Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Dear Sue,

Plumb disheartened it is that I be, for the Muse has suddenly ceased to leap. I have just finished the second paragraph of my grizzly letter to the Churches, and inspiration has fled. There are a thousand things to say, I can't choose them all which to choose and which to tell first — ain't it awful. Usually my trouble is time, but this time my perfectly good ideas won't settle themselves into their proper places so that I can make use of them.

This letter is speaking of moreover was begun the 30th of April — and that is this date that will stay on it, no matter where it gets finished. For April it was when I arrived in China, and a year
from that time ought still to be April, eh? And this letter is written when I've been in China a year, see? I want to tell them about things I saw on my country trip—and little funny things that happen from day to day. And most of all I want to tell them about our girls—and about the High School which we're so anxiously building up—while the actual school building is not yet begun. But when I begin to write, my head is in a muddle. I have to say some of the things that I wrote to Mrs. Clark—and some that I wrote to Miss Prescott and some that I wrote to other people. I don't want to repeat too much—and still I don't want to leave out the most
I mean again our slower more

that gave faster only the

in the front room was the

But please don't press me

and if anyone and the case

there are so many people that

it would be such a wonder to

especially since they are

and it all of them as a

Mrs. Preble may come out in

I meant that Mr. Clarke

I will go for the Advocate

What is it and

improve things.
things out here—Everything takes longer, so you can't get as many things done in one day—And the days are full up, every one—Maybe I'll get enough warmed up to my subject to tackle that other letter again, if I keep on rambling off stuff to you!)

I'm so anxious to get your next letters—You may be sure I have been thinking much about the girl Leone—My heart is very heavy when I think of Aunt Gertrude—and what she must have suffered—and how she must suffer all the time—and what she still has to suffer—which I believe to be worst of all—But my heart aches for that girl—and I have been wondering is much—as you have—what kind of a girl she is—What
She looks like what kind of temperament she has - and whether she would be the kind to scorn pity. - or what kind she is any way!  

That kind of a p-i-l-l - would I be, I wonder, if I had been in her place. Oh, it makes me shudder to think of the undreamable things that girl has been up against - and still has facing her in the future. And the things she has missed - 

Well, here again I find myself stumped for words to express what is in my heart. I could say a few things, if I could see you, but there are things that can't even be said - and the language can't put into words. Anyhow - the wonderful things that you have been to me, and meant to me - and done for me - and much else - as Mother and Father are suddenly just a little nearer and dearer - and
Somehow mean a little bit more to me now than they ever have before. There is just one small comfort to me about Leone - she has missed these unspeakably precious things, to be sure - but because she has missed them - she can't know exactly what they mean - and can't have an aching memory of something that she has known but has afterwards lost and been plunged in deep disgrace and shame.

I am sure that mere reincarnation possible - with memory retained - I could not live under such circumstances having knowledge of what the loving friendship and guidance and help and the hearts' own love can mean! I never could bear it! I'm afraid I'll make a middle of what I mean but I guess maybe you will understand the meaning of your loving daughter, who is so proud that you are her parents - above.
Dearly Beloveds:

Have I got any further than that—second paragraph with that "letter to the church" yet? But I'm going to get at it and make myself write something. So soon as I can get a minute—indeed I'm not exactly in the mood to write a beautiful message—It is eight o'clock in the morning and there is still green in my memory things that happened at last night's prayer meeting or— to be exact—what happened after the meeting was over—

We always have a discussion about this latter and last night it was the business of raking the compound—and that is an old bone & pet. In a long time the custom has been to let the poor folks on the compound—take them home for fuel. That raking has been done on Saturday morning—

a nuisance that the missionaries tried to make some rules and regulations and I don't know how many years they have been trying to fix up something—
that would work out satisfactorily. Mr. Capey finally brought in regulations by which certain poor people (considered willing by the committee) should be given permits to rake wooden permits hung about their necks—and anyone seen raking at the improper time—or without a permit—would be punished somehow.

