatow, China

Nos. 13, 1921.

Dear Mother:

Two days ago Clara Leach sailed from Swatow, and she leaves Hong Kong on Thursday or Wednesday, with Peggy Wellwood, for America. I had written to her several weeks ahead and asked her to stay with me when she came down to go home and I was so glad that she could. I didn't see much of her even then.

She came from Kitgang Thursday A. M. and was in Swatow having passports visáed until the middle of the P. M. Gwladys Aston came down with her and Mrs. Atkinson, who is rather partial to Gwladys, planned a party for ~~in~~ that night and invited us all to

Japanese supper. By us, I mean the Kou-nie
and Mrs. + Mrs. Carman, Clara + Jwladgo.
When I heard about it I thought I wouldn't
go. I came back from Chaoyang on Wednesday,
and in view of the fact that I had gained
four pounds in the six days I was there, I
decided it would be just as well to refrain
from dissipating. When I found that Clara
was going I said I would go too, and not
eat very much.

But about 6 o'clock Clara found that
with the auditing of accounts and the other
errands that she had, she would not have
time to go to Swatow, so I stayed at home
and had a nice little quiet supper with her.
Then I went over to school to give the girls

their doses of quinine - I had a little headache and was very glad of an excuse not to go to Swatow. I had a little rest and then about 9.30 Clara came back and we enjoyed talking while she packed her bag and got a few things ready - I sewed a few little places on her dress for her and she showed me one or two things she had had given to her.

In the afternoon she went over with us and saw the new house and the room that I shall probably be in - It makes you folks seem so much nearer, for me to know that she is going to see you so soon! I really think that from now on it is going to be hard for me to wait till it is time to go home -

Clara is taking some things for me that I hope she will be able to get to you by Christmas: There is a "rabbit skin" to make the Baby Bunting in - in other words a white fur which has been fumigated etc. which ought to make a nice little coat and bonnet for Ruth. There is a piece of silk to make a shirt for Arthur - There is some tatting and a piece or two of drawnwork - from which (before you sell it) I wish you would choose one or two pieces for Gladys for Christmas - There are a pair of silver plated chopsticks for Pa - sometime I will show him how to use them - or he can get Dr. Seach to demonstrate - Then there is a Cantonese crepe embroidered cape for someone - (you can't guess whom!) that Clara is wearing home on the steamer. It is one that I had Mrs. Ashmore get for

me the first year I was out here - I have always planned to take it home to you - but this was such a good chance to send it that I couldn't resist. If you get it now you'll have two more years to wear it than you would if I waited & brought it to you - I do hope you'll like it, but don't say you do if you really don't!

Clara bought some fakes from me, and she has kept the money (about \$5.) to pay duty on the fur and things. If it is too much, she will pay you the surplus - if not sufficient, will you please pay it to her? I told her to settle with you -

Tell Father the Chinese writing paper that I ordered from Shanghai has never yet come - so he won't get it in time for Christmas this year, probably. I'll send some as soon as

I can, though -

Did I tell you that Henrietta Failing sent me back a very pretty Victrola record from Hongkong? Just to say thank you for my entertaining her. Wasn't that a thoughtful present?

Mrs. Bonsfield is not expected to live, and Miss Sollman has gone up to Changning to see if she can get her down here and perhaps on down to Matilda's Hospital at Hongkong. It was partly a ruse to get Miss Sollman away because her nerves were just at the breaking point; and they don't know but she will have to go home this year anyway -

Our house is not yet finished, and I think we ^{we} ~~they~~ will have to live over there all day long now to see that they get things anywhere

near right. Yesterday we went over
& found the veranda boarded up in one
place instead of having shutters; we found
the venetian or half doors between the rooms
half way up to our waists from the floor
and so low that I could see right over
them -; the kitchen partition was about 3 feet
beyond where it should be - and last but
decidedly not least noticeable, part of the
house was with white windows & green blinds,
and part with grey-blue windows and grey
blue blinds! We shall just have to keep
after them all the time - We really hope
to move in in the next ~~two~~ weeks though -
I do hope we can - This week I am going
to have my curtains made if I can get
around to it.

