

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 3 / 20

Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow, Chaochowfu

Dates: 1926 Jan - Apr

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Scanning and computer output microfilm prepared by Conversion Service Associates LLC, Shelton, CT with financial support from The Center for Christian Studies, Shantou University, 243 Da Xue Road, Shantou, Guangdong, China 515063

P.S. I know the fur coat is shorter than you like - but - Swatow, China No 55
look at your fashion books; you shouldn't wear
your dresses so "pecky" long! Jan 16, 1926
[Mrs. Wood & Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith]
[I have sent us all Birthday Prayer Calendars]

Dear One -
I have over 20
lines thank you
letters to write!

The five gold arrived last
night and I've been basking in
its light ever since - Since I
wrote my last letter I've been
rather rebuking myself for letting
you use money to buy a scarf -
and have been wishing I had
told you to send it out as something
because there are so many things
we need out here - We've a
chance to get a fine second
hand piano for \$150 Mex - and
Mabelle had \$17.50 gold and
I had the \$20 gold from the Rockland
church - \$37.50 doesn't seem
like a very big starter, but Elsie
says she can give us some, and
then if I can't see any other way,
I'll use this five, and eleven
which came last night from
Sargentville -

If there is any other way to
get the piano money, I shall save

mine for tutions - I have just sent
\$80 to one of the girls in Peking -
and I'm needing more for some
girls right here - So - I shall
feel better about using this five
for something that is needed, than
I would to have had you buy a
scarf - I had so many pretty things
at Christmas - far more than I
dreamed of having - or deserved -
and I really don't think you
should have sent this five -
Mother ! I'm going to scold

you now, good and hard - so
get ready ! Of course I'm glad
if you can get anything out of
that old blue coat of mine -
but what about the muskrat ?
Don't you know that I saved my
conscience for getting such a good
one by the thought that you would
have it after I came back to China ?
And if all the good that nice warm
coat is doing any body is just hanging
and hugging itself in a bag suspended

from a rafter² up in the shed -
what in the world, I ask you,
~~should~~ ^{shall} I ever do to my conscience?

Answer me that - please - Now -
I shall be downright mad if you
won't wear that coat - Any body
who had anything to do with
helping me get it (except, perhaps,
yourself!) would agree with me
that it was bad business {for you to
let it go
unwashed

So you just be good, and don't
give me answer back (unless I give
you permission, as per above!)
and hurry up and shake the
mothballs out and wear that
muskrat coat; if possible,
before you write your next
letter - (Only don't delay the
letter just because you happen
not to wear the coat - because
I'm pretty eager for letters from
you these days - !)

I want to know exactly
how that overworked tummy is

acting (no, that sentence sounds more
as if it had been written about you, dad!)
but I dread to have it cut up any
more pranks — Do you suppose it would
do any good to get away from the
cold — go to Florida, say, to live?
Or don't you have any desire to go to
Florida to live? I shouldn't want
you to go there and get malaria,
certainly —

To return to the coat — Pa — you
make her wear it — (that is — if she
will — of course it would never do to
let her think you were making her
do something she didn't want to do!)
But you just use some of your
sweet persuasive powers — and
swing her 'round — She may think
she can't, but I know she can.
It may not fit her as well as
hers — and may not be as warm —
but — neither is it as heavy on
the shoulders as hers, nor as hard

3
To walk in —

Mozzer de-ar - won't you
please, just to suit yer darlin'
darter? Just think - a fur coat
like that muskrat one may be all
out o' style by the time I come
home six years from now - and
then wouldn't I be sorry you
had wasted it? Moreover, I may
get sick or die before then, and
then, wouldn't you be sorry - you
had wasted it?!

Further than this, I know not how
to proceed, so I'll just let the matter
rest here for the next two months -
hoping to hear by that time that
you have begun to wear off one
of the buttons, and that the right
sleeve in one spot and the seat
in two spots, are beginning to show
the skin through.

Well, I can hope that, can't I,
when I know that they hope can't
come true? And - well - 'nuff said!

I've just finished this letter to Ruth - Of course she doesn't need to know that you've seen it, so give it to her sealed -

I intended to write about the Anti-Christian agitation - but dear me - I have been so taken up with the "Fur Coat Agitation" that I can't do it today -

The little needle cases I sent a week or so ago I thought you might deem prudent to give for me to Mrs. Mark. Ruth T. Flora, Mrs. Chapman & perhaps someone else - in lieu of a Christmas present - since I sent one to Stella & to nobody else - I have a half hope that you either didn't give it to her yet or else found something else to give for me to the others. Yet there is no reason why I should expect you to, since I didn't say so - The cards I sent last week were to go with the gifts - or for you to use in any way you yourself see fit -

Must close now - with love,

"more'n tongue can tell" - your
(and thanks for the \$5.) Abbie

Puataw, China

Jan 25, 1926

Mother dear,

I've just been waiting for
the letter that would tell about
getting the scarf! ^{and now it has come -} Yes, I have one
too - with green in it, as you
may guess - and it is very pretty
too - So I really don't need
another, though of course you know
my propensity for wanting all
the pretty things that are coming
my way. But now I have still
another reason for being glad that
you sent the gold piece instead;
Myrtle Clarke's present to me has
just come, - ~~the~~ sheerest silk
and wool scarf that you ever
saw - It's shell pink, with
a bit of baby blue in the
border - and it's as soft as
eider down - a lovely thing -
Gladys Paul has sent me a

pair of solid gold cuff links -
beauties - At present I haven't
a thing to wear them in, but
one or two of the materials I got
in Shanghai will make up
beautifully into tailored dresses -
and I just hope I shan't lose them -
I wish you were here to make
the button holes! I have a piece
of white Szechuan linen that
is good, and I got a bargain
of lavender linen off the
remnant counter - that
I can make tailored if I
put white voile sleeves in
it -

About the collar and cuff sets -
they are worth about \$1.80, + more
if you have to pay duty - The
collars alone sell for .90 or

\$1.00 - we've celebrated Mrs. Ashmore's

74th birthday - She told people (2)
not to do a thing but of course
it pleases her - We gave her
a black shirred satin pillow
with a tapestry inset - For the
entertainment we gave a little
sketch of the girls and the Ashmores
going to Baguio, P. I., last
summer. Edna, Velva, and Edith J.
took their own parts, and Mabelle
and I took off Mrs. & Dr. Ashmore.
I wore Dr. A's long overcoat over
Mabelle's pajamas! and his hat.
my own pongee waist buttoned up
to my chin - and the beard I
made by fitting a piece of organdy
to my face and sticking white
cotton on it - and fastening on
my ears with wire hairpins -
I didn't know how it would
strike Mrs. A. to have me take off
"her Will" - But it happened &

strike right and she still laughs about it whenever I see her -

I risk for no higher compliment for my acting than the one she gave me. She thought for several minutes that I really was Dr. A. ! As for Dr. A. himself, his comment was "Did I keep my hat on all the time?" -

People said it was really funny how much I walked and looked like him. So I'm satisfied.

Ynid never guesses who has written me a nice long letter now! Two pages, nearly, typewritten, from - Fred W. Mann, M. D. I must send it to you when I've answered it. I thought he was an atheist, or something like that, you know - but I guess he wasn't at all - from this. He doesn't mention having received the Meaning of Prayer - so I'm not going to bother - Maybe I wasn't

surprised! It sounds exactly (3.)
like him —

Your last letter wonders whether
Mr. Giberson is going to "come across"
this year — Well I should smile —
Yesterday I got his letter — To the
usual \$50 he had added \$5
for a Shoohsing Christmas package
and also \$10 extra for a special
Christmas present for me! Now
what do you think? Guess he
has forgiven me all right for
not going to see him, don't you?

Went to Phau thai for examination
again on Saturday — It was as
cold as blazes — and poor little
Miss Ginn didn't wear enough &
got sick, poor child — The wind
blew in my eyes until they were
all puffy, but I'm as right
as rain again this morning —
Stayed at home yesterday afternoon
to finish scribbling the draft of my

Jan 15 (!) letter to Miss McVeigh -
I must typewrite it this afternoon
if I can in between exams -

I have had my annual physical
exam and they think I will probably
^{It's horrid to write like that even joking, isn't it?}
live several months longer & since I
gained ten pounds! I was 126 last
December, and now I'm 136 -

I've been rubbing my eyes too carelessly
and have developed just a touch of the
granulated eyelids - or ^{incipient} trachoma, that
is so prevalent out here - I use medicine
in them every day and by the way the
stuff smarted I guess I'll be cured
in a week or two - I have a few
malarial germs again, but I got
rid of them before, and I guess I
can do it again - Some folks
just can't get rid of them -
But I'm really in excellent condition.

Let me assure you that there
is nothing wrong with my knee -
It is every whit as good as it ever
was - and in addition has a beautiful
decoration, reddish around the edges,
with purple or wine colored center.

3 islands



About the size here indicated - really quite ravishing!

Elsie says the latest at home is fancy gartered stockings, with bare knees and a dainty butterfly painted on the most conspicuous part. Skirts always slip up to show the knees when one sits down, she says - ! Now my problem is this; whether to let mine go as it is, instead of the butterfly, or to use it as the foundation for further decoration - (I don't mean more of the same kind!)

I'm going to have Helen Clark send you the package for Mr. Giberson and let you pay the duty - ~~because~~ he has sent the whole \$5 to me - He should have sent it to New York - the things there have the duty all

paid on them - I don't know how
much I'll have to pay Helen,
but there'll be enough left of
the \$5 ~~for~~ here with me, for you
to pay duty with there in
Sutton - Do you get me?

Much love to my dear
-Dad & Mother-

Abbie

no 57

Swatow, China, Jan. 30, 1926

Dear my Own Ones:

Sunday night at eight o'clock, and you folks are just beginning the day there. I wonder just what you are doing right this minute, anyway? Getting your breakfasts swallowed in time so that you won't be late for church, or what?

This has been a pretty full day for me, and a happy one too. I'd better begin with yesterday, - no, - before that, even. All this last week has been a mixture of third monthly examinations, reviews getting ready for the final exams, and even one or two final exams (of girls who had to have their exams early on account of going home with some relative who happened to be going earlier. Some parts of the country are so infested with robbers that the parents have to be especially careful about providing proper escort for their girls). I still have a whole bunch of papers that have to be corrected to-morrow morning. And to-morrow morning I have my Old Testament examinations, while in the afternoon I have all of my English examinations at the same time! The girls go home on Wednesday, for the Chinese New Year vacation.

This term I rather thought that I shouldn't be needed to help with the examination of the country schools, partly because I went to all the places that were examined last June; but although Mabelle planned to go to at least one of the places this term, she was needed here to help with making out the schedule for next term and filling out blanks that go with the new government regulations for registration of all schools. So I went to Phau-thai last Saturday and this Saturday, yesterday, to Tat-hau-pou. We went in a little boat this time, - the three of us; Mui-hong, Chhipahui, and I (they are Gou Sin-se and Lau Sin-se now!). The moon was shining when we started out at 4.30 in the morning, and we got back here at six at night. It really was a very good trip; the Tat-pou school is the best one of our country schools, and the two teachers were both on a high horse and we had a lot of fun both going and coming. It was not cold the way it was last week and we didn't have to be in a jostling dirty crowd that we should have met on the launch.

About midnight last night I awoke with a start to find the wind fairly whistling through my bedroom. At first I thought another typhoon was upon us. I didn't go to sleep again for some time, and consequently I didn't open my eyes until eight o'clock! And I have a Sunday School class at eight-thirty! Well, I jumped. I was a trifle late, - Mrs. Worley had taken my place at the organ and they were singing the first hymn when I got there, puffing. That was my first meeting for the day. After that came the church service, at which the old Elder Tang, the Chiang-lau, held forth for a good forty minutes. After that was a committee meeting, - the personal workers' committee. I was chairman last year and I made up my mind some time ago that I would not accept the position again. There are connected with it various arrangements which make it much easier for a Chinese than for a foreigner, and anyway, with so many capable Chinese women here, there is no reason why the foreigner should be the one to take first responsibility in the matter. I made rather a fool of myself and shed some stupid tears before I was able to make my point clear to them. I assured them that I was willing to help to the best of my ability, but that I didn't feel I ought to be chairman again.

They were finally very nice about it, and our Miss Tang is the chairman and I am the vice-chairman. And when I got home at 12.30 I was ready for my dinner; very much so, since I just swallowed a couple of mouthfuls and ran in the morning.

At 3 came the Sunday P.M. prayermeeting, and after that the meeting which has made my day a happy one. ~~THIS~~ Two weeks ago, in my S. S. class of eight girls we were talking about becoming Christians and being baptized. There is only one of the eight who is not a baptized professing Christian. So at the end of the lesson I said that there was something I thought we could do together and I would tell them about it when there was more time. But afterwards I thought that the girls were such carefree irresponsible youngsters that it wouldn't do much good to try to make a personal worker's group of them, so the next Sunday I simply let it drop and didn't say anything about it. Today, however, they asked me what it was that they could do together; they had been waiting for me to say. So I invited them to come over to my house at four this afternoon to talk it over. They still didn't know what I was driving at. Well I felt a good bit fearful about it because I was anxious to have it more than just a piece of advice which came from a foreign teacher.

One of them was sick to-day, but the other seven came, including the one who is not a Christian yet. We talked over what it means to be a Christian, and where we are lacking in being soul-winning Christians, and why we are lacking, and what we can do to remedy that lack. Then I asked each one of them in turn about the brothers and sisters that they have who are not yet Christians, and then whether they didn't all hope in their hearts that these brothers and sisters would all be Christians and whether they wouldn't be glad to help them along. The next question was whether they wouldn't each like to help some friend or schoolmate to become a Christian, and the next, whether they would like to pledge themselves to try to do this work together, and see if we couldn't be more than just a class that studied about some Bible character a half hour on Sunday morning. The Christian girls all answered to these questions, and then I told them I hoped that they would each consider themselves ~~and~~ my representative and help to win some one whom I would like to help but couldn't, either because I don't know them, or because I don't know them well enough, or because I'm a foreigner and can't possibly reach them. I said I would pray before they went home, and if any of them wanted too, they could follow me. You can imagine how glad I was to have all six, one after another, follow with their half whispered little prayers. I said I would pray about this work of theirs, - of ours, every day, and I hoped when they came back from vacation they would have something to tell. I'm going to write their names out because I know you will be willing to help me pray for them. You won't have to pronounce their names, but you can look at them, anyway. There are It-cheng and It-sun, two daughters of Dr. Tang, the doctor at the Boys' Academy, Hui-lang, the daughter of Dr. Tie at Chaoyang, Huahhui, the daughter of Mr. Lim Hioh-ehho who is now studying at Newton and Harvard, Bak-iong, the daughter of a woman who used to be a helper at our school, and Tshun-sim, from another Christian family. Kui-juak, the one who was sick to-day, is the daughter of Tang Sengli, our Baptist Swatow banker. The name of the one who is not yet a Christian is Tsu-noi. These girls ought to accomplish something really worth-while, and I believe they will.


I meant to write about the anti-Christian agitation at Christmas but that pales beside the news of the opium fighting up north -
with love - Abbie

No 58

Chaochowfu, China
Feb. 12, 1926

Dear Ones,

My first visit to Chaochowfu
since quite a while before I went on
furlough -

—— That's as far as I got and
now it's Feb. 16 and I'm back in
Swatow again - and mighty
glad to be here too - Elsie and
I went up Thursday and I really
got a lot of rest the first two
days - But then John Hildreth
(7 yrs) and Kenneth 
Carman (who was visiting there too)
(about 5 yrs?) got some kind of stomach
trouble and were sick for two days -

On our way to church Sunday A.M.
Elise sprained her ankle so that
she couldn't step on it - Mrs. Hildreth
got such a headache that Monday
morning she couldn't get up at all.
Miss Metherby, Mrs. H's Aunt, who is
visiting them until furlough, has
heart attacks, and while she
didn't have one, one day she looked
so dreadfully that we all thought
she was going to be sick.