Well—its a kind of nasty job anyhow and Mr. Capey has been on this committee just now—he is going home in July. So he suggested that the new committee be appointed and get into the work. There was a great deal of talk—and Mrs. Ashmore—who has charge of the beautifying of the compound—said she was about ready to give up if she couldn't have some sort in keeping grass plots—etc. But she wouldn't take charge or have anything to do with the raking. So after a great deal of talk—they came to the decision to have a forestry committee with
Mrs. Adkins on it - for the improving part of the business - and the other two to help her - and also to attend to the taking without her - I was just mildly interested in all this discussion - until Mr. Raper's final nominations (after some withdrawals and protests and refusals went through -

Mr. Watkins and Mrs. Sanderson - I was just upset about it, and I said that they already had me on the tennis committee and the entertainment committee - and I knew I wasn't doing much on either one - and if they put me on the third I'd probably find that I was doing still less on all three.

It seemed to me as though some married woman - who doesn't have to study or teach all day - ought to be in that place. It didn't seem right for me to be on it - and it just put me in a very bad ugly temper, which I hope I didn't show too much.

But it came out afterwards that
Mrs. Ashmore is obviously pleased to have it that way — and enough was said so that I am sure now she had talked it all over with Mr. Callen and put him up to it. She wants some body congenial on the committee. Says Mrs. Capen — ‘Ha! ha! Georgie Wcates isn’t very congenial to me.’ Do? I even of she thinks I am — I told Mrs. Ashmore I wasn’t the one for that place — and she says — ‘She is?’ I said — ‘Most any one would be better than I would.’ ‘No, they wouldn’t,’ says she. ‘You’ve got some get up and go to you.’ (He! He! He!)’ Will (Ashmore) is so busy and so is Mr. Capen — Mr. Page. Mr. Page have no artistic Sense — Mrs. Hale. Mrs. Page have no artistic sense — Mrs. Hale. Helen Fielden wouldn’t do it — and Miss Culley is too busy even to play a game of tennis — just like Miss Sullivan. Dr. Everhame plunged into her new medical work. It’s out of the question. Mrs. Capen hasn’t enough to get
round and attend to anything like that — and so proceeded the process of elimination until I stood alone on the burning deck — Mr. Waters didn't want me place of course — and Mrs. Ashmore doesn't think he is good for much in such a position but it is what we call a "put-in," (can't be helped) — don't know but I am too.

Mabelle and Helen weren't at the meeting but I told them about it this morning — all except Mrs. A.'s sp seed! Mabelle says there is still another plan back of it — Mrs. A. wants us to have over on our site on East Hill only the trees and just the trees that she wants. That may be — and Mrs. A., as Mabelle said as soon trust Mrs. A. as Mabelle with the placing of trees. She goes ahead with her own ideas — not asking other people's suggestions.
To improvements and the result are sometimes condemned. In instance back of the girls school. First was a wood house then m. Built a room for the gate keeper then an open reception room and the latest thing is a little store room between two of the others. They are all up against a straight wall on the other side of which are the recreation lawn and tennis courts. The roof of these buildings are all at different heights and angles which makes the appearance thus from the tennis courts:

![Diagram of gatekeeper's room and reception room.]

The dotted lines don't show of course but the two winders in the new store room do and honestly it isn't a very pleasing aspect or prospect is it?

Another thing m. has built a broad spreading stairway from our upper path.
down to the primary school — and instead of making it of stone or grey cement to harmonize with everything else on the compound — she made it of cement with a sort of curb on both sides — and of blue cement! Well, these are examples — and it just about kills Mrs. Ashmore to have things like that brought on to this compound. More than all — Mr. thinks they are artistic.

Mrs. Ashmore is not backward about saying what she thinks through — and you can imagine my embarrassment to have her say to Mabelle in my presence yesterday — well — if that’s a specimen of your architecture — I hope they won’t let you do a thing over on East Hill until every plan has gone through the committee.

