

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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No. 158

Suatsow, China

Jan. 6, 1921
[1922]

Dearest Dad:

I told Mother in my letter last week that I hoped to write to you the very next day saying my prettiest thank you for that lovely watch. But I was busy that day. And the last day of the year was a busy one. Doing things at school and then finishing up the day by going to the New Year's Eve party in the evening. The play at it was perhaps not as good as usual but served as a couple of hours entertainment.

I had not felt top notch all day and even at the party I couldn't eat

anything because of a slight nausea
that kept coming over me in waves.

The next morning I tried to get
up but I couldn't eat any breakfast
and I had to slump down on the
bed again without even undressing.
I took the calomel and then salts
that the Dr. gave me - but they
weren't taken soon enough to ward
off a very unpleasant bilious
attack - On Tuesday morning
I began to eat a little - but the
nausea persisted even until yesterday
I am as yellow as a canary
now - even to my eyeballs - and
of course have been flat on
my back all week - I have taken
enemas until I don't want to
think of them - and hope I shan't

have to again very soon -

I have had ~~a~~ little fever every day. Last night it was only 99 - and it has not gone higher than 98-6 today so far - I certainly am a daisy to look at - Brown Eyed Susan variety I guess. Did I tell you that I have been ordered to get away for a month this Chinese New Year time? Mrs. Baker has invited me to go to Chaochow - and I think I'll go up there. I didn't know how Emily would feel about it but yesterday she asked me if she might have my teacher while I was gone so I suppose she takes it for granted that

I am going.

Elsie Kittitz, the new stenographer, who lives in the guest room next me and shares my bath room - has been very good about taking some of my letters - I got Mr. Giberson's off just last week - I am so ashamed that it has not been sent before - but I just could not manage to get it off before - She is going to help me some more and I will get a letter off soon to the 31 churches that are in Crook County.

We have had some wild times with our servants. The day that Miss Culley arrived - or rather the night before, they all walked out - demanding that we give them each

a rise in wages of \$2.00 a month -
that we should let them buy all the
things at one store (where higher prices
are charged and delivery is made) and
that we give them each an additional
half month's salary as a present at
Chinese New Year - That made us
mad so we told 'em we could not
do it - and they went -

We had a tussle of it the first
few days of conference, doing our
own work - going to Swatow and
making our own ~~bread~~ purchases -
buying bread and butter and eggs etc.
But after 3 days back they came
and got to work as we said they
must if they wanted to work for
us - We promised nothing - So

the month passed. I was housekeeper
last month - and my being sick put
off the reckoning - So yesterday we
took accounts - and reckoned in
dimes and dollars so that we
would know exactly what was
being spent instead of having the
cook get the extra squeeze (when
he paid 60¢ for one thing, 40¢ for
another he ^{it} added together ^{it} makes a
dollar - only out here it makes
10 dimes and for a dollar you have to
pay about $11\frac{1}{2}$ dimes - ! See?) Well -
since the cook was cut down on
the reckoning - we raised him a
dollar - Then the houseboy
came and said that we must
raise him too, or he would leave

Mabelle did not want to raise him but all the rest of us did - So he would not stay unless all of us were willing to raise him - He would not take the dollar from any one of us but must have everyone want him to stay -

Well - at last Mabelle has consented - and I guess will keep him. He really is too valuable a house servant to lose -

But there are all extra things that add to our burdens - Sometimes we get impatient - and wish for respite from so many of the petty details - I guess will not escape from them in this life though!

My classes have been going by the board ~~this~~ week, I can not hope to do much more this term than to review the classes in what they have been over - and give them their exams - During the month of rest I shall hope to study a little - but shall wait and see how I get along.

In a year and a half I'll be getting off to America - Can you wait for that time to come? I suppose you folks are just as impatient for the time to come as I am - but I don't really see how you could be !!

Love — a thousand times —
Your own Abbie —
The watch is a perfect
little beauty and
I love it!

Lin-sin, our houseboy - was scolded by Miss Gully the other A.M. for not cleaning up the house - he didn't like it as he has left for good -
Chaochowfu, China, Jan. XX 23, 1922

Dear Ones:

Of course you know that this is just a temporary change of address, and you should always address me at Swatow unless I tell you expressly otherwise. I am up here for about three weeks and I am in for a good rest, I guess. I came up on Saturday, arriving about two o'clock, and I rested until suppertime. Then we had supper and I went right to bed. The next morning I didn't get up, but my a-sis, the woman who does my washing and sewing and whom I brought up here with me this time instead of a boy, brought me my breakfast and I was just plain ordinary lazy until about eleven o'clock, when I got up and dressed for the day. In the afternoon I read and went to walk and rested and went to bed early. This morning I stayed in bed too, and I guess I will do it again too. It is surprising what a big difference can be made by such a little thing, - but really, I feel rested a lot already.

I have been finding out things since I came up here. Mrs. Baker knew that Emily would probably be hurt if she invited me without inviting her this time, but she did it on purpose, and says that if she has to lose E's friendship for she will be willing to have a frank talk with Emily to tell her that she is one of the people that takes her life from that of some one else, and that such a clinging vine existence is nothing if not selfish. She thinks E. needs the lesson, and that the only thing to give me a real rest just now is to be away from her. Well, Marguerite had intimated that thing to me when I was sick week before last, but of course I know that the many interruptions of the work and the strain in the atmosphere at our house (for which I think I can honestly say I am not responsible) have been the big factors to wear me out. When Marguerite told me that some folks thought it was Emily that was wearing me out, I told her at first that I didn't think so at all. But then after she talked with me I saw what she meant, and that the draw on my sympathy was taking a good deal out of me. But I didn't know until I got up here that all the medical people have been talking about it and that E. has been giving herself away. For I have wanted to help her, and with very few exceptions I have not told people about her caprices. She has been such a help and so fine a good many ways and it seemed that the only way to help her to make good was to cover up things that weren't nice and help her to put her best self forward. But the first morning of conference when there was an important session going on, she was sick (not seriously) and wanted me to stay at home and get her breakfast for her and fuss over her. Mrs. Baker was our guest then and she went in to see Emily. Emily blurted out her hurt feelings to her, and said she didn't see why or how

I could hurt her so. Mrs. Baker has just been telling me about it. She told her she ought to be ashamed of herself and asked her how she would want to add to my burden when she was perfectly able (by her own declaration) to get up. Mrs. B. said, "This is an important session of conference, too." Then E. said "well is this old conference so important that Abbie would have to hurt me so!" Mrs. B. said that she wanted to spank her. And she told her that it was an important session, and that I, being one of the leading educational workers of the mission, ought to be there and that she ought to be ashamed of herself for selfishly wanting me to be away from it when it would mean a lot to me and to the mission as well. (I had sent E. a note anyway, saying that since I ought to be at the meeting and since I knew that someone else was with her I wouldn't be back until later but instead of placating her as I hoped, it only made her worse.) But you see Mrs. B. got the brunt of that tantrum instead of my getting it, and I didn't know until days afterward that she had been upset even - except that she was sick, of course. Then she herself told me that she had thought I didn't love her at all, but that Mrs. B. told her she ought not to mind my being away at an important meeting, and so then she knew that she was wrong. But I didn't get the whole story until I got up here.

When I came away on Saturday morning and various people were sending their love to the folks up here, she said "Don't you dare give my love to Mrs. Baker, - I hate her!" Naturally I didn't repeat that to Mrs. Baker verbatim, even when she asked me if E.'s feelings were hurt at not being invited up here with me.

Now there is another complication. On this morning's mail received while I was still in bed came a letter from Ellen Peterson saying that she and a Miss Brown of our mission who is teaching at Wayland Academy were to leave Shanghai on Saturday last for a trip to Swatow and Hongkong and Canton and asking whether we could put them up for a day or two while they stopped to see the work and the workers at Swatow. I was dismayed when I first saw what the letter meant, but as soon as I told Mrs. Baker she said that I must certainly have them come up here and stay as many days as we could induce them to. They may reach Swatow this evening or to-morrow morning so I sent a special delivery letter to Emily telling about them and asking her to make arrangements about getting them up here. I know that she will think it funny that we didn't suggest her bringing them herself; but Mrs. Baker thought that it would be better not to do so. She thinks I ought to be away from her for as long a time as I possibly can be. I am not so sure myself; I think

that E. remembers things like being left out in this way, and would not be averse to reminding me of it later on. The rest of the year may be harder for me to pay up for this rest. I hope not, but E's disposition is such a jealous one that she will not forget things like this. But there I go again, worrying over a thing that I can't seem to help at all, even after I vow that I will not worry another smidge!

We are not at all certain about the guests' getting up here. Things are in an upset condition just now. Mr. Baker is not here, he is held up in Hongkong by a seamen's strike and he doesn't know at all when he will be able to get out. I am sure E. will resent Miss Peterson's coming up here to see me when she (Emily) can't come! And just now there is rumor of a strike on the train between here and Chaochowfu so perhaps the folks won't be able to come up here anyway. If for any reason they don't, I have written down to Miss Peterson that I shall come down there to see her. Perhaps I shall find out something too, about the Uffords and Mokansan. I have been hoping to hear from them but nary a word thus far. I don't know whether I shall go up there next summer, but it is quite within the range of possibility and I sort of like to think about it, whether I finally go or not. It is nice to know that some one has thought of inviting me, but it would be even nicer if they would actually invite me, don't you think so, too?

Now I am going to worry about Emily just a little bit more before I shut up this epistle, - or shut it off. I do wish that all these good people who think that Emily is a bad thing for me could know her as well as I do and then maybe they would realize that she isn't such a bad thing as they think. They all don't know how absolutely unselfish she is at times. They see something which impresses them unfavorably and then they decide for one and all that she is the limit. They don't know that she would give me the very clothes off her back if I needed them or if I didn't. Yes, I guess they do know that, after all, but n they don't know that she would do the same for anyone if she thought it was needed from her. It is only when things are demanded of her and her independence is infringed upon that she balks. She thinks the demands are unnecessary, that she is not needed to do the work and that a pleasanter way of asking her to do the things could have been found.