To cap the climax, I woke up
Mon. A.M. with dazgles in front of
my eyes - and so
nauseated that I
couldn't eat anything - I didn't
know how I'd manage, with
Kenneth a doubtful quantity, and

Elsie not able to hobble - and me
own tummy wobbly to the bargain.
But Mr. Hildreth came down
on the train with us, and
Mildred met up at the station -
and we managed beautifully.
Kenneth was splendid - as good as
Mial Davis - and my own tummy
improved rapidly as I neared
home - nevertheless - I'm
thankful to be at home again.
To-morrow I go to Mrs. Ashmun's
for a week - but I shall be
home mornings and afternoons,
for I've told them that I
must write letters and I
mean to stick to it -

It's scandalous not to have
written for two weeks! Last
week I parted with my upper
right second molar - to which
was attached a huge abscess -
It hadn't given me trouble recently
but the abscess was growing -
and that in the direction of the
sinus - and therefore I'm most
thankful to be rid of it -

Ever since school was out I have
been planning Mabelle's birthday
party. This year she is 50 - and
while we are not mentioning that
fact, of course, still everybody knows
it. I planned to go away with
Elsie on the 11th, so we had the
party the night before. Most of

the girls had gone away some-
where for China new year vacation,
so we had only Enid, Elsie &
Velva here. We invited the Capens
too, to make a good sized party.

The "piece de resistance" of
the occasion was a February pie,
made from an old hat box -
Velva decorated the top - and it
looked exactly like a tough old
specimen from the bakers -
I made paper blackbirds which
peeped out of the top - all with
their mouths wide open and wings
a flapping - The pie was encased
in a white crepe paper grill and
had doors at the sides which pulled
out to let each person have a piece

of the pie -

I made up a jingle to go with it - a copy of which I'll enclose -

We opened the pie during dessert and the last piece to ~~be~~ opened was Mabelle's, with its "toast" whereupon we drank a toast to her very good health. Then we went to prayer meeting. She was completely surprised - When she said that she wouldn't have been surprised had it been the next morning we laughed up our sleeves, for the girls sneaked back to our house and were there for a real birthday breakfast the next morning - I think M. ~~liked~~ liked it a lot - and we all enjoyed it -

When I got back yesterday your letter telling about receiving

the dress was waiting for me -
I've been so eager to hear!
As regards duty - I've forgotten
whether I valued it \$8.00 gold
or \$8 Mex - or whether I simply
note \$8. As a matter of fact
the silk for it cost \$21 Mex - but
of course don't tell anybody -
so you see I undervalued it
myself - knowing that you'd have
to pay duty - If the customs people
thought I had marked it \$8 Mex -
they may have counted it \$6 Gold -
which was higher than my valuation,
of course - I marked it wholesale,
you see! I'm so glad, glad, that
it's useable and I hope
you will not be sick any more
but will be able to enjoy the
dress this spring & summer -

By the way, has Dr. Burke suggested
an X-Ray of yourself to find out
more definitely what the trouble is?
You know Elsie Kittitz was X-Rayed
from the neck down - and if they
had X-Rayed her head too, they
would have found the trouble very
quickly. - I wish you would ask
him about it. - I have had a great
notion to write to him myself. But I
guess it would be just as well
for you to suggest it yourself -
It may cost something - but then
your stomach is worth a few
dollars, you know!

I have ~~fallen~~ ^{fallen} heir to a big white
Cron box that has come for Marjorie.
This damaged paper can't be
used for Xmas presents, so I'm
using it up -
Much love to you - Abbie

FEBRUARY PIE

Sing a song of birthdays,- we have 'em till we die,
Eight and twenty black-birds baked in a pie.

When the pie is opened, the birds begin to sing,
They'll sing of Fame and Fortune that Februaries bring.

G. W. was the little boy who never told a lie,
And now he has the lion's share in February's pie. (open flags) *transfer each one*

Abe Lincoln was a lanky man, and grand as he was tall,
His sympathy, his love, his wit endear him to us all.

(excerpts from speeches and stories)

Cupid is a dangerous man, he shoots such fiery darts,
But when St. Valentine comes round, then quake for fair maids' hearts !
(valentines)

Leap Year don't come every year, as all the lassies know;
But February two years hence will bring it, sure though slow.
(dice to try luck, charm, guiding star, etc.)

February's the time for sales; can you resist the lure ?
Buy all your goods at Monkey Ward's; our guarantee is sure.
(bargains marked with sale prices, miniature dresses, hats, etc.)

Chinese New Year comes this month, or else some time right near;
Fairies blooming on that morn bring joy for one whole year.
(this piece contained an unopened water-fairy (lily) bud with the instructions to give it to the boy, who brought in two plants heavy-headed with blooms, the first we have had this year)

Lincoln, Leap Year, Monkey Ward,- a motley congregation,
Anna, Enid, Edith too, all swell the convocation;
And yet there's one still on the list,-

Mabelle,- CONGRATULATION !

(a piece of toast for Mabelle, whereupon we all drank grape-juice to her very good health, etc.

*These birthdays all
Come in Feb. too*

No 59

Swatow, China

Feb. 21, 1926

Dear Ones,

This must be a scramble
for I've a million letters - more or
less - to write and only part of
one week to do it in. This P.M.
I feel the "urge" a little stronger
than usual - and I'm going to
try to get some typewriting done
for circular letters -

Mabelle went to Kityang on
Wednesday and I've been visiting
at Mrs. Ashmae's ever since. Velva
was the one who thought of inviting
me and Friday she had to pike
off to Kityang for a medical
consultation. She was sorry, and so

was I, yet secretly I'm a little relieved, for I've had more time to visit Mrs. Ashmore, and Mrs. Q. wouldn't understand if I didn't spend most of my time with her. I've tried to write letters over there, but you can imagine that's not very easy - This P.M. I've come over home instead of going to church. It's after 3.30 and I'm going at it as hard as I can until dark.

I've really been having a very nice time over there, only of course I spend the evenings doing Cross-word puzzles with Mrs. Q. and playing Halma with her - and consequently most of my Christmas letters are still unwritten, & say nothing

of the Indiana churches from
whom the big White Cross box
came to Marjorie Fleming -
I must get a hustle on - that's
sure -

School begins a week from
Wednesday - and I don't know
where vacation has gone -
Miss One got away for a little
while, - I hope she gets a real
rest - Marguerite went away -
but she's been sick ever since
she got back - Elsie sprained
her ankle - (she has been staying
at Capen's ever since she got back,
for Edna is out in the country) -
Mrs. Worley & Edith Traver have
gone to Shanghai -

The Consul is giving a tea
tomorrow P. M. ^{Washington's birthday} I shall have to

go to uphold the honor and dignity
of the missionary young ladies -
There's nobody else here! However,
if the bay is rough, I shall not
go -

I'd like to write more, but I guess
I'll quit this time - and get
to work -

Love to you both -
Abbie

No 61
Is this right
at last?

Swatow, China

Feb. 25, 1926

Dear Ones,

I feel as though my vacation were all over in one way. Though school doesn't begin until next Wednesday - The reason for this feeling is that if I hustle my head off I can't get my letters written -

I came back home yesterday from Mrs. Ashmore's, where I have been visiting a week. Poor dear lady, I never realized how lonely she does get sometimes until I went there this time. I took two dresses over there one day and she helped me to decide how to have them made, then I went downstairs to cut them out. She said "I won't come down to help you, because you'll be able to do it better alone" - But in a few minutes she did come

with her book and sat there reading -
She said she was cold, and came
down to be near the fire, but I'm
sure that was just an excuse
and that she really wanted the
company -

We played Halma a lot -
and she enjoyed that too - so did I.
I've made up my mind I'm going
over there a lot more in the
future if I can - But then I've
made that resolution before - !

Yesterday morning before I came
away - Dr. Ashmore came out of his
study on purpose to tell me how
much they had enjoyed my being
there - how much he appreciated
my coming - for the good it did Mrs.
A. I was very much fussed, I
fear - but told him that it made
my pleasure doubled to have him

2) say that - as indeed it did - Dr. A.
is charming, but you have to know
him pretty well, or he has to know
you pretty well, and trust you, I think,
before he will let down the bars
of his reserve at all - But all
week he joked with me and
with Mrs. Ashmore and we
really had a delightful time
together - I seem to be in their
good graces and of course its
very nice -

Mabelle was due to come home
yesterday P.M. Elsie invited me to
her house (the Bungalow) for dinner,
and Velva went back from the Ashmores,
where she has been staying while
Edna and Elsie were away; she
lives at Ashmores but eats with the
girls regularly) - Then I came
right home and got the cookie

busy helping me open the house -
~~We~~ washed some windows, built
two fires, took out some old lilies
that had outbloomed themselves and
cut some other flowers to make
the place look a bit homelike - I
was glad to get home, and Mabelle
was glad too -

I tell you - this business of
Mothers-in-law - or the eternal
triangle - or any other similar
problem, is easy to explain - It
isn't simply because its one man
and two women, or two men and
one woman that makes trouble.
in a house or in a situation, its
three people, men or women,
that make the rumpus - Two
may not be able to live cheaper
than one, but two certainly
can live more peacefully than
three, I believe - At least that

3) has been my experience a number of times - with a number of different people -

Had a letter last night from Diana Wall - now Mrs. Pitto, of New Orleans - She lived in Rockport, you know, and knows the Pages - a schoolmate of hers, Bert Spear, is on an oil steamer which makes the trip from New Orleans to China, usually to Swatow, twice a year - and she says that when he spoke of a "tall good-looking Miss Sandersen who played tennis, then I knew that your college dreams had been realized - "etc - etc.

I'm glad to hear, of course, but it's another letter to answer.

Elsie has given me the letter that you wrote to her Mother, just before she came out - All I have to say is these two

things; 1) I liked it pretty much;
2) what with my father a preacher
and my mother a person who
can write letters like that, I,
being the offspring, certainly
ought to be able to spout to
good advantage with either
pen or tongue, and shame
to me if I can't -

I'm so sorry to hear that
Mr. Chapman has been ill -
and hope that nothing may
prevent his rapid and
complete recovery - Will you
give him my good wishes
please?

Tell Mrs. ^{good} Frank I mean
to answer her letter soon -
the time just flies by & I
don't write nearly all the
letters I want to -
I believe I'll have to ask you

4) To send on the \$21 from Mrs. Knox - (did you know she is Bessie Pierce's sister?) I need it to pay up some tuitions for girls I am helping - (And did you know that Bessie P. is married - to a Mr. John Donovan - and they are living in Washburn near the Knoxes and are very happy!)

I like the sound of your "new" blue coat very much - and think you were fortunate to get the lining at that price. I'm wondering if you've yet received my letter about my fur coat ! ! ! ! ! ?

Later - I've just finished a pile of letters - 26 of them, thanking for boxes sent to Marjorie Fleming. When she left she instructed me to use the things that came for her, in the work as I saw fit. Now along comes a letter, ^{from her} saying

she found out in Shanghai that
there were more things on the
way and she hoped I would be
willing to unpack them for me,
and then take some of the things
for myself - for the trouble of unpacking
and then put the rest away
for her until she comes (!!!)
or gives further instruction - Nobody
thinks that people will vote for her
to come back, for one thing - and for
another - she told me to use the
things - and I have used some of
them - some for the country schools
and some in ^{the} other ways - Think of
me hard when I'm writing the
letter to placate her! For we
need those pencils & dolls and
handkerchiefs for the school
Christmas - and Oh - I hope we
may have them — I've written
my thank-yous to the people, anyway!
Enough for now —
With my love, Abbie

Xui-cheng.

Miss Sanderson's study was magnificent which was on the upstairs. When we came upstairs the staircase is large and light, then walked across the parlor we opened a door this door is Miss Sanderson's study's door. When enter this study looked floor there are spread a mat on the floor. on the right hand side on the wall hang a thermometer and a ^(barometer) phromeder, in the corner had a window and a ^{fine} couch there had four pillows on top of it, then had a ^{calendar} ~~calne~~ and a chair near it, on the wall had Miss Miller's picture, but all the study had many beautiful pictures on the wall, next had a door, look from this door had see many large or high hill and many trees, stone, next (in the other corner) had a window & a other window near it, in the corner had a little desk, there had a type writer and

two books on top of it, next this desk had a book case that was very large there were many books in there, and many on the top of it, and had a interested clock on top of it, this clock's engine can't walk every day we came to this study the short hand point the six o'clock, and ~~two~~ picture on top of it, I think there was Miss Sanderson's friend's picture, next had a door look from this door there are Miss ^{Table} Sanderson's bed room, next had a reed, ^(mignonere) there had a beautiful lamp a little box and a small book on top of it, then had a door this door always shut, then had a small table there had many magazine in there. Near the small table had a fire place ^{here} had many many interested thing on it, had four little ~~porcelain~~ ^{porcelains} & a picture, the a small chair near it, in the middle had a desk it was a very good desk it is miss

No 62.

Swatow, China

Mar 3, 1926

Dear Mother -

Your letter of Jan 31 has just arrived, and although I know it is going to be dinner time in a minute, I'll take that minute to sit down and tell you how thankful I am to hear you are a little better - I do hope you'll keep on being so -

Your letter is full of questioning most of which are answered in the letters I have already written. I didn't write much about Anti-Xtr. demonstration here because there wasn't much, though everyone feared it, and the air was tense -

Mr. Lippard's article surely is thrilling, but not all true -

In instance, he praises Chaoyang
to the skies when as a matter
of fact they are in an awful
mess over there - preachers &
doctor at sword's points, just
waiting till Dr. Grosbeck
gets back. To see which one's
head will get cut off - and
if ~~whoever~~ gets his head off will
then, according to threats, strike
to chop the other one, and the
church - to pieces - Head deacon
a rascal and a thief -
However - this is not for Missionary.
and Dr. G. will doubtless be
the only one who can straighten
any of the men. We don't
envy him his job - He & Mrs.
G. are in Shanghai today.
probably -

2.) In regard to my fur coat - I
guess by this time you have
had something to tell Flora about
my being willing to have it used.
Please tell her that for one thing, I
should think myself a pretty poor
missionary to have a good fur
coat packed away, ^{and not be glad to get it out} when my
next door neighbor needed it
on a cold Vermont drive, especially
when that next door neighbor is
such a good friend as she;
and in the second place, it
is hard to think of very many
people whom I'd rather have
wear it than she! I'm
surely glad she was willing
to wear it - and hope she will
again if the occasion comes -

School begins to-morrow and

then - it will be June before I know
it. This morning I went over to
Mrs. Ashmore's for one more game
of Halma with her - I had played
seven games and she had always
beaten me - not ^{always} so badly as she
did at first - This eighth game
I beat her, and beat her ^{again} pretty
badly - Then we played ^{again} and
she beat me - though not badly.
I told her I never expected to do
it and don't expect to do it again.
Shan't have a chance to play
much more now -

I'm going to set a stint for
myself, but I don't know
how far I'll get: get three
letters, at least, ready to send
off every day - This is my
first today - though I sent off
some packages this morning -
One contained some vegetable matter

3) from which the chlorophyll has pretty well faded, but I hope the flavor hasn't - That won't reach pa on his birthday, but it will help to cheer him on his way to the next one. The other package is for you. Let me see: that was originally vegetable matter too - and there never was any chlorophyll in it, I guess. I certainly hope none will get in before it reaches you - though I hope the flowers will reach you intact. (Don't worry: I'm just trying to get the above long word into my vocabulary. Yesterday I wanted to use a word that had this meaning - and somebody said "chloral" - I said "no, that's a drug", but I couldn't be sure that chlorophyll was right until I had looked it up. There, now

that I have written the word
chlorophyll four times - it ought
to be sunk quite deep into a
brain furrow, so I'll let it
stay there for a while.) I ~~do~~ certainly
hope this letter reaches you before the
things do! Yours is for you
birthday, too -

My knee is all right - and if
it isn't, I'll say so - I'm not
sure but it's even better than the
other one!

