Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Dear Mattie mine:—

I suppose you are safely home again — do you know, I almost half expected to see you — I wanted you to come to Waterville as, when you were in Portland, I didn't really think you would come; of course because I know how things are — but oh dear me, I wanted es to see you! —

Has she been elected on the Ex. com. again — ? I haven't yet found any one to do my work, Thanksgiving but Miss Beatrice don't like me I think, and I think she will let the girl who makes rolls do both jobs — because there won't be many here. Too came back last night, and I feel as if a load were taken off my shoulders — you can imagine — I was glad enough to see her — Tile still progresses — I think we are going to take more than any house else — and get almost all we want, too — In fact, I think we would take more, were it not for the fact that we can't have more freshmen than are in all the rest of the fraternity — We expect now to take 15 r 16 —

"These is the busy days" — can't find time to
do a thing. There are lots of things that happen that are too long and can't be told to be written about.

Do write and tell me if you get the mileage all right for Mr. [no name] to know. I kept thinking all the time that the Convention was next week instead of this, and that's why I didn't worry about it. I'm very sorry.

Did you see Mrs. [no name]? While they were in Portland (Wed. night) we had our X.M. reception at their house. Wasn't that splendid? Only I wish she might have been there; she is one of our patronesses.

Sunday P.M. I meant to finish this and send it right off, but here it is.

Well, mother, I have made a decision that may mean quite a lot to me. I have decided to become a student volunteer — if you know what that means, and of course you do, and you realize too, what it will mean — do you approve — or what do you think of it? I have prayed about it and, of course, can't see any rich ahead of me because of the obstacles. But — from now on I hope I shan't be quite so rudderless — I know live
not fit, and probably never shall be, but
I can't teach all my life - yes - I can teach,
too - if necessary - I well - I can't explain
myself - but I want to do what is right - or -
Money is scarce - very - I'll send you my
account today.
There, I meant to write a long letter, but
Ice sleepy and must go to bed.
With love.

Abbie - L. L.

When does pea come?
Mrs. Elisha Sanders
Montville, Conn.
Mary Low Hall
Waterville, Maine
Oct. 10, 1912.

Dearest Mother mine,

You can perhaps imagine how anxious I've been to get your letter. It seemed as though I couldn't wait. However, it said just what I was positive, dead sure, absolutely certain it would say, only you didn't say at all what you thought about it. I don't believe you are very rebellious to the idea, from your letter— but you didn't say—

Tell pa that I have thought of such a thing for over two years and almost decided some time...
last winter. So Mr. Schwartz really sent just the final shot that was needed. His talks appealed to me very much. I heard him first at Sunday school—a little very short speech, and I liked his looks, very straightforward. Then in the afternoon he spoke to the girls of the cabinet, and I was very much impressed with what he said. He told us of the great need for people of good education, and said that people were realizing more and more that not everyone could go in to the foreign field. He said there were certain essentials necessary of these essentials I remember two
courage that cannot be daunted and an
inborn ability to make friends. I felt how
unworthy I would be to fill such a place-
very doubtful whether I had either of these
characteristics and when he asked if there
weren't some girls in college who were interested
I wanted to say that I was and had
thought strongly of being a student volunteer,
but another before those girls I was simply
dumb. I just couldn't say a single word.

There were Eva Macomber, Christie Ring,
Hall, Pauline Hanam, Bella, and Rhyde -
(Marian Lagallo & Idella weren't there)

I know you can sympathize with me as
to how I felt because I know you've probably
felt just that way yourself.

I haven't handled in my name or
anything, to be a S.V. but I sadly believe
I shall change my mind before I have the
opportunity. In the middle of the year
sometimes the girls, student volunteer
Secretary or something comes around - and
that will be the time for me to sign my
name, etc. - What does pa think of his
D.A. and have you told Arthur? I
have made this decision - and I don't believe
I shall change. May not be worthy of it, but I'm not the
decision, I think.
I have told Ida: that's all. She wondered what you people at home would think about it. Of course, I couldn't tell her—because I didn't know until this morning. I told her I guessed you had no strong objections.

Mother dear—please tell me—are you glad? Or can't you tell yet? I might be a failure, you know? Keep on praying for me—do need it! I have been elected Treasurer of the Sunday School class—dear me. I believe I shall get a little tin chest with a lock on it, to keep my own money and my Lord's teeth and the SS. class money in—in little
apartments, you know—mother, I find it just exactly as busy as I thought I'd be—and a little tricker—I did get pretty tired when I was still at Delaware and did catch a terrible cold—but it's getting better now—although I had thought it wouldn't even—

Feeling has been rather strenuous, I'm glad it ends tomorrow night—and shall be glad of still when we get all over the banquet and initiations and everything.

I can call one an aesthetic finish—

all he wanted to—but the work is harder this year than ever before—I like chemistry very much—although I know very little in it and shall probably flunk all my exams and everything.

I like my rhetoric very much and guess I am doing pretty well in it so far—but when it comes to writing "in the style of" Eliot, Poe, Hawthorne, Stevenson, etc. I guess I'm a goner.

Idella sends you her love—and likes you will come to see us some time. Mother dear, you are a terrible bother to me—do—do you know it? If you weren't such a dear good lady, I shouldn't have so much to say to you and
Dear Mother:

Ever since Monday my fingers have been itching to write and tell you all about it, but they instructed me not to tell a soul, not even to write about it to you, until the thing was done today, and somehow settled for sure. Today I met the Board and received my appointment for Szeaton, China. An emergency cable has come, and I am urged to sail from Vancouver the 14th of March, though that date may be changed to April 11th if I decide very soon. My formal appointment from the General Board will be some time next week, but plans are already begun. I can not worry about Phonetics, or the Bible Study that I haven't completed, or all the things that I haven't finished. It will be much more valuable if I go now, because the need is immediate and imperative.