Mabelle will be here with Elsie Kittitz and Edna Smith in about three weeks - we hustled yesterday to get our letters off to them at Yokohama but we fear it is too late, for they arrive there the 22nd -

A letter from one of the Page girls in the American School at Shanghai tells me that she has a teacher who was a classmate of mine at Colby - Erma Reynolds! Maybe I'll see her sometime - who knows?

Its quarter of ten - and tomorrow is Monday morning! I must get to bed quick -

Very much love to you both -

Abbie

No 154

Suifu, China

Nov. 22, 1921

Dearest Mother & mine!

Seldom indeed do I have an opportunity of sitting down to answer a letter of yours as soon as I have received it. But this afternoon Emily has gone out for a walk with Mrs. Capen - a rare thing for her to do - and I am going to say a few things now while I think of them. It seems as though I don't have much time to think nowadays - The letter I received was mailed Oct. 18. It seemed good to hear again from Aunt Gertrude even in such an indirect way -

Yes that is what I sent the luncheon set for - for Alice Shaw's wedding present and I hoped that we could share it. I have forgotten

what it cost and will have to ask again.
There should be ~~19~~ pieces - 6 each of 3 sizes
and one large one - I'm glad you like it -
I think it is one of the prettiest things I
ever saw.

By the way, I am sending Mrs. Reynolds
and Bessie Jordsell each a handkerchief -
I don't know Miss Ufford's name and I can't
remember whether there's anyone else I want
to give to in Fairfax - If you think of any one -
will you please give talking or whatever you
have, with my love? I'm enclosing one or
two of my new calling cards - This is the
kind I have wanted - and this fall I suddenly
got without any - I paid only \$2.25 for the
plate and 100 cards - Mex - which is not
bad. I wish if you know where my

"Abbie J. Sanderson" plate is that you would
have ^{or so} made of those - I so often want
to use them for Christmas or other gifts -
You could keep some of them for convenience
in sending things from me to people through you
(do I make myself clear?)

About the Chinese jackets - I am sending
them the way you said and you probably
will have to pay duty - for that is the only
way to send them. Moreover - if you
want them all - I shall be deeply hurt
if anybody else gets them. I can send
more - and these are all for you if you
want them (Emphatic !!) !!

I am so excited when I think about getting
something from home! If you sent it Oct 18

it surely will get here before Christmas - I
shan't promise to keep it until Dec. 25, either.

Emily already has hers - a pretty dark blue
waist to go with her suit. She is as impatient
as I am about waiting - I think even if I
had to wait - I should peek first even if
I had to fit! (Bad?)

Well - we most certainly are having a heck
of a time, as Lucy Montgomery says - (she knew
G. Harold in Hilton by the way - I don't know
anything about him.) Our house was to have
been finished in July - and we are not
in it yet. It is practically done - and
they finished the most of the second coat
of paint (that's all it will have) today.
Tomorrow they fix the kitchen, and on Friday
we begin to move our goods - we don't know

whether the varnish on the upstairs
floors will be dry by then or not but
will move our downstairs things first and
see about the rest later - It maybe
that we'll have to wait until Monday
but we are very anxious not to because
that is the week probably when Mabelle
and the new women's workers stenographers,
Mabelle's friend Miss Kittitz will come.
The following week is conference - and
with so many people we don't know
when we are going to put everyone -
Emily is on the entertainment committee
this time. They put her on the social
committee as they did me before - but
she had sense enough to beg off - and

I didn't. They knew better than to put me on this year - I guess - as were kind to me.

Well - I haven't told you a thing about our "hick" of a time yet. Elsie Kittlety will have one of our guest rooms - Mabelle, Emily, and I each have a suite - and that leaves one suite for one of the other girls. Margaret Winn who came out last year has been rather unhappy - She simply cannot get the language and has not yet passed her six mos. exam though she has had three tries at it. Poor girl. Folks say that the influence of Enid Johnson is very bad on her. Enid gets on Miss Sollman's nerves most horribly - and the combination

of Margaret and Enid - and Peggy, too -
have nearly wrecked Miss S.'s mind, she
says. Enid is so indefinite about everything
and she says one thing one minute and
another thing the next, right while you
are talking with her. I can stand it
because I know that it is just her way -
but Miss S. can't abide it and neither
can Emily. and Miss S. has made it
a veritable hell for Enid - while she says
that it is Enid who has made it for her - !