Huff for now, or I won't
get the other two letters written.
With much love to you both

Abbie.

Suataow, China

No 63.

March 6, 1926

Dearest Pa,

The years speed along, don't they? I wonder if by this time the little birthday remembrance has reached you? Hope it's to your liking; if you don't like it, tell me frankly, and I'll send you another brand next time. Please be assured that I'm wishing you happiness and satisfaction in your work, and many other blessings during the coming year, and for a good many years to come. To quote old Rip Van W. — "May you live long and prosper."

School has begun, and things somehow seem different this term from what they have any other

term. I had a good vacation, for one thing. That is, I didn't do a lot of things to get myself all tired out. For another thing, we are still wondering how our Bible Classes are coming out, and there is an element of interest in that. The Bible work is all to be voluntary this term. Some of the class leaders met with the teachers this afternoon to discuss ways and means of getting the largest possible number of girls to keep up their Bible study. A few girls thought that Sunday school, and chapel every day, and church Sunday morning would give them enough Bible to last them! Or something to that effect. Others thought that they wished to choose a teacher for the Bible themselves. But a number were willing, and glad to do all they can to get their

classmates to keep up regular Bible study. The class president of the first year Junior High said "Why, most in our class are Christians; I can't see why there will be any question raised in our class." This I've asked her how often she thought they would be willing to study it & she said "Why, one a day -"

After the girls had gone the teacher talked over the matter and there a big surprise came to me. When the suggestion was made that the leader of the personal workers group and the W. W. J. leaders should take over the whole matter and arrange it I was wholly agreed; in fact we had rather thought that was the best way to do it. What I hadn't thought about was the fact that I am the W. W. J. adviser and therefore expected to take the lead in this matter - I had been rather resting on my oars,

waiting to see what someone else
would do, ~~about this matter~~. Then all
I expected to be able to do was to follow
along, and help teach if any girls chose
the subject I'm going to teach - And
here Miss Lau (pers. workers' leader) and I
are left to talk over the matter with the
W. W. G. leaders, and arrange ^{the whole}
thing! We meet with them tomorrow
morning after church - (which, by
the way, means a full morning for
me, since I'm beginning with B. S.
at 8.30!)

Another reason why I'm sort of on
tiptoe not knowing just what is
coming next is that out of a clear
sky I am to have a course in elementary
domestic science - There is a splendid
little text-book here, and I'm sure I'm
going to like it, but it will mean
extra preparation - for, although the
course is with Senior High girls, and
I'm giving it in English, yet I shall
need to know the ~~Chinese~~ technical names

for many things - yesterday in the first lesson I gave them thirteen questions to answer. "What is food?" "Why do we need food?" "What is the difference between physical and chemical change?" "Name a substance which contains oxygen" - (Carbon, hydrogen, etc.) "Make a list of organic, and one of inorganic, substances." They will have to look up some words in the dictionary, and their answers may have to be corrected some what, but I think they can do it -

Three days ago (I think) I decided I must write at least three letters every day if I was ever to get caught up with my correspondence. So far I have written my "stint" every day, and last night I wrote five. Since this is my first one today, and it is already 10 P.M., two of last night's letters may have to count today! But I shall write

two more short ones to-night if I
can keep awake to do so -

The box of cough & laxative tablets
came this morning - thanks ^{very}
much. The bottle, however, was splintered
& nothing on one side. I guess glass
will not carry unless it is packed
deep in cotton or excelsior - I'm
very glad to have the things - I'm
all out of both. The little package
of Mentholatum will be nice to
take traveling; or, I may give it
away for a wedding or some kind of
a gift!

With much love to you both -

Abbie

Happy Birthday!

- though belated -

No 64)

Swatow, China
Mar 15, 1926

Mother dear -

I'm a very wicked soul and I know it, but what shall I do about it? Mrs. Barnes' letter has aroused these "heathen" emotions in my breast - I ought to be charitable, I know - when she is so good as to want to send me something. But I can't help feeling that if she can't afford to send me good housekeeping it is because she doesn't want to do so - Consequently I'd rather she wouldn't send me anything. You didn't tell me whether ~~she~~ told her anything or not -

For another thing, this year I'm rich, with the Atlantic, the American, the Pictorial, and Ladies Home Journal (which latter Arthur is sending -) and I feel almost as though I ought not to let any body send me anything more - I miss the Record of Christian Work, however - and if in the

future years some one should ask you
what to send me - you might tell
them that. Now this does not mean
for you to send it to me - I don't
want you to - The Baptist is a
good reminder that you love me,
even if I hadn't a thousand other
reminders!

(Just here I had to stop to dive
inside all my clothes after a flea -
They don't bite me hard but I'm not
crazy to have 'em crawl - aw - awhing
around on me skin!)

Charlie Hagg's letter was a great
surprise. I never dreamed that
Joy Tatum was the kind of a person
that she appears to be - What a
pity about Charles Warren - !
Charlie Hagg has expressed in that
letter the fact that he, though
thousands of miles from China, understands
the meaning of the uproar out here
as well as though he had lived

2/ out here and knew the inside of things - He has hit the very heart of the whole matter when he says that for us there is more anxiety than danger - and that all we can do is to hope the better element will come into power & the foreign powers do nothing to give the unruly, discontented ones an opportunity to undo what has been done - He has seen the thing very clearly -

Re. Arthur - I certainly hope he can get to college but I realize that spurts of ambition don't always carry one to the place that is aimed at - Perhaps he'll get there sometime - No - I don't know anything about babies - I don't get told any more than you do! I've wondered how much longer it would be - but have no clues! \$

How do you like the needle cases

and other things? They cost me 30¢
Mex each; the sewing cases 20¢, and
the napkin rings 25¢. These latter
would cost more again, because
they are charging almost ten per
cent duty on these things now -
They are from Shooksing (Helen Clark).
If I have more things sent from here
to you I'll have them sent direct
because there is no need of paying
duty twice.

We are hard at it into the school
work again - I had my first class
in Bible this morning and think I
shall like it a lot - I'm teaching
Jesus, the Man of Galilee, from the
book we had in college - and I
feel sure I shall enjoy it more
than teaching D. T. History, though
there was much in those classes
at times -

Sleepy - must say good night
for this time - Love - Abbie

Swatow, China, Mar 21, 1926

Dear Aun;

During vacation I started to write my letters to the home churches; I wrote one set (I copied this time) of the enclosed letter and I haven't sent it to the churches at all - just one or two where I felt the letter would surely be understood. I'm afraid it sounds rather pessimistic in parts; but there a good many times lately we have felt pessimistic ourselves!

If you read the letter to Sutton friends (and I should be glad to have you convey this to them as a message from me) I hope you'll tell them of what I'm going to write now - ~~(or did I write it before?)~~

We have been rather down-hearted about having to make our Bible study an extra in school, rather than a regular study as it always has been. We feared that if the girls were allowed to choose ~~many~~ of them would not choose Bible study. The W. W. J. girls got busy and prepared the list of courses from which to choose, and 117 out of 130 ~~chose~~ elected a Bible course. We take it from 8.30 to 9.00 every morning - I'm having a class in "Jesus, the Man of Galilee" the book I used when I was a Senior in College - and I'm enjoying it as far more than I ever enjoyed teaching Old Testament History. (I have written this to you before, haven't I? Please forgive if I have).

~~not public~~ We are having our first rain of the season. The crops and the wells have been crying for it and it seems now to have begun in real spring fashion - It's a cold rain, though; and I'm not by any means "sweating in the thinnest of linens" as Idella used to

imagine me always to be! I have on at present a
knee length undersuit, teddy, corsets, stockings, shoes, gaiters,
~~yellow~~ sweater, petticoat; over that my blue serge dress & over
that my light weight coat - And I'm just comfortable sitting
in my study beside my big lamp - I've just come in from choir
rehearsal, to which I virtuously tramped in spite of the rain.
We had a good sing, but it is quarter past nine now
and classes begin at eight-thirty to-morrow A. M. !
I'm sleepy -

My love to Sutton friends - and much to your
own dear selves -

Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 21, 1926

Dear Friends:

I wish I might write and tell you that everything is going along beautifully and that we have reason for encouragement in every phase of the work. The country is anything but peaceful, as you must surely know from your newspapers. Here in our mission the Chinese have taken a forward step. They have declared independence of the foreigners and have actually taken over a great deal of the responsibility. This truly is a forward step, if they get, or keep, a real vision of service. But the work is bound to change, for some things that seem important to us are trivial in their eyes. I have to say to myself over and over again, "God can work his own purposes here in this land. The work is his and He will not let it fail." My faith is so small!

The Christian schools in this district are having a harder time than those in many parts of China. Edicts have gone out over the country saying that no religion shall be taught in any school, public or private, and that no school shall have for its aim the propagation of religion. Every school must register with the government and by doing so subscribe to the above and many other such rules. Elsewhere Christian schools are often able to ignore these demands and carry on as usual. Here in Kwangtung, however, where the anti-Christians are very active and the Communist faction is so persistent in spreading anti-foreign propaganda, they intend to enforce the new rules, and we see little hope of escape.

When the various inspectors come to our school, we foreigners find it wise to keep in the background as much as possible. They, of course, would like to see us in Timbuctoo or any place far from China. Our Chinese principal (in the girls' school) is finding her position a most difficult one. She is having to meet all sorts of criticism, but she is doing it bravely and splendidly. She says she never realized before what a great burden the foreigners have had all these years. The burden is a heavy one for her, and there is grave question about her health. Small wonder that she is discouraged. I want so much to help her, yet I can do so little.

The other day I heard the opinion expressed that if all the missionaries should leave China now Christianity would soon slump to nothing here. I don't believe that for one moment, but I do think a rough awakening must come to some of them before there can be spiritual progress. Perhaps the foreigners will have to leave China when the crash comes!

I realize there is great danger of criticising them for lack of vision when it is really we who are short-sighted and cannot fathom the workings of the Chinese mind. Because we cannot live in a ten- in-one-room, monotonous-rice-and-fish-diet fashion to which many Chinese are accustomed, they think we have wealth unlimited and spend it altogether too much on ourselves. If they, on the other hand, show signs of wanting to emulate foreign style

of living and ask for larger salaries on which to do it, we think them materialistic and unspiritual. What ever shall we do to understand each other?

The English people here are being shamefully treated; schools closed, missionaries driven out of their houses; no servants allowed them, houses used for barracks after the auction of the furniture and the destruction of the books and papers, and a wholesale boycott continued all these long months. Of course, it is true that injustices have been done to the Chinese by the English; but England is not the only one who has at times thought and wrought unjustly. The ones who are suffering now, moreover, are as innocent as we are, and to see them receive such treatment does make one's blood boil. The Standard Oil people have just been boycotted; we may come next!

The subject which is at present an all-absorbing one for us is that of the precarious situation of our Girls' School here in Kakehieh. It looks as though we shall be obliged to leave the Bible out of our curriculum if we are to keep the school open at all. We just can't bear to close the doors and send these girls home, and so lose all contact with them whatever. We may be allowed voluntary Bible classes, but if not, we shall have to try a little harder with our personal workers' groups and Sunday school classes. And there will still be the E.W.S. Wouldn't you like to hear our girls sing "Follow the Glean" in Chinese?

I wish you might have gone with me on my latest trip to examine country schools. The Chinese teachers and I started out at four-thirty in the morning- pitch dark- across the bay in a sampen to the river launch. The launch was crowded to the edges, both coming and going- no seats but the bare, ditty deck, and not much room there! In the morning we had to clamber over baskets and baskets of bak-tau, slippery, clammy gray fish that get their name from the quantities of black "ink" (bak) inside them. When we reached Phau-thai, the twenty-one little girls and their teacher were lined up outside the chapel waiting for us. After the examination we gave each one a doll, and they were delighted. One of them was so engrossed with the business of choosing quickly the very prettiest one that she forgot to say thank-you. When she was half-way to her seat she remembered and came back again!

In the afternoon coming back a big wind blew up, a contrary one at that, and it turned then it had been before this winter. We found one little place up in the front of the boat where all five of us (two of them had been examining another school) snuggled together under one steamer rug and my rain-cape. We sang and laughed and talked nonsense to keep from thinking about the cold. When we had about decided we couldn't stand it much longer, my bottle of drinking water tipped over and started across the deck towards where we were sitting. Can you see the scrambling? We were nearly to Swatow by that time, so we didn't get much colder from standing up huddled together than we'd been before. One of the little teachers was really almost overcome with the cold, but she was a good sport. And in spite of the crowd and the fish and the dirt and the cold, we all had a good time.

A few weeks ago I invited the leaders of the village personal workers' groups to come to my house to "sit". That meant tea and cakes, of course. After the refreshments Miss Ang, my right-hand man on the committee, spoke informally, urging them to be faithful about holding their meetings and trying to win others. The other members of the committee followed up her talk, each speaking to the ones who were sitting nearest her. One by one they began to tell of some friend, or neighbor or relative whom they were trying to win. Then one of them said, "Let's ask Si Sin-se-nie to pray for us all, right now." Another said, "Well, if you are going to pray, please pray for my son and his family. I have prayed for him for years, but I am getting old now, and the time is growing short." And there were several other requests. So we asked the Sin-se-nie to lead us and any others who wanted to, to follow, - and our social turned into a prayer-meeting. We have been greatly disheartened by the coldness and indifference in the Christians here, but this was a real encouragement.

Dear friends, - I know that my own spiritual life is far from what it ought to be; and I have no desire, - even less right, - to say anything to you which sounds like preaching. If you should ask me how it is that our weak human prayers can possibly do any good, or why it is that God will listen to us and will answer prayer, I couldn't explain it; I simply know that it is true. I have had some very definite and wonderful lessons in this line during the past few months. And I wonder how many of you will be willing - it means real effort, I know - to take a few moments each day to pray for poor, topsy-turvy China; to pray not only that wars may cease and peace may come and justice prevail, but also that the weak and fearful of the Chinese Christians may be strengthened, the strong ones kept strong, and that Chinese and foreigners alike may see and hear the vision of ~~our~~ Christ ~~ordained~~. That is what we need. I wonder how many of you are willing to pray definitely, every day, for this your work out here, and so share with us the burdens that well-nigh overwhelms us?

Sincerely yours,

as he lived and worked
here on earth among men.

Abbie J. Sanderson

no 66

Swatow, China

Mar. 23, 1926

Mother dear,

I couldn't read this stirring appeal without doing my bit, so I've sent my \$10.00 to Miss Paranton - That leaves my balance in St. Johnsbury ~~\$4.91~~ \$4.91 - I have a little in Lyndonville too -

When I read in your letter that you had had an accident I held my breath, wondering how many ribs you had broken - this time or how many apples or ^{much} corn you had eaten and may hap spewed it out upon the kitchen stove or parlor sofa - and then - glass rings! Yes'm, I really

(2)
think you can use the basket
without the rings all right!

