

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Dwain, China

Jan. 10, 1923.

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Dear Mother -

It is cold - I'm huddled up close to the lamp on my desk - I have a fire in the grate and I'm too shivery (chivaree, Fannie says!) to go over to open my typewriter, for it is by the window and cold drafts blow in through the cracks! I want to start this letter to you - though -

Will you put a copy of "Just Girls" in to send in the letter to Dr. Langton, if you have it? And do tell me when my "rafts" of letters get to be too much of a burden - You see I'm taking it for granted that you'll be as glad to know I'm writing these letters that you won't mind so much the bother of sending them off. The reading of them you can manage! I'll be bound!

Tonight I found a fat letter from Mabel
Bovell waiting for me. It contained a
Christmas present of two darling little
silver buckles - lovely for shoes - or girdle
or lots of things - Precious people, lovely
to me? She says that her poor lil
sis'er Ada lost her baby son on his 4th
day, after waiting and hoping for him
for five years! Its a shame -

Last Friday night we had a candle
party at ^{our} house - I got together all
the candles and candle sticks in the
house - and we decided to use red and
white ones, since the Christmas decorations
were still up - So we had candles
every where. The smallest ones burned
out about the time the salad came on,
so we then each lighted the candle
that was in front of his place -
and the candle-light all up and
down the table - was so lovely!

Emily made little red paper baskets
and Mabelle filled them with little
ju-jube candies. ~~also~~. She also furnished
pretty little place cards on which Marjorie

wrote the names. Euid brought us some red geraniums for decoration and fourteen of us, including "Pauline" (Paul Cressey had to be a Kou-nie along with the rest of us) sat down at one big table. I'm keeping home this month - and so the party was really my responsibility. Thanks to everybody's help - it was a grand success! After the coffee we all made little rhymes or sentences with the letters of the word Candle. For instance "Christian, altruistic, n - - , dear literary, Edith" I can't remember it all. The party was in honor of Edith Traver just returned from America so we made the rhymes about her - Hers was about Christmas which she had to spend in Hongkong. I was surprised when mine was read & for it really sounded quite well!

- "Charms she has many,
- " Arts not a few
- " Nobody wonders nor
- " Doubts that we too,
- " Love her and cherish "
- " Edith, friend true . "

Mr. Stafford has written to me about
boats. The one that appeals to me the
most is the "Empress of Australia" but
it leaves July 2nd from Shanghai,
and our graduation here will probably
be the last week of June so I doubt very
much whether we can make it. I
know, too, that Marguerite would much
prefer to wait and go later in July -
But I WOULD NOT!

I want to get there as quick as I can.
(Quit your raving, Ab - it won't get
you there any quicker!)



Here is the seal or stamp, rather,
that the Bakers gave me at Christmas,
with the Chinese lock. - It has all three
of my Chinese characters carved on it - as
you see - It is in the form of a little
ivory locket which has two round pockets
one for the stamp and one for the red stamp
pad. It's a fascinating little thing.

Jan 14 —

Everybody is good to me! Indeed I did receive Mr. Anderson's \$50 — and the \$45 draft later — and now yesterday along comes the \$10 — from Aunt Gertrude and Mr. Butterfield — I hope that long ago you received word about the first two amounts — I had thought at first, too, that Arthur's gift was \$13 — (in the \$45 draft) Then Arthur's letter came saying he was sending \$50 — and I was overwhelmed. Then I thought that you had sent a part and were keeping a part there for me — Now your letter of Dec 11th seems to say the \$50 from him is still waiting to be sent — I must write to him immediately — I'll never know how much it helps just now — But I feel guilty because I know he can't afford so much — My accounts are much better than they were but I'm still in the

Hold until I get more returns from Fattling,
etc. (Reminders - this ~~does~~ not mean
what I have sent to you.)

I sent Mr. & Mrs. Ackerson an
acknowledgement and can't remember
whether I sent it through you or not. It
was sent. Oct 31 -

What do you think? I guess my
typhoon letter bore some fruit - The Don'ton
missionary society sent me \$28 gold - a
Christmas present to me - because I probably
"never needed money any more in my life
than now" - It surely fills a great need -
And then yesterday a check for \$50 from
Mrs. Albert Lawrence - from the Bridgewater
Sunday school - for typhoon relief - I
gave that and Aunt Gertrude's \$5 and
Mrs. Butterfield's \$5 to Miss Sullivan
for immediate relief work - The \$45 I
sent to Shanghai to be changed and when
I know how much it brought I will reckon
out Mrs. Gammon's \$15 and give that to

Her too. I wasn't sure from Mrs. Jamison's letter what she sent it for - and you didn't say definitely about Aunt J's and the man's - But I am going to be on the safe side and use it for typhoid relief - The Horton check - and the gifts from you and Arthur I'm going to keep myself - as I am sure that is what you meant -

Alice Shaw has sent me a pretty guest towel edged with blue gingham and embroidered. I have just sent her a letter but I'll send another note thanking her - In Tracy has sent me two beautiful handkerchiefs with drawn colored threads. A letter from Eva Sawtell says she is renewing my Atlantic again - and Mrs. Barnes wants to know what magazine I want and shall subscribe to that for me - I haven't chosen yet -

And I'm happy because I have your letters just arrived yesterday. I'm always

rich when they come -

But my heart aches for you with your neuralgia - I'm glad that the teeth are gone but I'm so so sorry for you with that hopeless ache that you can do absolutely nothing to relieve - I lost my nerve and went completely to pieces once when I had it bad - I'm in pretty good condition now, too - so much better than I was a year ago - I do hope you won't have any more trouble after this finally stops. (Isn't that an inane sentence ?!) What I mean is, that I hope that now your teeth are gone, they are really and truly all gone - no pieces of bone left to work out - no ulcers closed up, ^{for} quickly on jaw cracked no any other horrible horrible thing. And that the store ones will fit comfortably!

Love again - and some more thanks to you and Dad for the Christmas money!

Yours, Abbie

Swatow, China, Jan. 22, 1923

Dearest Ones;

(typo)
We went over to Chaoyang again this week end. The Groesbecks are sailing in April and we were afraid we wouldn't get over to see them if we didn't go at our earliest opportunity. We walked over from the launch landing when we went on Friday afternoon and back to it when we came back on Sunday afternoon. On Saturday we went shopping in the city. I spent twenty cents and got some gold flowers of the kind that they brought to us in Chaoyang for helping to save their lives (Our boys were the ones who went out to rescue them, but they brought some gold flowers to us too.) We also climbed part way up the Chaoyang Pagoda and got the stiffest knees you can imagine. My legs are all better now, but I think I should not have been able to walk at all if I had stopped as soon as I came down from the tower!

(and the 25th Jan. 22nd 1923)
But the best part of it all was the coming home; for I found here two letters from you, cards from Aunt Bertha, Idella, Helen Fleiden, and letters from Ethel Peterson (with money for tatting) from Mrs. Sargent (also with the tatting money) from Miss MacVeigh commenting most favorably upon my typhoon letter, and from Mrs. Myrtle Kimball; then there were 48 dolls from a class of girls in Massachusetts, and a guest towel from Eva Grant of Houlton. That makes \$45. more that has come in for tatting - I'm sure glad to see it come - I can breathe a little more easily now!

I usually read your letters first of course but this time I decided to skim the other letters first and leave the best till last. It was the best of course, but it brought the sad news of Uncle Samuel's loss. Your letter of last week told of Uncle Sam's death. I thought it was hard to write to Aunt Susie but it was harder to write to Uncle Samuel. I did it though, last night before I went to bed. It does not seem as though any of the other aunts or uncles would be as pitifully lonesome as he must be. I may be wrong, but doesn't it tear your heart out to think of him there alone with those motherless little ones? Aunt Susie's grief will be very great, too, for she loved him as her life, I know, but she has not the babies dependent on her. Poor Uncle Samuel! I know the task ahead of him must seem hopeless enough.

So Clara sailed the 18th of Jan. and is well on her way to us now. I am so sorry that she won't bring my suitcase but of course I feel sure now that she did not have time to get my letter before she left. I shall be sorry not to have her bring it, for I shall need it. I wonder if you still have the letter I wrote to her about it. I think I said a black leather traveling bag 18 inches long, with my initials on one end. Emily says it could be sent parcels post and I guess it could; she got an ice cream freezer that way the other day! So if there is any of my money left by the time you get this, or if any more has come in from tatting or anything that you have not sent, I guess I'll ask you to get it and send it to me. That is, of course if Clara didn't get it.

I have just written to Mr. Stafford about reservations to come home. I cannot tell yet whether the sailing date will be June 29 for Vancouver on the Empress of Australia, or on July 9 for Seattle by the President Grant. The latter is my choice for it will not hurry me so after the close of school, but as yet they have no second class arrangements and missionaries do not travel first class nowadays. As soon as I know just which date and which boat, I shall surely tell you, and I shall reckon what day I shall arrive in America and get all planned out the hour that I shall arrive in Sutton. *(My date of departure has been changed)* Father dear, just as soon as you want to you may procure for me timetables necessary for travel between Montreal and Sutton and inform me with the utmost exactness of all necessary changes etc. and the best route to take. After Seattle, my first stop will be Sutton, I think. I doubt if I shall even get off at Chicago, in spite of the fact that the Rooms may be there then. I shall make as near a bee line as possible!

Your own and only,

Abbie

Mother dear —

Jan 23 —

I think I've changed my mind about that chest for a coat. I've had mine made up into a loose coat and skirt to match - and I don't doubt I shall wear it a lot while I am at home next winter - but I am afraid it shows by the way it wrinkles that it is only a cotton warped fabric —

I went over this afternoon and applied for my passport - It cost \$20 Mex! But that will go on my travel expense, so I ought not to really worry - I guess - But I'm sorry for the Missy society to have to lose so much money on passports! Emily said tonight "You must begin to be thrilled by the thought of going home -" I should say I am! When I came out I didn't think about my being lucky to travel first class - I should have thought myself exceedingly ~~fortunate~~ ~~to have~~ to travel any other way - But now I find it would make little difference whether I had to go 3rd class or not! Any way to get home - and you may be sure it will be the quickest way that I can manage - The Priscillas, Needlework & Alumnus came today - I'm always so glad to have them - On one point I'm especially enlightened, and that is to know that the Shan States are in China, where Gordon Gatos lives!

More next time -

Love,

Abbie

Suwa, China

Jan 27, 1923

Arthur dear -

What an old peach you are, anyway! You ought to be spanked for sending me such a big Christmas gift - but instead, you'll get hugged when I see you -

You see, this winter I'm up against it harder than I have ever been in my life - partly because of tatting and drawwork that I have sent to people and sent to America by other folks — and — for which they have not yet paid me - things that people have ordered, and so on - And I've just been gnawing my teeth and wondering where the money I need is all coming from - for my salary has been sadly eaten up by tatting orders - I could have

cried for joy - think I did, a little,
when the news of your check for \$500
came - You have been so good to
me ever since I came out here, too -
I don't deserve such treatment at all!

So - since I'm really in desperate
need of funds myself - I am going
to use the most of it for personal
needs - A little of it, however - has
already been spent for a covering for
some poor shivering back - I think
after you read the enclosed letter you
will better understand - how our
hearts are torn when we see and
hear of these people who have been
bereft of everything.