These people don't know that she loaned me her typewriter to bring up here with me and they don't know that she cleaned out the last of a box of stuffed dates for me to find as a surprise in my bag after I got up here. In some ways she is like a mother who is entirely willing for her child to go away, yet when the child does go, she lavishes everything she can think of upon the child. She didn't say much about my coming away until Thursday night. Then she burst out crying (she has cried heaps every day since she knew I was coming) and said "Maybe you think you ought to go away like this but its darned hard on me!" Well, nobody knows that she said that, but Elsie has heard her crying every night and knows the reason, and Marion Boss stayed in the guest room last week when she was down and she heard her crying-kept her awake half the night. And she knows the reason.

But she doesn't realize that E. has a nervous trouble which takes heaps of her strength, and that she dreads a certain time every month so much that each time now she loses her courage until she can scarcely bear to face the pain that she knows is coming without fail every month. None of these people know that Emily has neuritis in her arm almost all the time. I am positive I should be the most irritable bear in all creation if I had half of the things to bear that she has. Then, - it was not an easy thing for her to decide to do that Kindergarten work for Miss Sollman. Mabelle, being always at swords point with Miss Sollman, thinks I suppose, that Miss S. coaxed her into it. I have told Mabelle that E was honest in her thinking that the greatest need was there when she decided to help out there, but I am confident it is not possible for M. to believe that is really so. I don't know whether I ever did tell you or not, but E. told Mabelle right to her face that if she wanted to give all or any of her time to the Woman's School Work she considered it her own business and that she had the perfect right to decide for herself. Mabelle cannot conceive how a worker in the Girls' school would be able to see any work that that was more important than the work of the Girls' school. Of course I think she is wrong there and I think E. is wrong in sticking up so persistently and so disagreeably for her own way, sometimes merely for the sake of the argument, but then she has had that kind of training and she is rather proud of it than otherwise. Oh dearies! I sometimes think that I never will get things all straightened out until I have seen you and had not a three weeks but a really long rest with you in America. Did I tell you that Emily is more or less seriously thinking of switching over to work in the Woman's school so that she can come on furlough at the same time that I do? Well, the Lord knows all about all these mixed up things, and if I can only remember to believe hard that "He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee; He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed," then everything will be all right and I shall somehow be enabled not to be bothered by all of these bothersome trifles that sometimes seem to loom so high. I am glad that I have your prayers; I need them more and more all the time.

Are you glad I am through my raving for this once? I'll try not to do it again for a while.

As always, your own loving daughter,

Abbie

Miss Sollman - when E. has done with the Kindergarten - chief better, after what

No 159

Suwa, China

Sunday, Jan 15, 1922

Dear Mothers;

Your letter of Dec. 5 which came last week raises the question as to why one of my letters was written by hand instead of on the typewriter. At various times, there are various reasons. Once in a while, like tonight, I simply feel like writing to you with a pen. It seems more like talking, somehow - as though I were putting more of myself on paper, or something like that. Last summer often I'd be in my bedroom undressed and wouldn't want to take the trouble to go downstairs or out into the other room. Often before and since the moving process the typewriter has been piled high with things all over the top of it or else it has been down on the floor in some corner of the room. (I have just recently got the typewriter table for which I have planned so long.)

I don't believe I have told you yet about the letter I received on Dec. 5. Let me quote:

"You may think it strange to receive a letter from one that you have never met, but after reading the letter that you wrote to Arthur, which he kindly sent to me to read, I can hardly resist the temptation to write directly to you and tell you how much I, as well as the others of our numerous families enjoyed it. It has given me an entirely different idea of what the life work of a missionary really is, from what I have had; - and a much more favorable one. We have

never met, but your grandmother and I were very intimate friends, as well as being very closely related, and then again one of my granddaughters, Les Gaggam, now Mrs. Hodge,

did meet you at the home of brother George in New Hampshire. and his report of that meeting made us all hope that we might some time make your acquaintance, and when it was reported that you would pass through Seattle on your way to China, there were preparations made to give you a royal reception and it was a great disappointment not to have you come.

Then follows an explanation of three pictures that were enclosed (one of the three brothers, one of himself - wife - daughter, daughter's husbands, 3 granddaughters and their husbands and their children). Among other things, he says,

"Arthur and George have a whole lot the best of me financially, but I am not quite sure that I would be willing to exchange the foundation laid for this group future, for their financial gain." There he goes on;

"I suppose you have letters regularly from your relatives in the East and probably know more than I do about their movements. I hardly expect ever to visit our old home again but I am living over and over again our visit there last year. It was to me a grand meeting, but I have changed a great deal since then, had a severe spell of sickness and have never been quite the same since, but am back to my position as chief in the Federal Court in spite of the fact that I am nearing my 85th birthday - but I did not intend to write of this. Arthur has often referred to you and to your mother in his letters to me and has taken great interest in your work in China

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" He is one grand good man, and I sincerely say
this although we do not think alike, religiously, in
many respects - He has the courage of his convictions and
everybody who really knows him, respects him.

" Now hoping this will reach you safely, and that
you will not forget that you have an uncle Cyrus, even
if he hasn't been much of a success in life - and with
lots of love and best wishes for your happiness,

Yours Uncle

C. F. "

Now what do you think of that? Don't you think
I was pleased, and proud, and surprised, all at once!
It's the first time, by the way, that I ever heard it
intimated that Uncle Cy wasn't "much of a success
in life" - All I have ever heard has been quite the
contrary.

I haven't answered yet - but I expect to do so
within the coming three weeks - I shall certainly hope
to write a few letters while I am up at Baker's -
but I'm not planning to do much but rest -

I shall certainly hope to go through Seattle on
my way home - but of course that is very uncertain. I
should not dread to go there now as I would have
four years ago!

I'm busy - and some of the time tired - but school
closes on Tuesday and the girls go home on Wednesday.

Then there will be ranks to be made out, and papers to be corrected - but a big part of the strain will be gone - and then on Saturday I am hustling off up to Chaoshoufu.

Emily cried about it for two hours last night - and when I tried to comfort her she said - "I get quite a bit of satisfaction out of being miserable." I said - "Well - I don't get very much" - "That's a great pity!" she flared - and then was sorry she said it - but I took that time to kiss her good night and come off up to bed!

Yours with love,

Abbie.

Dear Pa :

Saturday, I arrived. Sunday I spent the morning in bed. Monday I did likewise. Today I did the same thing once more. Aren't I the laziest thing in all creation? Well, can you guess what I did this A.M. those lazy hours in bed? I read over some of my old letters from home and I feel a good bit cheered and at least several years younger for doing it.

Before I forget it, let me ask you something. What in the world is Canticles 2; 11 and 12? And what might it say? And is it in the apocalypse- no- er- hypocr- I mean apocrypha? And if so, why should a good orthodox minister like you be quoting from that? I thought you always declared it wasn't scripture!

Another thing. I have been chuckling over your hard and cruel observations about my wanting the moon and the thing that I decided made me chuckle all the more. I have decided that about the most important of all the things that I mentioned on that formidable list I once sent, - was the voile dress to wear to 7 o'clock tea at the American Consul's! (Not that I always wore it to the American Consul's-) Can't see the point, eh? Well, oh pshaw! Tell Ma to explain it to you. I could, of course, but it would take too long.

I have found out an interesting thing since I came up here. Did I ever mention the fact that Mr. McLorn, the Irishman who is Postmaster at the Chinese postoffice was rather sweet on Emily? Well, his attentions have been transferred to Marion Boss, who lives here with Mrs. Baker at Chaochowfu. Last week she was down at Swatow for language exam. and it was amusing to have the frequent notes which used to come to E. come to her when she was visiting at our house. She had invitations out to dinner and to tea and so on, much as Emily used to. If E. had not been so taken up with worrying about my coming away and worrying about the fact that I was perfectly *willing* to leave her and come away, she would have thought it a huge joke on herself. McLorn used to be dippy about Emily, but now Marion says that he didn't care as much for her as she probably thought. Strange!

But here is the interesting thing. After I got up here I found out that McLorn is invited up here for Chinese ^{New} Year, which is next week-end. That is another good reason why it might be just as well for Emily^{Mc} to be up here then. I think it would be embarrassing for him and possibly for Marion, but not for E., as M. thinks it would !

Again ! I happened to mention to Marion this morning that perhaps if I got better acquainted with McLorn up here he wouldn't hate ~~xxx~~ me so. She exclaimed, "Why he doesn't at all- but he does think that he did something that made you disgusted with him, for ever since a certain time he has always thought that you acted cold and distant to him." He has a good imagination ! But I hope he won't stay very long. I would much rather lie in bed and read over my dad's and Ma's old letters than to exert myself to get up and talk to him. I agree with Emily that he has some sense but is an awful nut; even though Marion does excuse him by saying, "My, dear, he's Irish ! Don't you know that explains a lot ?"

Tell me something from your store of wisdom. Are all tall girls icebergs ? Was Mother ? Or is it only a difference of opinion ? Do you suppose it is the same thing as Charles Rich's "repellent magnet" or Mr. Lindsay's "queenly, sympathetic dignity" and "goddess-like reserve" ? Or, - has it something to do with the POISE mentioned in a greatly treasured letter from the man I love best in all the world ? If it really is this last, then for all the rest I care not the snap of my fingers.

One more question. From this letter, would you think that I was descending into a physical decline, or about to have a mental collapse, or a nervous breakdown, - which ? or all ? or what else ? Or are you ready to believe me when I tell you that I feel a lot rested already ?

Love to you both from your onliest

Abbie

Chaochowfu, via Swatow, China
Feb. 1st, 1922

Dear Ones:

It has been raining all day off and on, mostly on, and Mrs. Baker has been out with Mrs. Hildreth and Mrs. Page and the Bible women, in spite of the rain, visiting in the homes of the people. It is the custom here to do that at Chinese new year. Mrs. Page often visits up here in Chaochowfu about this time of year and takes the opportunity of going into the homes of some of the boys who attend Swatow Academy. I am hoping to visit the two or three girls who are in our school, but I have to remember that health is my first consideration this trip.

Howard and Bessie Baker and John and Alice Hildreth and Howard Page have been over here playing all the afternoon and a part of the time Marion Boss and I were right down on the floor playing with them to keep them busy and at peace. The rest of the time we talked and I knitted. I am reknitting my yellow sweater, by the way. It kept on stretching and then the moths got into it and I couldn't wear it at all. I gave it to one of the girls who needed to earn some money; she ripped it up, and following some directions that I gave her, she made rather a nice looking sweater. The needles she used, though, were twice too small and so the sweater was not my size at all !