I am much interested in the
letters that come along now, to
see what more each one will
have to say about the fur coat -
It's highly entertaining - I hope
you don't think I'm worrying about
worm spots all up and down the
front - Tell pa to come down a
bit. He said I'd need \$225 for
a new one maybe! That's a trifle
high - Then here's another possibility.
Maybe on my next furlough I
won't have such extravagant tastes!
Maybe I'll be a model of thrift
and economy, and will even
wear stockings darned at the
knees - in spite of the style for
short skirts - Don't you hope so?

Well - Arthur is really thinking
college again - Good for him.

(3)

I hope he makes it - I wish I could help him out by sending him drawnwork - But I don't see how I could give him the drawnwork and then I don't know whether he would keep it carefully enough to be able to offer it for sale always in spick - span condition, ^{which is} the only way to make good sales - And then if I sent it direct to him he would have duty to pay - and he might not always have it! And I don't want to make any suggestion which would seem to make it feasible for Gladys to need to go to Waterville too - I really think there would be a sale for drawnwork in Waterville if it were rightly advertised - Have you

any ideas on the subject - and if so - what are they?

You're often asked about sending things sample post. Sample Post things are really not supposed to be merchandise, but given away - Goods for sale are dutiable - and a fine is result of avoidance of the law if you get caught at it -

Miss Sullivan has made thousands I suppose, for the school, by drawnwork. I would feel justified in sending off the drawnwork to America & make money for school - or, in this case not to make any money myself - Is that clear? But - I should send it as dutiable goods -

Love

Abbie

Swatow, China, Mar. 28, 1926

Dear Ones;

I'm sitting in my study by the fire (it is a damp cold day) and Mabelle has just put the "Palms" on the victrols. It doesn't seem a bit like Palm Sunday really. We didn't have a bit of special music in church this morning. I stayed home from the Christian Endeavor meeting this afternoon just so that I'd be sure to get my letters written to my beloveds and it is 4.30 now when I'm beginning!

Well if we didn't have a real Palm Sunday to-day we surely did have a real wedding last Wednesday. Mr. Tang Theng, brother of Ju Gek's husband, is teaching in the Academy this year. While he was in Shanghai he met the lady of his choice and a few weeks ago he went to Shanghai to bring her down. Well, maybe the church wasn't peeked! They had the shutters all closed, and at the proper time an attendant turned on two flashlights so that folks could see the "principals". The flashlights were hidden in a very pretty arch of bamboos. The bride was beautiful, in white crepe de chine which dripped all over with silver lined crystal beads, and a dream of a tulle veil with orange blossoms in tiara effect. Ellice Chen was the bridesmaid, and she wore pale pink flowered silk damask and carried roses to match. The groom wore Newton's dress suit and really looked stunning. The best man was Chhlahui, A-khong hia's second son, who used to like to come to see Ruth Sperry. Edna Smith played the wedding marches and they did the whole thing up in regular foreign style. The groom and best man came in and waited near the organ for the bridesmaid and bride and the various flower girls and pages. Mr. Capen performed the ceremony and Elsie Kittlitz sang "O Perfect Love" and Dr Ashmore offered the closing prayer.

That was at 4 P.M. At 6 the wedding feast was held over in the old Academy building. About seventy-five people sat down, with an average of eight at each table. I couldn't begin to tell you all the good things that they had, from the shark's fins to the noodles and rice at the end of the feast, but I think they had all the delicacies that I ever heard of and about ten extra kinds that I never had heard of. Various ones of the young married men then proceeded to do the thing that is proper at a Chinese wedding, and that is, to tease the bride. They demanded a speech from her, and when Hex got up and tried to make it they hissed and wouldn't hear him. Bill Chen wanted to ask her to tell about her experiences that day. Then Kan Chhin wanted her to tell her experiences ever since the day when she first met Tang Theng. Then somebody called on Newton to aid in persuading the bride to make a speech. He said that in his capacity as the president of the Ui-bou-bue, or fear-your-wife-society, about which this clique of young men has had a good deal of fun, he would suggest the Tang Theng be elected as a member of that society. All in favor manifest by clapping. They went wild over that, of course. After a time the bride responded by a very nice little speech in which she thanked us all for coming.

Since the feast was set at six, we thought sure we should be out in time for prayermeeting, but we didn't get home until nine-thirty. So we didn't have any meeting this week!

I enclose the invitations I got, both to the wedding and the supper - and the thank-yn (the proper Chinese way), for my gift, which was a picture "Sunset Glow" from the Pictorial Review (framed) - Love Ellice

囍

wedding invitation

觀禮

Wedding Ceremony

陳許鳳鞠躬

name of his
family, etc.

結婚恭請
民國十五年三月廿四號下午四時
騰與譚鍾麓女士在碧石禮拜堂

Many thanks for your
lovely wedding gift.

ordinary visiting card.

陳

騰
拂
塵

} another name

粵
普
寧

where he was born

Invitation to feast

光臨

卽晚六時謹治喜筵恭請

陳許鳳鞠躬

席設暑中會食室
恕不再邀

孫 *Son*

(girls
school)

女
學
校

姑 *Kou*

娘 *nie*

No 68

Swatow, China
Apr. 5, 1926

Mother dear —

You'll think me a
pill to let your birthday pass
without even scribbling you a
word — but I really have
been busy —

We just finished our Easter
today — We gave an Easter
Oratorio "The Dawn" in English,
and gave it in our new
building — the first time
that it has been really
used for any special affair —
It was a beautiful thing;
Mabelle and I had several
duets — and each of us several
solos, and the various groups of

girls had the splendid chorale.
The one "O grave where is thy
victory" I'm sure I shall remember
as long as I live - it was just
thrilling -

Well, we have been working
up to this as a sort of climax
for about two weeks and now
that it is done I'm tired -
and sleepy - and don't know
whether I can settle down to
proper work to-morrow or not?
Our Thursday evangelistic meetings
are beginning, and also our
much postponed conference, so we
shall have more breaks in our
work -

Yesterday we had special music
all day long - and then in the
afternoon we went to sing the

Resurrection songs at Miss Weld's
grave, as we do every year -
Then my little Sunday school
group came in & talk over
what they might do in the
way of personal work in these
coming meetings - They are
somewhat discouraged - because
they "haven't the talent" for talking
to girls about being Christians,
and they are afraid it won't be
any use - etc - They are earnest
little girls, though - & bed.

I must stop & go

Love, Love, Love,

Abbie

No 69

Suataow, China

Apr. 15, 1926

Dearest Dears,

We are in the midst of Conference and I have never felt so rushed nor so absorbed by the affairs that must be done -

We have had some very difficult questions to talk over - Among them are the questions of the return & the field of Marjorie Fleming, Emily Miller, and Miss Sollman. All of them had some doubtful or conditional votes and some of them definite negative votes - Marjorie is not to come back - Miss Sollman is invited back, after much talk pro and con, and Emily is to be invited back

with certain conditions stated -

I have neither heart nor time
to go into details now - But I
am just heart-sick over having
to have such discussions - People
have been lovely about it, and
have shown great sympathy with
me and with Emily in having
discussing this delicate and
painful subject. Some people
though they love Emily, think
she is temperamentally unfitted
for mission work out here, especially
just now - and I know they
are conscientious in that opinion.
I'm not going to tell E. that
I've told you anything about this -

I was on the entertainment
committee so that I had to help
arrange for people to be entertained
at this conference; I was put on
the Social and Music Committee, so

2 that I have had to help arrange for the accompanists for each session, special music for each day, the serving of tea at 4.15 each day - and the programme of the social evening last night - (I didn't have to do it all, of course!)

I have been on the Women's Committee, as I have had to meet at all sorts of odd hours - and that is where a great deal of this aforementioned painful discussion has taken place -

I have also been appointed on a Resolutions and Findings Committee for this Conf - and we have had a good bit of work to do already - I have spent at least 3 solid hours on that alone -

Yesterday at the election of the new Reference Committee, I was dismayed to find that I was elected ~~as~~ as the Women's Board representative

from this district - Anna Foster
is the one from the Hakkas -
Mabelle has never been on the
Reference Committee, and it is
therefore very awkward for
me ! But she ^{is} ~~I should~~ be elated
lovely about it - I suppose, but I'm not!

And it rains, and rains.
I mustnt stop for more now -
Love, love,

Abbie.

Siwatow, China

Apr. 16, 1926

Mother dear,

I don't usually write a letter in class, but my class this morning is an examination, and the two girls who are taking it are sitting right here under my nose - I have some English papers which I might correct, but my head is too thick and heavy for that; for Conference closed about 10.30 last night, after a solid seven days of strenuous and some of it nerve-wracking work. One or two afternoons we did not meet for Conference, because the Reference Com. had to meet to work off surplus business.

2) I have never been so actively connected with Conference work - so I am getting a taste of what it really means.

In the first place - the matter of Emily's return has been a grievous, heart rending thing. In view of a number of unfavorable votes in Conference, ~~and the Woman's Committee~~ to whom the matter was referred, made inquiries in the Girls' School to ascertain whether or not the Chinese thought she should be invited back. The first reaction of the teachers was that there were too many flaws in her past behaviour; treatment of them,

3) attitude toward her work, etc - but when they found that no other foreign teacher would take her place they decided that she should be asked to return -

In view of that, the Romanis Com. voted to recommend that E. be asked to return to the Girls' School as a short term worker (the idea being to put her on probation). It was also stipulated that a very frank letter be written to her - when that was brought up in Conf. after having been passed by the Reference Committee, Mrs. Hildreth of Chaochowfu got up and said that the dissatisfaction about E. was

4.) a great surprise to her, and if there was a chance for its being granted, she would like to ^{put in a request} ask for E. to be sent up there -

Well! It was referred to the Woman's Comm. again - and then Mabelle threw her bomb. She stated that if E. was asked to come back to the Girls' School she would leave - that is, take an early furlough - and probably have it extended for the length of time that E. was out here. - 3 years.

Well - the folks wouldn't stand for that, for M. is needed here right now - and I really think

5) I should not care for the job
myself of trying to keep together
a school with E. and a bunch
of Chinese teachers who do not
approve of her but are merely
willing to try her for the good of
the work!

I said frankly, however,
when they asked me, that I
thought she was not as well fitted
for the work in Chao - as she was
for the school work down here -
However - Mabelle's statement was
a monkey wrench thrown into the
machinery ^{of having E. return to girl's school} and so this ^{other} matter went

5.) through. Miss McVeigh is asked
to take up the matter of E's
designation to Chaochow with
E. and with the Bakers, who
are now at home on furlough -

Whether Emily will have her
pride, or shall I say, her spirit
so stung by this awful load
of criticism that she will
determine to come back and
make good, is a question - If
I were she, I should want to
crawl into a hole and die,
and I think I should, temporarily.
On the other hand, there were

6) many expressions of love
for her and of what a pity
that she hadn't made the
best use of her opportunities
out here -

She may be so hurt and
disgusted and insulted that
she will never look at any of
us again - or she may rise
to the occasion and prove
to everyone what a wonderful
girl she can be -

The Committee finally
decided that a frank letter
should be written to the Board

7) as well as to her. It is
my private opinion that whether
or not Emily decides that
she can stand it to make
the try once more, the Board
will never allow it after
the "frank letter" reaches them,
unless there is a marvelous
change somewhere! By the
way, the word frank was
stricken from the minutes
that are to be printed, so it
won't look quite so bad -

I feel like a rag now, and
when I was dressing this A.M.

8, and received a tender loving little note from our little teacher Miss Jo'n, it put me out of condition to take breakfast with the family!

You will get the impression, I fear, that this matter of Es' return was the biggest thing in the Conference - Far from it; Anna Foster had been here only a day or two when word came that a mob had attacked Kaying Academy, taken possession of the buildings and blood shed such as

9) "human eye could not bear to see" - Modified versions of this have come since, but the situation up there is considered so serious that our Consul has ordered all the Kaying people to leave and come down to the port - That means closing the Girls' School, where there is no danger whatever - she says, and she is furious - But there seems to be no help for it, in spite of her

10) almost pitiful pleading - She doesn't know now whether she will be allowed to go back even to help close the school - and she is in a woeful state indeed - We all hope that that matter is a temporary hindrance only, but it is a big one -

It would appear that I am in demand for committees "and sech" these days

I have been elected to the Reference Committee, the Woman's

11) Committee, the Publicity Committee and then to cap the climax, when the nomination was made for the third member of the Executive Comm. of the Ref. Comm., the name was mine and I was elected!

This is a new committee, to act when an emergency arises and business must be talked over and decided ~~with the Chinese~~ and there is not time to call the whole Reference Committee

12. together. The Chairman
of the Ref. Com (who this year
is Dr. Groesbeck) and the
Secretary of same (Mr. Page)
are members ex-officio -
It seemed well though
not necessary & ~~elect~~
a Woman's Board member,
~~and~~ (from the Ref. Com.) and I
am the one. Edith Traver
should be, but her health
is poor - so it falls to
me. What shall I ever

13) do with all these honors?

It was a complete surprise
to me (this last bit) and I
made a little speech ^{after the nomination} in
which I said that it
ought to be some one who
had been on Ref. Com. before
and some one who had
better judgment, good sense
etc. They promptly elected
me!

Well - I feel now as though
I had been drawn through
a knot-hole - I have the

14) business before me now of
writing to Emily - I don't
anticipate this task with
a great deal of pleasure!

Pray for Emily -

Love,

Abbi.
P.S. Word has come that Anna
is allowed to go up to close
the school, but not to stay -

Apr. 19, 1926

Dear Mother and Father,

In the rush of Conference, and getting off to you news of the immediate burdens on my mind, I have failed to answer some questions that came in your last letter. I'm glad that I had already suggested helping with drawnwork before father's letter came asking me to help Arthur. I presume in my letter about drawnwork I didn't sound very generous; but it has been in my mind that if I did anything about the drawnwork - I would send just as much as I had money to buy, every time I sent. I had far rather skimp out here and get along, in order to help Arthur, than to touch the First National. But I think you know without my saying it that I would give my last cent from there, if that was what was needed to help Arthur along - and if that necessity comes, be assured you may depend on me to do it. In the meantime, I shall be glad of any suggestions about the drawnwork. Do you think Arthur could handle some in Waterville, or what?

When I had my picture taken in San Francisco I had done my hair upon curlers the night before - I

2) dressed it all myself - and the reason it looks different, I think, is that I fixed it just before I sat for the picture, and left my hair set off as the photographer told me - Do you like the picture better or worse as time goes by? I believe I like it less than I did - but I'm not sure - hair dressed by a professional but once - that was in Worcester, some 13 years ago! No, I did not send for your writing paper - though I think it's a very good idea, and I'll remember it maybe, sometime in future. Too bad it was all wrong!

You need not worry about my becoming a modernist. I presume some of the Pre-Millennialists out here would consider anyone a modernist who did not interpret as literal every word of Scripture. I cannot bring myself to agree with them, though there have been times when I have conscientiously tried to see their point of view. I cannot agree with a good deal that Fosdick says - but I do admire him as a man, and some of his thoughts have been very helpful to me - What I want is to be able to hold myself open-minded, so that I can see how to choose the right, no matter whence it comes, and not simply stick to a thing because it is conservative and I have always been conservative, or because it is liberal and I wish above all things to be liberal! I think I shall say some of this (not all) in the letter which I have not yet written to Dr. Mann. — Much love to you both -
Abbie

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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P.S. I know the fur coat is shorter than you like - but - Swatow, China No 55
look at your fashion books; you shouldn't wear
your dresses so "pecky" long! Jan 16, 1926
[Mrs. Wood & Mrs. Howard Wayne Smith]
[I have sent us all Birthday Prayer Calendars]

Dear One -
I have over 20
lines thank you
letters to write!