There — do you sup — I’ve written enough bad things about other people so that I can afford to stop now — just more horrible little details — I know — I feel a bit differently now.
about being on that committee. I almost said I wouldn't right out in meeting for I don't know one point in which I'm qualified — but I see now that to do so would have made Mrs. A. mad. Best frustration a dearly worked out plan of her heart (or dearly cherished — a whatever sounds best to say their)

Well, now it is nine o'clock and I've been writing a solid hour and only half this amount. My teacher is due any minute and I'll have to dig into the study of Mark in classical Chinese. To show you that it is somewhat harder than the colloquial — let me say that in the two weeks since my exam I've spent more time on Mark in classical — spent more time on the classical. Too.
May 16, 1919.

Swatow -

Dear folks:

Before I forget let me send along to you this extra picture of Petunia. I had it in a frame for a while but it has begun to quickly fade so I think I'll send it back to America and see if it will keep there any better than here. I have another just like it.

I have more good articles but it is hard to say exactly why I haven't sent samples of the things I sold - I'm sure - I might have known you would be interested - as now I'm sending samples. The black hat - I had some pictures of that dress taken but you know - the green is what covers my new more good - Panama hat - and what made Mrs. Ashman's dress - the white is the great linen which I made last spring. And the other is with the taffy which I love - the raw silk or pongee that is my new dress - it is a hard time with that dress - the leaving rather a hard time with that dress - it just won't go right some how - Ah me! You may - It just won't go right some how - Ah me! You may.

According to my study in the evening is practically or minus quantity. I ought to be able to find time for some other thing in the rest of the day - but it isn't there somehow. So far said before - until you're tired of hearing it, I'm sure, it takes longer to do anything at home.

I think the prices of the clothes - I'm sending you samples of - if you count two to one as we get our salary - it would be about as follows per yard:
In the exchange the way it is today that would mean nearly as much gold as mex.

I'm ever so glad you sent the Bridgewater girls a letter with extracts from mine — and I'll surely write them a letter as soon as ever I get the chance — I haven't had many letters from them at all — a nice little letter from Lillian which I was very slow in acknowledging.

Never a word from Dr. Mann — I haven't at any time expected it, and it was rather a surprise to have you mention it — I somehow feel that I never will hear from him.

Mr. Giberson wrote a nice letter — but said nothing about sending again — he promised, though — and I think he intends to keep his promise — I'm going to wait until summer before I mention to him the fact that I'd rather have him send it to me — I may have to have you use it to buy me the cloth for a rain coat — I have found just the material I want — a waterproofed extra lightweight serge — Miss Culley knows where to get it — at some place in Philadelphia.

The little Mormon I told you about I am still praying for — but I have never heard from her. There are no mails out that way — and I think no Bible woman has been out there since we were there — I shall try to find out about her through — and if I do — I will let you know.

P.S. Soon I am going to send you some Abbey wood carving for Josh Patt known as —
No 54

Swatow, China
Mar. 8, 1919

Dear Dave:

Absolutely all over my ugly temper that I wrote you about this morning. God bless you. I got a notice that my money order had gone through and now I see the receipt — $758.47. Well, I'm grateful enough to have it. Now, our carpenter, who has just brought in his bill for painting my bathroom and water faucets, may now go to work. I am going to have my bathroom restocked and repainted, and a chest of drawers for my bathroom washstand. I have just had them made for me. I am very sorry I had to return the Johnsons about it.