Margaret is not dependable either - as in
the "grand shuffle" that - will come when we
move. Mrs. Worley comes over here, to be followed
by Miss Traver next year. In the meantime
Majorie Fleming will probably stay here -
and Edna Smith go over with Miss Sollman.
Miss Northcott came back last Saturday, and

Has taken her old room which Peggy had when she was here. That means that Margaret or Enid would come with us. We had a meeting last night to decide. So (we tried to plan it beforehand so that it would not be too painful) Emily invited Enid (whom no one wants) to live with us - and then Mrs. Worley invited Marjorie (who is already here) and Margaret, to live with her. Whereupon Enid broke down and said that she would rather be at Eastview - and it came out that she is afraid of going to live with Emily - She knows E. does not like her - and is afraid it will be terribly unpleasant. E. doesn't want her - but she says she really welcomes the chance to try to break her right. And the others think that Margaret and Enid should be separated. Then Margaret went home and flew into a tantrum that was equal to a 3 yr. old - for what reason we don't know. So it isn't settled at all. Margaret went out into the country and won't be back until conference week!

Pray for us!
With love, yours own Abbe

No. 155

Suowtow China

Nov. 22, 1921

Dear Father -

This very minute I have finished a letter to Mother and I am beginning one to you which may get sent - when(?) - I don't know!

But the facts in the case are this - I ordered writing paper from Shanghai some time ago because it is much prettier than what we get here. For some reason it has not arrived - so I am sending something else -

This year I am sending a Christmas box to you. (Mother will perhaps have the right to swipe what things she wants - but otherwise (!!))

the box is yours.) Now I am not going to tell
you just what the things are - but with the
things therein included you could do many
things all in Chinese fashion. You can reckon
and write Chinese accounts - and letters - and
invitations to a feast or a funeral - and go there
and eat your dinner - do say nothing of cooking
it yourself - and serving tea to guests in your
own house -

Sunday Nov. 27.

Where was I? Oh yes - in the meantime the
writing paper has come - and I am sending
some of that along too.

You can do many other things; such as go-a-
fishing - I think you'll find one fish already caught!
Mother could pass sandwiches on one of the baskets.

and use another for the collection at the missionary meeting. The latter is the one I have been using to keep my cask in; you see two still stuck in the bottom.

You may go a marketing; and buy things that you need for worshipping the earth and water (I couldn't get an idol to send this time) or other such gods - You have a proper basket for your wife to take as present back to her mother after she has been married to you a month; - only she would take a rib or shoulder of pork or a pig's head instead of dried lichees and dragon's eyes - You have a measure for beans or rice, and a dipper to dip them with. You can clean up all the dirtiest dirt in the street and around your yard - and can carry all the water for your family needs -

If you have no clock - perhaps while you are in the house you would like to put your watch in a case and hang it on the wall. If you are of a mind to be much bejeweled and bedecked you might even want to wear it in the case in your pocket. and if that is not enough - hang the beads around your neck and make believe you are a Chinese official of ten years ago -

There is some Chinese embroidery and drawnwork; shoes - a Japanese emery and some other things for Mother to sell or use as gifts.

This package was mailed to you yesterday so you ought not to be such a very long time getting it. I don't hope, though, that you will get it by Christmas - I surely am ashamed

to have my things go so late -

Since I began this letter we have moved all our things over to the new house - and here we are. We are not all settled by any means, except in our corner of the house. The floors downstairs are cement and were done before the walls went up. The upstairs ones were not varnished until yesterday. Pianos, organ - sewing machines, chairs, wardrobes, beds, boxes, - everything is piled into the living room and the rooms at the south corner of the house - Emily's room is on the north side and she has set up her furniture there. There is a guest room connected with her bathroom and that is where my bed is set up. When ~~they~~ moved in on Friday they had not yet finished painting even down

here. The result is that the place will have to be gone over again in many places where it got sunnied in the morning. On Tuesday I think we shall be able to move upstairs. Our dishes are still over at Eastview; we still eat there, for the kitchen and the dining room are ~~still~~ upstairs and we can't go up there yet.