Tonight I have been reading over
some of your old letters and Mother's -
in one of hers she says - "Arthur wants
to know if you won't be letting us
know sailing dates pretty soon" - That
was written several months ago -
Well, I can't exactly tell my sailing

date yet, because I am going to Seattle
if I can get second class passage there;
at present there is none, but the
Admiral Steamship line is contemplating
making arrangement for it. If that is
possible, I shall sail from Hong Kong
June 9 on the "President Grant"; if
not, on the "Empress of Australia", which
leaves Hong Kong June 29. I can't
tell you how thrilled I am to
be making arrangements for getting
home. It doesn't seem possible
that I am actually coming home!
I got my application for passport
in the other day - so I hope it
will come in time for me to
travel home on it. There is just one
thing I hate about coming home - It
is not the ocean voyage - for I like
that; and it's not even the contemplated
visit in Seattle with Uncle Cyrus - but
I do wish as soon as I leave Seattle
that I might wake up and find

myself in Sutton - or West Pawlet - or
somewhere in that neighborhood, I'm
not hankering for a long train ride in
July or August - but don't think I'm
grumbling! I'm glad enough for the
chance to take it as soon as that!

So - It looks now as though I
shall see my happy family before
September - if nothing happens -
and I may hope to reach you
early in August if it turns out that
I come by the earliest, swiftest route -
You may be sure I shall let you
know as soon as I can the exact
date of my leaving and arriving -
for I want letters from you along
the way if possible -

I'm sleepy! Mabel Bovell writes that they
had a New Year's watch meeting - and she told
off her stifled yawns on a string of beads she was
wearing - thus: "One I yawn, two I yawn, three
I yawn - I say! Four I yawn with all my
might and five I pass away" ! That's the
way I feel - so I'd better say good night
with love to you and all of yours -
and many thanks - Abbie

Swatow, China

Jan 27, 1923

Dear Gladys.

Many days ago I should have written to you about the package of ginseng which came in good condition. We did not understand why it was marked so high unless it was to protect it from loss. Was that it?

For the price it brought was only \$3.00 Mex - which is about \$1.70 or \$1.75 - just now in gold.

Mother has probably sent you the money before now. There was

just a little over one ounce (of the twelve to a pound ounces) and ^{quite} a little more than the average price. For a pound you can usually not get more than \$9 here - (\$9 gold)

Are your folks where they can
get much of it? I'll be glad to get
buyers for any amount you want to
send - but in sending again,
the value should be marked lower,
~~rather~~ than higher what it actually
is - for there is always the danger
that will have to pay duty on it.

I am afraid your hopes were
dashed to the ground when you got
only \$1.75 for what you sent!
I'm very sorry if it is disappointing -
but that is the most I could
get for it - and probably more
than I could get another time.

You don't know how anxious I
get as the time goes by, to see my
new sister and those blessed
babies - The pictures are so darling -
I know I'm going to fall in love
with you all on first sight!

It's always a treat to get letters
from you, too. The last one was
such a nice homey one - I felt lots
better acquainted with you than
I ever had before, somehow!
Well - it will not be very long, now,
until I see you. Six months can pass
very very quickly -

With much love,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 10, 1923

Dear belovedest ones:

A letter received today from Helen Hunt begins, "You behold in me a woman sunk in shame", because she had not written to me for such a long time. I feel the same way, exactly, for it is unpardonable in me to neglect you so long. We have been busy, though and have had more than one little excitement to "break the monotony of existence" (!? *' \$ # ? ! !)

Did I tell you that we had planned to go to Kaying this Chinese New Year for a nice little vacation? But the political unrest has made it impossible to think of such a thing. The two factions that are opposing each other are preparing trenches and watch towers and all sorts of intrenchments in the important centers and several warnings have come to us from our consul about the inadvisability of traveling inland at this time. A notice came a few days ago stating that the matter would come to a head sometime within this week. It is now Friday P.M. and we've heard nothing further. But of course we were anxious about the school girls and wondered whether they could get home safely. So we hustled up our exams and that made it possible for the girls to go home early if their parents came to get them. That doesn't put it exactly right, either, for we should have let them go whether their exams were finished or not. The responsibility was too great for us to forbid their going early. We have been taking our time about getting the ranks counted up, because it was impossible for us to give them out before they went home anyway. We have hurried as fast as we could, tho, and are practically done now, in spite of the fact that we had a lot of extra copying to do this year. Now I am going to sort my things to take home and while of course I can't pack yet, I can begin to find out what I have and what I haven't, etc. Now PA SANDERSON! I daa not say that at all! And you needn't say "Just like her mother, packing her trunk a year ahead of time" Moreover I think I shall be in somewhat of a rush at the last minute, for I have just received word that my booking and Marguerite's have actually been made and we are to sail from Hong Kong on the Empress of Australia on June 29. That is, unless they will not arrange to have graduation in time for me to get off on that date. It is up to Miss Solland and Miss Cuiley to arrange and I shall think they are very mean if they don't so arrange it!

Well, the kids have all gone home and we thought we should get a little rest. But right out of a clear sky our four boys struck and said they wouldn't work when we wouldn't give them soap to wash their clothes with. We never have provided soap for them to wash with (except the towels, dishes, etc.) and didn't see why we should begin, especially when they demanded it and were quite rude and insolent too. So they took a vacation yesterday. The U.S.S. gunboat "Ashville" is in port now, for protection to the Americans here, and of course we had invited some of the boys for last night supper. Fortunately the cook was not in on this and he felt terribly because the boys had acted so. He cooked a nice dinner and we helped him wait on the ten of us, and the strike was not such a bad thing after all. At least it made another topic of conversation. One of the men, Ben Dixon, is Chief Pharmacist Mate, and we liked him a lot. He is from Missouri and has friends who are preachers in Connecticut. After supper we played and sang some and then went up into Mabelle's study and popped corn in a popper that clever Emily made out of a bamboo stick and a left-over piece of wire screening; we toasted marshmallows at the same time (somebody's Christmas box) and proceeded to get our hands and faces just about as smutty as they could get. We really had a good time and I think they did, though of course they would have to say so.

The house boys and coolie came back this morning and after much palaver we have succeeded in getting a measure of peace and harmony into the house again. We are invited out to the Hobarts tonight and two of the men from the boat are to be there. I don't know which two, but well be entertained, I know. I told you when the Hobarts came out didn't I? She was Waneta Deer and when he was at Newton she was at Hasseltine getting ready to come out here alone! His sister, Helen Hobart, takes Helen Criseman's place in the W.W.G.

I must stop now and curl my hair and change my clothes and powder my nose, or I'll be late and that would never ever do!

Lots of love,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 11, 1923

Dear Mother:

Last night I got a letter from Clara Leach written when she was within one day of Shanghai. I am so glad that my letter got there in time for her to bring me my bag. She says she enjoyed using it too, and that compensates me for having to ask her to bring it to me. I feel as though I can attempt to travel to America as long as I have one. The little one I had when I came out was just a cheap one you know but I don't what I should have done without it. She says you sent lots of love by her too. I'm pretty glad to get that too! She is staying in Shanghai for a medical conference but will be down soon after the 20th of this month. I can hardly wait for her to get here. It will seem like a breath from home because she has seen you so recently.

She writes that she came on the Australia and the second class accommodations were very comfortable. I am anxious to hear all about it. I know it will be easier to go second class when I know just what I am to expect. Isn't it grand that she comes on the same boat that I am going on!

Mary Ogg has come over here to live. Dr. Gwoesbeck is going home on furlough this spring, so Dr. Ashmore was elected Secretary of the reference committee. Since Mary attends to all the detail of that office it is important for her to be near the secretary. We are pretty glad to have her here on the compound. Everybody loves Mary. She lives at the Ashmores, has her breakfasts there and her dinner and supper at Sherwin Bungalow, where Miss Sollman, Edna Smith and Fannie Northcott live. Today is Mabelle's birthday and we are having Mary, Sana and Fannie over for supper tonight. It is nearly time for them now.

This morning we went out to the U.S. gunboat "Asheville" for a service at which Mr. Hobart preached, and Grace Sweet and Mrs. Cowles sang a duet. Then we came back and went to English service, and this afternoon I went to listen to a S.S. class of old ladies which I have been asked to take at the beginning of Chinese New Year. I am rather diffident about attempting it, for they say that class is not at all easily satisfied with regard to the teacher. They have a Chinese woman now who is satisfactory to them, but she is wanted somewhere else. If they are not suited by my teaching, alas, what shall I do? I realize that while the girls understand pretty well what I try to say to them, yet they are used to me and these old ladies will have the double of listening to a foreigner's halting speech and of being a little deaf themselves, too. (Double hindrance is what I started to say in that sentence!) Seriously, I am more than a little worried about it, for they are a critical bunch if there ever was one!

Tuesday morning-

We are dissipating, I tell you! Yesterday noon Emily and I were invited to a luncheon at Mr. McLorn's and he was rather disappointed that we wouldn't go to walk and then come back to tea afterwards at his house. But Emily and I went to buy a new lining for her suit, and were tired enough when we got home as it was. Sunday afternoon just after I got home from Sunday school, Mr. Dixon from the ship and a Mr. Weld from Manchester N.H. and Pepperel, Mass. came to see us. They came obviously to get the books of pictures that Mr. D. left here the other night, but they went around the corner of the hill to get a glimpse of our sleeping beauty rock, and then suddenly discovered that they must rush off to the ship without even going back to the house. I really think they were glad of an excuse to come again, for in the evening they came again and he brought three more books of pictures! So they have to come again now to get those!

I am hurrying to finish this letter for I have much business today. I am going upstairs right now to get some bedding and a few other things that I am going to pack in a box to stay here. I know it will be a long process so I am anxious to begin. Then at noon I am going to try my luck at dying an old silk jacket, to make a blouse.

Much love to you and Pa,

Yours
Abbie

Suataow, China

Feb. 18, 1923

Dear Mother,

Your letter telling me of the money you are sending came yesterday. I am tremendously relieved to know that there is \$137 of mine which is nearly here. It helps me to see the end of my troubles much nearer. But I'm going to ask you to send the \$100 that you "can" and will "send, bless you!" Though I am ashamed and much humiliated to let you do it, and have spent all day and much of last night deciding to ask you to.

I am ashamed now that I wasn't more definite in my letter to you. You sent the money immediately without a single question, as I knew you would - but I'm sure there was

a multitude of questions in your mind though never a hint of them in your letter.

Thanks to the \$137 and what has been sent before, and what I have saved, my bank books will show the right amount that I ought to have; that is, I am clear except with Emily. The root of the whole thing was carelessness. I let the accounts go without a trial reckoning because they were so mixed up with two and sometimes three people handling them. There was a mistake about last year's tuitions and I spent money which I thought was mine but wasn't. Emily declares she was as much to blame as I but I am sure this thing is all my fault, not hers. She is dear about it and so insistent to share in paying up that it is very painful to me sometimes. She can't see why her money shouldn't go in as well as mine, just pool the whole thing and save as

much as we can together. She is insisting on giving me (but I shall pay it of course) the living expenses for the last three months as well as loaning me some to pay for travelling money that has not yet come in.

The money that has come recently has almost all, except Arthur's - gone for typhoon relief or for tuition that I have promised to pay for needy girls. I have heard through Kate Failing that Sue Dresser has written to me and that she sent my money to Mr. Huntington - but I've not had a word from either so I've finally written to Mr. Huntington to inquire. ^{neither} She \$150 nor any word at all has come from Mrs. Page. There are amounts due now from the Free Baptist Ch. in Houlton, from Mrs. Stacy, from J. Lyman, Bessie Peerce, from Huntington N. Va., from a friend of Marion's in Dorset, from Chicopee Falls, Mass - and some friends of people out here.