In despair I put it away for a year. The girl needed the money, so I paid her and didn't tell her that the sweater was not all right. Then one day last summer I ripped it up again myself and now I am just going to make a little sweater blouse while I am up here resting. I didn't begin it until last Friday and I already have the back done and both fronts nearly done. I am going to put a little white on the collar again, too.

Next morning:

I started to write you a whole mess yesterday about Emily. I can't seem to get her off my mind ! I told you there was a letter from Ellen Peterson saying that she expected to visit Swatow. I wrote E. and asked her to meet the boat and see about getting her up here to Chaochowfu. I had a very curt and somewhat cutting letter from her in reply, stating that she had been to the steamship offices and found

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that the boat they expected to come on had not yet left Shanghai and no other boats were expected until after Chinese New Year (last ~~Monday~~ ^{Saturday}). She also would be much obliged if I could give her the information needed for the filling out of a blank that she ~~was~~ insisted on taking and filling out for me when I was having a hard time with it just as I was ready to come up here. I sent the information immediately and I have written to her again since then. She is purposely not writing to me because she thinks it will hurt my feelings. My feelings deserve to be hurt, you know, because I was willing to think of such a thing as to come off up here away from her for a rest. I wasn't fainting away, nor was I on the verge of hysterics as I was the time when she so loyally sent me off to the Groesbeck's for a week, and so her sympathy was not aroused enough to know that I needed a rest desperately. She is maddest at Mrs. Baker, I think, but she seems determined not to write me a decent letter while I am here.

Now it may be that I am misjudging her. I know that this week she is probably feeling very mean part of the time, and maybe she will change her mind and decide not to punish me any more just now! Isn't it the limit that I have to worry about it so? If I wake up in the middle of the night, the chances are ten to one that I lie awake for an hour or two thinking about these things and the complications. I cannot seem to throw them off, no matter how hard I try. I find myself wondering what her attitude will be when I get back and whether she will still be mad at me or not and what in the world I am to do about if she is. It nearly drives me crazy to worry about things and here I find myself worrying more and more pretty nearly all the time! Oh, I am the limit, I know.

Febr 3-

Well, I sputtered quite enough, don't you think? Mr. McLorn came, as he planned, and we had a pretty good time all around. I think Mrs. Baker is a jewel to give up her home to us young folks and have to have her routine upset and everything. On the other hand she doesn't have nearly as many visitors all the year around as we do down in the port city. But she does everything she can for my comfort. She is a doctor, you know, and has studied dietetics very thoroughly. She is taking me in hand, and is

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prescribing what I shall have just about every meal. Of course, she being the housekeeper prescribes what all of us shall eat, but I mean she gets special things for me, and tells me what kinds of fruit to eat with cereal, and what things I can eat with fruits that will not go with cereal ! I am eating like a house a-fire. I tell her I am afraid that people's telling me to eat, eat will just give me a good opportunity to gormandize ! Just now my program is some thing like this:

Breakfast at 7.30 or later, consisting of non-acid fruit such as banana; cereal, either dry or cooked but dry if I am having any digestive trouble more than usual; double dried toasted bread, something like zweiback; an egg, not fried; and sometimes I may have waffles. (A waffle has about 78 calories and a person of my height needs to take about 24 hundred calories a day in his food. Can you reckon how many waffles that would mean I must eat to get the required amount of heat ? !!) If I want my orange with my breakfast I must not eat bread or cereal, but just an egg and malted milk or postum.

Then I have the rest of the fruit such as date or prune or papaya or orange at a later hour, between 10 and 11.

At 12.30 dinner, consisting of vegetables mostly (some green ones if possible, for contrast. Meat or something else to provide for the necessary protein and the toasted double dried bread again, and a light dessert of some sort.

At 4 Marion and I go down into her room, light the fire in the fireplace and set the chafing dish going then have our malted milk and toasted bread and cake. Cake is allowed if it is not a heavy one. (Mother's -- I mean, Mrs. Sanderson's sponge cake would fill the bill very well indeed !)

Then

at 6.30 or thereabouts we have supper, usually soup and dried toast, vegetables and possibly meat, or a salad, and a light dessert again, or sometimes I go without dessert.

Finally, last night Marion and I found ourselves asking each other about 9.30 P.M. if we didn't want another cup of malted milk. We did, and so the

chafing dish was set going again and we had the luxury of a box of Nabiscos sent Marion For Christmas besides. This last "meal" was not in the prescribed list, however. The other five should be enough ordinarily !

Paul Cressey, our new young missionary, is coming up here to visit; in fact, he is already in the city visiting with the other people, and I am here alone with the children. I am taking this opportunity to write a little more in my letter before I mail it to you. Mary Ogg was good to me this time last year and helped me to get some of my many letters off my mind, and this year it is Elsie Kittlitz who is helping me. I have made over the letter that I sent to Uncle Arthur, the one that drew such favorable comment from Uncle Cyrus, and she has made ten copies of it. When I was sick she took several other by dictation, and the next thing I knew, they were put on my desk all ready to mail. These ten are not as far along as that for I must add a personal paragraph to each one, and in order to do that intelligently I must go through a number of letters. But it is an amazing help, I can tell you !

I don't believe I told you about my Christmas presents, Did I ? The silver spoons in that lovely pattern, and my dear little watch come first on the list, I can tell you. I did mention the wrist bracelet that came from Emily's mother, I think. But did I tell you that Emily's present to me was a string of gold beads, graduated, just the right length to be pretty, if only I had a pretty neck to wear them on! They are not solid, but just plated, she says, but even so, they are more than she ought to give me for a present, I think ! Mabelle gave me a tortoiseshell comb from Japan, Miss Sollma a basket from Changning. Elsie a pretty hdkf and a Canton plate with the famous butterfly pattern on it. Enid a handsome filet lace collar. There were lots of other pretty little things from the other folks near here, and then from Luciele Withers (who can't come back, by the way, because there is no place for her. She is such an overpowering personality that no one can live with her. I love her, and she is a dear, but when she has visited me for a half hour I am always worn out. Even Miss Sollman, her closest friend, said, "Send her to live with me; I'll live with her, - but if you do that you'll have to give me my furlough twice as often"

5 From Luciele, I say, came a dear little enameled pin. It had red on it, and black and looks very well indeed with my black dress and the red beads that Grace Farnum gave me last year for my birthday. Helen Fielden sent a girgle made of metal rings with black and green 'bouton' effects ~~oooooooooooo~~ I wonder if you get the idea? I got some green silk in Swatow some time ago to use with the breadcloths that was in the old velvet and silk gown that I had when I came out here many years ago. I had made it into a dress but had never worn it, partly because the string belt made of the cloth was not straight and did not suit me. This belt just makes the dress and I have worn it every day, nearly, since I have been up here.

Martha Mixer sent me a Sunshine Calendar, Zu an apron with appliqued flowers and her mother a dainty organdy collar and cuff set which I immediately put on my blue silk dress. R. Whitman sent me dainty handkerchieves, and Gladys Paul a beauty of a little leather purse. Ruth Sperry sent me a victrola record "The song of the lark" sung by Melba. From Eva Grant one of the girls at Houlton, her graduation picture; a photo of Lucy Montgomery and her husband, G. Harold Newell. Of course I am delighted to have it. I am sure I have seen pictures of him before, possibly school groups that Lucy had. She wants me to come and visit them when I come home. Since I have been up here at Chaochowfu I have had thenotice from the Atlantic Monthly company that I would have the magazine again this year. Isn't Eva Sawtelle good to keep that up for me? I am ashamed that I have not written to her more but she is one among many who have been sadly neglected.

Sunday, Feb. 5:

It seems that I misjudged Emily when I thought she was not going to write to me. It seems that Mrs. Bates, the Seventh Day missionary, who invited us to her house once before, asked me to stop over to tea at her house on my way back to Swatow. Then she suggested that Emily and I come at that time. Have E. come over to meet me and have us both there then. So I wrote to E. about it twice, and just began to think that the subject was to be ignored, when yesterday I received this letter from her. I want to quote so that you can see for yourself what it is like:

"....About the party at Mrs. Bates, I'm not very

keen about it because I'm such a nut. I cry every time I think of your coming home and I hate to make a fool of myself in public. However, I spoke about it to Marjorie and she said she would like to join us, so maybe you could arrange for all three and I'll plan to come and then if I lose my nerve at the last minute I'll have another headache and Marjorie can go to meet you alone. I probably won't have to lie about my head, it aches most of the time anyhow....."

She cries so much of the time, and feels so badly to think that it doesn't break my heart to leave her. I don't know what to do about it, and keep wondering all the time what I shall do about it. I do love her a heap, and it may be that being a helper to her is just as big a part of my work out here as teaching Old Testament History is. It seems as though helping to keep her life a happy one out here, to be the scatterer of radiance that only Emily knows how to be if she but will, ~~is~~ is as likely to be a bigger help to the Chinese than the little I can teach! The trouble is that I can't teach very well and I don't seem to to succeed very well in keeping her happy unless we two are all by ourselves with not another soul to interrupt us in any way, shape or manner.

I wish I knew whether you can really understand my situation and if you have any kind of advice on the subject? I know that the best advice is, don't worry, but when I can't help it, I don't know what else to do. But am I going to help her most by humoring her or by not? I don't discuss these things at all with most people out here, and very little with anyone. Mrs. Baker says don't pay any attention to her, but how can I do that and then have it so much worse afterwards and have it make her feel so badly too? And then it wears me out so, too. I don't know but I would do better to just do what she wants and if it means wearing me out why, just BURN OUT for the cause. Youx always taught me that it was always better to have peace if possible. I am being told now that I must not let anyone run over me. I would a heap rather be run over than to have a fuss about anything, but I spose that's not right. If I keep things smooth & calm, and don't get angry and stick up for my rights, the other girls will say I'm not fair to myself, and if on the other hand I do things as Mabelle wants them done, E. will fuss and say I'm not fair to myself etc.

But I don't know why I am raving on to you about all this, unless it is to get it out of my system. Next letter I'll probably tell you that everything is hunky dory honey and pie, and I'll forget maybe that I have ever thought such ugly things. Honestly I do wish you would tell me just what your understanding of the case is, and then perhaps I'll know what I have written home. I can't imagine now even, whether you have mostly a good impression or mostly a bad one, about Emily. I wish I knew!

But you will think I am nearly ready for the asylum, unless I stop when I have said about 40-11 times that I am going to!