We have slept in the house two nights as far and haven't been blown out of bed yet, though the wind is pretty big over on this hill. I know it will be breezy upstairs, though - and I am glad -

It is horrid to have to come in this way before the house is finished, but I would rather do it than wait until Mabelle gets here and have her have no place to stay. It is better this way even though we do

have to be inconvenienced ^{to a} certain degree -

There is a restful feeling over here - which will go, I presume, when the time comes for us to get settled and have four or five in the family. Now Emily and I are here alone. We haven't even a servant in the place, except as ours who are still staying at the other house come over to do the bathroom work -

By the way - we have got it settled at last who is to live in the new house. I think I wrote in my last letter that we had a meeting and Emil bawled and cried when we invited her to our house to live. We thought it would have to be discussed again but Emil finally said that she would do the best she could

if she had to live here - so that is what she
will do. Emily's pride was taken down somewhat
when Emil scorned our offer - and now she says
she is glad of another chance to make Emil love her.
I do hope she will - and I know she can if
she tries hard enough -

Mabelle arrived in Shanghai yesterday or today -
She may be here within a week and then the
next week (Dec. 8) is conference - I fear I shall
not have my brown dress made over by then -
School and moving is about all the work I can
stand all at once.

Love to you both - forever and always
P.S. Can you figure out
what things shall be used for what?
Abbie

Oriental Hotel.

SWATOW.

TELEG. ADDRESS

"ORIENTAL-Swatow"

Telephone No. 26

Swatow, Dec 1, 1921

Dearests:

No - I am not staying at Swatow's best hotel for good - but just here waiting for my appointment with the dentist. My teeth have stayed by me pretty well for the way I have neglected them since I came out here. I have seen a dentist only once, and that was in Kuliang over a year ago. But just lately I have been dreading the thought of an expensive trip to Hongkong or some other place - for some teeth on each side are too sensitive to chew with comfort. I am afraid I shall get indigestion again if I let them go too long. But I shall not need to go away just now, for fortunately a good American dentist came ~~that was~~ ^{Thurs} Thursday and this is Saturday and here I am again - with the same ridiculous old stubbly and a goodly number of blot and crumples on and in my paper, I find - This morning Emily and I came over together and she made an appointment for this P.M. I then had an hour's work done & she went shopping. Then we shopped together and came back here for lunch. I went shopping again and now I'm back here waiting for her, and scribbling to you in the meantime.

These are great and difficult days with us. We have moved into the new house, which the Chinese call a palace - and everything

Oriental Hotel.

SWATOW.

TELEG. ADDRESS

"ORIENTAL-Swatow"

Telephone No. 26

Swatow, 192

2.

should be hunky-dory, as Grace Spalding would say - but alas it isn't - (There I've been that you until it suits me much better - I think it writes more legibly and uses less ink!)

To put the case exactly, thus: Our servants have formed a union and have struck for higher wages when we have already just raised them. In fact they demanded a raise of a dollar a month and got it, day before yesterday, ~~when~~ they struck yesterday. ~~Now~~ This follows a statement on our part that we intended to change our plan of paying them. They have been paid in Mexican dollars, which exchanges now for $15\frac{1}{2}$ dimes each, and they have reckoned to us in 10 dimes to the dollar. Now they demand that we buy everything at the compradore's (where they get a regular squeeze) or buy it ourselves - that we raise every servant on the compound \$2.00 monthly, - and that we give them a half month's salary extra as a gift at Chinese New Year's. We have signed a paper stating that we would agree to none of these demands - What the outcome will be, I do not know - But I wish Mabelle would come - for an atmosphere like this in the house where I live

3.

Oriental Hotel.

SWATOW.