Never have I dreamed of such a thing, of course, and when Mrs. Henderson told me Sunday that I was summoned to appear before a committee on Monday, my heart sunk, and my first thought was "Oh, what have I done now!" — I still had that feeling then. Mrs. Henderson went in with me on the train Monday. Then she gave me a hint of what was coming. Of course that set my head in a whirl at once, and you can easily believe that I have lived in a topsy-turvy world ever since! Here I was thinking that maybe I'll have little
little of advice given me about studying harder, or
housekeeping more neatly, or wearing a bigger hat (by
and the only question that Mrs. Peabody asked me
after Miss Hunt had stated the need. "Would
you consider filling this position now?"
I answered that I hardly felt there was a
decision to make, since "what they planned
must surely be better than anything I could decide
about it.
Mrs. Peabody's eyes filled, as she said
"It reminds me of Jean McKezie, who when she
was called back to Africa to leave in ten days,
answered her father's query, 'Are you going?' in the
manner, 'If a person is called to the
front nowadays, he goes!'
It was then that they asked me to come in
to the Board Meeting today. (That had been only a
candidate committee meeting and those present
were Mrs. Peabody, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Young,
Mrs. Brigham, and Miss Hunt. Mrs. Young forgot
Mrs. Henderson, Miss Hunt is me coming in for her
afterwards.) Today about 12 women were present,
and the whole affair was over in about 25 minutes.
Everything lovely was said about me—and my "work
up in Maine" (!) Helen Hunt has wanted me for this
place for a year she says. Miss Brigham answered
part of the musical question by saying, that I have
a very sweet voice—but was too modest to say
so. They asked me if I was a good letter writer,
and Miss Hunt promptly spoke up. "She writes simply
splendid letters." (!) Oh they were all so lovely to me.

Mrs. Peabody shook hands with me again when I met her out. She's lovely, isn't she?) and said "Oh we are so glad you have such a fine spirit, and are so glad you're going willingly." I said, that I could be only proud to be sent, and sent as soon.

You may perhaps imagine how sorry I am for Mabel. I was in terror for fear she was going away to teach and would leave me all alone. Here to go up on the hill and we do find each other so helpful and congenial in every way, how the tables are turned -- they're surely turned way over, too, I dreaded it so to come home tonight, especially on her account. She said, "Don't that," when I told her, and all the while she was fine?" when I told her, and all the while she was.

She has told me she is just fighting for control of herself. Her heart is just broken. We had so many beautiful plans that she doesn't care what becomes of her now.

Poor girl! My heart aches for her. -- Because I know she can't help being lonely after I'm gone.

You may be sure that you and Father are much upon the hearts and minds of people here. Mabel said tonight that she thought you were the bravest woman she knew of.

Everybody knows how hard it will be for Arthur and me to go away at so nearly the same time. Of course I shall not come back here after
the Christmas holidays, which begin here Dec. 22.

How, Mother, dear, don't you see your duty clean? Would you think of trusting two hundred whole dollars to the tender care of your helpless, incompetent, gullible, and sometimes extravagant daughter, and allow her to purchase such things as bedding, table linen, underclothing, shoes, furniture, etc., etc., without your blessed judgment? For you know that she is all too likely to buy maquilas, netting sheets, cotton tablecloths, immodest underwear, extra-high-heeled shoes, etc., unless your restraining hand is present to guide?

Eli?

Moreover - I have been too engrossed in my subject to tell you that Mrs. Eden (appointed a few days ago) leaves for home tomorrow on account of appendicitis and other troubles which may or may not lead to a serious operation. Her room, right across the hall, will be vacant for you - Mrs. Cross. She thinks it would be splendid if you could come the last week in June. The week of the 16th - and help with the shopping - I am determined not to have much time to it shall be so - 'ye won't hav' much time to it shall be so - 'ye won't hav' much time to it shall be so.

Stop at the farm if you come now!

I wrote to Miss Rollman (home on furlough) tonight to find out about the details of outfit, clothing, etc.

While they first said March I thought it would be impossible - though it much cooler & arrive then in April than in May - there is as much to be done - then I thought of how you felt about Arthur's going East July - that...
I'm glad you didn't have to endure it if we had stayed a day longer. Then I wondered if the extra month would be just an extra strain on you. If you're feeling about this would be similar. Please say frankly what you think. I don't want to think about leaving you so soon, but I have decided to wait until I hear from you on this point before I decide finally. A. Everham, a young woman who has not been here at Masset House but has been in a Boston hospital, was appointed to Swatow or Kiang today. She will be going all the way with me. She's lovely, but she's not Mabel. I mean we don't know each other as well she could manage to go in March, but will wait until April if I decide I must.

Why was I the first to be chosen, do you suppose? Why did they think I could get along without a Phrenatics? Why did they think I could get along without Mabel? She's a brighter girl, so much better than Mabel could. She's a brighter girl, more industrious and scholarly, naturally, than I, and more thorough in every way, it seems to me. Why? Miss Cully of Swatow comes home on furlough soon, leaving Miss Fielden there with me. Miss Fielden is out on a three year term, so when Miss Cully comes back to China, Miss Fielden will come there for good, I suppose, and I'll be left there with Miss Cully. A girls boarding school, you'll see by the "book in the Orient." Oh, there are such heaps of things I wanted to say, but haven't time, for it is midnight now.
Had the S. S. register board laid aside and
will measure it to see if it can go into my
trunk. If not, I'll send it sent immediately.
Ymm, better save some cards and things for me.
I do not have one time for presents this
year!

I am too stirred up now to write or talk about
if you are coming maybe we can talk instead
write.

Love from your own and only

Daughter

Mabel wants me to send you her love
Jan. 20, 1918

Dear old Dad:

I said this won't get to you quite on time, but it's to wish you joy on your 57th "birthday of March" and to wish you may continue to enjoy "Marchies" to the end of the century.

With much love — Alice
Baptist Mission Family Sch
Chicago

So far as good
Only I have just found out
at Montgomery Ward's that neither
my order for the goods nor the
money order have been received.
Mr. Jorgensen, whose card I
am enclosing, had advised me
to have you send a duplicate
order to him immediately, and
also get from the Bridgettes
P.O. a duplicate money order
I do hope that you
send him. I do hope that you
have kept the slip better than I
would have if I had been doing
it!