The five gold arrived last
night and I've been basking in
its light ever since - Since I
wrote my last letter I've been
rather rebuking myself for letting
you use money to buy a scarf -
and have been wishing I had
told you to send it out as something
because there are so many things
we need out here - We've a
chance to get a fine second
hand piano for \$1.50 Mex - and
Mabelle had \$17.50 gold and
I had the \$20 gold from the Rockland
church - \$37.50 doesn't seem
like a very big starter, but Elsie
says she can give us some, and
then if I can't see any other way,
I'll use this five, and eleven
which came last night from
Sargentville -

If there is any other way to
get the piano money, I shall save

mine for tutions - I have just sent
\$80 to one of the girls in Peking -
and I'm needing more for some
girls right here - So - I shall
feel better about using this five
for something that is needed, than
I would to have had you buy a
scarf - I had so many pretty things
at Christmas - far more than I
dreamed of having - or deserved -
and I really don't think you
should have sent this five -
Mother ! I'm going to scold

you now, good and hard - so
get ready ! Of course I'm glad
if you can get anything out of
that old blue coat of mine -
but what about the muskrat ?
Don't you know that I saved my
conscience for getting such a good
one by the thought that you would
have it after I came back to China ?
And if all the good that nice warm
coat is doing any body is just hanging
and hugging itself in a bag suspended

from a rafter² up in the shed -
what in the world, I ask you,
~~should~~ ^{shall} I ever do to my conscience?

Answer me that - please - Now -
I shall be downright mad if you
won't wear that coat - Any body
who had anything to do with
helping me get it (except, perhaps,
yourself!) would agree with me
that it was bad business {for you to
let it go
unwashed

So you just be good, and don't
give me answer back (unless I give
you permission, as per above!)
and hurry up and shake the
mothballs out and wear that
muskrat coat; if possible,
before you write your next
letter - (Only don't delay the
letter just because you happen
not to wear the coat - because
I'm pretty eager for letters from
you these days - !)

I want to know exactly
how that overworked tummy is

acting (no, that sentence sounds more
as if it had been written about you, Dad!)
but I dread to have it cut up any
more pranks — Do you suppose it would
do any good to get away from the
cold — go to Florida, say, to live?
Or don't you have any desire to go to
Florida to live? I shouldn't want
you to go there and get malaria,
certainly —

To return to the coat — Pa — you
make her wear it — (that is — if she
will — of course it would never do to
let her think you were making her
do something she didn't want to do!)
But you just use some of your
sweet persuasive powers — and
swing her 'round — She may think
she can't, but I know she can.
It may not fit her as well as
hers — and may not be as warm —
but — neither is it as heavy on
the shoulders as hers, nor as hard

3
To walk in —

Mozzer de-ar - won't you
please, just to suit yer darlin'
darter? Just think - a fur coat
like that muskrat one may be all
out o' style by the time I come
home six years from now - and
then wouldn't I be sorry you
had wasted it? Moreover, I may
get sick or die before then, and
then, wouldn't you be sorry - you
had wasted it?!

Further than this, I know not how
to proceed, so I'll just let the matter
rest here for the next two months -
hoping to hear by that time that
you have begun to wear off one
of the buttons, and that the right
sleeve in one spot and the seat
in two spots, are beginning to show
the skin through.

Well, I can hope that, can't I,
when I know that they hope can't
come true? And - well - 'nuff said!

I've just finished this letter to Ruth - Of course she doesn't need to know that you've seen it, so give it to her sealed -

I intended to write about the Anti-Christian agitation - but dear me - I have been so taken up with the "Fur Coat Agitation" that I can't do it today -

The little needle cases I sent a week or so ago I thought you might deem prudent to give for me to Mrs. Mark. Ruth T. Flora, Mrs. Chapman & perhaps someone else - in lieu of a Christmas present - since I sent one to Stella & to nobody else - I have a half hope that you either didn't give it to her yet or else found something else to give for me to the others. Yet there is no reason why I should expect you to, since I didn't say so - The cards I sent last week were to go with the gifts - or for you to use in any way you yourself see fit -

Must close now - with love,

"more'n tongue can tell" - your
(and thanks for the \$5.) Abbie

Puataw, China

Jan 25, 1926

Mother dear,

I've just been waiting for the letter that would tell about getting the scarf! ^{and now it has come -} Yes, I have one too - with green in it, as you may guess - and it is very pretty too - So I really don't need another, though of course you know my propensity for wanting all the pretty things that are coming my way. But now I have still another reason for being glad that you sent the gold piece instead; Myrtle Clarke's present to me has just come, - ~~the~~ sheerest silk and wool scarf that you ever saw - It's shell pink, with a bit of baby blue in the border - and it's as soft as eider down - a lovely thing - Gladys Paul has sent me a

pair of solid gold cuff links -
beauties - At present I haven't
a thing to wear them in, but
one or two of the materials I got
in Shanghai will make up
beautifully into tailored dresses -
and I just hope I shan't lose them -
I wish you were here to make
the button holes! I have a piece
of white Szechuan linen that
is good, and I got a bargain
of lavender linen off the
remnant counter - that
I can make tailored if I
put white voile sleeves in
it -

About the collar and cuff sets -
they are worth about \$1.80, + more
if you have to pay duty - The
collars alone sell for .90 or

\$1.00 - we've celebrated Mrs. Ashmore's

74th birthday - She told people (2)
not to do a thing but of course
it pleases her - We gave her
a black shirred satin pillow
with a tapestry inset - For the
entertainment we gave a little
sketch of the girls and the Ashmores
going to Baguio, P. I., last
summer. Edna, Velva, and Edith J.
took their own parts, and Mabelle
and I took off Mrs. & Dr. Ashmore.
I wore Dr. A's long overcoat over
Mabelle's pajamas! and his hat.
my own pongee waist buttoned up
to my chin - and the beard I
made by fitting a piece of organdy
to my face and sticking white
cotton on it - and fastening on
my ears with wire hairpins -
I didn't know how it would
strike Mrs. A. to have me take off
"her Will" - But it happened &

strike right and she still laughs about it whenever I see her -

I risk for no higher compliment for my acting than the one she gave me. She thought for several minutes that I really was Dr. A. ! As for Dr. A. himself, his comment was "Did I keep my hat on all the time?" -

People said it was really funny how much I walked and looked like him. So I'm satisfied.

Ynid never guesses who has written me a nice long letter now! Two pages, nearly, typewritten, from - Fred W. Mann, M. D. I must send it to you when I've answered it. I thought he was an atheist, or something like that, you know - but I guess he wasn't at all - from this. He doesn't mention having received the Meaning of Prayer - so I'm not going to bother - Maybe I wasn't

surprised! It sounds exactly (3.)
like him —

Your last letter wonders whether
Mr. Giberson is going to "come across"
this year — Well I should smile —
Yesterday I got his letter — To the
usual \$50 he had added \$5
for a Shoohsing Christmas package
and also \$10 extra for a special
Christmas present for me! Now
what do you think? Guess he
has forgiven me all right for
not going to see him, don't you?

Went to Phau thai for examination
again on Saturday — It was as
cold as blazes — and poor little
Miss Ginn didn't wear enough &
got sick, poor child — The wind
blew in my eyes until they were
all puffy, but I'm as right
as rain again this morning —
Stayed at home yesterday afternoon
to finish scribbling the draft of my

Jan 15 (!) letter to Miss McVeigh -
I must typewrite it this afternoon
if I can in between exams -

I have had my annual physical
exam and they think I will probably
^{It's horrid to write like that even joking, isn't it?}
live several months longer & since I
gained ten pounds! I was 126 last
December, and now I'm 136 -

I've been rubbing my eyes so carefully
and have developed just a touch of the
granulated eyelids - or ^{incipient} trachoma, that
is so prevalent out here - I use medicine
in them every day and by the way the
stuff smarts I guess I'll be cured
in a week or two - I have a few
malarial germs again, but I got
rid of them before, and I guess I
can do it again - Some folks
just can't get rid of them -
But I'm really in excellent condition.

Let me assure you that there
is nothing wrong with my knee -
It is every whit as good as it ever
was - and in addition has a beautiful
decoration, reddish around the edges,
with purple or wine colored center.

3 islands



About the size here indicated - really quite ravishing!

Elsie says the latest at home is fancy gartered stockings, with bare knees and a dainty butterfly painted on the most conspicuous part. Skirts always slip up to show the knees when one sits down, she says - ! Now my problem is this; whether to let mine go as it is, instead of the butterfly, or to use it as the foundation for further decoration - (I don't mean more of the same kind!)

I'm going to have Helen Clark send you the package for Mr. Giberson and let you pay the duty - because he has sent the whole \$5 to me - He should have sent it to New York - the things there have the duty all

paid on them - I don't know how
much I'll have to pay Helen,
but there'll be enough left of
the \$5 ~~for~~ here with me, for you
to pay duty with there in
Sutton - Do you get me?

Much love to my dear
-Dad & Mother-

Abbie

no 57
Swatow, China, Jan. 30, 1926

Dear my Own Ones:

Sunday night at eight o'clock, and you folks are just beginning the day there. I wonder just what you are doing right this minute, anyway? Getting your breakfasts swallowed in time so that you won't be late for church, or what?

This has been a pretty full day for me, and a happy one too. I'd better begin with yesterday, - no, - before that, even. All this last week has been a mixture of third monthly examinations, reviews getting ready for the final exams, and even one or two final exams (of girls who had to have their exams early on account of going home with some relative who happened to be going earlier. Some parts of the country are so infested with robbers that the parents have to be especially careful about providing proper escort for their girls). I still have a whole bunch of papers that have to be corrected to-morrow morning. And to-morrow morning I have my Old Testament examinations, while in the afternoon I have all of my English examinations at the same time! The girls go home on Wednesday, for the Chinese New Year vacation.

This term I rather thought that I shouldn't be needed to help with the examination of the country schools, partly because I went to all the places that were examined last June; but although Mabelle planned to go to at least one of the places this term, she was needed here to help with making out the schedule for next term and filling out blanks that go with the new government regulations for registration of all schools. So I went to Phau-thai last Saturday and this Saturday, yesterday, to Tat-hau-pou. We went in a little boat this time, - the three of us; Mui-hong, Chhipahui, and I (they are Gou Sin-se and Lau Sin-se now!). The moon was shining when we started out at 4.30 in the morning, and we got back here at six at night. It really was a very good trip; the Tat-pou school is the best one of our country schools, and the two teachers were both on a high horse and we had a lot of fun both going and coming. It was not cold the way it was last week and we didn't have to be in a jostling dirty crowd that we should have met on the launch.

About midnight last night I awoke with a start to find the wind fairly whistling through my bedroom. At first I thought another typhoon was upon us. I didn't go to sleep again for some time, and consequently I didn't open my eyes until eight o'clock! And I have a Sunday School class at eight-thirty! Well, I jumped. I was a trifle late, - Mrs. Worley had taken my place at the organ and they were singing the first hymn when I got there, puffing. That was my first meeting for the day. After that came the church service, at which the old Elder Tang, the Chiang-lau, held forth for a good forty minutes. After that was a committee meeting, - the personal workers' committee. I was chairman last year and I made up my mind some time ago that I would not accept the position again. There are connected with it various arrangements which make it much easier for a Chinese than for a foreigner, and anyway, with so many capable Chinese women here, there is no reason why the foreigner should be the one to take first responsibility in the matter. I made rather a fool of myself and shed some stupid tears before I was able to make my point clear to them. I assured them that I was willing to help to the best of my ability, but that I didn't feel I ought to be chairman again.

They were finally very nice about it, and Our Miss Tang is the chairman and I am the vice-chairman. And when I got home at 12.30 I was ready for my dinner; very much so, since I just swallowed a couple of mouthfuls and ran in the morning.

At 3 came the Sunday P.M. prayermeeting, and after that the meeting which has made my day a happy one. ~~THIS~~ Two weeks ago, in my S. S. class of eight girls we were talking about becoming Christians and being baptized. There is only one of the eight who is not a baptized professing Christian. So at the end of the lesson I said that there was something I thought we could do together and I would tell them about it when there was more time. But afterwards I thought that the girls were such carefree irresponsible youngsters that it wouldn't do much good to try to make a personal worker's group of them, so the next Sunday I simply let it drop and didn't say anything about it. Today, however, they asked me what it was that they could do together; they had been waiting for me to say. So I invited them to come over to my house at four this afternoon to talk it over. They still didn't know what I was driving at. Well I felt a good bit fearful about it because I was anxious to have it more than just a piece of advice which came from a foreign teacher.

One of them was sick to-day, but the other seven came, including the one who is not a Christian yet. We talked over what it means to be a Christian, and where we are lacking in being soul-winning Christians, and why we are lacking, and what we can do to remedy that lack. Then I asked each one of them in turn about the brothers and sisters that they have who are not yet Christians, and then whether they didn't all hope in their hearts that these brothers and sisters would all be Christians and whether they wouldn't be glad to help them along. The next question was whether they wouldn't each like to help some friend or schoolmate to become a Christian, and the next, whether they would like to pledge themselves to try to do this work together, and see if we couldn't be more than just a class that studied about some Bible character a half hour on Sunday morning. The Christian girls all answered to these questions, and then I told them I hoped that they would each consider themselves ~~and~~ my representative and help to win some one whom I would like to help but couldn't, either because I don't know them, or because I don't know them well enough, or because I'm a foreigner and can't possibly reach them. I said I would pray before they went home, and if any of them wanted too, they could follow me. You can imagine how glad I was to have all six, one after another, follow with their half whispered little prayers. I said I would pray about this work of theirs, - of ours, every day, and I hoped when they came back from vacation they would have something to tell. I'm going to write their names out because I know you will be willing to help me pray for them. You won't have to pronounce their names, but you can look at them, anyway. There are It-cheng and It-sun, two daughters of Dr. Tang, the doctor at the Boys' Academy, Hui-lang, the daughter of Dr. Tie at Chaoyang, Huakhui, the daughter of Mr. Lim Hioh-ehho who is now studying at Newton and Harvard, Bak-iong, the daughter of a woman who used to be a helper at our school, and Tshun-sim, from another Christian family. Kui-juak, the one who was sick to-day, is the daughter of Tang Sengli, our Baptist Swatow banker. The name of the one who is not yet a Christian is Tsu-noi. These girls ought to accomplish something really worth-while, and I believe they will.


I meant to write about the anti-Christian agitation at Christmas but that pales beside the news of the opium fighting up north -
with love - Abbie

No 58

Chaochowfu, China
Feb. 12, 1926

Dear Ones,

My first visit to Chaochowfu
since quite a while before I went on
furlough -

—— That's as far as I got and
now it's Feb. 16 and I'm back in
Swatow again - and mighty
glad to be here too - Elsie and
I went up Thursday and I really
got a lot of rest the first two
days - But then John Hildreth
(7 yrs) and Kenneth 
Carman (who was visiting there too)
(about 5 yrs?) got some kind of stomach
trouble and were sick for two days -

On our way to church Sunday A.M.
Elise sprained her ankle so that
she couldn't step on it - Mrs. Hildreth
got such a headache that Monday
morning she couldn't get up at all.
Miss Metherby, Mrs. H's Aunt, who is
visiting them until furlough, has
heart attacks, and while she
didn't have one, one day she looked
so dreadfully that we all thought
she was going to be sick.