TELEG. ADDRESS

"ORIENTAL-Swatow"

Telephone No. 26

Swatow, 192

is more than I can stand. Sin him is red hot about this matter and says he will not agree to it at all. I mean will not agree to ~~being~~ paid just what he pays out, plus his boat fare.

He blazed when I told him about it, and said that he would not work for a minute if he were alone - but the matter concerned not him alone but all the servants. We would find out later, however, just how things stood - and would be sorry we had done it.

When this plan was begun, years ago - the extra exchange on the dollar was just a few cash or so - enough to pay the fares - as the servants make what they could and did not charge for the boat fare nor carries.

We all feel that it would be more honest to pay the fare and then reckon exactly what is spent - instead of having them make \$15 or so extra a month above their salary - when they (the cooks) already get \$2 or \$3 more than the houseboys -

Another thing - Sin him asked if we would be willing to take his cousin Piggy - for an extra house boy -

Oriental Hotel.

SWATOW.

TELEG. ADDRESS

"ORIENTAL-Swatow"

Telephone No. 26

Swatow, 192

We shall need one with 5 people living in the house - we don't want him for he is the one whom Helen Fielden discharged for sticking his dirty finger in Miss Weld's soup when she was sick with the typhoid that killed her. Some folks think his lack of cleanliness might be partly blamed for her death. So we got him out the house by, to call his father in law. But I see him treated him so badly that his son sent him home before he had been here a day. So I don't know what he will do. People in America think the servant problem is awful - they are not the only ones who have trouble - and I tell you this is a little trouble but it is the kind that worries the life out of me and gives me the terrible headaches - I had a terrific one, which I slept off last night. It is coming back now a little but I hope Emily will be through soon.

Here she comes -

Abba

No 157

Swatow, China

Dec. 19, 1921

Dear Mother;

The lovely, lovely spoons
have come! It is not yet Christmas
and I am not supposed to have
seen them, but I have - and I
am so delighted, that I can't
tell you how glad I am to
have them. Everybody admires
the pattern and I love it - and
I'm so proud of the collection
I'm getting!

Then I received from you
a box of the most interesting
Christmas cards - and have
decided that some of them
must be from Jessie Webster -

or was that one with her name
on it simply an old one that
got in with the lot? It is a
splendid collection of cards -
and makes me feel not quite
so pinched as I have been
sometimes - The little stickers
are the cheerfulest things - and
they help a lot to make you
feel as though 'it is really and
truly Christmas time - Just think,
this is my fourth Christmas out
here - I'll probably have one more
out here and then the next one
at home - Won't it be blessed!

Well - Mabelle is here - and
the weight of some things is
off my mind but of course
we haven't things settled very
much as yet. I am teaching

just what I have done before -
but Mabelle is supposed to have
the responsibility. As a matter
of fact a good many things
still come to me. But I don't
have the planning of all of next
term's work and the wondering
where we'll ever get teachers all
by myself - Of course Emily
helped - but the burden was on
me. And now I have some of it
left - but no longer the lion's
share.

I hope that after Christmas is
over Mabelle will step into her
place and that everybody will
know that she is the head of
the school. Many of the things
are brought to me still - and
moreover - she doesn't step
forward to take her place and

some way I don't seem to be shifting as much of it to her shoulders as I expected to when she got here. But that will all work out in time, I am sure.

We have just had a wonderful conference, way ahead of the other four that we have had since I have been out here. It began with a bang, ^{with by} an inspiring address ~~from~~ ^{from} Mr. Baker of Chaochowfu on the subject "The Educational Problems and Objectives of the South China Mission". Mr. Baker ~~was~~ the chairman of the Educational Committee and we have tried to work up some special interest on this subject and this subject was suggested to Conference by our committee.

This reminds me that this year I am on the Evangelistic Committee

and Makelle is on the Educational Comm. Evinly is on the Building and Property Committee so the Girls School is pretty well represented.

The next day we progressed very rapidly with business. and that evening Dr. Groesbeck and Mr. Lewis made two of the most heart gripping calls to us to get to work and make men decide now for Christ. instead of inviting them little by little to hear a word or two of the doctrine and then accept it by and by. The whole of us seemed to feel that if we did not go right out and do some soul winning, that China would not be saved and that we ourselves would be flat, horrible failures.