I picked out my rocking chair
today. It is the cheapest one
in the bunch, I guess, but nice.

The most comfortable one - very similar.
I cut out the enclosing, but
I'm not going out there to furnish.
a Fifth Avenue apartment
so I must be satisfied at all
events, must I?

Let me say before I forget
that the freight bill on the
boxes is to be sent to the
rooms in Boston to be refunded
to father. By the way, it
has just occurred to me that
since you have not yet sent
the lists of the box contents
etc., to M. W. + Co.—maybe you
haven't sent the order or
anything. Do that the case?

Feb. 23.

Can't begin to tell you what
a wonderful visit I had
with Myrle. Her husband
is a practical, hard headed
business man, who is bound
to succeed in his business
and who is a good provided
the exact opposite of dreamy, idealistic Myrtle. They are very put-ons deep in love with each other; though and so proud of that 'blended baby' (this is the sweetest selling that ever lived) I like Everett very much too. I think they are very very happy. Everett was very much impressed by my going; thought I was wonderful. I think of spending one's life there! It was very evident that he has thought much about me. So cordial to me too. I feel as if I had known him much longer than 2 days. The first night he said, 'Let's Madge Myrtle's little sister, 'Let's see what Miss Sanderson can't think. That Charles Rich said...
So like? wasn't he sweet on her? I wasn't going to let him tease me about that one little bit, so I answered quick as a flash—"Well, I don't know about that, but they did say I was sweet on him!" That happened to be just the right answer to make, for he didn't keep on that subject any more. Myra thinks that Chas. was not to blame, and was simply threatened by the girl's father. I'm going to write to Minnie last night I began to worry and I worry for fear I couldn't get any ticket when I ought—and for fear I couldn't get to Vancouver in time—that trunks wouldn't be in Chicago—and all
sort of the weirdest bugaboos came into my head— I needed a night's rest I guess— For I arrived in Chicago 5 min ahead of time, Mrs. Mark met me— I got my trunks all right, and then went immediately to M. W. + Co's— We had lunch together and now I'm resting here—

It has been so good to get your letters in each place— I wonder where I have been! I wonder whether that was your plan when you took my address? I wish my letters might have been fuller— if I neglect to answer questions just repeat till you get the answer—

Love to you + Pa—

Abbie
R. C. Jorgensen

Montgomery Ward & Co.
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FEB 21 1924

Mrs. E. Sanderson
Sutton

Vermont.
Below Island Falls

Dear Mother -

Mrs. Dunn (Chas.) got on the train and rode with me as far as here so I couldn't write and send the letter back on the one o'clock as I thought maybe I could.

Eva and Dot met at the station with a beautiful silver teaspoon from P. C. I. Mrs. Dunn was there and Mr. Speed with some things which I can take and some that I can't.

I have a Turkish towel which I shall send back at first opportunity.

One dollar was in one letter and the other Mrs. Scott gave me at Bridgewater station but I had no chance to give it to you.

You know I sent the letter and that I will be glad to read Mrs. Dunn's note and Mrs. Speed's - and
I shan't have to throw them away. You stuff them into my bag.
The towel is the only thing I'll have to send back, I guess.
The other things were some little bars of Woodbury's facial soap that I'm delighted to have—I took them out of the box and tucked them into my suitcase. The spoon is that favorite shape of mine, you know—it's a little one—solid—and a beauty. Stenson and Larremore were at the station—and a crowd of girls came running down the track the last minute with some letters in their hands—but the train had started.
I could distinguish only Grace Todd and Ruth Olson.

Mr. Justin was there and spoke to me —

Harvey got on the train but I was sitting with Pearl — when we got to New York he came along and said goodbye — and we both in the train breath — said to each other "Be good" — that cold? He said "Well, mine begins with F" —

Gave Eva the note I wrote on the train with the bracelet — made it's address —

Wish you would get the pictures as soon as possible.
and send me the ones of you and Arthur— you may have the other two!
I don't see how that bill can be so much.

My mind is rambling so you see— are possibly things done just as I remember them.
I suppose the first thing that you picked up when you got home was my knitting needles.
Of course I don't send them if you haven't for I'll buy some in Boston.
I want Katie to know about the sweater, whether it's ever finished or not — and the doll returned, of course — I'm sending the towel to myself — or at least I think I will — so no one will guess about my sending it back — well, I guess that's enough for now — I've just fastened my skirt placket — aren't you glad to know it is all hooked? Be sure to get the weight of boxes in the paper.
Dear Mother,

Well, I had the weirdest dream of missing trains in Chicago and back to Vancouver, but I hadn't stopped to think of bad connections before I got out of the State. My train had gone when I reached Northern Illinois.

But wait till you hear and you'll understand that I can't feel very badly about it. I called Eva up immediately and told her that I would be in Waterville from 5 to 10 P.M. She hadn't been able to get out but she would make the trip of her life, she said. So after waiting over an hour in Northern Maine, I took a train that went only as far as Waterville and Mr. and Mrs. R.F. Green met me at the station and had about 15 min. before they had
hell said to, "i'll send you her," and so she went to dinner and took me.

she gave me a kiss and asked me to stay with her. she is going to teach me to read in the morning. i have been very well lately, and i am well, thank you. we have been very happy and very successful.
many more of the girls than I had dreamed I would. — Dean Cooper was very nice to me and I visited in her room a little while. — I telephoned to Miss Gilpatrick but she was out so I left word for her to call me up — I thought I might go down to see her —

Later in the evening she called me up and wouldn't let me come down there, but came up to see me at Tom Hall — and I had a splendid talk with her. She told me a whole lot about Marjorie Meaden's marriage and about R. H. Bower's loss of religious faith — He is in a state of agony because he is a pacifist and they call him a 'slacker' etc. — Has enlisted in the Aviation Corps because
he thinks it is the surest and quickest way to get killed.