To cap the climax, I woke up
Mon. A.M. with dazgles in front of
my eyes - and so
nauseated that I
couldn't eat anything - I didn't
know how I'd manage, with
Kenneth a doubtful quantity, and

Elsie not able to hobble - and me
own tummy wobbly to the bargain.
But Mr. Hildreth came down
on the train with us, and
Mildred met up at the station -
and we managed beautifully.
Kenneth was splendid - as good as
Mial Davis - and my own tummy
improved rapidly as I neared
home - deventers - I'm
thankful to be at home again.
To-morrow I go to Mrs. Ashmun's
for a week - but I shall be
home mornings and afternoons,
for I've told them that I
must write letters and I
mean to stick to it -

It's scandalous not to have
written for two weeks! Last
week I parted with my upper
right second molar - to which
was attached a huge abscess -
It hadn't given me trouble recently
but the abscess was growing -
and that in the direction of the
sinus - and therefore I'm most
thankful to be rid of it -

Ever since school was out I have
been planning Mabelle's birthday
party. This year she is 50 - and
while we are not mentioning that
fact, of course, still everybody knows
it. I planned to go away with
Elsie on the 11th, so we had the
party the night before. Most of

the girls had gone away some-
where for China new year vacation,
so we had only Enid, Elsie &
Velva here. We invited the Capens
too, to make a good sized party.

The "piece de resistance" of
the occasion was a February pie,
made from an old hat box -
Velva decorated the top - and it
looked exactly like a tough old
specimen from the bakers -
I made paper blackbirds which
peeped out of the top - all with
their mouths wide open and wings
a flapping - The pie was encased
in a white crepe paper grill and
had doors at the sides which pulled
out to let each person have a piece

of the pie -

I made up a jingle to go with it - a copy of which I'll enclose -

We opened the pie during dessert and the last piece to ~~be~~ opened was Mabelle's, with its "toast" whereupon we drank a toast to her very good health. Then we went to prayer meeting. She was completely surprised - When she said that she wouldn't have been surprised had it been the next morning we laughed up our sleeves, for the girls sneaked back to our house and were there for a real birthday breakfast the next morning. I think M. ~~liked~~ liked it a lot - and we all enjoyed it -

When I got back yesterday your letter telling about receiving

the dress was waiting for me -
I've been so eager to hear!
As regards duty - I've forgotten
whether I valued it \$8.00 gold
or \$8 Mex - or whether I simply
note \$8. As a matter of fact
the silk for it cost \$21 Mex - but
of course don't tell anybody -
so you see I undervalued it
myself - knowing that you'd have
to pay duty - If the customs people
thought I had marked it \$8 Mex -
they may have counted it \$6 Gold -
which was higher than my valuation,
of course - I marked it wholesale,
you see! I'm so glad, glad, that
it's useable and I hope
you will not be sick any more
but will be able to enjoy the
dress this spring & summer -

By the way, has Dr. Burke suggested
an X-Ray of yourself to find out
more definitely what the trouble is?
You know Elsie Kitzly was X-Rayed
from the neck down - and if they
had X-Rayed her head too, they
would have found the trouble very
quickly. - I wish you would ask
him about it. - I have had a great
notion to write to him myself. But I
guess it would be just as well
for you to suggest it yourself -
It may cost something - but then
your stomach is worth a few
dollars, you know!

I have ~~fallen~~ ^{fallen} heir to a big white
Cron box that has come for Margorie.
This damaged paper can't be
used for Xmas presents, so I'm
using it up -
Much love to you - Abbie

FEBRUARY PIE

Sing a song of birthdays, - we have 'em till we die,
Eight and twenty black-birds baked in a pie.

When the pie is opened, the birds begin to sing,
They'll sing of Fame and Fortune that Februaries bring.

G. W. was the little boy who never told a lie,
And now he has the lion's share in February's pie. (open flags) *transfer each one*

Abe Lincoln was a lanky man, and grand as he was tall,
His sympathy, his love, his wit endear him to us all.

(excerpts from speeches and stories)

Cupid is a dangerous man, he shoots such fiery darts,
But when St. Valentine comes round, then quake for fair maids' hearts!
(valentines)

Leap Year don't come every year, as all the lassies know;
But February two years hence will bring it, sure though slow.
(dice to try luck, charm, guiding star, etc.)

February's the time for sales; can you resist the lure?
Buy all your goods at Monkey Ward's; our guarantee is sure.
(bargains marked with sale prices, miniature dresses, hats, etc.)

Chinese New Year comes this month, or else some time right near;
Fairies blooming on that morn bring joy for one whole year.
(this piece contained an unopened water-fairy (lily) bud with the instructions to give it to the boy, who brought in two plants heavy-headed with blooms, the first we have had this year)

Lincoln, Leap Year, Monkey Ward, - a motley congregation,
Anna, Enid, Edith too, all swell the convocation;
And yet there's one still on the list, -

Mabelle, - CONGRATULATION!

(a piece of toast for Mabelle, whereupon we all drank grape-juice to her very good health, etc.)

*These birthdays all
Come in Feb. too*

No 59

Swatow, China

Feb. 21, 1926

Dear Ones,

This must be a scramble
for I've a million letters - more or
less - to write and only part of
one week to do it in. This P.M.
I feel the "urge" a little stronger
than usual - and I'm going to
try to get some typewriting done
for circular letters -

Mabelle went to Kityang on
Wednesday and I've been visiting
at Mrs. Ashmae's ever since. Velva
was the one who thought of inviting
me and Friday she had to pick
off to Kityang for a medical
consultation. She was sorry, and so

was I, yet secretly I'm a little relieved, for I've had more time to visit Mrs. Ashmore, and Mrs. Q. wouldn't understand if I didn't spend most of my time with her. I've tried to write letters over there, but you can imagine that's not very easy - This P.M. I've come over home instead of going to church. It's after 3.30 and I'm going at it as hard as I can until dark.

I've really been having a very nice time over there, only of course I spend the evenings doing Cross-word puzzles with Mrs. Q. and playing Halma with her - and consequently most of my Christmas letters are still unwritten, & say nothing

of the Indiana churches from
whom the big White Cross box
came to Marjorie Fleming -
I must get a hustle on - that's
sure -

School begins a week from
Wednesday - and I don't know
where vacation has gone -
Miss One got away for a little
while, - I hope she gets a real
rest - Marguerite went away -
but she's been sick ever since
she got back - Elsie sprained
her ankle - (she has been staying
at Capen's ever since she got back,
for Edna is out in the country) -
Mrs. Worley & Edith Traver have
gone to Shanghai -
The Consul is giving a tea
tomorrow P. M. ^{Washington's birthday} I shall have to

go to uphold the honor and dignity
of the missionary young ladies -
There's nobody else here! However,
if the bay is rough, I shall not
go -

I'd like to write more, but I guess
I'll quit this time - and get
to work -

Love to you both -
Abbie

No 61
Is this right
at last?

Swatow, China

Feb. 25, 1926

Dear Ones,

I feel as though my vacation were all over in one way - though school doesn't begin until next Wednesday - The reason for this feeling is that if I hustle my head off I can't get my letters written -

I came back home yesterday from Mrs. Ashmore's, where I have been visiting a week. Poor dear lady, I never realized how lonely she does get sometimes until I went there this time. I took two dresses over there one day and she helped me to decide how to have them made, then I went downstairs to cut them out. She said "I won't come down to help you, because you'll be able to do it better alone" - But in a few minutes she did come

with her book and sat there reading -
She said she was cold, and came
down to be near the fire, but I'm
sure that was just an excuse
and that she really wanted the
company -

We played Halma a lot -
and she enjoyed that too - so did I.
I've made up my mind I'm going
over there a lot more in the
future if I can - But then I've
made that resolution before - !

Yesterday morning before I came
away - Dr. Ashmore came out of his
study on purpose to tell me how
much they had enjoyed my being
there - how much he appreciated
my coming - for the good it did Mrs.
A. I was very much fussed, I
fear - but told him that it made
my pleasure doubled to have him

2) say that - as indeed it did - Dr. A.
is charming, but you have to know
him pretty well, or he has to know
you pretty well, and trust you, I think,
before he will let down the bars
of his reserve at all - But all
week he joked with me and
with Mrs. Ashmore and we
really had a delightful time
together - I seem to be in their
good graces and of course its
very nice -

Mabelle was due to come home
yesterday P.M. Elsie invited me to
her house (the Bungalow) for dinner,
and Velva went back from the Ashmores,
where she has been staying while
Edna and Elsie were away; she
lives at Ashmores but eats with the
girls regularly) - Then I came
right home and got the cookie

busy helping me open the house -
~~We~~ washed some windows, built
two fires, took out some old lilies
that had outbloomed themselves and
cut some other flowers to make
the place look a bit homelike - I
was glad to get home, and Mabelle
was glad too -

I tell you - this business of
Mothers-in-law - or the eternal
triangle - or any other similar
problem, is easy to explain - It
isn't simply because its one man
and two women, or two men and
one woman that makes trouble.
in a house or in a situation, its
three people, men or women,
that make the rumpus - Two
may not be able to live cheaper
than one, but two certainly
can live more peacefully than
three, I believe - At least that

3) has been my experience a number of times - with a number of different people -

Had a letter last night from Diana Wall - now Mrs. Pitto, of New Orleans - She lived in Rockport, you know, and knows the Pages - a schoolmate of hers, Bert Spear, is on an oil steamer which makes the trip from New Orleans to China, usually to Swatow, twice a year - and she says that when he spoke of a "tall good-looking Miss Sandersen who played tennis, then I knew that your college dreams had been realized - "etc - etc.

I'm glad to hear, of course, but it's another letter to answer.

Elsie has given me the letter that you wrote to her Mother, just before she came out - All I have to say is these two

things; 1) I liked it pretty much;
2) what with my father a preacher
and my mother a person who
can write letters like that, I,
being the offspring, certainly
ought to be able to spout to
good advantage with either
pen or tongue, and shame
to me if I can't -

I'm so sorry to hear that
Mr. Chapman has been ill -
and hope that nothing may
prevent his rapid and
complete recovery - Will you
give him my good wishes
please?

Tell Mrs. ^{good} Frank I mean
to answer her letter soon -
the time just flies by & I
don't write nearly all the
letters I want to -
I believe I'll have to ask you

4) To send on the \$21 from Mrs. Knox - (did you know she is Bessie Pierce's sister?) I need it to pay up some tuitions for girls I am helping - (And did you know that Bessie P. is married - to a Mr. John Donovan - and they are living in Washburn near the Knoxes and are very happy!)

I like the sound of your "new" blue coat very much - and think you were fortunate to get the lining at that price. I'm wondering if you've yet received my letter about my fur coat ! ! ! ! ! ?

Later - I've just finished a pile of letters - 26 of them, thanking for boxes sent to Marjorie Fleming. When she left she instructed me to use the things that came for her, in the work as I saw fit. Now along comes a letter, ^{from her} saying

she found out in Shanghai that
there were more things on the
way and she hoped I would be
willing to unpack them for me,
and then take some of the things
for myself - for the trouble of unpacking
and then put the rest away
for her until she comes (!!!)
or gives further instruction - Nobody
thinks that people will vote for her
to come back, for one thing - and for
another - she told me to use the
things - and I have used some of
them - some for the country schools
and some in ^{the} other ways - Think of
me hard when I'm writing the
letter to placate her! For we
need those pencils & dolls and
handkerchiefs for the school
Christmas - and Oh - I hope we
may have them — I've written
my thank-yous to the people, anyway!
Enough for now —
With my love, Abbie

Xui-cheng.

Miss Sanderson's study was magnificent which was on the upstairs. When we came upstairs the staircase is large and light, then walked across the parlor we opened a door this door is Miss Sanderson's study's door. When enter this study looked floor there are spread a mat on the floor. on the right hand side on the wall hang a thermometer and a ^(barometer) phromeder, in the corner had a window and a ^{fine} couch there had four pillows on top of it, then had a ^{calendar} ~~calne~~ and a chair near it, on the wall had Miss Miller's picture, but all the study had many beautiful pictures on the wall, next had a door, look from this door had see many large or high hill and many trees, stone, next (in the other corner) had a window & a other window near it, in the corner had a little desk, there had a type writer and

two books on top of it, next this desk had
a book case that was very large there were
many books in there, and many on the top of
it, and had a interested clock on top of it, this
clock's engine can't walk every day we came
to this study the short hand point the six o'clock,
and ~~two~~ picture on top of it, I think there was
Miss Sanderson's friend's picture, next had a
door look from this door there are Miss ^{Table}
Sanderson's bed room, next had a reed, ^(mignonere)
there had a beautiful lamp a little box
and a small book on top of it, then had
a door this door always shut, then had
a small table there had many magazine
in there. Near the small table had a fire place
^{here} had many many interested thing on it,
had four little ~~porcelain~~ a picture, the a small
chair near it, in the middle had a desk
it was a very good desk it is miss

No 62.

Swatow, China

Mar 3, 1926

Dear Mother -

Your letter of Jan 31 has just arrived, and although I know it is going to be dinner time in a minute, I'll take that minute to sit down and tell you how thankful I am to hear you are a little better - I do hope you'll keep on being so -

Your letter is full of questioning most of which are answered in the letters I have already written. I didn't write much about Anti-Kth. demonstration here because there wasn't much, though everyone feared it, and the air was tense -

Mr. Lippard's article surely is thrilling, but not all true -

In instance, he praises Chaoyang
to the skies when as a matter
of fact they are in an awful
mess over there - preachers &
doctor at sword's points, just
waiting till Dr. Grosbeck
gets back. To see which one's
head will get cut off - and
if ~~whoever~~ gets his head off will
then, according to threats, strike
to chop the other one, and the
church - to pieces - Head deacon
a rascal and a thief -
However - this is not for Missionary.
and Dr. J. will doubtless be
the only one who can straighten
any of the men. We don't
envy him his job - He & Mrs.
J. are in Shanghai today.
probably -

2.) In regard to my fur coat - I
guess by this time you have
had something to tell Flora about
my being willing to have it used.
Please tell her that for one thing, I
should think myself a pretty poor
missionary to have a good fur
coat packed away, ^{and not be glad to get it out} when my
next door neighbor needed it
on a cold Vermont drive, especially
when that next door neighbor is
such a good friend as she;
and in the second place, it
is hard to think of very many
people whom I'd rather have
wear it than she! I'm
surely glad she was willing
to wear it - and hope she will
again if the occasion comes -

School begins to-morrow and

then - it will be June before I know
it. This morning I went over to
Mrs. Ashmore's for one more game
of Halma with her - I had played
seven games and she had always
beaten me - not, ^{always} so badly as she
did at first - This eighth game
I beat her, and beat her ^{again} pretty
badly - Then we played ^{again} and
she beat me - though not badly.
I told her I never expected to do
it and don't expect to do it again.
Shan't have a chance to play
much more now -

I'm going to set a stint for
myself, but I don't know
how far I'll get: get three
letters, at least, ready to send
off every day - This is my
first today - though I sent off
some packages this morning -
One contained some vegetable matter

3) from which the chlorophyll has pretty well faded, but I hope the flavor hasn't - That won't reach pa on his birthday, but it will help to cheer him on his way to the next one. The other package is for you. Let me see: that was originally vegetable matter too - and there never was any chlorophyll in it, I guess. I certainly hope none will get in before it reaches you - though I hope the flowers will reach you intact. (Don't worry: I'm just trying to get the above long word into my vocabulary. Yesterday I wanted to use a word that had this meaning - and somebody said "chloral" - I said "no, that's a drug", but I couldn't be sure that chlorophyll was right until I had looked it up. There, now

that I have written the word
chlorophyll four times - it ought
to be sunk quite deep into a
brain furrow, so I'll let it
stay there for a while.) I ~~do~~ certainly
hope this letter reaches you before the
things do! Yours is for you
birthday, too -

My knee is all right - and if
it isn't, I'll say so - I'm not
sure but it's even better than the
other one!