I don't know whether I am wise or not, but this time I think I will plan to go to Mrs. Bates even if E. doesn't want to very much and will go down on this Friday. This next week I am going to spend in resting and having breakfast in bed and getting up my nerve for the next term's work, - by the method of not thinking about it before hand!

Very much love,

Abbie



Swatow, Feb 16, 1919

Some body fan me with a toothpick, quick! Say, how do you expect me to ^{be} standing two shocks like that, both at once? The Mates discovering she has a "wonderful" darter - and at the same time, the Pates betraying a fear that the aforesaid darter will study the flesh off her bones -! You omitted to say, Pa - that I had to "go and get myself 12,500 miles away before ~~as~~ remark like that could be drawn from" - my father! As to certain other facetious remarks which you did not omit - about neatness etc - I hasten to assure you that my dignity is most highly injured - and deigns not to make reply! "Too much levity, gentlemen - too much levity!"

Let me see - I have to answer questions now - Mrs. Marshall invited me to tea before I had seen her except for an instant in the drawnwork woman's shop. But I had called on her and found her out - and she had called on me and I was out - They have gone elsewhere now and the Goodens take their place -

Mr. Rafferty - of the Standard Oil - who²
was here last spring - took Kincaid
and Varne & Mr. & Mrs. Waters and the two
boys - and Miss Northcott and Anna & Frank
Foster and me down to Double Island -
just a mile or so - & we are about six or
ten miles - as to tell the truth - I don't
know how far out into the harbor -
We went in bathing and then had
our supper down there on the veranda
of the mission vacation house - I
thought surely I had told you
about it -

Dr. and Mrs. Foster did not go
home after all - they only went to
Japan for the summer. They
wanted to go home - but the
mission was afraid if they did
that Mrs. Foster's health would
prevent them both from
returning.

Dr. Everham lives in Sherwin
Bungalow -

Oh - folks - you don't know
how much your letters mean to
me and how much they help me!

They're a wonderful incentive for
all sorts of good thoughts and deeds.
When they first come, I tear them

open in such a hurry that
Sometimes I tear the letters inside,
and then I read them so fast
that I miss some of the things
you write - This must be so -
for I always read them over
twice in succession and invariably
find something the second time
that I didn't see the first time -

I read them over so much, though -
that there is no danger of my missing
very many details.

Every letter writes that you are
so busy - and Mother, I've been
half afraid to open every letter that
came - for fear it would say you
were laid on your back - Sweeping
that church all alone, too - That
makes me mad! Haven't any of
them got the sense of a louse?

But then - if I remember - this
isn't your virgin trip at "cleaning
up afterwards."

Did I tell you about the
nice little silk bag I got from
Gladys Paul at Christmas time?
and the pretty pretty pink and
white crêpe de chine handkerchief

from Lillian Carson?

4

The last two mails have been very generous to me - Three letters from you - cards from R. E. Peterson, Riverside Farm, and Dora Libby - and letters from Jessie Webster, Eva Sawtelle, In Stage, Lucy Montgomery and Gladys Lyman - Don't that fine?

I don't remember Allie Watts - though the name sounds familiar. J. says he has just succumbed to influenza - Farmer Loomis has died - and Mrs. Kalimer and Mrs. Mitchell are going south -

Xmas night Weller and Gladys went on their first spree since they were married - To N. Y. to see the fleet come in from its service in foreign waters - saw a big land parade of sailors and nine sea planes and a dirigible flying over N. Y.

She adds "We were glad, though, to get back to the kiddies" - She's a splendid mother - I'm sure!

Who is Lillian Sawyer -? J. says she is training to be a nurse - Its terrible how you forget - isn't it?

I suppose Myrtle had her second³ baby in January. and of course Jim very anxious to hear all about it - She wrote me that she was very busy getting ready.

My black dress has been finished but is not yet quite done - do you understand how that may be? I sewed on the last snap in time to wear it to the Valentine party we had over at Sherwin Bunker Friday night - but the little "patch" on the front is not exactly right - so I must fix it up a bit - But the general effect is good - Marguerite says it's a huge success -

I have been studying like a good one this week - and shall continue to do so - I'm afraid I dare not hope for such good results from my next exam - for there is so much to be gone over -

The whole remaining 15 chapters of ^{characters} Mark - remaining 37 chapters of Peep of Day (romanized) (over 100 pages) 6 hymns - about a hundred new radicals and their numbers - much harder than any of the others -

And may have more later —

7

Mother - I'm sending under separate cover the trousers I promised you for your birthday - Only fearing you never would use them as they were - I have made them into something you will know better how to use - I'm also sending a copy of our South China Annual - printed out here - with many mistakes - The two parts of my report were written together and this split has had part of its sense spoiled, I'm afraid -

I had a very clever slave in a complimentary form - by way of a valentine - A beautiful lady sitting on the moon - fishing with a pole and line - has impaled a little red heart - Underneath the picture is the sentiment: "Bending down from out the starry heights, my heart you've caught..." Peggy W. also had once something about "Peg o' my Heart." They were both posted in Swatow and had typewritten addresses - Peggy thinks! Mr. Klubein and Mr. Holsworth who live on this side, sent them

But I don't - I think Helen Fielder &
made them - (they are home made -
and beautifully done) - Isn't it
funny -? Variety is surely the
spice of life!

Well - I'm writing at my desk
back in my room again - I thought
the little addition to it is not yet
finished - The floor is down - and the
first coat of paint and white wash
have been laid - and the moulding
over the brick archway fixed.
But the floor still has to be oiled -
and the second coat of paint etc
laid - I'm in hopes!!

The two characters on this
paper mean "Wild. Goose" and
are supposed to mean all
sorts of compliments - I don't
know just how!

I do appreciate the news from
the Advocate so much - I hope I
shall have it all the time. I'm
out here! -

Much love to my dear ones.



Abbie.

I lost more in the typhoon than anyone else here in this house, I think. I had just ordered my new shutters for the porch outside my bedroom, and they were finished the week or so before, but I had never set eyes on them. The big wind blew one of them all to splinters and the others were blown right out of their casements and badly broken up. I have not even dared to ask how much it will cost to put them back again because I simply have not the money to do it with now and there are not enough workmen to do all the work anyway. The roofs and buildings where the pupils are to live must all be finished first and then the things that are less important can be done. But I hope that it will not take a great deal to put the shutters back because I shall not know just where to look for the cash. I may have to ask Mother to send some more of Mr. Giberson's money out to me but I am not going to until I have to for I know that there will be a great many things that I shall want to bring back with me after furlough. I gave out a good bit of tatting thread at the beginning of the summer and some of it was not damaged but the sky blue pink and the purple brown and the sickly dirty gray colors have already begun to come back. I don't yet know whether anything can be done with some of the thread that is worst or not. A great deal of it has not yet come in. *I lost a few old Chinese embroideries, but not much.*

The high school classes began yesterday (this is Wednesday now!) and I still have a little leisure on my hands because I happen to have no high school subjects this term. If I were teaching all old subjects I should have more time and could teach more than I do, but with this new subject of Child study I have to spend a good deal of time in preparation. It will never be as hard again. I guess you have heard me say that about a good many things since I came to China. But then I have done a number of things "for the first time" since I came to China. I have plenty to do as it is, with getting ready the various rank cards for the teachers to keep their ranks on, etc. Then I am hoping that I can do a good bit.

Abbie

P.S. Mother's letter said Arthur was not going to take his family". I couldn't make out whether she meant to meet Pawlet - or merely to Fitchburg when he went to see Mrs. Webber. Are they to stay in Essex? Didn't Ruby's letter sound just like her, though!

I puzzled
some ladies
this first
word - its "
Friday

CLAYMORE HOUSE,
SWATOW,
CHINA.

Friday.

Dear Miss Sanderson,

I shall be
very pleased if you
will come over to
tea tomorrow afternoon
at four o'clock?

Sunday
Feb. 16,

Notice the heading, "Claymore House", and the gold edges, if you please! This arrived yesterday morning while I was in Swanton shopping with Helen. We had taken a lunch before we started, at ten - and didn't get back until about two - so it was nearly 4 o'clock - it was four, by the time I had eaten my dinner, taken my bath, and donned my "pretty blue dress". And then it looked so rainy that I went & took off my coat and hat and sat down to my own tea table. The girls didn't come down just that minute so I went outdoors to look again - and it had stopped raining so I went after all - I had to go over all alone - I knew

Peggy Mellowood
had had an
invitation
because her's
arrived earlier
than mine did.
so I knew she
would be there.

She spent the
day at Mrs. Goodeno's
(Mrs. G. is the one
who takes Mr. Marshall's
place with the Standard Oil Company.)

Your very sincerely
Cecil S. Hance

De. Moore.

Wish I shall be

David Lincoln

So I knew she would be there - but I had to
go over all by my lonesome - I didn't expect
to see all the Community American boys - and
Mr. and Mrs. Waters - and Mrs. Goodens and Mr.
Klubers there, but they were! And what do you
think? Mr. and Mrs. Waters made their excuses
as soon as tea was over, and came home, leaving
us without chaperonage home! I was quite shocked
and horrified! I had ordered a boat to be
waiting for us - but I paid him and left
him and we came home in Mr. Klubers
Boat - as usual! A very nice time - with
heaps of cake, and lemon in our Tea!

Didn't I tell you - Mr. Hauss has charge of one of
the coast steamships companies - Mrs. H. has always lived

Shanghai etc.
not in S. China but not in S. China

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Swatow, China. Feb. 21, 1922

Dear Ones:

I have just torn up a long letter to you which I discovered was full of complaining and details which would do you no good to hear and do me no good to tell. I suppose I should not have told you that. I tore it up, and then you would not be curious to know what was in it. Well, there was nothing important in it that you don't already know, so much for that. But I think it is a disgrace for such a long time to go by without your hearing from me, and I wanted you to know that I did write a letter even though it was too bad to send. You remember it was you who taught me that I should never send a letter unless it was worth the postage that carried it. That is why I tore that one up!