She says she is really in a most pitiable condition.

She also told me confidentially that Robert told her that Katherine doesn't like teaching and hasn't made a great success of it, and will probably not teach any more after this year. Her ability, mind, etc. are not appreciated. What strange things do transpire in this world.

Weren't it lovely of her to come up and see me?

Right after supper I telephoned to Aunt Susie (who now has a phone by the way) — and told her how I was lying up — They were just about to go to the train to meet me.
Gordon Gates came down to the Helen Baldwin and I saw them both and talked with them a minute or two. I also met Anna Anderson, who was rather shy about meeting me (pencil broke!) but who wanted very much to meet me. Saw Johnie Kimbrough, and Margaret Watkins, and all the K Al girls. Then about a dozen of the girls went to the train with me -- I got to Richmond at 11:00 and Sara and Frances met me. (Rode down on the train with Hazel Cole, a Tri-Delt '17 who called me Julia Swederson for 15 minutes before she remembered.) Went to bed about 1, got up at 7 and had a very nice visit. Talked with Arthur on
Phone from [illegible] last night (at Richmond) and I'm expecting him to get on at Bath, Berwick and ride to Portsmouth. All three came down to the station to see me off, and also Mrs. Baker. Well stop now and eat the three remaining sandwiches, some cookies and a chocolate (empty it). Arthur got on at Bideford and rode as far as Portsmouth with me. (sharpened pencil for me.) It was just grand to see him. He never had owed that woman any money and wrote so to us in a letter. Has been writing to us twice a week night along. Didn't know you had received the allotment. Letters have been lost I guess.

Lena Cushing got on at Salem and we had the visit as planned. It was all very
lovely — she hasn't changed a bit except to grow a good deal shorter. She seems to think just as much of me as ever. She is a good deal more up-to-date than she was.

Lois met me at the train here; the other girls were all out speaking or something — Ruth Smith is visiting in Plymouth, will be back today —

Everybody is lovely to me — I'm in the guest room — you may well have me for being in this warm house — I hope you are not freezing —

Mabel is the same dear old girl. I'd better send my hot water bottle and stopper to catch me — Patsy has been here to visit me — she sent back my knitting needles she shall not need, so I'm to open my trunk tomorrow to put in a
package someone wants Min Parish to take to Burma—so I'll be putting into the trunk anything that I find. I don't need in my suitcase.

I have worn my same waist ever since I started—haven't caught cold, so haven't had to wipe my nose very many times.

Barrels of love to you and pa—Obli!

Writing care from the girls is @ beauty!
Tuesday, 2 P.M.

Dear Mother,

We are some place beyond New London. I don't know just where. In spite of the fact that I knew there was no possibility of seeing Gladys there, I persuaded Mother to let me help keep my eyes open for her. But all I saw was the barber and the shop, and the dingy back yards, and the hill that leads up town from the station. I'm going to tell Gladys when I write tonight that I thought of her every second of the time I was there.

When shall I begin? There is so much to say that I'm sure I shall forget to tell you most of it. And most of it, any way (I do hope you are able to read these scribbles that I write on the train.) I know they are most horribly scruffy, but
maybe this one won't be so bad, because parsley can be not so jerky —

Let me see — I have to begin with Monday morning, don't I?

Mabel and I left on the 7:15 train for Boston. Went right up to the rooms, and Margaret

Faber, who had telephoned last night before that she would see me at the hoose, was

there ahead of me. Poor girl! I saw her at minute then went to see Miss Hunt, when I came

back to her (in a waiting room) Mabel had gone up stairs, so I stopped a minute more to

see Margaret. Then we

planned for them to go over to the North Station, and I would meet them there as
soon as possible. Then I
reached upstairs for a session
with Mr. Wheeler. I went right
in, sat down at his table
and he explained everything I
needed to know. In this I read
clear, patient, painstaking,
friendly, yet most business-like.

Then I had to see
the British Consul, he said
and he would himself escort
me to the Consulate office
which is down on Atlantic Ave.
I must have my passport
"visaed" (from veegard) which
that may mean—something
about being seen or inspected.
I suppose! The British

gentleman, after several 5

min.
glances, and 3 mins. thought
decided that such precaution
would be superfluous, and would have shut us away except for the insistence of Mr. Wheeler upon this point + safety first. Then Mr. Wheeler said good-bye and left me to wait — for — the pleasure — of — the British gentleman — Mr. Bramleigh, by name! So when the passport was returned to me with the proper additions, it was 11.46 A.M. and Margaret train was to leave North Station at 11.51 — I lost some time by rushing madly up the — next to the State Street Elevated Station — (lucky Mr. Hale met with me as far as he did — hope no one I know speed the little start!

So of course, by this time I got back to North Station, Isabel was
waiting for me alone—Poor Margaret—she did want to see me so badly. I suppose I ought not to hate her, but I let her come out to Boston to see me but she begged hard so I told her she would have to take the chance of seeing me—

I must stop to say that Mr. Wheeler is surely the right kind of a person for his position. He shot on his head in an elevator and you see so many who aren’t careful about what they eat outside on the street—always such a perfect gentleman and so kind. Example: He was trying to arrange for a berth in a stateroom on the Empress of Asia for a Chinese lady who wants to go back with us. There was only one chance—and that was an upper in a stateroom.
in the deck above me, I heard him turn down that, because Miss Parish was the one who had said she would go out of the stateroom and let the Chinese lady come in with us. (The steamerhip people can't put a foreigner in with others people unless they say so.) And he said Miss Parish was not one of the young misses so he wouldn't like to climb into an upper. (All this on the phone.) Then he turned to me and explained what I had told you above: without stopping to think of how unpleasant it might be, I asked if he could not arrange it by letting me outside. (I suppose that is just what he wanted me
to do, but you'd never guess that it had entered your head. He said so gratefully, "Would you really?" Well, I made a long story short, he wired the Chinese lady's husband to find out what she wanted done— I went down stairs, and when she came down, a few minutes later, he had received the answer, saying that a friend in New York would be making all the arrangements, and I shall still be with the girls— "Ain't I glad" that I wasn't stingy— and tickled to death that I didn't have to be a martyr after all! I'm so proud of myself! Well—that isn't what I meant to tell about Mr. Wheeler when I wrote Example—but my mind
some how switched off suddenly—