I'm very sorry I didn't make him start to look for it, but I could not very well be helped. If I had it now I would have been sorry to wait so long! And then, as though that wasn't enough for one day, I got the notice that there were a package for me. I thought the boy would never get back with it, and, well, nearly one whole box of that perfectly delicious maple sugar has already gone. It's a lucky thing the box was just when it did — if it had been the 10th of the month, we had run out some time ago. It was corners of the heavy corrugated cardboard. It was just beginning to soak through the oiled paper and just beginning to dissolve, breaking the melt, and had run out some breaking the melt, and had run out some breaking the melt, and had run out some.
through to the very outside not a single sheet. May and the last part of April have been fortunately very cool so the sugar didn't melt all too nothing the way it might have some years just coming up from Hong Kong - or Manila maybe - you sent it early in March - didn't you? That was when I sent threes to Olivia and Mrs. 3r. Brock - the girl with whom I promised exchange candy. I had a box all planned for you - with a bigger variety of candies and waiting for another extra candy and I decided that I wouldn't dare send it late for we began to have a few hot days even then. I'll wait till have a few hot days even then. (Oh, that sugar in good!)

cool weather again.

But you went without some yourselves in order to send me some. Or at least cheeped on it

It's plenty hot these days - and hard at the work. But I can't keep awake after I get in bed. You'll have to have my studies screened. Like Mrs. Cook's - when I can afford it. Magazines are simply unbearable in the evening now - in 20 sleeping and the sugar is so good. Good night.

Love, Bobie.
Dear folksey:

Well—well—well! We had quite a time with all those navy boys here—I've just been writing Arthur a long letter about it—and now I must tell you about it.

But first let me say that I am today mailing to Mrs. E. Anderson 1 box containing 3 wood carvings for Mrs. Robert E. Owen, Clinton, Maine—for I imagine that is where they will find themselves—but I guess that is where they will find themselves. But after I guess that is where they will find themselves—But—no—I guess that is where they will find themselves. But—no—I guess that is where they will find themselves. But—no—I guess that is where they will find themselves. But—no—I guess that is where they will find themselves.

Has he gone somewhere else? I've forgotten. You can see it is their 5th anniversary this twenty-first of June. Five years out of college—does it seem possible? At any rate I sent her a little crocheted purse of some sort—although I sent her a little crocheted purse of some sort. And I thought she would answer that: These little wood carvings are from the north of China. They don't cost much—60¢ per box, for the three. Which means about 75¢ U.S. at present exchange. And I hate to go to the expense of sending them and yet have the recipient know that the actual price isn't much—when they really are hard to get. She wouldn't take into consideration the fact that the sending would more than double the price. Moreover—I'd hate to have her pay duty. And you can charge up the duty to my account—you know! Let me know if it arrives in good condition. I'll write Eva a letter in about a week—so she'll get it about the time she...
does the package — well! I must tell you about my last week's activity.

On Tuesday the U.S.S. Helena came into port. On Wednesday P.M. we went over to the Academy to watch a basketball game — but they had only a substitute game for it rained. Thus, P.M. during the pouring rain — (and alas during the Romanic prayer meeting which of course kept us away) they played a real solid game. I was sorry we couldn't see it of course —

On Friday P.M. while I was studying — a note came from Mrs. Caper saying I 7 sailor boys are due will b'ym come over and help entertain. As I went about four — of course Peggy was there too — we went to Thiruvin Thiruvin Bengalore afterward and played and sung and saw the Victoria and had a very nice time.

Saturday morning we Mrs. Caper and Peggy and I went out to the ship — it was a general invitation and anyone could go — but we felt while we were there that they weren't so very cordial. Some for the captain sent his gig for us, though (motor launch) but he wasn't there on board. The one who showed us around, principally was the steward. Commander? I think. But he was making fun of us from start to finish. I think. He told me all about the months years of his disquisition youth — and how he was a cigarette friend — but had to give up smoking and boys and even tea and coffee. I don't believe it a bit — and I bet they had a good laugh over it afterwards! Nevertheless — I did enjoy seeing the ship — for I had never seen one before.

In the afternoon we went out on the lawn and showed about fifteen different boys. James — went to play ping-pong. It was some job — but of course I enjoyed it. Peggy sat on the side lines and looked pretty — well I couldn't do that — so I did the work instead! Then on Sunday, after Divine Service — Mrs. Capen had invited the "Middle."
to Church service at her house. She didn't know how many would be there--but practically the same ones who had been here before, came. I didn't count, but there were about ten or twelve I guess.