Some that I loaned to a Chinese teacher in distress last year is coming back now by \$10 and \$12 - and he still owes me \$22.

Please don't worry - for it is well on the way to being all fixed up. If you can send that \$100 the burden will be sooner off - but if there arises some more urgent need for it before this letter reaches you, never mind. I am bound to get it a little later. Truly - I know you can appreciate my wanting to get every cent settled before I leave this side of the world - and can understand that I can't owe money even to a close friend and be happy - even though she swears she would rather loan it to me than not.

You can perhaps imagine whether I am ashamed to have a thing like this happen. I cannot help thinking we shall find a blunder in the accounts somewhere but they seem to be perfectly straight. I have a feeling it won't happen again, though! Since Dec. 1st I have kept a balanced account of my personal

expenditures - Perhaps now that I have had a sound spanking I will really do what my father and mother taught me to do from the time I was a baby! Emily is the only one who knows the least thing about the whole matter - you may be sure I'm very humbly thankful for that much -

My heart aches to think of you with those days and weeks of terrible neuralgia. I do hope it has all stopped now and that you are not only free from pain but can eat comfortably - I guess we had some toothaches. Together, each when the other didn't know about it.

Ethel's \$30 has come and Nellie Sargent's \$15 money order is in my drawer but I have waited several weeks for the order to come to the P.O. If it doesn't come soon I shall ask her to find out about it.

Today we went out to the "Asheville" in a service again. Mary Egg & I sang "Beneath the Cross of Jesus" (my alto &

her soprano). and Newton Carrman
preached. Then we went to Swanton
to English Church and heard a fine
sermon by Mr. Hildreth. In the P.M.
I went to sit in my old ladies S. S. class.
Alas - I am to begin teaching myself
next Sunday - and am dismayed
at the very thought of it.

Tomorrow I must get at better
writing in earnest. It is true that
I don't answer gifts and letters so
promptly as I should - But it
has seemed as though I couldn't drag
myself to do it. I am physically
all right - but can't seem to get
done more than so many kinds of
work at one time. The last week of
school I had an attack of nervous
indigestion which was caused partly
by being all upset over a quarrel
Emily and Euid had at table one
morning - and then rushing off to do
all day's work of giving exams and
marking papers. The next night I
lost about three days' meals, I should
say - and was rather shaky in the
A.M. - but waked steadily until dinner
when some one suggested that I was

expected to sing at a missionary meeting in the P.M. Some of us here in the house had been rather at sixes and sevens any way - and that was the last ~~straw~~ as the camel's back broke. The girls babied me in the P.M. - and wouldn't let me work and I've been O. K. since. I'll be still better now that my mind is relieved on money matters and now that I've told you about it. That is a big relief - and the only reason I didn't before was because I was just plain ashamed.

It is beginning to get a little warmer, but my hands are like ice because it is so damp. The windows and even the furniture and wooden floors are all misted as though you had just poured hot baths into bathtubs in every room in the house - and even things inside the wardrobes get damp - and when you crawl into bed at night you feel as though the bedclothes had been out in the dew -

Next spring I'll be at home, though!

Yours with a much lightened heart,

Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 20, 1923

Dear Ones;

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We have been out all day doing New Year's evangelistic visiting and when I came in all tired and worn, you can imagine what it meant to find a nice pile of home letters waiting for me. There was the one from Mother with only the two cent stamp; it had passed the eagle eye of the inspectors and luckily I did not have to pay anything. That would never happen if it were a notice of a Chi Omega which "will take place", about a month ago! I have had to pay extra often on things that I did not care very much about, so I don't feel at all conscience stricken about letting this go.

I had a nice letter from Lucy Montgomery Hewell, one from Helen Plumer Paulson, one from a Colby Y.W.C.A. girl, and the one from the free Baptist in Houlton. The last one is rather odd. I sent her tating to the amount of \$30.60 Mex and marked its value \$16 gold. She says she had to pay \$9.32 duty and is sending me the balance. I was not alarmed when I first saw the check, for it is \$31.38. But she goes on to say that it includes \$25 from the church for typhoon relief work. That leaves me \$6.38 gold for over \$30 worth of tating. Not so lucrative a business as it might be, eh! Well! I shall take out the proper amount to pay for the tating and give the rest for typhoon relief, and explain to her when I get home. I certainly should like to know what she sold that tating for. If she had sold it as I marked there should still have been over \$20 gold which would have made me square and brought in a little sum for somebody's tuition. Ah me! *How do you see where it would have paid me to mark it \$30 Mex. instead of \$16 gold?*

Emily has gone to Kityang with the property committee on business and also for a medical examination. I think it is the first time that I have been away from her for more than one day since last Chinese Year's when I went up to Chaochowfu. It is fine to have a friend so close, but it does take up a certain amount of energy and time, which I don't grudge in the least. But I have a feeling that I am going to a good deal of concentrated work while she is gone, in the way of letter writing especially. Am I very awful, do you think, to feel that way when she has been so good to me and has been such a loyal friend? I don't think she ever wants us to be separated, and she says she will be good for nothing after I am gone home. I don't think so at all. I think she may find it harder in that she will think there is no one else who is quite as sympathetic, but she will give some of the others a chance to get closer to her after I am gone. She says she has decided now that she would rather stay and stick it out than to have to go home and perhaps not come back for a long while if ever. She thinks that if she can manage to stay the whole fall and a half year that there would be more chance of her getting back after a serious operation than as though she went home ahead of time, and I presume she is not far off there.

I am so sorry to hear of Uncle Arthur's accident. I shall follow up your letter with one to him saying that I shall anticipate getting to know him on that trip and afterwards. Is that the proper stunt?

We went to visit Cheng eng today. She is the little girl about whom I told in that letter about the baptism. Her mother is dead and I shudder to think of the things that may come to her in the freedom and authority that she has in that big Chinese home of her father's. I can't stop to write more about her now. She gave us a wonderful feast.

Please don't wear your tongue all out, Mother dear, eating cake, bread, pie and pudding. It would be the worst tragedy I can think of if you couldn't talk when I get home! How soon are you going to get some store teeth?

All yours,

Archie

Swatow, China, Feb. 26, 1923

Dear Mother;

Clara Leach arrived Saturday morning and we went out to the boat to meet her. It surely is good to see her again. I think she looks five years younger, really. But I want to begin farther back than that to get everything in order.

Emily came back from Kityang Thursday, earlier than we really expected her. She got here just in time to go with me to a tea for the sailors over at Mrs. Ashmore's. It was planned for a tennis tea, but it ruined so we stayed in the house and played "epin the platter" and had the forfeits and a jolly good time generally. Mr. Jackson, who has been rather attentive to Edna while they have been in port, had to demonstrate a proposal of marriage to Emily. He declared he couldn't demonstrate with more than two around, but he managed to do the affair quite gracefully after much palaver of spreading his handkerchief down to kneel on, etc. "Miss Miller," quoth he, "I am a man of few words; will you have me?" He had shortly remarked that he couldn't do it if she had the dog in her lap, so she replied "Love me, love my dog", thereby causing the whole company to shout. There were plenty of mirth-provoking stunts. I was told to go into a room and shut the door for two minutes. After the third successive slam the door was locked, so I went over and began to slam the other door! Then they sent in one of the boys to see that I kept out of mischief for the rest of the two minutes. Mr. Dixon had to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest and smile at the one he liked the best. Mrs. Capen was sitting at my right and Emily at my left so he began with Mrs. C. and did his little stunt all in a row. One lad who looks enough like Arthur to be his twin, had to push a penny across the floor with his nose!

After the tea was over Mr. Dixon and another man came to our house for supper. Then after supper he fixed several cameras for the girls and showed us some more of his pictures. He said he had some films for a vest pocket kodak to give away and wanted to know who had one. It turned out that I was the only one who had, so he said he would send them to me. Then we sang some old songs and the men went. But the next day when the films came there were seventeen of them! And they don't give out until next August, so if nothing happens I shall have some pictures of my homeward journey!

We were invited to a dinner over at Cowles in Swatow city for some of the officers, on Friday night. On Thursday I fixed up some final snaps for my gorgeous rose colored dress and on Friday Emily and I went to work to fix over a dress of hers. She used the same turquoise satin slip that was under her embroidered dress before and with the help of another net waist and a piece of silver ribbon that she had, succeeded in making a creation. We finished it about 5.30, packed our swell odds in suitcases (it was raining) went over to Swatow and dressed for the party at 7.30. The Groesbecks from Chaoyang were there, and the Schnares and three officers and several of us girls. Faith and it was the grand time that we had! We dissipated for sure. When we left about 11.30 we couldn't all get rickshas immediately. Those who did started off slowly; my ricksha coolie had gone for others, so I was left without a "horse". Mr. Baldwin, who was my dinner partner, was taking a huge bouquet of roses off to someone who was sick, so he said, "hold these a minute!" Then he stepped between the shafts and began to run along beside the others. They all set up a shout of course, and in the meantime the man came back and ran right past his own ricksha without recognizing it at all. He had lost his ricksha and then it was he who set up a howl for his lost ricksha. They said things did surely look suspicious, with the roses and the strange man running away with me in the middle of the night.

Clara's boat was due at daybreak, and even though we came over in the ship's launch, we were pretty late getting to bed, so we thought we'd better sleep in our clothes if we wanted to wake up in time! We didn't, though, and wonder of wonders, we were the first ones down to the jetty and up had to wait for the others. I went over some school affairs with Mabelle and then in the afternoon I went to bed. We wanted to get up in time to wave goodby to the Asheville. But she sailed at 4 instead of 5 and we were too late. As we sat at tea the boy came in and said that Mabelle wanted to see Elsie in her bedroom.

When we got in there we found her in a stupor and not able to move, apparently.

She said afterward she had been there for a long time and couldn't move nor speak. Word of her sister's death had come in an ordinary letter from the mission treasurer at Shanghai, and it was such a shock that she keeled over. She has had this sort of thing twice before in her life when she has had bad news, and I really think that she is afraid of a real shock. Several in her family have had them, and it is a thing that she dreads like the plague. Her hand was numb at first and she was afraid that something had happened to that. We were badly frightened, and I ran for the doctor. I got Miss Northcott first and she sent me on to Marguerite. M. was not at home. Clara was coming to our house to supper, so I thought I would go and get her a little bit early. But she was not there either, so I came back. When I got here I found M. already here and Mabelle much better. She stayed in bed yesterday and is much better today. She has waited years fearing that every letter would bring the news of her sister's death. It was a great shock when it did come, but we are hoping that this will be one bit of tension that will be relieved, know that it has happened and she will not be waiting for it all the time. Poor girl!

Well! Clara came and after a while we asked Marguerite to stay too and we had a quiet little supper. She brought me a nice black bag. They did not put the initials on it but I have a notion that I may be able to get it done here after all. Then I opened the things that you sent. I saw the blood on the box - that was the dearest thing of all. The money bag is fine. I thought at first that I wanted the same kind that I had when I came out, but Emily has been singing the praises of this kind so much that I am persuaded it is the kind I would rather have after all. Thank you very much, Daddy Dear! The address book is certainly just exactly what I want, I like it even better than the one I had before because there is more room in this one and because there are more S's than Z's, for instance. I am glad to know the addressees and the telephone numbers, and Father's life history I copied down first thing. The "gawgaw" deal was a good one for me, it seems. You thought that Clara would have nothing left to buy anything extra, so I got a lovely piece of Green and silver ribbon from you and she bought me a beautiful piece of henna and black about the same widths! She bought a couple of pieces of lingerie tape too, so I'll have enough to pay back some that I have borrowed as well as having what I need myself. She brought me a pair of manicure scissors, too, so if you have sent another pair I'll sell them. The shoelaces, nets, and garters are exactly what I want too. And I got a letter when nobody else had any home mail too! It was a happy day for me, except that we were all so sorry and worried about Mabelle.