This is the Ex.—

While we were talking, Mr. Wether asked if I had my passport with me. I said:—but you know where? So I said:—well— I can get it—and I got up to go somewhere & get it (but) & I said:—Oh it's downstairs—never mind, as long as you leave it to take to the British Consulate. He knew just as well as I that it wasn't downstairs at all. You never put downstairs. At the same time his housekeeper said:—Oh, I could care one about him—I left Boston at Xmas—and spoke of the problems of supporting a family on that small salary given by A. M. S. I think he means to continue—however—luckily he's married! It would never in this wide world do to have been around the mission rooms under these conditions!
James White didn't come to dinner—I still wore the orange mist, because Mabel wanted to—s and preparations for dinner. We worked from here and they think it strange, but well let me know when they find out what happened. I would like to have seen her as well. Then Mabel got some yarn at the Newton Renter Red Cross, which I'm going to knit into as much as I can. I've already made a few sweaters, and I have time for them. Then lend it to her for friends if necessary—wouldn't mind giving back to them. I'm happy now, you see.
Humbolt and I rushed home together just in time to snatch a bit of lunch and run into the parlor to book keeping class conducted by Mrs. Hunt. She is doing things pretty thoroughly—so I must feel to get much out of that one lesson. After that I called up Annie to see her, but feared there would be nothing to see her, but feared there meant to get over and back in time for dinner, no guests were invited. She insisted that I leave a taxi and come if only for a few minutes. I was rather sorry minutes that I stayed on my advice that I still heard on my advice I thought everyone values. But there's work time about it. I had a lovely talk with her about he—then went back in taxi. Mr. Hill insisted upon paying me—Mr. Hill would bring the block to the train in the morning.
Well, this is getting bulky so I do
have to let it get written on one page
more.
At the train this morning, Mrs.
Huntley saw me off, and Mr. Hunt
and Mrs. Prescott were there.
I presented me with a huge bouquet
of violets (corsage) - Mrs. Groch,
a member of the Board from
Watertown, was there with a
parcel which had turned out to
be a huge basket with grapefruit,
several oranges, apples, plantains,
figs, and whole English walnuts.
With the compliments of the N.E.
District, Mr. Hill came running
with a very pretty travel clock
in a beauty of a folding
leather case.

Won't mold!

I have the sleeper at night
andearer case almost all
the way by day - Such luxury
will spoil me for the rest.
handclips of missing life, I fear!

In using the new writing case which is surely a boon!

Father's very lovely letter was most gratefully received. I shall be delighted to hear that I have been bothered by neither Chapples nor Warren.

I believe I'm tired of writing for now!

Love to you both,

Daughter

Just stopped at Bridgeport, now.

By the way, the name of my girl's car is "Bridgewater"!
Dear Mother:

So far O.K. in writing with the pen Uncle Homer gave me. But this is not a parlor car, and as I can't take as much comfort writing to you as I did with my last letter to you. The train goes slow once in a while, and stops, of course. I always think I will write like a house afire when the train stops, and then I never do, because I forget and look out of the window & see what is going on.

Uncle Homer met me safely at New York and piloted me through the maze out to Bloomfield. I was pretty glad to see him. But he insisted upon carrying my bags himself — and wouldn't let me have a porter or a carriage man.
If I had placed my face in some arms or shoulders than I miss my guess—
your letter arrived and I told them
the contents. I think they will wait to
write the rest but I hope they will write you before long—
and they will so far as I can see—
You can never in the world read this so I'm going to make it
short. I am not in the mood for writing
anyway. I got up too early and I
went to bed too late. I dreadfully slept.

They were very nice to me at
Uncle Homer's. I was asked if
I would take the same things they eat
and act just like you. I don't
talk and act just like you and
Aunt Mary thinks that I am not
like Arthur. They talked about it all
the time. Aunt Mary wore a gingham
dress all the time I was there. The
children are dressed appropriately clean
and cute—but while everything in
the house is scrupulously sanitary I
suppose it is messy and cluttered.
me then when near
Pittsburgh so I put them on, tho' they hadn't been polished. Then
when I found there was time to turn
I put them out again,
I slept pretty well, but am still
dreadfully sleepy—Guess I'll turn
over for another nap!

Later Pittsburgh

I turned over—result—I had a
hustle like fury to be ready when
this train pulled in. But the
train kept for Chicago so late too,
so I have still some time to wait.

The nap did me good, I guess,
but I had to comb my hair over,
and that's what made me late.
Moreover—I got it up so that
my hat pulled on like a vice—
If I don't get into that place can
pretty soon and get it off, I'll
have a headache.

Well—I've skipped a while.
lot, haven't I!
in every room and especially down stairs. Heaps of toys in every corner, piles of paper scattered around, and clothes to mend all around—and bathrobes and overcoats piled in the baby carriage. I was terribly surprised as you may imagine.

I can't write any more now.

Thursday, 7 A.M.

I just wasn't in the mood for writing anything yesterday, and the old train jiggled so! It is jiggling some now, so I don't know how well I'll manage.

My chief worry right now is that I'll miss the Newark train at Pittsburgh. The porter has just told me that we are an hour and forty minutes late. If they don't wait for us any better than they did at No. Mr. J. I'm afraid I shan't get to Columbus today while daylight lasts. I'm propped up in bed waiting for my shoes—until...
Wednesday morning at Aunt May's, I didn't do a thing but to lie around and play the pianos. She wouldn't let me. I slept a little to help her — so I just played all the pianos and amused the baby and knitted — just about noon Uncle Homer called up and said that he couldn't get any tickets for me, on account of the reduced rates — I had to sign for it myself. So I went in New York, and we managed it all right — (I forgot a sock) I took a nap before that.