You see it is this way: Emily met me at the station and was still peeved because I had gone away and left her. I did not know how she was going to treat me, and I don't know now what would have been the outcome if she had not fainted on the middle of things (just from the excitement of having me come back). She said she was not going to be decent to me, but when she fainted and I took care of her, she had to give in and admit to herself that she really did love me after all! I believe we have that matter pretty well straightened out. She knows now that I felt the clash was pretty bad and that I was worn out from it. Marguerite told us the other day that a good many people were thinking Emily was a drag on me, and that she demanded too much of my time and attention. I told her that it was a clash that worried me and sent me nearly frantic. Emily has been more careful since then and she tries very hard to avoid clash. Her nature likes anything with an argument to it, strange as that may seem when she will not if possible enter any kind of a contest whatever. She feels terribly to think that so many people have been discussing her affairs, and it has made her even more self-conscious than before. She resents the idea that people are talking about her behind her back and saying things that are not true. She really is a fine girl, but of the type that I have not known intimately before and so hard for me to understand. But we are good friends now and I guess will remain so until the end of the chapter.

This is not much of a letter, but I am going to put with it the one I scribbled in pencil over at school and call the two one letter! More next time!

Very lovingly your daughter,

Abbie

(At school)

Swatow, China

Feb 21, 1922

Dear Mother:

✓

Over home in the jaws of
my typewriter is a letter just begun to
you this morning. Now it is 3 P.M.
I am sitting at the table in the
assembly room, keeping guard over
a group of little mischief who are
fidgeting on their benches and wishing
they were outdoors playing ball or
skip rope - instead of cooped up
in the schoolroom doing their
"stunt" at cross-stitch! They are
allowed to talk in low tones - and
every once in a while a spontaneous
ripple of laughter spills out and
they have to be reminded that other

people are studying and they must be quiet. Last term I began them on this cross-stitch business - and when Mabelle came back she told me that she thought we ought to stick to the plain sewing. I agreed with her but had no teachers to teach them to sew their Chinese garments - I could only teach them what I myself knew a little about - and I am dead sure I could not make a pair of Chinese trousers to save my life!

So this term when the question of sewing came up again, we still had no sewing teacher, and Mabelle came around to the idea that perhaps it would be a good

plan to have every girl in school learn hemstitching and cross stitch. So we are using the cloth that I had already bought for the purpose, and are going to make breakfast sets (runners and napkins) hemstitched and crossstitched.

Last term I had one girl helping for half the period - and half the period I had to go & teach an English class. The life is not quite as hectic now as it was then. So now I stay here $\frac{3}{4}$ of the period, and there are four girls who help teach. To be sure they stay only half the period - but they get

things started, and that is a good deal.

As I expected, I am finding things much easier this term. If Emily continues to "behave herself", as she calls it - and keeps on sitting hard on her temper, I am sure I shall get fat as butter in no time. My suit skirt band is tight now - and I can't remember when that has been so since the first year I was out here. So cheer up!

Where last term I had a hundred things on my mind at once, now I have not the responsibility of the whole - and I have greater freedom to

attend properly to one thing after another

Here is my schedule

8.30	(Chapel)				
8.45	Morning worship once a week				
8.45	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri
9.30	8th grade Arithmetic every day				
9.30					
10.00	Old Testament History every day				
10.10	High School	Study	Study	Proverbs	Study
10.30	Solved				
10.45	3rd yr	Study	Study	Proverbs	Study
11.15	Proverbs				
11.15	7th grade Arithmetic every day				
11.45					
2.1	Music	Music	Hand work	Music	Music
2.3	Lessons	Lessons		Lessons	Lessons (?)
2.30					
3.0	Study		↓	Study	
3.30					
3.30	Study every day				
4.30					

All these subjects are taught in Chinese and of course the study is all translating English into Chinese, or reading Chinese characters - so it makes a pretty full week.

Did I tell you about the fuss we had at conference? I don't believe I did for those days were so full! I was up before the Woman's Committee, who suggested to me that I drop everything at school and spend my whole time in the country looking after primary day schools this next term. I went to them before I talked with Mabelle (for fear they would think I had been influenced by talking with her) and told them that I thought

the whole matter would be much happier for everyone concerned if we should be allowed to work ^{on} that sort of detail for ourselves. Mabelle is obviously the one above the rest of us to do that work - with all her special training along that line. However I'm willing to do whatever I can if it is the best thing. This sort of management simply ignored Mabelle and all her splendid training and ignored the fact, too, that she is the one now who is "running this ranch" - !

So while the woman's com.

finally recommended only that
"more attention be given the
country schools, and that in
the fall, the equivalent of
one whole worker's time be
given to country work if possible"
still, that is only a recommendation
and as far as I can see, no
worker will be free for that
much work.

But already Miss Sullivan^{has}
begun to ask me when I am
going out into the country -
and immediately I find
myself back at my former
station - betwixt Scylla
and Charybdis!

Must close —

Love Abbe

Swatow, China, Feb. 23, 1922

Dear Ones:

Oh, today has been a happy day! And I almost think I could call it a real Maine day, too. I had a letter from Miss Gilpatrick, to whom I have written twice since I have been in China. This Christmas I sent her a drawwork handkerchief. I didn't dare hope that that would bring a response, but it has, and such a response! I am at once proud and humble and delighted to have a six page foolscap letter written by her own hand from so busy a lady as Miss Gilpatrick. I can't tell you all she said, and I can't yet bring myself to let the precious thing go out of my hands, but I can tell you this much, it is a great joy to feel that she has not been entirely disappointed in me!

She tells me all about the things she has been doing as chairman of the department of Physical education of the Colby Alumnae Association, sends me a circular telling all about the new Gymnasium the Association plans to build for the Colby women, and then hastens to assure me that she is not soliciting from me! And when she has told me a lot about that sort of thing, she goes on to tell me that Harold Morse is teaching Mathematics at Cornell, that Katharine Bowen is living at home in New York and is taking a few courses in Columbia, and that Robert Bowen married Elizabeth Hodgkins, that Eva Owen and Bob have received a bequest, she of \$20,000 and he of \$1000 from a wealthy man in Winthrop who leaves the rest of to Oak Grove (I have already had this news from both Edith and Eva.

Then she wants to know what she can do to help my school. I think the first thing I shall ask her is to tell me of some one who will sell some drawwork the proceeds to be my share towards the new Gymnasium! Oh, I can't tell you what it meant to me to have that letter from her!

The next letter I opened was from Waterville, and had "G.C. Fletcher" written in the upper lefthand corner. I thought it was from the Colby Y.W.C.A. and probably from missionary Fletcher's daughter. It was from Colby all right, and from the Y.W.C.A., and not from Grace Fletcher, but from Gertrude Fletcher, the little girl from Monticello with the pretty golden curls hanging down her back. Since she knew me she wanted to be the one to write to me. The Y.W.C.A. girls were writing to all the alumnae in foreign parts. Hers was a long letter too, eight good sized letter pages telling a good deal about what the girls are planning to do at Colby and repeating a few of the things that Miss G. had said in her letter. And far from the least pleasure I had in the letter was in the fact that the paper upon which it was written bore at the top the beautiful gold shield, - the coat of arms of Chi Omega! She adds, "When I used to glance at the pretty pin you wore in the classroom at Ricker, little did I realize that I would have one of my own and cherish it so much." Then she speaks of the little talk I gave in the girls' dormitory before I came away, etc.

And the "Maine Messenger" came in the same mail. Wouldn't you call it a Colby day? And do you blame me for feeling pretty exuberant! (I thought sure there was an "h" in that word until I saw it written out!) I have reasons for not being so joyful, too. I went to the Arithmetic class this morning, confident that I could explain to everyone's satisfaction the method of finding the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle. Lo and behold after I am well launched in the process, I find that I have failed to book up the Chinese for the necessary terms and I can no more say 'perpendicular' or 'base' or 'hypotenuse' than I can say 'hippopotamus' (which I can't say to save my neck!) So I had the girls look up the terms in their Chinese Arithmetic books. When I came home at noon I found that they had mixed the hypotenuse and the perpendicular and now I suppose they will forever and a day be trying to add the square of the hypotenuse and that of the perpendicular when they want to find the square of the base (or some such mixed up thing). I wonder if I'll ever get 'em straightened out?

Mother did you ever get word that the \$25 draft you sent reached me safely last May? And have you received my letter telling how dearly I love the spoons from you and the watch from Father and Arthur? I am glad you liked the things that Clara brought to you, and now I can tell you the prices of some of them. Fathers chopsticks cost 30¢. Do you see now why I thought I could afford to send him some little Chinese baskets and

things? Arthur's silk was about \$2.50 gold. The "rabbit skin to wrap the baby hunting in" was about the same price. It has been fumigated but all the airings you might want to give it would not hurt it I am sure. The cape was \$12 Mex. which means a little more than \$6 gold. It may seem like a big price but the New York shop price on that would probably be between \$50 and \$100 somewhere. I am not very definite, am I? But that is the nearest I know.

I hope you have received the box by this time. I can tell you the prices of some of those things too. I valued them low, because I see no sense in paying a high duty for a lot of little things. I am afraid you will have too much duty to pay as it is. Clara did not have to pay any duty for the things I sent (she said so in a letter to Emily and me). She still has some of my money and I think I told her to give it to you but can't remember.

The tea cloth was \$4.60 and the tray cloths \$1.10 apiece. The cross stitched runners were \$3.00 a pair, the yoke \$1.00, the writing paper about 30¢ a box, the baskets mostly not more than five cents apiece, some less; all the chopsticks I sent, 2¢; inkstick, 33¢ 10¢; inkstand, 30¢; pen, 10¢; red invitations, about 7 cash apiece. Chinese shoes, \$1.25; abacus, 10¢; embroidery, 15¢; purse and watch case, 10¢; stove, bowl and spoon, 30¢; scroll, 25¢ (GULLIANG); backscratcher (the little ivory or bone hand), 20¢; lichees, 20¢; tiny tea set, 10¢; incense sticks, 5¢; brass incense bowl, \$1.00. The rest of the things I either had given to me or have forgotten the price.

If there are things that you think of that you wish I would bring home when I come, write to me when you think of them and don't wait until it is nearly time for me to come home, for the reason that if you tell me too long ahead of time I will have forgotten. I will try to write them down in a notebook as I find out what I want to take home and then collect them as I have opportunity. And don't fail to tell me if there are things you would like to have me send you now. I have a number of packages to send you sample post. I don't think it would be a wise policy to send too many, and the sets of tea napkins I am planning to send you in a package with some other things. They are too valuable to risk losing any of them and so spoiling the sets. When I send them I will tell you about prices and what I am sending.