Yesterday I went to Chinese church as usual, but I'll confess that I had my Chinese Bible with me and I didn't hear much of the sermon because I was thinking about the ordeal I had in the P.M. But when afternoon came I got up and taught it outwardly as though I had been doing it a long time, I think. I did sweat some and I stopped a little before the last bell rang. The old ladies seem to understand me pretty well and gave grunts that I took to be approval when I had sat down. They said my words were easy to understand and then I told them that I had not given my consent to teach this class at all. Since they were so much older than I they certainly knew far more about the doctrine than I did and it would be they who taught me instead of my teaching them. I think that pleased them and then they thanked me profusely. Then I invited them to come to my house to visit me. Up spoke one old lady immediately and said that she certainly should come right away; moreover she would bring some tatting for me to buy! Well, I had a nice time with them and even if I was soaking wet when I got through I guess it was worth it. I don't believe I shall be quite as soaked again. I want to invite them over here for tea some time soon and play the victrola for them and entertain them generally.

Last night Pauline Senn was here to supper. She was in my study a little while and then after I read a little I went to bed. I got up dreadfully late this morning, but even so I was the only one left to havemorning worship with the boys. I don't believe many people in this house are crazy about leading prayers, and I am afraid most of us try to get out of it when we get the chance!

Well do you think that will be enough for this time? I haven't written as much as this for a long time.

Always with love, *Abbie*

No 211

Swatow, China

Mar. 5, 1923

Dear Quers:

This is examination day and I am sitting in the assembly room while two of the Chinese teachers give examinations in Arithmetic. If there were any applicants for the highest grade grammar I would be giving that exam. myself but there are none as yet. I am helping to watch those who are being examined and I presume this will be a mixed up letter because there are interruptions every other minute or so.

Mother's letter with the check for \$139.84 came on Saturday and I have sent it to the bank by registered letter today. I am surely relieved to get it, and shall be one happy girl the day I am square with the world -

I read Saturday of the Baptist World Alliance in Stockholm. Wouldn't I love to go home that way? I am sure

there is not a chance in the world
that I can go - but just for my
own satisfaction I have written to
Mr. Stafford to find out whether anyone
is going from Shanghai, whether it
is safe to cross Siberia now - and
how much more it would cost to go
that way than to cross the Pacific -

Please don't think that I have
set my heart on it. My present financial
difficulties make it impossible - and while
I thought and talked a good bit about it
yesterday - ~~this~~ this morning I see with
a little clearer vision that I must
not think about it at all.

I have thought, too, of what you
wrote to Uncle Arthur, and wondered
whether you definitely made the plan
for him to come home with me. If he
gets better and should want to do that,
I should not think of anything else -
of course. I have not written to him
yet, but I plan to soon -

So - I know I cannot go - but
its no harm to dream a little, is it?

There is one ~~draw~~back - and that
is that I should be nearly a month
later getting home, - and another,
that I would not be able to make the
visit in Seattle for another year and
a half - By ~~that~~ time they might
be tired of waiting for me - and I
really do want to make that visit!

Emily was in bed yesterday -
not sick enough to need me there -
so after Chinese church I went over
and had a good old time visit with
Mrs. Ashmore. I found out many
things. Found out that she thinks
Emily doesn't like her - and thinks she
makes fun of her - She doesn't
understand how I could stand Emily's
being such a drag on me - and
I tremble to think of the things she may
say to Emily herself some day about it,
for Mrs. A. is not afraid to say anything.
I told her some of the lovely things I could
about E. and how generous she is - and
how helpful in some ways - but I am
quite sure I haven't changed her opinion

in the least! I also found out that she thinks she never gets a chance to see me alone, but that E. is always tagging. Alas! I must admit — ~~but~~ I don't need to talk about it now — and I didn't admit it to her! I am sorry that E. is so in Mrs. Q's bad graces — I hope she doesn't find it out — and hope that she gets "in right" soon — She wrote a welcome letter to Mrs. Q. when Mrs. Q. arrived in Hong Kong — which made Mrs. Q. mad — ^{Empty} (Mrs. Q.) ^{now} said she could "spank her" all she needed to be spanked etc. — so though Mrs. Q. was legislator of the mission, she says!

But there, what is the use of writing so much —? You wait till I get home — and — talk about tongues wagging at both ends — well — if we don't have to burn the midnight oil at both ends to let the tongues wag all they want to — then I miss my guess — And I bet you there will be sometimes when even Pa won't be shouting plaintively "Aren't you two pills ever going to know enough to go to bed?" Reason? Because I'll be busy being a "pill" too!

More love than I can tell to you both
Abbie

Sewatow, China

Mar. 6, 1923.

Dear Arthur:

I am ashamed of the way I have neglected you - and I am going to write you a little line tonight even if it is only a little line - I have just about made up my mind that I will have to write a letter every day from now until the time I sail, if I get my correspondence caught up - There are left only 115 days until I leave Hong Kong - and if I do only one letter a day I shall barely be caught up with myself - So I have resolved to write at least one letter every day and as many more as I can on those days when I can possibly get them in or when I'm in a good letter writing mood - I know there will be many days when this good resolution will be smashed to smithereens - but "Hit it you

wagon to a star" ym know -

This letter is going to you by way of Father - because the home letter isn't yet sealed this week - and I am sending several others with it, so - yours gets in on that - and so gets there a little cheaper for me !

I have just received Mother's letter giving the directions for making Gladys' coat - I should be most happy to have it done and shall be very sorry if I can't. When I wrote about it the shops were full. I didn't think about its being such a short winter out here - but the store where I got the material is all out and I don't know whether any other shops will have it or not. I'm very sorry - but will see what I can do I and will hope for the best - Tell Gladys it is a shame to get her hopes all up and then have them dashed to the ground that way !

Yesterday we had examinations in school and today the girls have been coming in all day. They are not all here yet but the country is so upset that we cannot tell what is going to happen next. Robbers are as thick as flies - and travel in many directions is exceedingly difficult. One of the girls who has just been married did not dare to let the fact be known. She did not even have a sedan chair to ride to the groom's house for fear the excitement caused would stir up some kind of trouble.

How are those blessed babies?

You can't imagine how anxious I am to see them, I'm positive. Ruth's picture is right here on my desk all the time and Ralph's

is up on the bookcase. I can't
realize that I'll find both
of them very different from their
pictures when I get home!

My love to Gladys and the babies
and much to your own dear self-

Abbie

Swatow, China, March 11, 1923

Dear One;

This letter may not be very legible and yet it may be; the last one I wrote I had to make a carbon copy and send that, the top one was so faint. The ribbons you sent me are not all used yet but they have mildewed, in spite of care, and sometimes don't make any mark at all. I'll hope for the best, tho, and perhaps my new ribbon will get here soon. Just now I am right in the middle of the ribbon and it is working fairly well. *I've sent to Shanghai for a ribbon*

Spring is here today with a vengeance. As soon as I went out of doors I knew that I had too many clothes on and at noon I changed to thinner. I was pretty glad + did for in addition to teaching my class I had to play the big c chapel organ at Sunday School. I surely did perspire some before I got through! I hope to visit some of my old ladies some time this week, but don't know just when I shall be able to get it in. The days are pretty full.

I planned to get all the sewing I needed to have done finished before the beginning of this term but I have not started in. Wouldn't it be dreadful if I had to come home in a couple of white dresses and my nighties? I planned to make up a pongee suit and one thin dark silk to travel in but I guess I won't make the suit until I get home after all. I have an old green mohair which has faded almost beyond use, but I think perhaps I can fix that to wear on the train and then I will fix up some linen things that I have and just get home somehow, then have a pretty pongee suit made when I get home. I just haven't any time to do anything.

I got a pigskin box in Swatow and yesterday finished making the things to pin the hats on to, and screwed them into the sides and bottom, and now I have a rather respectable hat trunk. I want to get a little flat suitcase (my two suitcases have been ruined by white ants and the dampness) in Swatow, and it with my new black bag, and the two trunks that I brought, and the hat trunk, will be my baggage, I think. I thought at first of getting a camphon wood box and I may even yet. But if I don't need more room I won't. That is, unless you would particularly like one some particular size to fit some certain piece. If so tell me what size and I'll see what I can do, for there will surely be time to get an answer to this letter before I go. I ought to be able to get a small shirt waist box like the one I took to Coburn for \$10. Mex. or less.

School has begun in good earnest. I am teaching 30 (thirty) periods a week this year, and all but one class are in Chinese. I have additional to what I had last term, a class in Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare with the Senior High School girls and I am expecting to enjoy that very much. They are the girls with whom I had Proverbs last year.

I wonder how much I will have changed. You don't ever wonder that, do you? Let me warn you that I have lost about five sixths of my hair again since I came out home. The trouble on my head and body has tuned up again this winter and is about as bad now as it has ever been. I am beginning to give it a different treatment and am hoping for results soon, but you know I never can seem to find anything that does it very much good. It gets better and worse all by itself, mostly.

I must hurry and get some more writing done.

Always with love,

Abbie

213
Swatow China, Mar. 16, 1923

Dear Mother;

Ah me ! I am sort o' weary and longing for the time when I shall be with you and can be quiet for perhaps a half hour at a stretch without a dozen interruptions. I do have such hours out here, I know, but I have got to the point where it doesn't seem as though I ever did ! This minute I have about sixty letters that should go off on the next mail; this whole week I have had make-up examination papers hanging over from last Saturday still to be corrected; on Wednesday I taught nine half hour periods and then should have studied for an hour, only we had a Union prayer meeting on this side of the bay and I had to dismiss the teacher in order to go to the meeting. Every other day but Wednesday I have been working for an hour after the regular school work is done on the translation of my course in child study for the girls.

I resolved last week sometime to write a letter every day and last night was the first one that I have touched since, I think ! I am just awful, I really I am. I don't seem to have gumption enough to get anything done no matter how many times I decide to do it ! Maybe a furlough will do me some good. But I don't think I shall be absolutely done out when I get home unless something quite unforeseen should happen, (which I don't think it will, of course !) But dear me, there are so many things to do and I don't seem to be able to get them done. I was surely going to write another letter to my churches this Easter time, but I shiver to think about it, even !

Tomorrow I am going to see what I can do with an old green suit that I have almost worn out once. It is a most uncertain venture and I am exceedingly doubtful about the outcome. I hate to use up a lot of energy on a thing that brings disappointment and so I rather dread to tackle that job. Then tomorrow night at 6 is choir rehearsal and at the same time a teachers training class for the Sunday School which I really ought to attend. But I have got Miss Traver to take my class on Sunday because we are to go to Chaoyang (some of us) to the dedication of the new chapel. So I going neither to the class nor to the prep. work. We shall go over Sunday morning and back in time for the Evensong service. Then first thing we know it will be Monday morning and a week's work right on us with not a time to breathe.