And yet the feeling was there that this is not an impossible thing but that we shall be enabled to do the work that He sent us out here to do.

That spirit prevailed in the

conference - and we all received great inspiration from it.

Dec. 30 -

How many weeks - or months, I wonder - has it been since I sent you a letter? Dec 3 - ! I knew it was a long time but I didn't think it was quite four weeks!

It has been a hectic time, I tell you!

And even now some things are not yet straightened out - As I indicated earlier in my letter - Mabelle did not seem to take over as much of the responsibility as I thought she was going to - and everything kept weighing more and more heavily until I didn't know what was to become of me - Emily resented very much every time when Mabelle seemed to want to put off taking work - and Sunday - when I had nearly

disgraced myself and got very faint in English church Christmas morning (Up in the choir, too - I had to lie down - fortunately I was in the back row and so wasn't seen much. It was close - and we were near the organist - who had been nibbling too freely. So I got faint !), then ~~at~~ noon M. announced that she was going out in the country on Tuesday - She told the boy to get her country things together and I did not know how long she was going to stay. I simply had to go to bed Sunday P.M. I was there all day Monday (holiday) and Tuesday Mon. P.M. I had a talk with Mabelle and found that she had been taking things over all day, and was planning to go right on taking more and more. I found

out too that she was going into
the country for the day only - which
relieved my mind somewhat. But Emily
had sputtered to Mrs. Waters - and
of course they all saw me get faint
in the morning - and so Monday
night at school ^{entertainment} Dr. Everham
told Mabelle that she heard she was
going out in the country for a month -
She told her she must not go - that
my condition would be serious if
I had this burden any longer. etc.
Mabelle was all upset and told her
she was going to be gone one day.
Oh it was a mess!

Then on Tuesday when she had
gone and I was still in bed with
a zipping headache - Miss Ang
came over. Seeing me lying
in bed seemed to arouse her

anger - and she said "I'm going
some where to lie down too" - I'm
going home to rest - and the
school get along best it can -
Nobody will save me - so I'll
have to save myself. I'm not
worth so much - not so precious -
not in any way to be compared with
your high and mighty people - It
doesn't matter about me. and if
I died nobody would care -"
Oh! I thought I would die then!
I thought she might think some
such thing but I certainly did
not dream that she would
say it to my face! I was too
weak to stand it - and I wept
for hours!

Then in the P.M. I began to
think - and wonder how much of
all these different things was

due to carelessness or neglect on
my part - I don't know, I
am sure. Then I wept some
more. I got up late in the P.M.
In the evening Mabelle and Elsie
and I had a little prayer meeting
while Emily and Enid were over
at the girls' prayer meeting. I wept
a good deal more then than
I had before even, when I realized
that Mabelle doesn't blame me
for any of the things that have
come up, but thinks that I'm very
brave to have borne many
things - I haven't been very brave
though, I guess!

Well - this must seem like
a crazy letter to you - I can't
believe that I haven't written
to you since Mabelle came, on
the seventh of December - bringing

with her Edna Smith, of Bloomfield
who is very nice - and Elsie
Kittlitz who is to help with our
correspondence temporarily and
then get ready to go into evangelistic
work later. - She is very nice too -
and is living in the guest room
which shares my bathroom -

Sometime I'll tell you more
about this hectic days - I'm
too weary to write more just now.

Tomorrow I hope to begin a
letter to Dad to thank him and
But for the lovely little "small
timepiece" which kept me
guessing until I got way to
the very inside of the little
yellow bag which contained it.

Surprisingest of all - on the
same mail came a little
black ribbon fixture to wear with

a rust watch - From Mrs. Miller,
if you please!

Oh - your gifts are so beautiful -
I weep inside whenever I think
of the joy it gave you dear ones
to think up and get ready these
lovely things which you knew
would surprise and please
me so much! That's a big part
of my joy - aside from the fact
that the things are dear to my
heart!

Yours - all of me!

Abbie