Huff for now, or I won't
get the other two letters written.
With much love to you both

Abbie.

Suataow, China

No 63.

March 6, 1926

Dearest Pa,

The years speed along, don't they? I wonder if by this time the little birthday remembrance has reached you? Hope it's to your liking; if you don't like it, tell me frankly, and I'll send you another brand next time. Please be assured that I'm wishing you happiness and satisfaction in your work, and many other blessings during the coming year, and for a good many years to come. To quote old Rip Van W. — "May you live long and prosper."

School has begun, and things somehow seem different this term from what they have any other

term. I had a good vacation, for one thing. That is, I didn't do a lot of things to get myself all tired out. For another thing, we are still wondering how our Bible Classes are coming out, and there is an element of interest in that. The Bible work is all to be voluntary this term. Some of the class leaders met with the teachers this afternoon to discuss ways and means of getting the largest possible number of girls to keep up their Bible study. A few girls thought that Sunday school, and chapel every day, and church Sunday morning would give them enough Bible to last them! Or something to that effect. Others thought that they wished to choose a teacher for the Bible themselves. But a number were willing, and glad to do all they can to get their

classmates to keep up regular Bible study. The class president of the first year Junior High said "Why, most in our class are Christians; I can't see why there will be any question raised in our class." This I've asked her how often she thought they would be willing to study it & she said "Why, one a day -"

After the girls had gone the teacher talked over the matter and there a big surprise came to me. When the suggestion was made that the leader of the personal workers group and the W. W. J. leaders should take over the whole matter and arrange it I was wholly agreed; in fact we had rather thought that was the best way to do it. What I hadn't thought about was the fact that I am the W. W. J. adviser and therefore expected to take the lead in this matter - I had been rather resting on my oars,

waiting to see what someone else
would do, ~~about this matter~~. Then all
I expected to be able to do was to follow
along, and help teach if any girls chose
the subject I'm going to teach - And
here Miss Lau (pers. workers' leader) and I
are left to talk over the matter with the
W. W. G. leaders, and arrange ^{the whole}
thing! We meet with them tomorrow
morning after church - (which, by
the way, means a full morning for
me, since I'm beginning with B. S.
at 8.30!)

Another reason why I'm sort of on
tiptoe not knowing just what is
coming next is that out of a clear
sky I am to have a course in elementary
domestic science - There is a splendid
little text-book here, and I'm sure I'm
going to like it, but it will mean
extra preparation - for, although the
course is with Senior High girls, and
I'm giving it in English, yet I shall
need to know the ~~Chinese~~ technical names

for many things - yesterday in the first lesson I gave them thirteen questions to answer. "What is food?" "Why do we need food?" "What is the difference between physical and chemical change?" "Name a substance which contains oxygen" - (Carbon, hydrogen, etc.) "Make a list of organic, and one of inorganic, substances." They will have to look up some words in the dictionary, and their answers may have to be corrected some what, but I think they can do it -

Three days ago (I think) I decided I must write at least three letters every day if I was ever to get caught up with my correspondence. So far I have written my "stint" every day, and last night I wrote five. Since this is my first one today, and it is already 10 P.M., two of last night's letters may have to count today! But I shall write

two more short ones to-night if I
can keep awake to do so -

The box of cough & laxative tablets
came this morning - thanks ^{very}
much. The bottle, however, was splintered
& nothing on one side. I guess glass
will not carry unless it is packed
deep in cotton or excelsior - I'm
very glad to have the things - I'm
all out of both. The little package
of Mentholatum will be nice to
take traveling; or, I may give it
away for a wedding or some kind of
a gift!

With much love to you both -

Abbie

Happy Birthday!

- though belated -

No 64)

Swatow, China

Mar 15, 1926

Mother dear -

I'm a very wicked soul and I know it, but what shall I do about it? Mrs. Barnes' letter has aroused these "heathen" emotions in my breast - I ought to be charitable, I know - when she is so good as to want to send me something. But I can't help feeling that if she can't afford to send me good housekeeping it is because she doesn't want to do so - Consequently I'd rather she wouldn't send me anything. You didn't tell me whether ~~she~~ told her anything or not -

For another thing, this year I'm rich, with the Atlantic, the American, the Pictorial, and Ladies Home Journal (which latter Arthur is sending -) and I feel almost as though I ought not to let any body send me anything more - I miss the Record of Christian Work, however - and if in the

future years some one should ask you
what to send me - you might tell
them that. Now this does not mean
for you to send it to me - I don't
want you to - The Baptist is a
good reminder that you love me,
even if I hadn't a thousand other
reminders!

(Just here I had to stop to dive
inside all my clothes after a flea -
They don't bite me hard but I'm not
crazy to have 'em crawl - aw - awhing
around on me skin!)

Charlie Hagg's letter was a great
surprise. I never dreamed that
Joy Tatum was the kind of a person
that she appears to be - What a
pity about Charles Warren - !
Charlie Hagg has expressed in that
letter the fact that he, though
thousands of miles from China, understands
the meaning of the uproar out here
as well as though he had lived

2/ out here and knew the inside of things - He has hit the very heart of the whole matter when he says that for us there is more anxiety than danger - and that all we can do is to hope the better element will come into power & the foreign powers do nothing to give the unruly, discontented ones an opportunity to undo what has been done - He has seen the thing very clearly -

Re. Arthur - I certainly hope he can get to college but I realize that spurts of ambition don't always carry one to the place that is aimed at - Perhaps he'll get there sometime - No - I don't know anything about babies - I don't get told any more than you do! I've wondered how much longer it would be - but have no clues! \$

How do you like the needle cases

and other things? They cost me 30¢
Mex each; the sewing cases 20¢, and
the napkin rings 25¢. These latter
would cost more again, because
they are charging almost ten per
cent duty on these things now.
They are from Shooksing (Helen Clark).
If I have more things sent from here
to you I'll have them sent direct
because there is no need of paying
duty twice.

We are hard at it into the school
work again - I had my first class
in Bible this morning and think I
shall like it a lot - I'm teaching
Jesus, the Man of Galilee, from the
book we had in college - and I
feel sure I shall enjoy it more
than teaching D. T. History, though
there was much in those classes
at times -

Sleepy - must say good night
for this time - Love - Abbie

Swatow, China, Mar 21, 1926

Dear Aun;

During vacation I started to write my letters to the home churches; I wrote one set (I copied this time) of the enclosed letter and I haven't sent it to the churches at all - just one or two where I felt the letter would surely be understood. I'm afraid it sounds rather pessimistic in parts; but there a good many times lately we have felt pessimistic ourselves!

If you read the letter to Sutton friends (and I should be glad to have you convey this to them as a message from me) I hope you'll tell them of what I'm going to write now - ~~(or did I write it before?)~~

We have been rather down-hearted about having to make our Bible study an extra in school, rather than a regular study as it always has been. We feared that if the girls were allowed to choose ~~many~~ of them would not choose Bible study. The W. W. J. girls got busy and prepared the list of courses from which to choose, and 117 out of 130 ~~chose~~ elected a Bible course. We take it from 8.30 to 9.00 every morning - I'm having a class in "Jesus, the Man of Galilee" the book I used when I was a Senior in College - and I'm enjoying it so far more than I ever enjoyed teaching Old Testament History. (I have written this to you before, haven't I? Please forgive if I have).

~~not public~~ We are having our first rain of the season. The crops and the wells have been crying for it and it seems now to have begun in real spring fashion - It's a cold rain, though; and I'm not by any means "sweating in the thinnest of linens" as Idella used to

imagine me always to be! I have on at present a
knee length undersuit, teddy, corsets, stockings, shoes, gaiters,
~~yellow~~ sweater, petticoat; over that my blue serge dress & over
that my light weight coat - And I'm just comfortable sitting
in my study beside my big lamp - I've just come in from choir
rehearsal, to which I virtuously tramped in spite of the rain.
We had a good sing, but it is quarter past nine now
and classes begin at eight-thirty to-morrow A. M. !
I'm sleepy -

My love to Sutton friends - and much to your
own dear selves -

Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 21, 1926

Dear Friends:

I wish I might write and tell you that everything is going along beautifully and that we have reason for encouragement in every phase of the work. The country is anything but peaceful, as you must surely know from your newspapers. Here in our mission the Chinese have taken a forward step. They have declared independence of the foreigners and have actually taken over a great deal of the responsibility. This truly is a forward step, if they get, or keep, a real vision of service. But the work is bound to change, for some things that seem important to us are trivial in their eyes. I have to say to myself over and over again, "God can work his own purposes here in this land. The work is his and He will not let it fail." My faith is so small!

The Christian schools in this district are having a harder time than those in many parts of China. Edicts have gone out over the country saying that no religion shall be taught in any school, public or private, and that no school shall have for its aim the propagation of religion. Every school must register with the government and by doing so subscribe to the above and many other such rules. Elsewhere Christian schools are often able to ignore these demands and carry on as usual. Here in Kwangtung, however, where the anti-Christians are very active and the Communist faction is so persistent in spreading anti-foreign propaganda, they intend to enforce the new rules, and we see little hope of escape.

When the various inspectors come to our school, we foreigners find it wise to keep in the background as much as possible. They, of course, would like to see us in Timbuctoo or any place far from China. Our Chinese principal (in the girls' school) is finding her position a most difficult one. She is having to meet all sorts of criticism, but she is doing it bravely and splendidly. She says she never realized before what a great burden the foreigners have had all these years. The burden is a heavy one for her, and there is grave question about her health. Small wonder that she is discouraged. I want so much to help her, yet I can do so little.

The other day I heard the opinion expressed that if all the missionaries should leave China now Christianity would soon slump to nothing here. I don't believe that for one moment, but I do think a rough awakening must come to some of them before there can be spiritual progress. Perhaps the foreigners will have to leave China when the crash comes!

I realize there is great danger of criticising them for lack of vision when it is really we who are short-sighted and cannot fathom the workings of the Chinese mind. Because we cannot live in a ten- in-one-room, monotonous-rice-and-fish-diet fashion to which many Chinese are accustomed, they think we have wealth unlimited and spend it altogether too much on ourselves. If they, on the other hand, show signs of wanting to emulate foreign style

of living and ask for larger salaries on which to do it, we think them materialistic and unspiritual. What ever shall we do to understand each other?

The English people here are being shamefully treated; schools closed, missionaries driven out of their houses; no servants allowed them, houses used for barracks after the auction of the furniture and the destruction of the books and papers, and a wholesale boycott continued all these long months. Of course, it is true that injustices have been done to the Chinese by the English; but England is not the only one who has at times thought and wrought unjustly. The ones who are suffering now, moreover, are as innocent as we are, and to see them receive such treatment does make one's blood boil. The Standard Oil people have just been boycotted; we may come next!

The subject which is at present an all-absorbing one for us is that of the precarious situation of our Girls' School here in Kakehieh. It looks as though we shall be obliged to leave the Bible out of our curriculum if we are to keep the school open at all. We just can't bear to close the doors and send these girls home, and so lose all contact with them whatever. We may be allowed voluntary Bible classes, but if not, we shall have to try a little harder with our personal workers' groups and Sunday school classes. And there will still be the E.W.S. Wouldn't you like to hear our girls sing "Follow the Glean" in Chinese?

I wish you might have gone with me on my latest trip to examine country schools. The Chinese teachers and I started out at four-thirty in the morning- pitch dark- across the bay in a sampen to the river launch. The launch was crowded to the edges, both coming and going- no seats but the bare, ditty deck, and not much room there! In the morning we had to clamber over baskets and baskets of bak-tau, slippery, clammy gray fish that get their name from the quantities of black "ink" (bak) inside them. When we reached Phau-thai, the twenty-one little girls and their teacher were lined up outside the chapel waiting for us. After the examination we gave each one a doll, and they were delighted. One of them was so engrossed with the business of choosing quickly the very prettiest one that she forgot to say thank-you. When she was half-way to her seat she remembered and came back again!

In the afternoon coming back a big wind blew up, a contrary one at that, and it turned then it had been before this winter. We found one little place up in the front of the boat where all five of us (two of them had been examining another school) snuggled together under one steamer rug and my rain-cape. We sang and laughed and talked nonsense to keep from thinking about the cold. When we had about decided we couldn't stand it much longer, my bottle of drinking water tipped over and started across the deck towards where we were sitting. Can you see the scrambling? We were nearly to Swator by that time, so we didn't get much colder from standing up huddled together than we'd been before. One of the little teachers was really almost overcome with the cold, but she was a good sport. And in spite of the crowd and the fish and the dirt and the cold, we all had a good time.

A few weeks ago I invited the leaders of the village personal workers' groups to come to my house to "sit". That meant tea and cakes, of course. After the refreshments Miss Ang, my right-hand man on the committee, spoke informally, urging them to be faithful about holding their meetings and trying to win others. The other members of the committee followed up her talk, each speaking to the ones who were sitting nearest her. One by one they began to tell of some friend, or neighbor or relative whom they were trying to win. Then one of them said, "Let's ask Si Sin-se-nie to pray for us all, right now." Another said, "Well, if you are going to pray, please pray for my son and his family. I have prayed for him for years, but I am getting old now, and the time is growing short." And there were several other requests. So we asked the Sin-se-nie to lead us and any others who wanted to, to follow, - and our social turned into a prayer-meeting. We have been greatly disheartened by the coldness and indifference in the Christians here, but this was a real encouragement.

Dear friends, - I know that my own spiritual life is far from what it ought to be; and I have no desire, - even less right, - to say anything to you which sounds like preaching. If you should ask me how it is that our weak human prayers can possibly do any good, or why it is that God will listen to us and will answer prayer, I couldn't explain it; I simply know that it is true. I have had some very definite and wonderful lessons in this line during the past few months. And I wonder how many of you will be willing - it means real effort, I know - to take a few moments each day to pray for poor, topsy-turvy China; to pray not only that wars may cease and peace may come and justice prevail, but also that the weak and fearful of the Chinese Christians may be strengthened, the strong ones kept strong, and that Chinese and foreigners alike may see and hear the vision of ~~our~~ Christ ~~ordained~~. That is what we need. I wonder how many of you are willing to pray definitely, every day, for this your work out here, and so share with us the burdens that well-nigh overwhelms us?

Sincerely yours,

as he lived and worked
here on earth among men.

Abbie J. Sanderson

no 66

Swatow, China

Mar. 23, 1926

Mother dear,

I couldn't read this stirring appeal without doing my bit, so I've sent my \$10.00 to Miss Cannton - That leaves my balance in St. Johnsbury ~~\$4.91~~ \$4.91 - I have a little in Lyndonville too -

When I read in your letter that you had had an accident I held my breath, wondering how many ribs you had broken - this time or how many apples or ^{much} corn you had eaten and may hap spewed it out upon the kitchen stove or parlor sofa - and then - glass rings! Yes'm, I really

(2)
think you can use the basket
without the rings all right!