That sounds as though I didn't think you folks ever had to hurry, doesn't it ? It isn't meant for sputtering, really, but I just felt as though I would bust if I didn't blow off a little bit of steam. See ?

Isn't it nice that I get a \$1000 salary and never knew it ! I am very glad that my name is down for that deal, and am very sure that the benefit will be a great blessing to me some day. If only for the fact of knowing that you won't have to starve when you are old, the comfort of having it would pay a thousand fold for the small output. I am very grateful to you folks for attending to this first part of it for me, and so glad that you got it at the cheaper rate, too.

Yesterday I went to hear Clara Leach speak at the Woman's missionary meeting, and I am full of admiration for her. She spoke fluently and apparently with great ease, and her message was a splendid one. I am afraid I shall never be able to speak as well at home as she did, any where near, - to say nothing of being able to orate in Chinese after I get back here ! I get scared and more scared whenever I think about that speechifying at home I can tell you ! Well, do you think I have grumbled enough for once ?

With very much love to all of my dear ones;

20,214
Swatow, Chins, March 27, 1923

Dearest Ones:

Over a week has gone by without my writing to you. A week ago Sunday we went to Chaoyang to the dedication of the new chapel (to take the place of the one that the typhoon knocked down). They have done a tremendous amount of work on the thing over there and have done it in such a short time. Sunday was a fearful day at the beginning. The waves on the bay were so high that the little boat we had ordered did not dare to come across the bay to get us. We were very doubtful about getting there at all. Some of the people did back out and we almost did two or three times. But we wanted to get to Chaoyang and so as soon as we could get a boat across the bay we went. We were fortunate and caught the very first launch that went, and just barely caught it, too. Ten of us were in the party counting two Chinese (one of them the preacher of the occasion). Just as we got to the landing the rain began to come down and we had some little difficulty getting chairs. We were very glad that we went and we ate our lunch in the dismantled living room of the Grosbecks, regaled by her delicious coffee.

They came over to Kakohieh the following Tuesday and thist last Friday night they were here to our house for dinner. On Saturday they sailed for Shanghai where they will be for about two weeks before they leave for America. About two days ago I got your letter asking whether I would sail with them. Last night the Schnares were here for dinner. They are sailing this week. Mr. S. goes on a transport (signed up as the steward or something). He can get it much cheaper that way and they were expecting that she would go that way too but a new ruling does not allow women to travel on the transports. They have not known what to do about it, but now she is going on the Canada with the Grosbecks and Anna Foster and they are bound to have a grand time. The government does not pay a very big salary and pays no fares, though the consuls are expected to go back to America every three years or two and get in touch with things at Washington. So she is going second class with the missionaries and she certainly is lucky to get in with that bunch. She is a Pennsylvania girl and we like her a lot.

Edna got a letter last week which scared her most to death. It was from her sister, telling her that her mother was very sick and that she had better come home at once if she expected to see her alive, &c. Hinted at cancer of the stomach and other gruesome things. So she immediately wrote for passage and got a cable that she had passage with the others. But in the meantime she had had other letters and had decided that her sister only wanted to scare her and so she changed her mind about going. So she let Mrs. Schnare have her place and that is how it all happened.

I have had a letter from Mr. Stafford saying that none of the China Missions is sending a delegate to Stockholm and that it is not yet safe to travel that way. So I have put that out of my head completely. Now I want to write to Uncle Arthur. I wanted to before but I just couldn't make myself buckle down to the business of getting it done. I am hoping to get several letters done this P.M. if my ambition holds out a little while longer.

There is another big fuss up about Marjorie Fleming. I can't remember whether I have written very much or not but she and her work are sort of in a mess. She has made very few friends in the mission and things seem to be getting harder and harder for her every day she stays. She has several times refused to meet committees when they have invited her to talk over things with them, and she said yesterday that she would not go to the reference committee today as she had been invited to do. We are all much relieved that she has changed her mind ~~again~~, and has gone. I do hope there will be more benefit to all hands in her meeting with the reference com. this time than there usually is when people try to talk things over with her. But of course I really ought not to be writing about it to you for it is a very personal matter, but we are all pretty much upset by it. Some people think she ought to be sent home if she is so hard to work with and is not even willing to discuss things with her fellow workers. And everybody is worried about her and what she will do for the the work here if she stays and what harm she will do it if she is allowed to go home just now. It is a most regrettable situation.

The gunboat is coming back today so I suppose we shall be seeing those sail or boys again!

Always yours,

Abbie



Happy Birthday to Mother

There's no one I would rather wish,
A happy birthday to,
In all this whole great big wide world,
Dear mother, than you!!

MADE IN U.S.A.

THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE.



POST CARD.

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN
ON THIS SIDE.

With dearest love
from Abbie

Apr. 3, 1923

PLACE
POSTAGE
STAMP
HERE

Swatow, China, April 9, 1923

Dear Ones;

215

What is to become of me if I get any worse than I am now? And I certainly show few signs of getting any better. It has been nearly two weeks since I wrote to you, and I have not written to anyone else in the meantime. The gunboat has come back and we have had more affairs as a result of that. But I think I have been to about all the parties and have invited her to the house about all the people I can stand for a while. I began to call a halt yesterday. They had service out on the ship but I did not go, and they had a sing in the evening at Miss Collman's and I did not go to that either. I slept only a little in the night and I suppose if I had gone I would be blaming my lack of sleep to that.

Well, things have been moving. We had word that a Philadelphia girl was coming to Hongkong and would get up here if she could, but she wanted Elsie or Mabelle to come down there to see her incase she could get no boat. Elsie is not fit for a trip like that so Mabelle went. She started off on Tuesday afternoon to be there to meet the boat Wednesday, but the boat got into H.K. a day early and the next A.M. about 7 we saw the girl walking into our yard, - and Miss Culley in Hongkong? They told her there was a boat down at four p.m. the next day but it went at 12 and then there was not another one in time for her to get her steamer. So she had to buy her ticket all over again and go to Shanghai. Mabelle thought that she would get there 12 later and take another steamer from H.K. to meet her boat in Shanghai, and so waited for her down there. Then her steamer was delayed: the girl sailed last Friday and Mabelle will get back here tomorrow if nothing prevents. And they did not see each other at all! Isn't that luck for you?

And while she was gone we had a monkey given to us by the boys of the Asheville. We have found out that monkeys are extremely dirty and screechy little animals. Enid was peeved about it at first and would have nothing to do with the beast and I wanted to give it away immediately, before she changed her mind. It was out on my side veranda the first day and night and I could not stand it any longer. The dog got loose and kept me awake and then at midnight the monk began to chatter and I was ready to fly. Yesterday they took it out on the back veranda and the boys were sore as boils because they had to keep scrubbing up after it. And even then the veranda was a disgraceful sight all the time. This morning they took it out and tied it in one of the trees. It chewed its rope loose though and came into the dining room just as we finished prayers. It is an affectionate little thing and likes to cuddle up close to us now that she knows us, but we generally have to go and change afterwards. I must admit that it bothered me a lot at first and I worried about what Enid would think and how Mabelle would like it but I am not going to bother any more. We have now Jinx the dog (Emily's) and Blackie the cook's dog; Beauty and Cinderella, Mabelle's two cats, and Cindy's two pindling kittens; Mabelle's rabbits, Peter and Molly; The Big Un, Mig (short for Midget or Mignon), Rougetail, and Palefins, four tiny fish that the schoolgirls gave us; they are in my green bowl so I suppose you'd call them mine; and now Georgia, the monk. And I tell you that is about enough for any mortal to stand. Well I shall have ten or eleven more Satues days here anyway and then I embark on my big voyage. I'm looking forward to it for more reasons than one!

I forgot to say that yesterday Enid changed her mind and now she loves the monk and wants to keep him I think. Did I tell you Enid got all scared and thought she must go home immediately. She has now decided that she does not really need to and she would like to stay if possible.

The shops are closing up again in Swatow and it looks as though we might have fighting. That means that the gunboat will probably not go out tomorrow as planned.

Always with love,

Abbie

No 216
Swatow, China, April 15, 1923

Dearest Ones:

It is about time for me to get another letter from home. I have not my little book right here with me so I don't know whether it is really four weeks since I have had a letter from you or not. I am sure it is three, and it seems like six! I guess I had better comfort myself with the thought that on my way home I shall have to wait longer than that for letters.

The monkey has gone and I have regained a little of my lost disposition if not yet all of it! I am getting very restless, though, and find myself wishing every day that I could have a week's vacation. Am I not the laziest thing you ever saw? And the very thought of studying while I am at home - well I can't bear to think of spending the time away from home, that is all. I don't know what is to become of me on the letterwriting score. I am so ashamed but still I can't seem to get the pesky things done at all. I am a little bit comforted by the thought that there have been other people in the world who at times found it next to impossible to write letters.

The Asheville went out last Tuesday morning and we have had a little rest on that score. I ought not to kick about wanting holidays, for last Thursday we had one right out of a clear sky. The night before it rained for the first time properly in several months, and everybody was so delighted to see the water that Mabelle gave them a half day to wash the school from top to bottom. It had not been done for a long time because there had been no water. So she got word back to us here at the house before we went over, that we did not need to come. So we had a glorious time here at home sewing and getting exam papers marked.

A rather dreadful thing happened at our last reference com. meeting. The report of it has not yet gone abroad but the facts of the case are that Miss Sollman was voted out of her school and Mrs. Worley was put in her place without consulting either one. Miss S. has been doing typhoon relief work, and in connection with that she was asked by the authorities in Swatow to take charge of a new orphanage. She asked the opinion of the Ref. com. about her helping to get this thing started only, and that is what they did. Mrs. Worley has for a long time wanted to be transferred to Shanghai where she could be with her son Edwin, but although it has been voted that she may go, there are some people who think that it is giving up her real missionary work and that she has no right to ask it. They thought that if she were given a job that she felt was worth staying here for, that she would not insist upon going. However, Miss Sollman is broken hearted, because she had no idea of giving up the women's school, and Miss Traver and Mrs. Worley both say that they will not accept matters as they are. And Miss Sollman says if it is left that way that she will resign. I don't know just where it is all coming out but it is in an awful mess just now and more than two people are just about at sword's point with each other. Ah me!

Always yours lovingly,

Chloe

Swatow, China, April 25, 1923

Dear Mother;

Here it is Wednesday and my last Sunday's letter not yet written to you. If I don't write it on Saturday there is a good big chance that it will not get written until after the Wednesday P.M. sewing classes. My Sundays are as full as they can be and I am always rushing to get ready for the handwork class right up until the time of it Wed. P.M. at 2. This week I have rushed more than ever because I am having a class of 23 make burlap handbags like one that Edna has, with drawn threads worked in bright colored wools. The burlap as Mabelle gave it to me was filthy and covered with black lettering. It is what they all use for mairning, regular sackcloth, you know. I knew they would not be overjoyed to do it, so I dyed the bags brown, red, and green with some old dye soap I had. Mabelle gave me some yarn but it was not nearly enough. Monday night I discovered that there was not enough burlap either. So on Tuesday P.M. I went to Swatow and hunted for more Burlap, more dye and more yarn. I got home about four o'clock and kept my poor woman until almost eight o'clock washing and dyeing the stuff, and this morning I borrowed Emily's washwoman to help iron it dry! At 2 P.M. I had it all ready, and although they think it very strange to work on such rough cloth, and some of them ask what we are going to do with these floor cloths, still they are "intrigued" by the bright colored yarns and really fascinated with something new to do.