(I forgot to say that Sat. P.M. after we played ping-pong we went over and saw a good game of basketball between the Navy boys and the Academy)

Mr. Capen talked to the boys--and made it very fine. He and Mrs. Capen sang once--and she and I sang twice. We sang altogether a good lot of hymns--and Mrs. Capen closed with a very touching prayer--asking blessing on "those who are lonelier for us at home." I was ashamed, but it was too much for me--and so I had to retire for a few moments until I had regained partial composure--then in spite of very eyelids and a red, hummocky nose, I went in and began to talk to different ones. Would it have been grand if Arthur had been one? They seemed nice boys--almost all--and very appreciative. Two or three of them
said that this was the only place in their cruise that seemed like home —

well i this last page and a half was written on the Katyam launch — because I got hung up in the middle of a sentence almost — and haven’t found the time to write ever since — and I am J to relate this is May 28th !

Oh this pen is dreadful I almost got desperate just then and made big tears all over this paper —

well I meant to write you in this letter all about the feast went to — more elaborate than any of the previous ones — and all about my birthday — and the presents and all — but I have been writing thanksgiving birthday presents notes to A.M. ever since the boat left at 6.20 — it is now 9.30 —

and though we are not due yet — I can’t buckle down to write about things — for I’m dead sleepy — in bed about eleven — to sleep at twelve
and up at five—Oh—I feel as though I could garden all day—

You see I'm on my way to Hope where the Adams' are stationed. Mrs. Tollman had to go up on Committee business, and so she asked me to go too—I think Gwladys Aston is going too. My boy is on the boat with me now, and if Gwladys doesn't take her boy—mine will go along. If she does (as she doubts she will) a Thud—my story will go back to Nafchick and take these letters that I have written.

I don't think Miss Culley was much pleased to have me come though she didn't say anything. But my private opinion is that so long as she knows that Mrs. Tollman disapproves of a good many things she does—that she is not happy to have me with her. But I'm tickled to pieces to go—and pleased as Punch to go with Miss S. I think truly it may be a good
political stroke to go with her first now.

Mabel is callers not for post now — because Miss S. has the plans for the girl’s high school in her possession and Mr. thinks Miss Collman is too short about it — must stop instant as for me almost there.

Love

Phil
Dear Mrs. —

We have had a most comfortable trip so far. When I got off the boat at Kitfany I found that Juba's Auntie had decided not to go. So although we might have got along with one boy—Miss Sollman thought it just as well to take my boy along. He has never been on a country trip like this and will get that much experience and it makes it easier all around for two boys to go. It's some little task for one boy to do all the cooking and serving and putting up beds and all though of course Marguerite and I have only one coming and going from Huai-Long.

When I arrived at Kitfany yesterday morning Miss Sollman was just giving Miss Simonsen her examination (with Dr. Tate, who has just now returned from his evangelistic trip). I'm glad to say that I didn't wait for him to get back before I took my exam. I am glad through John and Matthew in the local dialect, and 10 chapters of Mark in the classical, as well as all the grammar and more than half of the Pilgrim's Progress that I have for this third term. Of course it is only a most cursory, this first reading, but I have gone ahead most rapidly as I ever have before.) Miss Simonsen passed her examination with a mark of very good. She did excellently in her character work, which brought up lower grade in some of the other parts of the work. Peggie had her exam last Saturday and kept a good deal during it. I'm afraid she made a rather poor showing. For the exam out of it red eye and headache and nobody said much about it. Monday my teacher told me that she did very poorly, and the teacher herself said she was scared nearly out of her wits. The teacher says she doesn't put forth enough in that she does and does other things while she is studying and doesn't have...
In my mind, oh it sounds well - I don't know just what to think but I do know that I'm very sorry for her.

Clara Leach, of course, is well from the influenza, weeks and weeks ago. She had her fourth exam soon after I had my second one - and did very well, I guess. She has done well in all of her exams I think - though I couldn't say whether she ranked excellent in all of them or not.