I am much interested in the
letters that come along now, to
see what more each one will
have to say about the fur coat -
It's highly entertaining - I hope
you don't think I'm worrying about
worm spots all up and down the
front - Tell pa to come down a
bit. He said I'd need \$225 for
a new one maybe! That's a trifle
high - Then here's another possibility.
Maybe on my next furlough I
won't have such extravagant tastes!
Maybe I'll be a model of thrift
and economy, and will even
wear stockings darned at the
knees - in spite of the style for
short skirts - Don't you hope so?

Well - Arthur is really thinking
college again - Good for him.

(3)

I hope he makes it - I wish I could help him out by sending him drawnwork - But I don't see how I could give him the drawnwork and then I don't know whether he would keep it carefully enough to be able to offer it for sale always in spick-span condition, ^{which is} the only way to make good sales - And then if I sent it direct to him he would have duty to pay - and he might not always have it! And I don't want to make any suggestion which would seem to make it feasible for Gladys to need to go to Waterville too - I really think there would be a sale for drawnwork in Waterville if it were rightly advertised - Have you

any ideas on the subject - and
if so - what are they?

You're often asked about
sending things sample post.
Sample Post things are really
not supposed to be merchandise,
but given away - Goods for
sale are dutiable - and a
fine is result of avoidance of
the law if you get caught at
it -

Miss Sullivan has made thousands
I suppose, for the school, by drawnwork.
I would feel justified in sending
off the drawnwork to America
to make money for school - or,
in this case not to make any
money myself - Is that clear?
But - I should send it as dutiable
goods -

Love

Abbie

Swatow, China, Mar. 28, 1926

Dear Ones;

I'm sitting in my study by the fire (it is a damp cold day) and Mabelle has just put the "Palms" on the victrols. It doesn't seem a bit like Palm Sunday really. We didn't have a bit of special music in church this morning. I stayed home from the Christian Endeavor meeting this afternoon just so that I'd be sure to get my letters written to my beloveds and it is 4.30 now when I'm beginning!

Well if we didn't have a real Palm Sunday to-day we surely did have a real wedding last Wednesday. Mr. Tang Theng, brother of Ju Gek's husband, is teaching in the Academy this year. While he was in Shanghai he met the lady of his choice and a few weeks ago he went to Shanghai to bring her down. Well, maybe the church wasn't pecked! They had the shutters all closed, and at the proper time an attendant turned on two flashlights so that folks could see the "principals". The flashlights were hidden in a very pretty arch of bamboos. The bride was beautiful, in white crepe de chine which dripped all over with silver lined crystal beads, and a dream of a tulle veil with orange blossoms in tiara effect. Ellice Chen was the bridesmaid, and she wore pale pink flowered silk damask and carried roses to match. The groom wore Newton's dress suit and really looked stunning. The best man was Chhlahui, A-khong hia's second son, who used to like to come to see Ruth Sperry. Edna Smith played the wedding marches and they did the whole thing up in regular foreign style. The groom and best man came in and waited near the organ for the bridesmaid and bride and the various flower girls and pages. Mr. Capen performed the ceremony and Elsie Kittlitz sang "O Perfect Love" and Dr Ashmore offered the closing prayer.

That was at 4 P.M. At 6 the wedding feast was held over in the old Academy building. About seventy-five people sat down, with an average of eight at each table. I couldn't begin to tell you all the good things that they had, from the shark's fins to the noodles and rice at the end of the feast, but I think they had all the delicacies that I ever heard of and about ten extra kinds that I never had heard of. Various ones of the young married men then proceeded to do the thing that is proper at a Chinese wedding, and that is, to tease the bride. They demanded a speech from her, and when Hex got up and tried to make it they hissed and wouldn't hear him. Bill Chen wanted to ask her to tell about her experiences that day. Then Kan Chhin wanted her to tell her experiences ever since the day when she first met Tang Theng. Then somebody called on Newton to aid in persuading the bride to make a speech. He said that in his capacity as the president of the Ui-bou-bue, or fear-your-wife-society, about which this clique of young men has had a good deal of fun, he would suggest the Tang Theng be elected as a member of that society. All in favor manifest by clapping. They went wild over that, of course. After a time the bride responded by a very nice little speech in which she thanked us all for coming.

Since the feast was set at six, we thought sure we should be out in time for prayermeeting, but we didn't get home until nine-thirty. So we didn't have any meeting this week!

I enclose the invitations I got, both to the wedding and the supper - and the thank-yn (the proper Chinese way), for my gift, which was a picture "Sunset Glow" from the Pictorial Review (framed) - Love Ellice

囍

wedding invitation

觀禮

Wedding Ceremony

陳許鳳鞠躬

name of his
family, etc.

結婚恭請
民國十五年三月廿四號下午四時
騰與譚鍾麓女士在碧石禮拜堂

Many thanks for your
lovely wedding gift.

ordinary visiting card.

陳

騰

拂

塵

} another name

粵
普
寧

where he was born

Invitation to feast

光臨

卽晚六時謹治喜筵恭請

陳許鳳鞠躬

席設暑中會食室
恕不再邀

孫 *Son*

(girls
school)

女
學
校

姑 *Kou*

娘 *nie*

No 68

Swanton, China

Apr. 5, 1926

Mother dear —

You'll think me a
pill to let your birthday pass
without even scribbling you a
word — but I really have
been busy —

We just finished our Easter
today — We gave an Easter
Oratorio "The Dawn" in English,
and gave it in our new
building — the first time
that it has been really
used for any special affair —
It was a beautiful thing;
Mabelle and I had several
duets — and each of us several
solos, and the various groups of

girls had the splendid chorale.
The one "O grave where is thy
victory" I'm sure I shall remember
as long as I live - it was just
thrilling -

Well, we have been working
up to this as a sort of climax
for about two weeks and now
that it is done I'm tired -
and sleepy - and don't know
whether I can settle down to
proper work to-morrow or not?
Our Thursday evangelistic meetings
are beginning, and also our
now postponed conference, so we
shall have more breaks in our
work -

Yesterday we had special music
all day long - and then in the
afternoon we went to sing the

Resurrection songs at Miss Weld's
grave, as we do every year -
Then my little Sunday school
group came in & talk over
what they might do in the
way of personal work in these
coming meetings - They are
somewhat discouraged - because
they "haven't the talent" for talking
to girls about being Christians,
and they are afraid it won't be
any use - etc - They are earnest
little girls, though - & bed.

I must stop & go

Love, Love, Love,

Abbie

No 69

Swatow, China

Apr. 15, 1926

Dearest Dears,

We are in the midst of Conference and I have never felt so rushed nor so absorbed by the affairs that must be done -

We have had some very difficult questions to talk over - Among them are the questions of the return & the field of Marjorie Fleming, Emily Miller, and Miss Sollman. All of them had some doubtful or conditional votes and some of them definite negative votes - Marjorie is not to come back - Miss Sollman is invited back, after much talk pro and con, and Emily is to be invited back

with certain conditions stated -

I have neither heart nor time
to go into details now - But I
am just heart-sick over having
to have such discussions - People
have been lovely about it, and
have shown great sympathy with
me and with Emily in having
discussing this delicate and
painful subject. Some people
though they love Emily, think
she is temperamentally unfitted
for mission work out here, especially
just now - and I know they
are conscientious in that opinion.
I'm not going to tell E. that
I've told you anything about this -

I was on the entertainment
committee so that I had to help
arrange for people to be entertained
at this conference; I was put on
the Social and Music Committee, so

2 that I have had to help arrange for the accompanists for each session, special music for each day, the serving of tea at 4.15 each day - and the programme of the social evening last night - (I didn't have to do it all, of course!)

I have been on the Woman's Committee, as I have had to meet at all sorts of odd hours - and that is where a great deal of this aforementioned painful discussion has taken place -

I have also been appointed on a Resolutions and Findings Committee for this Conf - and we have had a good bit of work to do already - I have spent at least 3 solid hours on that alone -

Yesterday at the election of the new Reference Committee, I was dismayed to find that I was elected ~~as~~ as the Women's Board representative

from this district - Anna Foster
is the one from the Hakkas -
Mabelle has never been on the
Reference Committee, and it is
therefore very awkward for
me ! But she ^{is} ~~I should~~ be elated
lovely about it - I suppose, but I'm not!

And it rains, and rains.
I mustnt stop for more now -
Love, love,

Abbie.

Siwatow, China

Apr. 16, 1926

Mother dear,

I don't usually write a letter in class, but my class this morning is an examination, and the two girls who are taking it are sitting right here under my nose - I have some English papers which I might correct, but my head is too thick and heavy for that; for Conference closed about 10.30 last night, after a solid seven days of strenuous and some of it nerve-wracking work. One or two afternoons we did not meet for Conference, because the Reference Com. had to meet to work off surplus business.

2) I have never been so actively connected with Conference work - so I am getting a taste of what it really means.

In the first place - the matter of Emily's return has been a grievous, heart rending thing. In view of a number of unfavorable votes in Conference, ~~and the Woman's Committee~~, to whom the matter was referred, made inquiries in the Girls' School to ascertain whether or not the Chinese thought she should be invited back. The first reaction of the teachers was that there were too many flaws in her past behaviour; treatment of them,

3) attitude toward her work, etc - but when they found that no other foreign teacher would take her place they decided that she should be asked to return -

In view of that, the Romanis Com. voted to recommend that E. be asked to return to the Girls' School as a short term worker (the idea being to put her on probation). It was also stipulated that a very frank letter be written to her - when that was brought up in Conf. after having been passed by the Reference Committee, Mrs. Hildreth of Chaochowfu got up and said that the dissatisfaction about E. was

4.) a great surprise to her, and if there was a chance for its being granted, she would like to ^{put in a request} ask for E. to be sent up there -

Well! It was referred to the Woman's Comm. again - and then Mabelle threw her bomb. She stated that if E. was asked to come back to the Girls' School she would leave - that is, take an early furlough - and probably have it extended for the length of time that E. was out here. - 3 years.

Well - the folks wouldn't stand for that, for M. is needed here right now - and I really think

5) I should not care for the job
myself of trying to keep together
a school with E. and a bunch
of Chinese teachers who do not
approve of her but are merely
willing to try her for the good of
the work!

I said frankly, however,
when they asked me, that I
thought she was not as well fitted
for the work in Chao - as she was
for the school work down here -
However - Mabelle's statement was
a monkey wrench thrown into the
machinery ^{of having E. return to girl's school} and so this ^{other} matter went

5.) through. Miss McVeigh is asked
to take up the matter of E's
designation to Chaochow with
E. and with the Bakers, who
are now at home on furlough -

Whether Emily will have her
pride, or shall I say, her spirit
so stung by this awful load
of criticism that she will
determine to come back and
make good, is a question - If
I were she, I should want to
crawl into a hole and die,
and I think I should, temporarily.
On the other hand, there were

6) many expressions of love
for her and of what a pity
that she hadn't made the
best use of her opportunities
out here -

She may be so hurt and
disgusted and insulted that
she will never look at any of
us again - or she may rise
to the occasion and prove
to everyone what a wonderful
girl she can be -

The Committee finally
decided that a frank letter
should be written to the Board

7) as well as to her. It is
my private opinion that whether
or not Emily decides that
she can stand it to make
the try once more, the Board
will never allow it after
the "frank letter" reaches them,
unless there is a marvelous
change somewhere! By the
way, the word frank was
stricken from the minutes
that are to be printed, so it
won't look quite so bad -

I feel like a rag now, and
when I was dressing this A.M.

8, and received a tender loving little note from our little teacher Miss Jo'n, it put me out of condition to take breakfast with the family!

You will get the impression, I fear, that this matter of Es' return was the biggest thing in the Conference - Far from it; Anna Foster had been here only a day or two when word came that a mob had attacked Kaying Academy, taken possession of the buildings and blood shed such as

9) "human eye could not bear to see" - Modified versions of this have come since, but the situation up there is considered so serious that our Consul has ordered all the Kaying people to leave and come down to the port - That means closing the Girls' School, where there is no danger whatever - she says, and she is furious - But there seems to be no help for it, in spite of her

10) almost pitiful pleading - She doesn't know now whether she will be allowed to go back even to help close the school - and she is in a woeful state indeed - We all hope that that matter is a temporary hindrance only, but it is a big one -

It would appear that I am in demand for committees "and sech" these days

I have been elected to the Reference Committee, the Woman's

11) Committee, the Publicity Committee and then to cap the climax, when the nomination was made for the third member of the Executive Comm. of the Ref. Comm., the name was mine and I was elected!

This is a new committee, to act when an emergency arises and business must be talked over and decided ~~with the Chinese~~ and there is not time to call the whole Reference Committee

12. together. The Chairman
of the Ref. Com (who this year
is Dr. Groesbeck) and the
Secretary of same (Mr. Page)
are members ex-officio -
It seemed well though
not necessary & ~~elect~~
a Woman's Board member,
~~and~~ (from the Ref. Com.) and I
am the one. Edith Traver
should be, but her health
is poor - so it falls to
me. What shall I ever

13) do with all these honors?

It was a complete surprise to me (this last bit) and I ^{after the nomination} made a little speech, in which I said that it ought to be some one who had been on Ref. Com. before and some one who had better judgment, good sense etc. They promptly elected me!

Well - I feel now as though I had been drawn through a knot-hole - I have the

14) business before me now of
writing to Emily - I don't
anticipate this task with
a great deal of pleasure!

Pray for Emily -

Love,

Abbi.
P.S. Word has come that Anna
is allowed to go up to close
the school, but not to stay -

Apr. 19, 1926

Dear Mother and Father,

In the rush of Conference, and getting off to you news of the immediate burdens on my mind, I have failed to answer some questions that came in your last letter. I'm glad that I had already suggested helping with drawnwork before father's letter came asking me to help Arthur. I presume in my letter about drawnwork I didn't sound very generous; but it has been in my mind that if I did anything about the drawnwork - I would send just as much as I had money to buy, every time I sent. I had far rather skimp out here and get along, in order to help Arthur, than to touch the First National. But I think you know without my saying it that I would give my last cent from there, if that was what was needed to help Arthur along - and if that necessity comes, be assured you may depend on me to do it. In the meantime, I shall be glad of any suggestions about the drawnwork. Do you think Arthur could handle some in Waterville, or what?

When I had my picture taken in San Francisco I had done my hair upon curlers the night before - I

2) dressed it all myself - and the reason it looks different, I think, is that I fixed it just before I sat for the picture, and left my hair set off as the photographer told me - Do you like the picture better or worse as time goes by? I believe I like it less than I did - but I'm not sure - hair dressed by a professional but once - that was in Worcester, some 13 years ago! No, I did not send for your writing paper - though I think it's a very good idea, and I'll remember it maybe, sometime in future. Too bad it was all wrong!

You need not worry about my becoming a modernist. I presume some of the Pro-Millennialists out here would consider anyone a modernist who did not interpret as literal every word of Scripture. I cannot bring myself to agree with them, though there have been times when I have conscientiously tried to see their point of view. I cannot agree with a good deal that Fosdick says - but I do admire him as a man, and some of his thoughts have been very helpful to me - What I want is to be able to hold myself open-minded, so that I can see how to choose the right, no matter whence it comes, and not simply stick to a thing because it is conservative and I have always been conservative, or because it is liberal and I wish above all things to be liberal! I think I shall say some of this (not all) in the letter which I have not yet written to Dr. Mann. — Much love to you both -
Abbie