Then he went to the train with me yesterday morning.

Dear old Mr. Fairman! He had a delightful time all day long — took me to lunch — then to the Sunday tabernacle (meeting was all over by P.M.) then to the Congressional Library and the Capitol —

Trains coming — you'bye!

More in next epistle.

Fort. Ablie.
2032 Indiana Ave.
Columbus, Ohio -
Sunday P.M., Mar. 3.

Dear Mother,

Well! I mailed that letter just in time, I guess! You wouldn't have got it if I had waited ten minutes more to mail it, for less than ten minutes after I had dropped it in the box I found out that the train I was going to take was going through Akron instead of Newark, and I had missed my train, after all. It went about 3/4 of an hour before I got off the train and began to Pittsburgh from Washington. So my seat in the parlor car on that train was no good. I sent it right back to Mr. Wheeler, and I think he can get his money on it. I wouldn't have thought of another for that seat. I should have gone into the day coach, but I was so dreadfully tired that I was almost afraid I would collapse if I couldn't rest. And I did rest beautifully, too. But I hadn't had any breakfast when I got to Pittsburgh - I thought I'd get it on the
next train. It was 10.30 before I found out that I had missed my train and would have to wait until 1 o'clock for the next one. Then I hated to get a porter to carry my bags & the parcel room, get them checked, and hunt around for a lunch room. So I ate an orange and a bit of sweet chocolate, and thought I would have lunch on the train. When I got on I found that there was no dining car on that train, so I slept most of the way to Wheeling, W. Va., where I had to change. There was about an hour to wait so I did check my bags there, went across the street and had a roast beef sandwich and a cup of coffee. So then (that was about 4 P.M.) when I got on the train for Newark I couldn't possibly eat anything. It seems rather incongruous to spend 7.10 just for a little lunch on train from Boston to New York one day, and only twenty cents all day long on another day. Such is life!
out about the train I telegraphed 

to let her know when I would 

get to Newark. You may be sure I was 

delighted to find when I got there 

that she had come over from Columbus 

to meet me—It was then eight-twenty.

I deposited my ticket. Tried to get 

the man to say that I might pick 

up my route again at Chicago 

junction, to save my coming the 

length of the state back again— 

Thought I couldn’t possibly do a 

thing about it, for the man was an 

assistant, and couldn’t find the boss. 

The train was just about ready to 

start when he told me to get on the 

train, and if he could find the man 

he would send him on the train— 

So when I had just about 
given up hopes, the man came on 

and said that he could send the 
ticket to Chicago junction himself, only 
in condition that I would say just 

which train I would be on. Of course 

that was easy enough, because I have 

to go on that one train. They advised
me in Boston to allow one more day  
leeway in Vancouver (by the way  
according to delays I have had so far  
I had better arrange (?) for more delays  
later. I planned to be in Chicago on  
Saturday all right, but somehow I  
planned to leave Make Thursday  
night - I left Friday night out  
of account by some blundering  
Wagary of this mind! But it  
comes in handy now, for I don't  
have to change any arrangements  
I have made except with Miss  
McAve - So that was one lucky  
Blunder of mine. I had a lurking  
fear that when I missed that  
train in Pittsburg my ticket would  
be no good and I would  
have to buy another and run  
short of money etc. etc. But you  
see the one Pullman ticket was all  
I had to sacrifice - and everything  
else is O. K.  

I can't remember what I told you  
in my last letter, but if I repeat I  
spose may be you will forgive me  

Mr. Tatum Brought one out from  
Mrs. Hildreth's - ought to say
just maybe that Mrs. Hildreth and her husband, and two beautiful young daughters are surely the most delightful people to meet, and they were very cordial to us — I spoke of Sarah Belcher, and of course that started conversation along that line. Mrs. Hildreth doesn't remember you, though I guess.

We had to leave early, as I was to meet Ada in Hyler's Candy Store. She hadn't arrived when we got there. But as he didn't want to miss all of the Billy Sunday meeting, he left me there. Before he went, he bought one — a 25-cent milk chocolate bar — he surely did enjoy seeing me — and I'm less glad! He says he has always "come home" before, but has always "come to America" this time. She has only "come to America" he goes back early in the summer to spend July and August with you.

Ada was lovely! She took me to the pictures — had a big box of chocolates which we
nibbled from and which she gave me to keep — we had eaten only a few — I put the two boxes together and as I still have a great big fox full — I do enjoy them so much!

Then she gave me a little book translated from the French — "The War, Madame" — from her and Made — I knew it well be interesting. She could not say enough it seemed to express his pleasure at the privilege of meeting me and seeing me off!

Did I tell you that Anne insisted upon paying for the taxi over to her house and back again. She had nothing but a ten dollar bill, I think, which she gave to fill. Her chauffeur gave me the change which I was to give to Mr. Hill in the morning. But I saw him just a few minutes before the train left, and I forgot it. So I gave
it to Mabel to give to you. When I got to Washington—Ada had a note from Mabel for me—with a draft for $9.50—Annie had her send it to me. She meant for me to keep the change, she said. What do you think of that? And I have discovered that the clock in one house—figures and hands are light at night—and you don't have to get up and get a light to see what time it is. Isn't that great?

Well—I got here about eleven o'clock slept like a log—went downtown with Jo in the morning—she helped her get some things she had to have for a party in the afternoon—it was a delightful affair. Each one had to do a stunt—then we knitted. Then the refreshments were olive and cheese sandwiches, tea, cake cut in shamrock form,
with green jelly & whip cream on top - and peanuts served in little cups made with green paper shamrock leaves tied around them. A green paper shamrock was sewed in the corner of each napkin (liner)

This house is an elegant one - white woodwork throughout, hardwood floors - Mahogany furniture - doors between the rooms have glass panes the whole length of small panes which makes the whole house look so much bigger (about 12 at the party)

This morning at church I met several people who raved around me & wanted me to make a speech etc - and (I don't think I'll have to, though) they presented me with the flowers - a bunch of beautiful narcissous - but I haven't told you that

Mr. Stacy is sick in bed - with a kind of nervous breakdown. They don't know just what the
trouble in — and he is very weak — It seems so funny not to have him joking around. His sickness is very similar to that of Mrs. Stacy's father — who was taken suddenly and they went insane, so of course they are very much worried about him.