Now about my birthday - it was different from last year - but every bit as nice. Gifts and greetings kept coming at intervals all day long. A pretty hand-painted Chinese fan (thin stretched silk) from Thelma, a little powdered Chinese pen stand from Helen - three huge pots of violets from the Japanese; a little blue and white vase from Mrs. Paget - a crack cross-stitch; book cover from Peggy; a queer blue and white dish with queer dragons - bought in Helsing from Miss Travers; a very pretty unframed picture - a Japanese watercolor on silk crêpe from Marguerite; a Chinese hair "pearl" of silver (with one end that reminds me of the brain(spoon) in Tatiana's taxidermy outfit) from Clara Leach - and a birthday card from Mrs. Voit - also a handkerchief that is very dainty from my Chi Omega sister Eileen Beattie, who is in Switzerland waiting for a Shanghai boat. She goes up to meet her husband who will be released - or is not already released from his G. M. C. O. work. And also a handsome Cantonese plate gorgeous with many butterflies in beautiful blues and yellows from Miss Rollman. I didn't study full time but did some packing. At five P.M. a little later I went over to the Bungalow and Mrs. Beattie played for me to sing. After a while Frankie took over and we sang ourselves quite entirely out of breath. I went home just in time for supper - and had been there only a minute or so when in came Eileen with her dress all changed, my birthday dinner guest! And they had fixed a little table.
upstairs on the veranda. We ate by candlelight, and had little
trifling cakes with flowers and Chinese characters on the frosting
and icecream, too—and everything fried up nice. And lovely
notes with the presents, too.

Friday night was the feast given by the sixth grade girls
in honor of all the teachers. It corresponds with last year—the
first I ever went to in China. But this time we had a greater
variety even than we had when we were out in the country that
time. I'll find down the things just as we wrote them down,
green chilies, friad and salted watermelon seeds, green peas,
fried eggs with brown sugar, I suppose, but I didn't try them this
year.

Reef stew with potatoes, tea ears (fungus), water chestnuts in tewdy,
sweet potato in
stew, a paste of soy beans, bean soup, fried banana cakes
sweet potatoes boiled, lotus seeds sugared, chicken, and mushroom,
and shrimp fritters, a whole boiled chicken with head and legs on the
dish, black bean condiment, steamed fish cooked with ginger
and cloves, steamed lotus seeds, steamed shrimp and pork cakes, shing
soup, sweetened fish ball soup, green plums, A tea of jellied water
chestnuts, a mixture of noodles, shrimp, pork eggs and mushrooms
all fried together. Isn't that a grand and amazing array? We
also had tea.

We sat at a round table. The teacher and Mrs. Adams
were the guests—and although there really was no head nor
food to the table, yet Mrs. A. really had the place of honor, and
when the fish and the haw (I can't think of it as a chicken, with
its head still on!) were brought in, their heads were respectfully
turned towards her, as a mark of honor. There isn't much else to
tell. We tried almost everything but couldn't eat much of
anything. Two of the Chinese teachers had a rare cracking and
eating watermelon seeds; then Miss Culley and Mrs. Robinson
tried it, but found it a somewhat slower process than did the
Chinese, who are so accustomed to it.

Oh, these same beautiful feathery fringe of bamboo!
You see it the same river was travei going up to the Thai doors
only we branch off and go in a different direction. After a

while and it is rather anyway up to it then it is to speaking. But the flowers impress me the same as they did last summer. With their heavy heads drooping as gracefully and in slenderly modeling against the blue of the sky - they need the word 'plumeage' to describe them instead of foliage.

The following Thursday - coming down on the launch from Kitong to Hope.

The truly have had a splendid trip, both going and coming, making it in almost record time. We arrived in Hope Friday morning about ten a.m. We hadn't expected to get there before Sat. A.M. or P.M. Friday we rested and looked at Mr. Adams center (he has more than has any one else in our mission). I bought a few various old hair ornaments and a few times or so, Saturday morning we went to the silver shops. I was simply fascinated with the things and found it hard to get away with any money left in my pocket. I bought a pretty silver chain for myself and a few little trinkets to wear for birthday presents and so on.