Just now more mail has come in, - a letter from Bessie Pierce, who has broken off her engagement and is working at Bethel Bible Institute in Spencer this winter. She seems to feel that she had not been living as she should and it is a relief to her to get to a place like Spencer where the religious spirit is such a real thing. There was a letter too from Cousin Harriet, from Orlando, Florida. She sent a real "American dollar bill and said she was sending me a little gift made from the pine needles. I am anxious to see what it is. I sent her a handkerchief and a pair of tassels at Christmas time. I had handkerchiefs and things down on my list to send to Aunt Gertrude, Aunt Bertha, etc. But I didn't get around to it in time and so it will have to wait another year I am afraid. And then too I do not know what on earth to send to Uncle George and Uncle Will and all the other men and I can't send to some unless I send to all. Have you any idea what they would be likely to like?

I have been vaccinated, and strange to say, after twenty years it has "taken" again. I took with a vengeance and I am a little bit done up with it. I am glad to know, tho, that I shall not be in danger of small pox in the near future! And my tummy is behaving very well since I got back from Chaochowfu. I have not eaten any bread except double dried, and I am continuing the rule of not eating acid fruits at the same time that I eat starchy foods. I am taking the oil every day as before and I think I am getting better every day.

I enclose a little missive to me from Mrs. Worley, the chairman of the language committee. It is not quite as thrilling, perhaps, as the news that I have passed a language exam. with the grade of excellent, but the pride of me do undoubtedly be most inordinate and altho I think I did not show it to anybody, I was really as puffed up as a peacock. I am sending it to you that you may share the puffed-up, inordinate-pride business along with your most lucky, undeserving daughter, who is

Always lovingly yours,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 24, 1922

Dear Mother :

Numbered packages are as follows:

1. 3	batiste handkerchiefs	@ 60¢	\$1.80
2. 3	linen "	@ 75¢	2.25
3. 1	blue stork centerpiece		1.55
4. 1	centerpiece		2.00
5. 3	linen handkerchiefs	@ 75¢	2.25
6. 3	" "	"	2.25
7. 3	-hdkfs	@ 60¢	1.80
8. 1	centerpiece		1.90
9. 1	square center		2.60
10. 3	hdkfs	@ 68¢	1.74
11. 3	" "	"	1.74
12. 3	" "	@ "	1.74
13. 3	" "	@ "	1.74
14. 1	tray cloth		1.80
15. 1	" "		2.10
16. 1	" "	@	2.00
17. 1	" "		1.70
18. 1	" "		1.70
19. 1	center		2.80
20. 1	"		1.90
21. 1	sq. center		2.30

Tea Napkins per doz 8.00

These are all samples, you see, and are sent sample post, which is much cheaper than parcel post, I think. The tea napkins are about \$7 and \$8 a dozen and I shall send them registered parcel post. It will be interesting to notice which of the packages arrive first and whether they come in the proper order or not. The prices given above are Max. and should be divided in two to get the amount gold. If people want to order any like the samples I wish you would draw the pattern if they are particular about having the identical thing. You had better give them the prices as I have given above (~~in dollars~~) for in sending a quantity of things there would be duty to pay and that with a small profit, would soon bring the price up nearly double. Do you understand about it, I wonder? It is a pretty mixed up mess, I must admit!

One of the school girls has wrapped these for me, noting the price in a little notebook, and another one is addressing them to me. So you see it is not taking very much of my time.

Feb. 28:

Sunday, and Emily and I have been alone all day. She has not been very well and had to go to bed this afternoon, so I have been trying to make things a bit more comfortable for her. She has been very brave and has borne the pain wonderfully, as she always does when I fuss over her. It is only when we or more especially I, don't seem to care as much as we ought to about her being sick that she is hard to please. But today she is lovely and seemed so grateful for my picking up her room and bringing her malted milk and everything.

Do you remember telling me that if Martha Mixer had really thought a great deal of me she would not have hurt me by writing such a letter as she did? Well, I have decided that there are some people who can love very deeply and yet intentionally hurt just as hard as they can the very ones they love the most. It has been dead against everything you have ever taught me, and I know that for years it has not been my habit to hurt anyone intentionally, most of all those I love dearly. That is due to the teaching that I have had I guess. But you see Emily has that habit so much that she thought I was intentionally hurting her by going off to Chaochowfu this vacation. And she admits that if she is hurt by anything or blue or jealous, her impulse is to take her spite out on those that are closest to her (because she knows they will stand it I suppose!) Why in the world am I still harping on this strain is more than I can tell, for since "arguerite" talk Emily has been putting up a splendid fight and a winning one too, and has controlled herself many times for my sake. The thing is, she ought not to be doing it for my sake, though! I guess the reason I can't seem to forget about it is that I am spoiled by having had friends who would love me no matter what I did, and if little things I did or said sometimes hurt them it

hidden with all care and every means was taken not to hurt me by word or look. Myrie Percy would as soon cut off her right hand, I think, as to say a cross word to me. I suppose I mention her because I just had a very beautiful letter from her - -

I'm enclosing a be-spangled lace collar, made in Shanghai, for your birthday present. Pao's confectionery, sent about a month ago, should have arrived but been devoured by now -

Love

Abbie

Swatow, Mar 9, 1922.

Dearest People on Earth:

Where do you suppose I am? On board the Kwongsang, the first steamer for Canton after a strike of forty-six days all along the China coast! Emily and I are off for a spree for ~~some~~ ^{some}. We are going to an Educational Conference of this Kwangtung district. Mabelle planned to go to Canton last week for a Publication Society meeting, but couldn't go because all the workmen on all the Chinese coast steamers had struck for higher wages - All the clerks and houseboys in Hongkong also struck, in sympathy - so of course no one could safely go anywhere -

Sat. A. M. Mar 11. Hongkong harbor -

Thursday night I got sleepy - and all day yesterday we loafed and slept - We have had a

wonderful trip - neither of us seasick - as indeed we
had no reason to be. We sailed from Swatow
harbor at 6 A.M. Friday - and ~~anchored~~ outside
Hong Kong about eleven last night. We shall
not get ashore here for we have only about
three hours and we are not up to the docks.
We shall stop here on our way back - and
do what shopping we can't get done in
Canton.

We have pages filled - of errands to do
for other people. It means a lot of work
but I shall feel heaps better if I am
able to do it; for other people have bought
so many things for me when they have
taken trips! - I don't like to have the weight
~~all~~ on the other side of the scale!

I was astounded when Mabelle suggested that some of us come to this Conference - and astounded that she thought it O.K. for Emily and me to come away at the same time. It will be a splendid thing for us both. You know I got some real physical rest at New Years time, but both E. and I were more or less worked up mentally and this is a relief from all sorts of strain.

There is only one first class cabin on this boat. We eat with the officers (though we haven't seen the captain yet!) and are just doing as we deem prudent. We think it would be an ideal place for a ^{little} honeymoon - no one else to see how we look or what we do - Each of us

is going to remember this particular boat in the event of matrimony!

I am leaving monthly examinations for my classes (It usually takes about a week for review and exam and everything.) so they don't have to miss so much. Then a Chinese teacher will give the Arithmetic classes on the abacus ^{I have prepared} and ~~x~~ some work ahead for the Bible classes - copying notes etc.

We are out to do some shopping, - everything from a garden rake to an ivory elephant - with all sorts of things from toothbrushes to hat frames in between! We shall look like a caravan when we start back!

Hooray for Ralph Dudley - ! Ruth and Ralph are splendid brother & sister names - and as you know - I like the name Sanderson better than any other -
~~so far!~~ Love Abbie

Canton, Mar 17, 1922

Wether my dear!

Just now we are at the opening session of the Educational Conference, - and it happens that the first discussion is in Chinese, since Chinese, in Canton, means Cantonese, it's no use for us to try to look wise, even, as we are giving up and not trying to listen - The dialects are as different as French and German.

Well - we have certainly been having some trips! We arrived in Canton about two miles down the river late Saturday night. Sunday morning we were brought up to a place they call Shameen landing about 10 o'clock - We had an awful time to tell the coolie to take us to the nearest hotel - but an English girl who happened along helped us out. We went to the Victoria hotel where we tried to telephone to someone who knows us, for we didn't know where anyone lives here, (Miss Sullivan and the Waters were away there two days after we decided to come, Mabelle gave us some very indefinite directions and they didn't help us at all.) At the hotel they couldn't

2 Tell us a thing about Mr. Bronnell nor
Dr. Chambers - They did know Dr. Hayes
and said they would get him on the phone.
I talked on the phone with Mrs. Hayes - who
said "no", she didn't know about the Conference,
and didn't know whether we should get in
touch with Mr. Bronnell - sorry she couldn't help
me, - good bye!" - I did feel rebuffed and we
thought if that were a sample of "Southern
Hospitality" that we preferred northern! Since
then we have found out that we didn't get
Mrs. Hayes on the phone at all - and she isn't
guaranteed as we thought we had excellent reason
for believing she was -

Since we couldn't get anything over
the phone we decided to go to Canton
Hospital ourselves and find out. We got a
coolie to take us there and found that
the Hayeses no longer live there. Mrs.
Wright, a Presbyterian doctor's wife said
she could put us up for a few days - So
we went back to the hotel for tiffin, and
then took our baggage over to the hospital.

In the afternoon at church we
met some of the Southern Baptist people -
Miss Gunn, one of the younger ones, insisted
on our going out with her to their

3) compound, which is way outside the city. We decided to stay with Mrs. Wright (who was lovely to us) that night.

The next day we had a conference with Mr. Hayes about our glasses - Then in the afternoon Miss Gunn came in and we spent several hours in the Mother of pearl and ivory shops - It's fascinating - but we tramped and tramped and when we got out to Miss Gunn's house we were unspeakably weary - Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we spent shopping, and now comes the business.

This is an awful scribble but I spare you'd rather have it than none at all - so I'm sending it along -

Love

Abbie

Swatow, China, Mar. 26, 1922

Dearest Ones:

Back again at the old post! We had a splendid trip to Canton and I am so glad we went. The last two days down there were rather hard on both of us but we are getting a little bit rested and everything is fine.