Tomorrow I see all about my tickets — reservations, etc. — Mustn't write any more as I want to scribble to the dear boy. Tell Father I do like his love letters — and hope he will continue to write them — I think honestly I would get considerably less news if he had to write that part than I do by your writing it, but he surely does know how to write the love letters — and since I have severed the last letters that found me (Cruel fate for Charles & Harren!) I'll depend upon him for the real heartfelt sentiment! H. W. Stopper said.

Love to ym — Abbie
P. S. I wore my pink waist to Mrs. Hildreths. I changed on the train just before we got to Washington.

I wore my new children yesterday at the party and today at church. It is just exactly what I want. I don't feel it as elegantly dressed up in it. That it seems inappropriate and it seems very useful and I know it is going to be very useful on the trip west.

I haven't washed my hair yet. I intend to tomorrow.

My wrist bracelet was waiting for me at Uncle Homer's.
Between Columbus & Cleveland
Mar. 5, 1910

Dear Mother —

Another jiggly scribble.
I never saw such an jounce for a parlor car — I'm on one again — you see — I shouldn't have done it this time but I'm still rather weary and feel that I simply must take the journey just as easily as I can.

Let me tell you the business part of my letter first to have it over with as I won't forget to write it. A letter from Dr. Cochrane brings me the news that I have to have an expert license on certain goods sent in shipment not sold by Montgomery Ward. I have written to Washington & to Mr. Wheeler about it and referred him to you if tests should be needed. I'm telling you now because I'm sure they will call on you for them and
it may be easier for you to get
them ready now than to have to
hurry about it later. I should
think they would better be
typewritten. By the way, I wish
you would send me a list of
Swatow, no hurry.

Monday morning (yesterday) I had
to go downtown to see about
reservations, etc., do a bit of
shopping, and I was told we would
go to the Athletic Club, where her
father and Owen are members.
Swellest place I ever saw in
my life— and the luncheon which
beat any Commencement Dinner
or Chi Omega Banquet we ever
had— all hollow— I'm sure
you want to hear about it—
First course— crackers, olives,
celery— next— fresh crab meat,
baked with cheese, baked potato,
string beans, rolls, corn bread—
Pot of coffee from which I
had two big cups— rich, cream—
plenty of sugar and good butter
next, coffee icecream with
macaroons, lady fingers, angel
cake (the frosting of which was
flavored with almond, I think)
next, fingerbowls
we didn't finish until after
all the shopping was done, so
we were pretty late, and took a
long time anyhow. We didn't
leave the club until nearly 4.
Then we went to the pictures
(my last ones, I suppose) which were
out at 6. We got home before
7.
I finished my washing
including stockings, set of underwear
(with lace), some tights, my orange
waist - looks very nice. I
then washed my hair, fixed
my accounts and went to bed.
This morning I ironed the waist
+ collar - packed my bag - and
you insisted upon doing the
other ironing - just before I
Left you gave me three $5 bills — a gift from each of them — What do you know about that? I'm not going to send it back to you now — though I'm going to wait and see how heavy my expenses are and what I'll need right away in Swatow. I guess they are what you would call real friends all right.

Pauline Bryant, one of his best friends, this was at the party Saturday — brought me over a steamer letter this morning — in ordered a taxi — rode downtown the station with me — paid for the taxi I went on the train with me — she wants to send me things from time to time — and I think she will —

It didn't seem natural to be Illus and not to have Mr. Stacy poking around — giving me all sorts of good advice, etc — He told me this morning to be good — I'm going to write him
some cheerful letters if I can—I'm afraid he is going to find his recovery a slow trip. Nerve troubles are so tricky—I'm never sure where they are going to lead.

Well, I'm going to Myrtle's now, and I'm hoping she'll be the first person I'll see when the train pulls into Cleveland.

Next A.M.

She was—and I'm here—but I forgot to mail my letter last night.

Particular pet trouble begins today for me—but I'm feeling pretty well and can stand it all right.

Love

Abbie

Did pa resign?
Dear Mother!

Of all the grand luck you ever saw in your life — just listen! Miss Marc and Miss Church came down to the station with me tonight — and just as we were finishing dinner — we heard a crowd of girls singing hymns — "I'll go where you want me to — if plans go with me I'll go anywhere." We rushed out to find out if it could be possible that a missionary was being sent out — and just I think — it turned out to be a girl from Moody — a Miss Hattie to Bailey — who is going to work in the rescue mission of fallen women in Shanghai — Independent Faith Mission or something like that. She is on this train — has been sitting with me a good part of the evening — goes way to
Vancouver with me, and sails for Shanghai. Man, 14 on the Empress of Asia - There are more girls just welcomed me, good and solid when they found out the situation. They all smiled and waved goodbyes to me as well as to her and of course Miss Mare and Miss Church were delighted. (Though Miss Mare whispered to me just as she went that there were missionaries and missionaries and that she was proud of ours."

"Mrs Bailey is an English girl - not over-educated - but she has the zeal in her heart - she isn't exactly like me, I guess."

What time this evening I haven't been talking with her, I have exchanged a little conversation with a Mr. Harry Howard of Worcester, who knows a lot of sheltered people, the
Wakefields—Woolburys, McIntyre's, Horne, Burbunjame, Stella Rich,
and so on. He is working for the Norton Co.—in Worcester—and is sailing on the Empress of Asia, Mar. 14! In Yokohama, he is going with another young man whom I haven't yet met—

introduce the gristmills—business or something of that sort. He seems exceedingly friendly, has given me a
couple of stickers to put on my trunks when I'm in St. Paul tomorrow. Says he is coming over to China in the summer and wants my address—(Big hint but it didn't get any
acknowledgment!)