A.M. Miss Rollman and I got to talking on the boat as I didn't write much, you see - And now I want to get this off on the mail, as I'll continue in my next.

With very much love,

Ollie.
Dear Mrs. Adams,

Well, do you think it is about time for me to begin numbering my letters more carefully? I've forgotten to do it several times over. No, there was no letter lost between Feb 3. and Feb 16, but there may have been one lost before that. My record stands this beginning with No. 36, sent on Nov 7. After that, in Dec: No. 1, Nov 27, Nov 28, Dec 1, No. 35, Dec 9, No. 34, Dec 15, No. 35, Dec 21, No. 36, Dec 28, Nov 31, Nov 24, Nov 22, Nov 33, Jan 9, No. 54, Jan 17, Dec 26, No. 19, Feb 3, Jan 4, Feb 11, Feb 8, Feb 7, Feb 3, Feb 22, Feb 13, Mar 3, no. 4, Mar 11, no. 45, Mar 12, no. 46, Mar 13, no. 47, Apr 11, no. 48, Apr 12, no. 77, Apr 17, no. 50, Apr 19, no. 51, Apr 23, no. 52, May 4, no. 53, May 8, no. 54, May 10, no. 55, May 16, no. 56, May 28, no. 57, June 3, no. 58, No. 58. Now I may have put the wrong number on some, when I put the last number on the last minute without stopping to look it up. But number on the last minute without stopping to look it up. But

Let me see, I didn't finish telling you about it. I told you that Saturday 8:30 a.m. we went to the shops. I bought a few curios old hair ornaments and silver neck chains, etc. I also found a few more "brain spoons" and nearly had a conviction then and there. I bought some silver earrings (gold washed) that I can use for presents. I think, either here or at home. They can be worn as paper cutters or letter openers, rather. Mr. Adams has a great many valuable old curios, and we looked at them and admired them all. Our black vase is worth the palest of plum blossoms or it. He wanted to sell me it for about $50 or so! But
It did me good to get a glimpse of some other work than our own. Miss Rollman talked all the way up and back, nearly about the evil of unfairness—citing Miss Culley again and again as the dismal example. "Can't see anybody work except her own—unfair as can be!" I haven't time to go over all the things she said—if I had the heart to which I haven't. And after I saw the terribly narrow quarters of the school at Hopos—crowded into the little chapel—and thirty or so women and girls each taking her daily bath—but all in the same little dark cubby hole that looks more like a coal hole than anything else—after I had been all this and all their inconvenience—Miss B. asked me if I would be willing to vote for a new high school in Nakelichi ahead of a decent building for Hopos—I couldn't, of course—but then I think that she got me to say that for dramatic effect because you can vote for her both together not one ahead of the other—Oh, I heard a lot about Miss Culley—which causes things up a little, that's all—for I certainty have heard a lot about Miss Rollman since I have been here—! There are always two sides, I guess to everything—Question is—how are you going to see on both sides of the curtain at once!

They don't keep things very clean up there, but maybe Miss Emma will keep things up when they get their new building. Sunday morning we went to church and it was just tiresome—but I was ashamed of myself for getting sleepy—when I saw the little tots in front of me, sitting on the wooden benches with their legs dangling the floor. And besides, being high, they had no backs and the service was all in Nakelichi—and of course we couldn't understand any of it. Miss Rollman got sleepy too—and I guess we were spoiled by sitting on wooden benches, with backs to them in Nakelichi.

This is the middle of the board seat.
We rested the afternoon, then went for a little walk and to bed rather early. Monday morning at seven o'clock we got aboard our little river boat again. The rains had made the river high and we had需要补全内容。
him for it—after the cowardly thought I had! Well, it was only for a minute—and only a trifling incident but it gives you a little different thrill from anything else—to find yourself looking into the business end of two guns! The men said afterwards that they were robbers—and were only after loot—Nonetheless—we were pretty thankful it was broad daylight, so that we could see them safely out of sight.