I don't know where to begin to tell you about what we did. (We went shopping Monday Tuesday Wednesday and part of Thursday.) Friday morning we went over to the Southern Baptist Girls' School and I spoke a little speech to them. Then we were taken over the grounds and shown the boys' school too. In the middle of the morning we went in to the city to the opening session of the educational conference. It was there that I wrote you a little scribble in pencil. That morning the most of the discussions were in Cantonese and we were very much disappointed. But in the afternoon and the next day almost everything was in English and ~~was~~ fine. One of the most helpful things was a report of the educational commission here in China last spring, given by one of the members sent on the commission (to investigate and suggest plans regarding educational matters) Mr. Graybill, who teaches in Canton Christian College and who is the author of the very finest set of English books there is to teach Chinese students the difficult subject of English. I was so glad last spring when the commission came here (no it was fall by the time they got here) that we were already beginning to use Graybill's books.

But the educational conference is held primarily for the people of Canton and of course we are in a way outsiders. They were very cordial and welcomed us most heartily. Several of the problems are purely Cantonese, but even so, we think it is a good thing for us to show interest and put ourselves on the map, so to speak. Mr. Brownell, Clara Leach's cousin, was the secretary of the conference and he was very very nice to Emily and me. I won't bore you with telling about all the discussions, but just say that one of the most important things was the decision to keep pace with the government schools in the adoption of the 6-3-3 system; having 6 years grammar, 3 years junior high school and 3 years senior high school in the course which prepares for college. We could vote for that with gusto, since we already have one more year of grammar than most schools out here have, and since there is no school for girls in this district that is nearly of the grade of ours.

On Friday afternoon we went out with the others to Canton Christian College. There was a community tea, and it was at the house of Mrs. Brownell, who is a most charming lady. I surely do hope I shall get to know her sometime. Then we rushed back across the river to get ready to go to dinner with Mrs. Hayes. I forgot to say that on Wednesday evening we went to a dinner given in honor of General Schurmann, the American Minister to China. He gave a splendid talk which cleared up some of my hazy ideas about the Washington Conference. We met more people there, including Mrs. Graybill, who is a rare spirit, in the class with Annie Cranska and Mrs. Speed, Mrs. Groesbeck, yourself and others (Don't feel neglected, for you are in a class all by yourself, you know!) Mrs. Graybill sat across from us at the dinner and she invited us out to her house at the college for dinner the following Sunday. (We went and had a most delightful visit together)

On Saturday afternoon after the conference was over Mr. Brownell took us to some of the places of interest in the old city. Perhaps another day I can write more about that. On Monday and Tuesday we visited schools until we couldn't see straight. By Tuesday night at five o'clock when we left Canton on the river boat for Hongkong, I was so tired that I didn't know what to do. We didn't sleep much that night in spite of the fact that the weather was fine and that there are never big waves on a river anyway. About eight in the morning we went ashore at H.K. and began our shopping tour. We did buy some hats and some shoes but did not have time to get some of the things we wanted most of all, such as matting and dishes etc. We spent a horrible half hour just at noon thinking that we had missed our boat, but eventually we got it, and had a very rough trip up the coast. We should have arrived at daylight but the wind and sea held us back until noon. But, although we may not have been far from it, still neither of us was seasick. I don't see why I wasn't, for the boat pitched and rolled until everything in that cabin was knocking around. When I was combing my hair in the morning I bumped first a suitcase, then the wall of the cabin, then the electric light, then some tongs and shovels that we had bought for our fireplaces. Finally Emily sat up in her berth and grasped me by the belt of my petticoat to hold me a steady

until I got my hair into some sort of shape. But as I said before, I was not seasick!

It is good to get back and we love everybody here more than we did before we went if anything. Moreover, I found waiting for me twenty letters, sixteen of them personal ones. Yours and Father's of Feb 13, Arthur's, a card from Pearl Mason who is sailing for America. The other letters were from Mary Oggä, Ethel Peterson, Grace Patton, Miss Brigham, Hattie Kilcollins (who is eating her poor heart out in California wishing she never had gone), Mrs. Burlingame, Grace Farnum, Miss Merritt (formerly of New Haven where a class is helping with Mrs. Lim's salary), My Mabel Bovell, Mrs. Speed, and also My M.A. Isn't that a pile worth coming back to? I was so sorry for Emily, for she had only the one for her mother. However, I don't need to feel so sorry for her, do I? If I had lacked that one and had had all the others, I should have felt very poor, and if she had had as many as I did but none from her mother, I should have felt rich if my only one had been from Mother.

Well, that is not all. There were any number of papers for both of us, and besides some chocolates that her aunt sent to her, I had the latest novel, "If Winter Comes", from Helen Fielden (She sent me one gift at Xmas, but here is another) ~~She also sent me some fiction books, and I am always glad to have them, as you know.~~ There was a pretty little pine needle basket from Cousin Harriet in Florida, and a handsome enameled black tin box containing slightly mussed but perfectly good (its all gone now!) penuchi, walnut creams and divinity fudge made for me on New Years Day by I.K. and Lucy. Now don't you think that is just lovely? My heart was warmed by all these things, I can tell you.

We have had another mail since, on yesterday. Another letter from you and the bunch of Priscillas and Needlecrafts, for which I can never thank you enough. Did I tell you that I am having the handwork at school now and these papers ~~nearby~~ have useable hints. I am still looking for the Alumnus which you spoke of sending. I am wondering if by chance it is the one that has some letter from me in it. Miss Gilpatrick said that she sent part of a letter to Mr. Chipman and he put it in. I cannot for the life of me think what might have been in that letter and tremble as I wonder what kind of a mess it may be. She urged me to write a little about Chima or my work and then said "He'll print anything"! Isn't that encouraging?!

Now when I tell you this next, you will not worry about your daughter's poor health, but thank your lucky stars and hers that she is as husky as she is. The doctors have told Emily that she must go away next summer and be examined, perhaps treated, but almost certainly have another operation. Her troubles are getting worse and worse and they think she cannot stand it for another three years and more. I guess that some of them who were worrying about what the effect of her disposition was on other people have decided that her mental states may largely be accounted for by her physical condition. People have been advising me to get away to a cool climate. We had just finished arrangements to go to Chayang and stay in the empty house there when along comes this blow to Emily. (So the prospects now are that we'll be in Kuling for the summer. There is a sanatorium and the air is very cool and refreshing.) At first I was frightened at the thought of facing a big operation with Emily, away off there so far from anyone else. But while Emily wants to get away from the most of the people on this compound, I am one of the persons who loves her and is loved by her, and Elsie Kittlitz is another. And Elsie is going with us. That takes the weight off my shoulders, do you see? And although I may not have said very much about it, Elsie certainly is a dear and I am tremendously happy to think that she is going along. I am still astounded at the thought of the trip. *Emily is very glad too, but Elsie is*

My tonsils have been growing again, and while I could perfectly well wait until I go home to have them fixed, I may have those unruly roots out while I am there with her. But that is not a serious thing and nothing at all to worry about.

Ever so much love,

Athe

No 166

Swatow, China

Apr. 6, 1922

Dear Father:

This just ~~for~~ send you
some snapshots which show our
new house in its location - I'm
not going to write a real letter,
but just explanation of the
pictures - mostly on the backs of
the pictures.

The conference group I can't
write all on the back so I'll do
that here:

Back row, left to right -

Misses Mason, Simonson, Kittitz, Culley, Northcott,
Campbell, Egg, Mrs. Warley, Mr. & Mrs. Hildreth, Miss
Johnson, Messrs. Page, Waters, Beath, Cressey -
In front of Waters, Beath & Cressey are Miss Foster and
Mrs. & Mr. Carman -

Second row -

Misses Bohn, Smith, Mrs. Giedt, Miss Winn, Mrs. Waters,
* Mr. & Mrs. Baker, Mrs. & Mr. Capen, A. J. S., E. Miller,
Mrs. Leshar, Mrs. Page, Dr. Leshar

Front row -

Mr. Bjelke, Misses Aston, Sollman, Messrs. Whitman,
Grosbeck, Lewis, Margaret Everham, Mrs. Grosbeck,
Mr. Bousfield, Mr. Burket.

If you lay the pictures of the
houses in the order I have marked
them you will get a clearer idea
perhaps, of how we are situated.
Paul Cressey took the most of
these pictures & I think they are
fine. In this order the house
almost revolves before your eyes -

If I stop to write more,
I won't get this off - & I
must get to studying with
my teacher now. After that
comes prayer meeting at the
woman's school. This week it
is a missionary meeting too.

Your last letter sounded pretty
blue. I have a calendar on
which one of the quotations is,
"Difficulties are meant to rouse,
not discourage" - I wish I could
always remember that!

And another - the first on a Sunshine

Calendar that Martha Drises
sent me because she nicknamed
me Sunny - or Sunshine -

"Keep your face always toward
the sunshine, and the shadows
will fall behind you."

Our more - from the "Friendly
Year" by Henry Van Dyke -
given me by Pearl Mason
a girl whom I have come to
love dearly out here -

"If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces would be fair
To feel once more upon them
The cooling plash of rain.

"If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

"If life were always merry

Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief."
Isn't that true - and beautiful?

I must run — !

Love —

Abbie

Pencils, (lead & slate)
Note books,
Erasers,
Chalk, (white & colors)
Good toilet soaps,
Dye soaps, (pinks, blues, yellows,
greens & black, to freshen
faded apparel)
Absorbent cotton,
Adhesive plaster,
Paraffin paper,
Rubber bands,
Christmas cards,
New Years cards,
Crochet cotton, Nos. 50 & 70,
Embroidery cotton, all colors,
Dolls, dolls, dolls,
Coat hangers (wood shoulder)
Canned goods (especially corn, asparagus
& strawberries, not obtained in China)
Vaseline,
Flyswatter (for cockroaches, too)
Tatting shuttles (plain small)
Common pins,
Pearl buttons (large & small)
White bias binding,
Books, (religious or secular, essays or
classics of any time, any good books)

Swatow, China
April 13, 1922

Mother Dear:

Happy birthday to you and many more of them ! I hope you have received the little lace collar by now. And I suppose Father got his box of sweets in due time.

I can't stop to write much more now for we have to go over to Mrs. Carman's and talk with Mrs. Lesher to find out more about going to Kuling this summer. I dread it somewhat and it will cost a lot of money. Mrs. Bousfield, who has recently come back from Matilda Hospital in Hong Kong where she went seriously ill (they said she couldn't live two months) has come back practically well, only with not much reserve. She is staying at Capen's while she is here and if she is feeling strong enough she is coming over here to supper tonight.