Last Saturday was a happy day. For nearly four weeks we have had not a scrap of home mail, and I can tell you I was just about ready for some! Before breakfast I got one from you and during the morning two more, besides letters from our Mrs. Page who is at home on furlough (She enclosed \$50 gold towards the tatting so I am doubly thankful for hers), Pearl Mason, Maryland Garvin, Mattie Kilcollins, Gladys Peterson, Myrie Percy, and Gladys and Arthur telling me about little Roy. And a birthday card from Riverside Farm. Do you wonder I felt rich?

I must hasten to allay Father's fears about my traveling with many heavy trunks. My chief occupation on Saturday these days is concocting a dress with two sets of sleeves that will serve for a travelling dress one way and a best dress to go to meetin' or to dinner in Seattle, and will take up almost no room in my suitcase. Mrs. Ashore has made me a little steamer hat and one for dress-up which packs flat in my suitcase.

One other thing. Father says I must not plan to get into West Burke in the middle of the night but must get up and take the 6.25 train. Whaddye mean, middle of the night? And he says the summer trains may be one hour earlier than this! I say, are there any later trains? (Wait!)

I really am grateful for all the good advice, though, but I may not need the advice about Montreal after all. Mrs. Stafford, the wife of the Mission Treasurer in Shanghai, is very critically ill (they don't say, but I have heard there is mental trouble) and they have been ordered home. They are not able to take the children with them on account of her serious condition, and Mr. S. has asked me to take Mial, four year old boy (youngest of three) from Vancouver to the nearest point arrangeable to Rochester. I told him I would be willing to take the boy right to Rochester if someone could be found to meet me in Chicago, but that I dreaded to cross the city alone. Marguerite has promised to get the someone in Chicago, and I am waiting now to hear again from Mr. Stafford. Mrs. Hylbert will have Mial on the steamer and I hope to get some points about the care of four year olds from her!

Yes indeed we can use the postcards that you sent. We should love Christ mas cards like that especially if one side at least were bright colored to the point of being gaudy. They would help trim the tree as well as being pretties that the girls would afterwards hang on the walls.

Letter no. 106 you have doubtless received by this time. It was either written or sent Feb. 10. These three of yours were written the 4th, the 12th and the 18th of March. In case you did not get it I'll tell you that my sailing is on the Empress of Australia, leaving Hongkong June 29, and arriving (also leaving) Shanghai July 2nd; Kobe, Japan, July 5th; Yokohama July 7th; and Vancouver July 17 or 18.

My Dear, wouldn't it be wonderful to have I.K. and Gladys Paul thereto visit us this summer? I just can't wait to see them, and I certainly should love to have them there together. I hope you have invited Gladys too!

Jan. 1st the postage was raised to 15¢ and we had to pay the higher rates for a few weeks only because there was such a kick that they changed back again.

Oh!! I almost forgot to say anything about the thing that made me the very happiest of all on Saturday. I looked in the pages of the Priscillas in fear and trembling lest that picture had fallen out or had got put somewhere else, but it didn't and I am so glad to have you so near me here. I was showing several pictures of you to Mrs. Ashmore and she asked which of the two that were taken just before I came out looked most like you. So I told her that one of them was very seriously considering something I had done, bordering on the shocked or reproachful, perhaps, or about deciding to give me a little good advice, - and the other one was telling someone else something that I had done that was creditable or telling me that I would "pass in a crowd" or something to that effect. Then she took up the new one and said, "What does this one say? Oh, I guess here she is just saying how glad she is you are coming home!" Were you?

I am exceedingly glad to have those toothbrushes. Now I shall get safely home, I am sure. Partly on that account and partly because my passport reached me yesterday.

I have been trying to think of something that would be nice to send my latest nephew. Gladys said that the rompers I sent at Christmas fitted them both but this little fellow is almost too small for rompers. He'll soon be big enough, I suppose! I am not crazy about the name Roy but that is because I have not known anyone that I particularly loved by that name. I can see how Gladys would want to give a boy her brother's name, though. It is good to have him named after Father, too, and I don't doubt Father is perfectly willing for it to be the middle name instead of the first one. Gladys' letter was written Mar. 18, and she said she had had an easy time. I surely am glad for her.

It is almost time for prayermeeting - You want - a real a

good meeting but not too sleepy -

With love to both,

Abbie

Ms 218.

Swatow, China, May, 5, 1923

Dear Ones;

I am happy again, this time over many things. Last Sunday I spoke to a group of young converts. I had been told that the 28 women and girls who rose at our last decision day meeting were to be invited, and a few who were baptized the last time, and possibly a few others. I anticipated a group of 40 or 50, but when I got there Sunday morning I found over a hundred. The committee had been doing good work and rounded up a lot more, and consequently I was somewhat abashed at the thought of addressing so many. Of course I speak to more than that number at school chapel, but these were many of the people whom I did not know. I told them six things which a young Christian should remember. They were not all young in years but had recently decided. Then at the close of the meeting we had the great pleasure of seeing six more come forward. Oh, there is nothing like it!

Good
who has
not yet
made the
stand

I am happy too because I have had three more letters, from you folks Mar. 26, 28, and April 2. The check for \$88. arrived O.K. and I am truly grateful for it. I told Emily what you said and she was quite upset by the word "magnanimity". "Better call it unanimity if you have to have an 'imity', I should say" says she. As to the bars and the hangman's rope- well I'll admit I think I know how Democles felt with the sword hanging over his head. It has not been Emily nor anyone else who has been hanging it there, though, but just the thought of my carelessness that has chagrined and shamed me so, and of course, wondering what was the very quickest way to haul it down!

But I can't very well be blue when people are so good to me and when I yet splendid cheery letters like yours, parents mine! A letter from Uncle Arthur. He had not yet received my letter asking him if he is going to take the trip home with me, and he did not mention anything of the sort. Indeed he seems to be uncertain as to the possibility of his getting up to Seattle. He is still on crutches and though he does not complain yet I think it must be very hard for him. If he can't get up there I shall not know just what to do. I shan't want to miss seeing him, but it is quite a jaunt down to Salem. It would cost a little penny extra and I don't want to use the extra time. I could talk to him over the telephone I suppose, but I don't know.

By the way, do you folks have a telephone? I have often thought how nice it would be for you if you could have one but I don't know that you have ever told me in so many words that you had one. If you have, write to me some where along the way, at Vancouver or Seattle or some place and tell me the number. I don't know that I'll have a good chance to call you up but I might. I do hope you have one.

Mr. Stafford is pitifully grateful to me for promising to take his littles boy across country for him. It is settled that I am to go through Chicago but I don't know yet just what route from there on. It seems most probable that I shall go through Cleveland and Buffalo and Rochester and probably Albany and Turner's Falls to Sutton.

In the last mail I had a letter from Hehan Clark and she is to sail this fall to do secretarial work in China, for the first year at least in East China helping Ellen Peterson. Isn't that great. She has been in the Room for quite a while I think.

Another thing that makes me happy is that I have begun to pack my trunk. I have been afraid that the rainy weather would be too continuous for me to put anything into my trunk dry. But last week we had some sunny days and so I took the opportunity to get all my things sunned. I also had the cook pack a few Chinese dishes. I am not bringing many, but I have a few things. Saturday night I was too tired to see straight but I had a goodly number of things stowed away in the bottom of my big trunk and had got them all listed.

Love Love-- 5 weeks from tomorrow I leave Hongkong!

Abbie

No. 218

Swatow, China, May 6, 1923

Dear Ones:

This time I am getting a hump on myself and getting my Sunday letter to you written on Sunday instead of any time between then and the next Saturday night. I don't know that I'll get much written tonight but at least I have begun!

Today twenty-six were baptized, ten of them from our school. Isn't that fine!!? I am almost ready for bed, though, for today has been rather strenuous. At eight thirty the church service began, and it lasted until quarter of ten, when we went directly down to the baptismal service. On the way home we stopped a minute to see Fannie Northcott, who has been sick with malaria. Then I came home and read a little and got ready some more for my Sunday school lesson. S.S. began at two today so that communion service could begin at three, - organ quarter past, I should say. That service lasted until after half past four (they always have a sermon with it). I played the big heavy organ at both these afternoon services and was ready to quit when the time came, I can assure you! I perspire almost to a greasy spot with either teaching my class or playing that big organ, and so when I have both, and an extra dose of the latter at that, I am ready to say as grandpa used to say, "Enough is as good as a feast". I forgot to say that in the few minutes between the P.M. services I ran up to the Ashmores to return a book which Dr. Ashmore had loaned me. So you see I kept at it all the time.

We had had a cup off tea and were resting at the tea table about five o'clock when the Hobarts came to make a little call. They stayed until just before supper and now it is "right after supper". I ought to write more than this one letter but I don't know whether I'll have the ambition or not. I don't have sense enough to do anything in the evening any more, unless it is to read, and then it has to be a pretty interesting book that will keep me awake for very long!

Word came yesterday that Mabel's things, which she packed and sent on ahead of her when she came out the first time, nine years ago, have arrived in Swatow and she will get them tomorrow! That is, what is left of them. In those days things went around the other way very often. That was in 1914, and the shipment of eight boxes got as far as Hamburg when war was declared. She found out about it the week she sailed! Of course she gave up all hope and simply thought she need never think of them again. But other people lost things too, and she got a chance to file her claims, though she knew that the things had been broken open and no one knows how much was taken. But after sorting and repacking, enough was left to fill four boxes and so she is on tiptoe now to see what is left and whether any or all of it is really hers. It surely is exciting. I hope I may be spared an experience like that.

This week Wednesday is China's Humiliation Day and we are to have a holiday. I am hoping it will be sunny and I can get some more of my things packed. I may have to leave the very day after graduation so it won't be wise to leave too many things to do at the last second. I haven't any idea yet whether I can get all my things into the trunks I have or whether I shall have to get another! (Pa dear, if I have just one more you won't scold me too hard now will you?)

Mrs. Baker has begged us to come up to Chaochowfu once before I leave. Next Sunday being Mother's Day here there will be no Sunday School lesson taught and no work to be arranged, so we are going up over next week end. I rather think that will be my last trip anywhere until I start for Hongkong.

With a heart full of love to you both,

Abbie

No 220

Pang Khei P. R. Station -

1.30 P.M. May 14, 1923

Mother dear:

We came up to Chaochowfu on Friday, and have had such a good week end with the Bakers. After we knew we were coming we had to refuse two nice invitations: one to Mrs. Hildretts to lunch in Swatow with Mr. Atkins, Paul Cressey and Mr. Burke, the new young American consul. Then Mrs. Cowles had a party Friday afternoon and she begged us to stay with her overnight and go to the station from her house Sat. A.M. E. did not want to at all - and I wasn't keen on it myself - so we decided not to change our plans. We were afraid if we waited another

week it might be too hot, or rainy -
and in any case I would feel much
more rushed later than now - This
is my last inland trip while I am
here. ^{They had big services Mother's day, so we} were free from Sunday School duties.

Just at present we are surrounded
by some Chaoshowfu school girls, coolies
and others, who are quizzing us and
also wearing their eyes out so they'll
be sure to know us when they see
us again. Jimmy has retreated under
the bench and is resting from his long
hot walk into Pang Khoi and back.
Emily had never seen the potteries
and I wanted to go again. Since it
meant missing only one class more -
we decided to stop over today. The
train is very late and hasn't even
gone up to Chaoshowfu yet. We

Have to wait until it goes up and back down again.