Now I hope you and pa will begin to worry—but you just needn't—because I'm planning to be very very careful—
and I really think I know how to

About money— that is one question that you haven’t had
answered yet, and it’s not
because I forget every time
that I write

In Boston Mr. Wheeler

gave me ticket and reservation
from Boston to New York— to
reservation from Washington to
Newark. I (Pullman) had

To buy my ticket from N. Y. to
Chicago. He also gave me
through ticket from Chicago to
Hong Kong— including meals on
the steamer. He then gave
me a draft for the $92.00— to
be cashed in Swatow— and
$75.00 to buy tickets, reservations,
meals, tips, etc. to Vancouver—and
a check for $150, which I
cashed into 5 twenty dollar
good pieces in Columbus - I wear two pinned securely with safety pins into that white kid bag - and the other three between the bills in my passport held small pockets - all the money I have - must be changed into gold - in Vancouver - I was sorry I see neither Mr. Pankhurst nor Miss McClaren (McLauron) - I had a little nap in the P.M. after I had finished crocheting the collar - I guess I'll have to send back the crepe without making that little collar - the making that little collar - the first days of my journey was ambition - and now it is time that I need - I want to write that missionary letter soon - but not tonight
for it is already time for me to be asleep

Good night—with bushels of love to the best mother and father a girl ever had—

Abby
Somewhere in Canada

Sunday, Mar. 18 -

Dear Mother -

The train is just pulling into the town of Moose Jaw and now it has just pulled out! We were afraid we might have 5 or 6 hours wait but we were there less than twenty minutes for the Montreal train which ours had just joined, was about as late as our train.

Mrs. Bailey and I are as glad we had each other. Such wonderful things have happened all along the way - at Chicago I was unable to make reservations further than St. Paul - so Mrs. More telegraphed there to Mrs. Young.
To meet me and to reserve a berth to Vancouver for me.

The terrible snowstorm prevented her meeting me, and I couldn't find out that any reservations had been made for me. So I got on the train for Vancouver without knowing whether there was a place for me to lay my tired little head. But before I got from St. Paul to Minneapolis I found that the berth directly opposite mine Barley's hadn't been taken. The name of the man was Young—so I explained to the conductor, and he said—"Well, I'll take a chance and give it to you— isn't that grand?"
Monday, 4th. M.

Couldn't write very much yesterday because a bad cold had settled in my head and throat and I felt quite melted. Very much better last night - so much so that I was able to write more or less spiritedly.

A discussion that was led off by a Christian Scientist - a woman who had been healed of several marvelously dangerous and serious diseases. The two men who are going to Japan joined too - and so I did. My friend, Mrs. Bailey, who turns off to be a believer in faith healing and in sanctification. Takes every bit of the Bible literally. One of the men is a Universalist and got pretty hopping mad about some things. We didn't manage to get very far in the argument because each of us was so surely right! I didn't
say anything very strong.

Mr. Howard had got quite interested in reading the Bible, but he is so ridiculously religious that we had to laugh at some of the things he said. He didn't have the slightest idea where to find Jeremiah, and somebody had told him a story about a theological student at a dormitory whose meals were hash—hash—hash. After a while he got tired of it, so he said, "Hebrews 13:8."

And so this Howard came to get a Bible to see what Hebrews 13:8 said. I was quite properly shocked when he told me about it, and I guess he saw what I thought of it.

Miss Bailey is surely a
good example for me - she has the courage to speak to anyone and everyone about his sent - she has had a long conversation already with the foster in our car and he responds quite marvelously - I can't help making I here made more that way - I simply can't break through reason in that way - and I don't believe I would do any good if I did. She doesn't mind at all being laughed at and I would mind terribly - I wonder if that is a great lack - something that I should be able to overcome? I've met today a man who is going to Japan, for the
American Optical Works in Southbridge - He knows a lot of the Charlton people -

There is also a woman on who is going to Manila -
on business we think -

There are also two or three Japs, a Hindoo, and several others who sail on our boat.

We are just going to have the grandest time going over. I was sorry not to meet Mrs. Randish - but there are compensations and one of them is the thought that her shrill voice in reading, conversation, or prayed, won't heard all over this car - as it would be - She is loud!
Today we are going through the most wonderful part of the Canadian Rockies—Snow and ice everywhere—beautiful blue frozen cascades, the wonderful Great Divide, seemingly endless tunnels, and those mountains! — they touch the very skies — and you feel that you can't look up very long, or you would be seeing parts of Heaven itself.

I have never in my life seen anything so wonderful — not even the White Mountains.

Mar. 12 — Vancouver Hotel

In spite of the three hours' delay in St. Paul, we pulled into Vancouver almost on time. I'm so happy to be here. Mrs. Parish is here, but I haven't found her yet. I surely did
have a wonderful day yesterday, in spite of my post nasal
thrust, which made me a little dizzy. I had to have
soft toast for supper (couldnt
eat my dinner) and then
Bailey tucked me in bed after
drinking me with hot lemonade.
The Obers were roasting hot
in the night and so I didn't
sleep— all the time! Self medicine,
this morning—all stuffed up and
dead— you know— but I had
to clear the breakfast table to
have a proper nose bleed— And I
felt inconceivably better— ever
since. Im sure it was just
what I needed.

And Im so happy to think
Im better — and also so
happy to think I didn't
have my dumps at any
of my visiting places - don't it grand? 0

Me see about our baggage
this P.M. and also about
dock chairs, tickets etc.

A letter from Mabel was
waiting for me - such a
dear one - I suppose
you sent yours to the boat
as anxious to find of

More later -

Love to both,

Abbie
5051. Hell's Gate, Fraser Canyon, B.C.
Not so bad, had to have a
shot for - came in
drafted so I had wire in my
brain when we went
forward. Hope for worse.

Wilt's one more

No. 6

Rev. Eldie Sanders

B. J. Green