Next day:

Just there I had to leave and go over to Lesher's - I mean, to see Mrs. L. Well, the Kuling trip is all off and we are to go to Chaoyang for the summer just the same. You see there is no good surgeon out here, and the operation that E. will need is such a serious one that they are not willing to trust any but the best with the job. So after much discussion they have decided that it will be better for her to stick it out another year and then have her go home early, perhaps with me. But mum is the word yet about the possibility of our coming home together, for any suggestion like that would mean heaps of discussion and adjustment of workers. It would be pretty hard for two girls' school workers to be on furlough together.

Moreover, Emily may be suddenly worse and she may be all better by that time. Mrs. Lesher said one thing yesterday that put a different light on the whole matter. After such an operation, at least six months would be needed for recovery, and so the year's work would be badly broken into if she had the operation out here. It doesn't do a great deal of good to make plans in any detail, does it? And think of the nice things that come with no planning at all, such as the trip to Canton!

Mrs. Bousfield did come last night and we so much enjoyed having her with us. She told me how they were delighted at Ricker to have some one from China, and the first question they asked was, "Do you know Miss Sanderson". My meeting her just that once before she went home made a lot of difference to them, she said. They listened more attentively and were more interested in what she had to say, because she was working in the same mission with me. She stayed at Mrs. Shaw's when she was in Houlton. Mrs. Hatch was with her.

Now it is Mabelle's turn. She went to Canton on Sunday, with Mary Ogg. They and several of the men are going down to the meeting of the China Baptist Publication Society and will probably be gone about a week. So you may know that I am busy while she is gone. But it isn't as it was before she came back, though. It never can be as hard as that again, I am sure. And people are beginning to tell me that I am looking better than I was. I don't feel so all in as I did, and my digestion is in much better condition, too. Perhaps a complete rest at Chaoyang this summer will be what I need to start me on the road to Fatville. Do you think so?

Always with love,

Abbie

No 16 (Mrs. Montgomery told me at Ludlow that Kuling was the place of all places for Abbie to go this summer - but you see she is going elsewhere - C.M.S.)



* I send only two. C.M.S.

Swatow, China
April 12, 1922

Dear People of the _____ Church:

Before you read my letter, please look carefully at the ~~five~~ little paper banners. At New Year's time, these banners are given the place of honor over the door of the house and worshipped in order to bring to the home during the year the five great blessings - Peace, Long Life, Prosperity, Wealth and Happiness. They may be seen in many of the very homes from which our girls come. If the girls become strong Christians, sooner or later they will be able to have these symbols of superstition removed.

DO YOU WANT TO HELP TEAR THEM DOWN?

Yesterday a cable from America gave instructions not to go ahead with new buildings until regular work appropriations had first been cut down - because of the appalling deficit. This looks as though the work on our buildings may have to stop, even though the money has already been appropriated. I wonder if you can even guess what this means to us?

Long years we have dreamed and waited and planned for High School buildings for our girls. There is no other girls' High School in the district and the girls from every side are clamoring for higher education.

Here are just a few glimpses of our situation: high and grammar girls both crowded into spaces too small for grammar alone; classes held all day long in tiny dining rooms as well as in damp basement rooms; girls sleeping in inflammable mat sheds which else~~s~~ where are forbidden by government; 140 pupils assembling daily in a room big enough for 70. Do you think we need those buildings?

REMEMBER, the girls who come to us are the ones who will tear down the menacing red banners from the doorways of the heathen homes of China!

⁵⁸ And just now we know not where to look for the sum of \$485. to finish paying for the bridge from our new house over to the school. Can you help?

The situation is serious; but it can be remedied. Many of you work ceaselessly and wholeheartedly and turn your purses inside out for the Gospel's sake. But - someone, somewhere has lagged. Are you - Y O U one of the sleepers??

No, I am sure you are not, but perhaps the man next to you needs a little prodding and maybe you are the one to do it! Please pass along this S. O. S. to some one in the church or the town who is not awake to the great dangers that hang over our heads.

WILL YOU NOT HELP?

Don't forget to pray for us. We need your prayers more than ever before!

Yours in His Name,

Abbie J. Sanderson

Swa tow, China,
Easter Sunday 4/21.11.1922

Dear Ones;

Here is a copy of the letter I am just now sending to the 48 churches that are in Arcostock Co. Don't you think that I am a great one to write such a letter as that? I have been a sleeper myself in the matter of writing to the home churches about my work and whether they will be lenient and make excuses for me, and so be willing to take a scolding from me, I don't know. I send these copies of this epistle to them in considerable fear and trembling.

We got some home mail this morning but I had no letter from home. I take it that no news is good news and that mother's poor cracked ribs are well on the mend by now. Poor dearie! You must have had a terrible fall! I'll bet you were pretty sadly banged up, though you say in your letter that you are not half as bad off as you might be!

And O Father; I take a great deal of encouragement and no offence whatever at your hearty gibing in regard to Canticles. Can you guess why? Well, you see your profound amusement assures me of the heartening fact that you must consider the most of my thoughts and speeches as rapidly approaching if not already at the perfection mark, so that in the marvelous event of my actually making a mistake on some point (however important or unimportant is beside the question!) you are astounded and diverted beyond telling! (Now you don't by any chance think this sounds conceited do you?)

As to shooting darts at the Irish Postmaster, I will (I mean shall) proceed to ignore your remarks on that question. They are entirely irrelevant if not indeed irreverent. I was simply philosophizing when I wrote to you. (Register insulted dignity-)

Monday - an empty period over at school.

To continue about Canticles; granting that I did not know that Canticles sometimes meant Song of Solomon - and granting that I do not spend all my time reading the stupendous production of one Nebates (not Noah) - how should I ever know it unless some one like my reverend father should teach me? For The Song of Solomon is singular, is it not? And Canticles - is plural in form, is it not? Now - can you tell me this; granting I didn't know it, however in this world would I be expected to guess it? ———!?

Mother dear - I won't be coming home for a year and several months, but since I am thinking of it, I will tell you about something I would like to have you send out for me to wear home. A pair of dark brown oxford shoes, with three or four pair of lisle hose (and I'd like one pair of silk, too - but you see how far the money goes - how much the shoes cost, etc. and buy them if you can). The size is the same as the other

that you sent me. "Luxura" 275 - 54256 T - and
may be bought at P. H. Whites in Boston. However -
I want a little less pointed toe if possible, and a
trifle lower heel. I see in some magazine that
there is a store in Burlington which sells Cantilever
shoes and those might be just what I want.
If they have rubber heels, so much the better.
The shop is — Lewis & Blanchard's - (see paper)

You see there is no hurry for these and I thought perhaps
you could be on the lookout - If you don't send to
Boston, be sure to get $7\frac{1}{2}$ B, as wider than that is
too big for me. That's what the $(\frac{2}{3}) 7\frac{5}{8}$ means, I'm sure.

If you see some and send them out some time before
or after Christmas, then I'll have time to wear them
a little to get used to them before I begin to
travel with them. Does it seem possible to you that
I'm beginning to think about coming home?

Let me say again, if there is anything you are sure
you want, tell me as soon as you think of it &
I'll be on the lookout for it. (one

The Maine Baptist Messenger yesterday) tells
me that Aroostook Associations are May 23, & 24.
If my letters get the right boats they'll get
there just in time, won't they?

Love & more love

Corrie

No 169

(No 127)
The means 170 I think

Swatow, China, April 25, 1922

Dear Ones :

How the old time does rush by ! This year the day of my leaving home and the date of my arrival in China went by all unnoticed. I did not think of either of them until several weeks had elapsed. The reason is probably not that either of those dates are growing less meaningful to me, but I am now thinking of what the future has in store for me barely more than a year from now.

You will enjoy sharing with me this little note which I had not many days ago from Mr. Capen. I had asked Mrs. Capen if she would give me her copy of the November Atlantic, (which I am receiving from Eva Sawtelle for the fourth year, by the way) because I knew she was going to throw it away. That copy was lost in the mails, and as I think I have told you, I am having the magazines bound in book form to keep. Don't you think this is a pretty nice note to get from a fellow missionary ~~or too~~ when there was no special need for being especially nice ? I appreciate it and it warmed my heart to get it.

I dissipated a good bit last week, the first time for ages, it seems. First Emily and I were invited over to Waters' for dinner Thursday night. Then about 5.30 Friday when we were in the midst of a property committee meeting, along came an invitation to go to Japanese supper over in Swatow with a big party. We had not been for so long that it was a regular spree to get out again. Then Saturday morning an invitation came to the two of us for dinner from Mrs. Cowles, the wife of the Y.M.C.A. Sec. who has just come to Swatow shortly. Her husband was away and she had a regular dinner party, with three men and three women counting herself. Some more people came in the evening and we played games etc. This coming Friday we are invited over to McIlorn's house to a Chinese supper. There are a few complications, as we had already invited guests for that date here at home, but since some of them want to go too, I think things will be satisfactorily arranged without doubt.

Thursday April 27:

My letters don't get finished it seems unless I buckle down to them until they are finished! One reason why this one wasn't finished and sent yesterday is that from the time I was awake in the morning I couldn't get Uncle Cyrus Yeaton out of my head. Didn't you say in a letter not long ago that his health was rapidly failing ? I seem to remember that you did but can't find the letter. It struck me that it would be a very good thing if I would answer his splendid letter right away. So I did it, expressing my hope to see him and the others of the family in Seattle on my way home in the spring of 1923. And the letter was mailed this morning and so is off my mind at last. I presume you will be glad to have this letter to you a day or so late if it brings you the news that I have at last done this which should have been done long ago. By the way, what is the name of Uncle Cyrus' wife. I should call her Aunt - what? And is she Lulu's mother ? I am most ignorant concerning them all. If I should go there you will have to tell me the things I would be expected to know about them.

Have you had a letter from Mr. Giberson yet ? I suppose that by the time this gets to you I will already hear that you have had a letter and a check from him.

Will you please get and send to me, or have sent to me as soon as possible three copies of "Eternal Praise", a hymn book put out by the Hope Publishing Co. Father had a sample copy that I brought out with me when I came. I have had several of the songs translated and I would like to have these extra copies and to know the price. The money for one has already been given to me, and for some time I forgot to ask you about it.

Love to you both,

Abbie

Dear Robie:

It is
a great pleasure
to have anything
you want which
we can supply.
Here on the
Norfolk Islands
with great
pleasure

Yours
Pauline C. C.

W. S. Edwards