On our way up we had a few extra moments so went in to see Mrs. Bates the Seventh Day adventist missionary for a moment. We thus missed Marion Bore, who came down on the train that we took. We were sorry in a way to miss her, but she came down to go to the things that we missed! Any way, it was Mrs. Baker whom we visited, and since we stayed in M.'s room, I think it really was that much easier for Mrs. Baker.

Saturday morning we went into the city and while we bought almost nothing,

yet we had a chance to look-see, and to visit with Mrs. Baker at the same time. In the afternoon Mrs. Lesh came up. We all went to church in the morning and rested hard in the afternoon. I was trying to read but got so sleepy I had to take a half hour's nap in the middle of my story. I should have written to you then - but I was lazy - and wanted to finish a book while I was there.

Marion Boss got some home mail yesterday - so we are hoping to find some for us when we get back there. I'm not as hopeful as Emily is, for I had three letters from you less than two weeks. She hasn't had any for over three - while three weeks ago I had three more from you. I shall miss these while I'm from

going from Japan to Vancouver - ! But
it will be worth the wait to see you -

I am "frightfully thin" as Henrietta
Failing told me - which means not half
as bad as it sounds - But I'm hoping
to gain a lot while I'm at home -
The eczema on my head is pretty bad -
and on my body quite a bit worse than
usual - I shall want to see a doctor
about it as soon as convenient. Marguerite
says I ought to see a specialist for
such a stubborn thing. I don't think
I'm in a particularly run down condition,
but a change and a rest from everything
and everyone here will be good for me,
I have no doubt. Sometimes I dread these

next few weeks ferociously - and then
sometimes I realize a little that I shall
miss the girls and my friends out here -
I have never felt once, however, that I
wanted to stay beyond my time.

Enid Johnson has passage for the
middle of June - but she is just hoping
and praying for word from her mother
that she may stay. Her mother has
been sick, and her sisters think Enid
ought to go home and take care of her -
Enid ~~thinks~~ thinks it is a whim and that it
will mean years of drudgery at home
and giving up mission work for good
perhaps - I am sorry for her - but
I don't understand how she could be
out here if her mother needs her.
I guess her mother is different from
mine!

The train has gone up and will
be down again pretty soon now -
We have had a very cool spring - I
think this is the hottest day so far,
and yet that may be because I've been
out in the sun walking. But the clouds
have come up and it may rain before
we get home.

It's now quarter of three - and
there comes the train! You see
I have written this in a leisurely
fashion indeed -

More next time -

Love

Abbie

P.S. It is now evening - and Emily is in bed - I'm going soon. But I'm not going to sleep until I say thank-you-as-pretty-as-I-can for the beautiful gloves - You shouldn't have sent me a single thing for my birthday this year - Doing all ymre done and then ~~these~~ too - I certainly didn't expect ym to send me any thing and I most certainly don't deserve these lovely things!

Of course, ym know they are exactly what I want and need most - and are my preference in color and everything - If ym had asked me which color - not having seen this soft shade of green - and especially not having seen it with the things I am planning to wear home, I might not have said green - but once having seen - I

can't think of anything that would
go more beautifully with everything than
these two pairs of gloves - I'm almost
stifled at the thought of kid gloves this
weather - but I know I shall feel sadly
out of it on the way home if I don't
have them. I'm glad to have these
books too - ~~He~~ may leave some for
the girls to use after I'm gone - and
I still may use some of the patterns at
the last minute myself -

Emily went to bed peevish as soon
as we got home this P. M. and would
eat no supper except a little icecream.
The reason is that she found no letter from
her mother and she hasn't had one since

Apr 29. On Apr. 28 I had three
from you - and on May first three
more (one of them enclosing the \$88+) and
today two - one enclosing silk gloves -
(I love the tucks and the way they button
ee-ee!!) and the other enclosing the
\$16.48 - Again I'm very grateful, though
you know it without my saying it.

I do feel rich - and I really didn't
expect any letters today - so they were doubly
welcome - E. wept and sulked for several
hours - grieved, I'd better say - Well -
I'd be sorry if I didn't hear from you -
but I don't exactly think it would
make me doubt ~~your~~^{your} love for me! I
hope I'd have clear enough vision, too
to see the beam in mine own eye &
to understand that a million things might
prevent your writing - Well - I've never

yet been at the place where I didn't
want a letter from you - but neither
have I ever worried for fear you
were forgetting me! Never having
come to such a pass - I don't know
exactly what I should do if I felt
in my heart a doubt that my mother
or father didn't love me as much as
I thought they ought to - but if such
a thing could happen - which I know
it can't - I think I'd want to
die rather than let anyone know it -
well - but I guess I'm not seeing
mine own beam after all - so I'd better
quit.

Had a letter from Uncle Cy. and one

from Helen Fielden - bet's cordially
anticipating visits from me -

The kiddies pictures are splendid -
I know I shall love Ruthie!

Always & forever -

Yours

Abbie

No 221

Swatow China, May 29, 1923

Dearest Beloveds:

Thirty-two years ago today - ? It is quite a long time, isn't it? I'll warrant you weren't thinking ahead on that particular day to the time when you would have a thirty year old daughter in China and three grandchildren! It doesn't seem possible to me that I really am almost thirty years old, either, and more than I suppose you can realize that you have been married thirty two of 'em. I am wishing you all happiness on this anniversary day.

Six weeks from today I shall be one day out of Hongkong towards you. I am sure you laughed at me, Pa, when I wrote some time ago that I was already beginning to pack my trunk. Well, go on and laugh! I think I really deserve it. I have been busy ever since and I can't seem to get any further than I did the first day. Four weeks from next ~~Monday~~ ^{Wednesday} is graduation and I suppose every minute from now until then will be filled. I shall leave Swatow either on the following Saturday or on the Tuesday after that, according to the schedule of the coast boats from here to H.K.

I have finished up my course in child study. It was getting to be a terrible nuisance because I had no material ready for them and had to hunt for odds and ends to give them, hand to mouth fashion. I was about at the end of my rope on material for them, too. They are the grammar graduates, and we knew they would enjoy having the last few weeks free to get ready for graduation. I am still working on the handwork classes. It is really absurd for me to be teaching them handwork. It ought to be Chinese teachers teaching them to make their own clothes. But there is no one else to teach it, and so I am putting in a makeshift of a number of fadish little things samples of which you will doubtless be seeing not many weeks after this reaches you. (Just think of it! I shall really be looking into your own two blessed faces! I don't believe it can possibly be nearly as wonderful for you as it is for me -)

Poor China is in a pretty bad way. I suppose you have read about the awful earthquakes up in Szechuan, - not near our own mission stations, we hear, but we have had no details. And about the train hold-up on the railroad between Nanking and Peking. One Englishman was killed, and several American and British are held for ransom along with numbers of Chinese. A relative of John Rockefeller is one of those held. They say that they will not give them back even for ransom until they have had a promise that these foreign countries will not go to war with them about it. We have recently heard of two more ~~steamer~~ holdups, on boats this time, but we have not had details of those either.

Al letter from Uncle Cyrus speaks of the hope that Uncle Arthur can be there as I go through Seattle, but he also expresses the doubt that he will be able to come. He mentions the plan of ^{coming} ~~coming~~ home east with me, but seems quite dubious about that too. But I am to have little Mial Davis Stafford with me any way.

Last letter I told you how much I liked my gloves, didn't I? You could not have sent anything that I would appreciate more. Everybody raves about the style of the green ones. Marjorie Fleming said, "They are lovely, and they look just like you too."

I wrote you how disappointed Emily was because she didn't hear from her mother. The next morning when Edna came back from Ungking she brought up a letter to E. that had been there in Edna's room all the time. The boys read a little English, just enough to sort the mail, and they made a mistake this time, and put it in Edna's room. Wasn't that too bad?

Very much love to you both,

St. Lut. Letter - letter!

Abbie

(Read the other first)

No 223

Swatow, China, June 4, 1923

Dearest One;

The letter I wrote to you this morning almost went off to you by itself - but (gee whizz!) I'm glad it didn't - For I feel better now - so does Emily - and we all love each other again! We have had a wonderful home mail - Yours of May 1st - with the tip about missionary talks which I'm very very glad to have - and of May 7th including the check for \$10 from Mr. Butterfield - Will you please thank him for me - and tell him that instead of writing a note, I shall hope to thank him in person here many weeks go by -

Had a letter from Gladys Latimer, one from Eva Jackson, and one from Mr. Giberson - the best and most cordial he has ever written, enclosing \$50 and insisting that I visit them this summer and go on a little outing to some lake - I shall hope to do that sometime - But I hate to think of leaving you folks to go anywhere at all this first summer - If you can go too - I'll go anywhere - otherwise I'm exceedingly jealous of how my time is spent! I can be very happy to have people come to see us or for us to go to see them - but I'm not so keen for me to go to see them - Well - we shall see what we shall see -

I'm dying to see you dear beloveds - anyway!

P.S. I'll try to bring something for Margaret Sanderson -

Love

Abbie

Swatow, China -

June 4, 1923

Dear Mother -

This is blue Monday -

It's raining - and one of my music pupils has just informed me for the third week in succession that she has "m ôi" (not at leisure) to take music lessons - Since I'm slightly "m ôi" myself I am a bit "riled" to have her be so squealers about it when I'm over here ^{at school} and all ready to give it to her!

Well - I got a bill from the hospital this morning stating that six bottles of oil that I have had will come to \$1.50 each instead of \$1.75 that they promised me - and I'm peeved - because I could have got it cheaper in Swatow -

Another grievance! Emily got up from breakfast in a huff and said she didn't intend to stay for prayers this A.M. She didn't feel like reading Revelation - Well - that made me mad - I didn't feel like it myself but I sort of think she would be better off if she would do a few things once in a while that she didn't "feel like" doing -

I know I'm an awful crab but I must have got out the wrong side of the bed this morning, and my disposition is most woefully cracked. I do wish that I could be calm on the inside as well as on the outside - Not that I am particularly calm outwardly - but this A.M. the worst thing I've done outwardly is to boil over to you in this scribble.

Margaret Stattery says that you haven't got
real control of yourself - until you are able
to let the petty annoyances pass right over
you without disturbing you at all - I do
wish I could manage not to be bothered so
much about other people's affairs - Emily is
all over her bad feelings by now, I suppose
but it seems as though the day is spoiled
for me - And I blame her for it, you see,
when in reality hers was only a small
share. The hospital, and the music paper
and probably the underdone egg I had
for breakfast all had their share in
upsetting my equilibrium. Aint I the
limit?

We had visitors last night, too - three
boys from the gunboat who have been
waiting six weeks for an invitation to come
to our house, they said - They went home
before ten, but I was wishing they
wouldn't come at all - They brought us
candy - which is acceptable - of course -

On Saturday I packed all day - or cluttered things up, rather - and then we entertained the graduates of the grammar class for tea. Then went out to the boat to see movies - then back over a rough sea to Kakchick again - and to the British Consulate to a celebration of the King's birthday - We came home before twelve - Yesterday I went to two services besides Sunday school - and then the boys came in the evening and it's getting to be too much of a good thing!

Well - Less than three weeks more - or at most not more than three weeks more - I know I am awful to be so lazy and so anxious to get away - but I think I could sleep for a month if I had the chance -

Well, I got this much steam off in my half hour of writing - and I feel better - so don't worry seriously when you peruse this awful scrawl - It's just a safety valve! Love Abbie

Swatow, China
Monday, June 11, 1923

Dear Mother -

I'm giving an arithmetic examination and the poor kids are having an awful time. I tried to make the exam as easy as easy - and still they are balking at the last one - which reads thus:

The sum of two numbers is 26.
From the greater subtract twice the less
and the remainder will be 8 -

Can you do it?

Hooray - ! One of them has finished correctly already - and so I guess we may hope that others will get there too -

Oh - I must tell you about the sailor lad who has suddenly developed a severe crush - He comes from Pepperell, Mass - and is 20 years old - Had a moustache but shaved

it off when he heard me say I thought he would look better without it.

Sent me a box of chocolates and invited me to go to walk - which I couldn't do alone of course - So Emily invited another boy and we took them to the top of the nearest hill then had to come back because it rained -

So we sat on the porch until supper then sat there a little while after supper - In my answering note I said I should have to scold him severely for sending the chocolates - So he brought me two boxes this time!

They have liberty every other day and so he insists that I must come out to play volley ball on Tuesday go to walk Thursday - to the movies Saturday etc - That will leave only the following Monday, Wednesday & Friday before I go away forever! Sad - sad!
But naturally I have not the

time even if I had the inclination
to fall in with his elaborate plans -
supposing it were a perfectly conventional
thing out here. Some of the girls
go out more or less but I think it
pays to be careful - and haven't yet
gone out alone with a man as some
have -

My washwoman informed me
the other day that she wanted
to come a little while to sit with
me in the evening. When she came - what
do you suppose she brought? A gold
chain with an elaborate filigree
in which are set two small
green stones and two large mother
of pearl hearts. Its very Chinese -
and rather good looking - but I
felt like two cents to have her
give it to me. Her salary

is \$8 Mex. per month.

Thursday just before the decision day I had my old ladies over for tea - I gave them cakes and cookies and tea - which they devoured - and then I brought on icecream, which most of them tasted and a few of them enjoyed. One old lady who is as stiff as a ramrod ate her dish and those of three of her neighbors! I played the victrola - which they liked immensely, and showed them the pictures of my "venerable" father and mother which they liked even better.

We don't know what day we may have to close in a hurry and send the girls home without any graduation at all. There are very scary rumors afloat of various plots to attack our school here - and threats are heard right and left. Last night one of the girls went home because

they had threatened to kidnap her -
Luu Suang, one of the three who
has just decided -

We do hope nothing will come
of it - But you never can tell
these troublous times. I get three
exams off today then tomorrow
I shall start to pack in earnest
and put away the things that I
am leaving here.

On Saturday night Mr. McCom
gave a farewell dinner for me -
Emily, Euid, Clara, Paul Ceresy,
Marion Bors, Mr. Burke the new
consul, Mr. Atkins and Mr. & Mrs.
Hildreth were the other guests -
We had a nice time - and one
more affair over with!

Love, love.

Abbie

Swatow, China
Thursday June 7, 1923

Dear Ones -

I'm in under my
net all ready to go to bed
but I do want to share my
happiness with you - for
I think this is one of the
happiest days of my life.

This afternoon we had
a decision meeting and I
have been especially praying
for three girls in the
graduating grammar class.

They are girls who all come
from heathen homes - and
I prayed that at least one
of them might accept Christ
before I went to America.

They are all three bright
girls, leaders in the class,
newcomers who have had

To tutor in some Bible work with me outside of hours. Not long ago I asked them about becoming Christians - Sok-kiu said she had already decided to be a Christian partly because she had been stirred by something I said at the meeting for young Christians (she got in to the meeting somehow) - Issu Suang said she would become a Christian when I came back from America - for by then her mother would surely give her consent.

Then Jun Kien, whom I love even more dearly than the others, promptly began to weep - and said that her dead father had never heard the gospel - and what good would it do her to be saved if her father

was not saved?

Since then I've had a few little chances to talk with them. Tsy Suang got word from her mother that she was willing for her to become a Christian -

Just last night I had an irresistible impulse to go and have one more talk with Jun Kien. She is engaged to an official, who is opposed to her becoming a Christian - and she has been very heart heavy because she has felt for some time that it was the right thing - only she did not dare face the opposition.

I went and found her busy

being fêted with her classmates
by the teachers -

So I got hold of a friend
of hers who has just decided
and sent some little message
by her - This morning word
came through the friend
that she had decided -
and would confess Him
today -

Even then my faith
was too small to believe
that she really would -

But she did! And beside
my three precious ones were
seven others of our girls -
and other children and
women to the number of
31 - I wonder how God
can possibly make any
use of me when I trust
Him so short a distance -
I was so anxious for these

girls to come - yet I could
not see past their difficulties
There are three more who
are not Christians in that
class - I wish they would
come before I go!

Yesterday, June 6 I got
your letter sent May 14th -
Isn't that great! its the
quickest yet - I have
chosen a little girl who
will write to Gladys Wooster
before I go home I think -

I'm sleepy - but very
happy -

With love

Albie

June 11, 1923

No. 224

No 224

Suway, China

June 13, 1923

Mother and Father dear —

The time is drawing near - and I must say I am all going around in a whirl. Just now I'm waiting for morning chapel to be over - so that I may give my last make-up examinations.

Then I must go home and give the exams to a teacher & correct - while I go into the chaos in my bedroom and try once more to see whether all my things will go into my trunks or not.

I have my big trunk packed (and tabulated) almost up to the tray - If I find things will not go in -

this P.M. I must go to Swatow to
find out about getting a box - I
must also see about boats for next
Saturday - and get our reservation
in - Marguerite didn't want to
go so soon - but the longer she
thinks about it, the more she realizes
that it would be unsafe to wait
for the very last boat that would
take us down - If Mabelle had
waited for the last boat when she
went to America, she would have
missed her steamer - I don't dare
to wait longer - I can't bear the
thought of missing that steamer -

Affairs are rushing these days -
and the "last things" have already
begun to come - And amidst it
all, the sailor lads are ever present.

and we are at wits' ends to know
how to manage about them -

We know for a fact that it
often helps more than we dream,
if they are entertained of an
evening by us instead being
let loose in Swatow with
nothing to do and no one to
know or care a hang what they
do -

On the other hand - we have
to be most exceedingly discreet
on account of the Chinese. and
then too - we are just about
as busy as can be - and can't
afford to spend much time with
them. Two of them came over
last night and we gave them
the icecream that was left over

from supper - which of course made quite a hit with them. We had told them before hand that they must go early so they went before ten.

Saturday afternoon they have two baseball games and a volley ball game - then Miss Sollman has invited about ten of them and some of us to picnic supper on the Bungalow porch. From there we go out to the boat to see the movies. I expect to get there for the last end of the baseball game - then skip most of the volley ball - and appear again at the picnic supper -

The Pepperell lad - name of Clarence Weld (C.W. !!) says there are only three nights left

after Saturday. I haven't broken
the sad news to him yet but
I really fear Saturday will
be the last. Monday Miss
Sollman has invited several of us
to a sort of farewell party to me.

Tuesday night some of the
other sailors invited us out to
the boat to have Japanese dinner -
but we already have a big
affair at school. The Student
Body has invited Enid and me
to a farewell party - and I have
been asked to say a few words
to them -

We have prayer meeting on Wednesday
~~graduation~~ Thursday
and Friday there will be a thousand
and one things to do, I know -

I have my accounts almost
ready to be audited. I have one

box of bedding and things packed
to leave here, and another partly
packed - You don't know how glad
I am to have those zinc lined
boxes -

Yesterday morning was my last
chapel talk - Before-hand I asked
my dear little Jün Kien if she would
be willing to lead in prayer. She
didn't know whether she dared, so
I told her to think about it. When
the time came, I asked her and
she said all right! It was
a beautiful prayer, for blessing
upon me whether my way led over
the water or over the land - whatever
my circumstances should be. She
has never prayed before all the girls
before - and I thought after the first

time it would be easier. I also thought - she might be willing to do it if I asked her to - I wanted to hear her - It was a good thing that her prayer came after my talk or I could never have gone on - I'm sure.

Yesterday afternoon was our last W. W. J. meeting. Mrs. Lin Hsi Chhi - who goes to America to study in the middle of July - was the speaker - and they asked me to sing a solo - I sang "He will hold me fast" in Chinese - I hope it meant as much to them to hear it as it did to me to sing it.

The days don't all go smoothly - but I don't need to write about the rough places now - Soon I can let off all the steam I want to and no harm done - !

It will be no time at all now before
I see you — Think of it!

Love

Abbie

(Mother dear - will you
buy some birdseye and stitch
up one ~~one~~ or two before I get
home - I'm going to bring
only what I need to - and follow
Pa's advice to travel as lightly as
possible!) I need some new ones -
yet the good ones I have I might
as well leave here as to tote them
around the world.

~~Mother only~~

Hongkong Missionary Home
Kowloon, Hongkong
June 28, 1923

No 225

Dearest Ones:

Last Sunday I didn't get my letter written to you - but I want to scratch off a little scribble to you now - It will go on the same boat with me - but ought to go straight on to you, instead of stopping in Seattle - and thus reach you before I do.

I can't believe that I'm actually off - The other day I made out a list of our missionaries and you don't know what a queer feeling it gave me to write "Abbie J. Sanderson, on furlough." I had a letter from Emily last night and although it is going to be hard for her, yet I think she'll weather the gale somehow - When I get to you I'll tell you how relieved of strain etc. I have felt these few days in H. K. We were all under a big tension the last of it - and I know now that

my nerves were tant - Though I didn't
realize it so much then -

We've been doing all sorts of
shopping - Almost every one wanted
something or other and I've been buying
everything from pill hats to bathing tights
and much more - Its lots of fun, but
I'm always sorry when I can't get
what people want - Will have to
finish up today and perhaps get
some of our things on board - We
sail tomorrow.

They say the Australia is the
biggest thing in the harbor - but
she doesn't look so - because she is
stubby and wide - She doesn't
look as big as the Asia to me -
Alack! I'm just small enough &
wish we were going first class - We
have met some nice people here who
are going 1st and it makes us a
little envious - I don't really of
course - for this is about as easy a
way as any for the Board to save money -

Elise Kittitz came down to Hong Kong with us, and Marguerite took her straight to the Matilda Hospital. The hot weather just does her out and I really think it is exceedingly doubtful if she can stay out here in China. She needs rest - but she needs more than that. And if she can get the right kind of ~~treatment~~ here these two months at the Hospital there may be some hope for her. She is in pretty bad condition now though.

Hooray! We had another trial of our sea legs coming down from Swatow - and I managed to keep my good record still. Marguerite and Elise both went under - and about 6. P. M. I felt rather squeamish for we had what the English would term a "jolly rough sea". But by seven I was ready for dinner and went out alone to get it. One more notch! I'm always expecting that

I'll go under the next time though -

The girls were supposed to go home on Friday after graduation Thursday - but more than half of them stayed over to say goodbye to me. I got along all right all the way along - but the weather threatened heavily when our boat was leaving the shore and the girls began to sing my farewell song to the tune of "How can I leave thee?" - It was almost too much!

A number of the teachers and nearly all the missionaries came out to the boat to say goodbye to us - I thought some of them would have to stay on board and come on to Hongkong with us - The sea was so rough - They had a terrible time getting into the little boats. Emily was very brave and says she hasn't cried when anyone was looking at her -

Marguerite is appalled at the thought of leaving China - I'm not at all! It is different with her, though - I simply can't wait to see you - Love Abbie