Well—we have been long suffering with our houseboy for some time. Last summer at the hills he was very impudent and saucy to Helen—to steal some money (though he afterwards returned it) and we have been hoping that he would get over his carelessness. He has been getting worse than ever though—and confounded in a great fury when we gave the little cootie a fifty cent raise and didn’t give him one. He can’t seem to remember things at all—and he sometimes takes good care of my bathroom but usually not. This morning he saturated some paper with kerosene and put it on top of an open charcoal stove to make it burn better. Of course there was a conflagration which came near burning up our breakfast and might have been very much worse than that.

He hasn’t seemed to try very much as we decided to let him go. Mabelle told him that it wasn’t particularly for his mornings affairs—but because he wasn’t improving at all—was careless about breaking dishes and about his work in general. He kept copiously—but said he had the
work that he enticed right into. I am terribly sorry for him — for he is all alone in the world and if we could have kept him we might have been able to help him. He couldn’t control his temper at all — and still usually he was shy to the point of painness. Poor boy.

Now we are without anyone — I don’t know what we shall do — but probably we shall make some temporary arrangement for the summer and begin over again in the fall.

Monday 4 P.M.

Well — we haven’t had an earthquake for some time — but were all awakened by quite a heavy shock just before this morning. And I was just a dreaming then — and I was telling beside Gladys the most ridiculous dream. I was sitting beside Gladys Latimer at one of her Aunt Alice’s swell afternoon teas. Latimer was talking about Glady’s ability to make witty remarks. Wouldn’t Gladys be delighted if I should tell her? Maybe I will. Ettie would be delighted.

Poor was there but before long she went out and I heard her say, "You see the stupid Gladys say "I got an arrow with her. She says the stupid Gladys say "I got an arrow with her."

Our arrival once again after the tropic visit. My arrival once again after the tropic visit. Everyone is much upset because of trouble in the compound all upset because of trouble in the compound. The students in the paper were much upset and all over the country. They are much upset and all over the country. I think — over the wavering attitude of some others this night. I think — over the wavering attitude of some others this night. Everyone knows that the officials have been of Kian-chow. Everyone knows that the officials have been of Kian-chow. "Young Education" is rising in her might and...
protesting. But the Academy boys did not take the right attitude. Impulsively they demanded the right to leave their work—thier classes, any time they pleased, to go out "preaching" Anti-Japanese sentiment to people. First they said they would leave school—then they said Mr. Wang—tie dean of the Academy—must leave—and in all the teachers both native and foreign, have had a very hard time to get things put straight. Dr. Rehume was called in to help—and everyone was upset. But the boys have repeated, and all but a few who would better not be here are back at work in school. A very serious situation—threatened and we are so glad it has blown over.

The difficult thing was to make them see that we are in sympathy with them—for we are—and every one of us most highly disapproves the Teton-like methods that the Japanese are continually and increasing using—

Well—this is enough of a letter for now. I guess I must write to Arthur. His last letter was mailed from Gibraltar, on his way home. Maybe you've seen him—by the time you get this letter.

With very much love,

P.S. I knew there was something else—Saturday I received a beautiful birthday box of chocolates from Grace Tamam and a 3x4' woolen American flag from my sister Ruth Whitman—the package was marked $8.00. I'll enclose her letter—don't that grand?
Dear Pa Blunderbuss Sanderson:

If you ain't the absolutely dingbustedest limit I ever did see! Here you go and complain about your poor missionary daughter wanting a pretty voile dress to cover the shame of her nakedness, while you actually go and buy trousers for yourself costing how much? 8 or 9 dollars I bet. I'm sure you have done that - after buying such a nice coat of Dunham - that had no pants to go with it. I knew you'd be buying pants next. Well, I never had a pair that cost as much as that! And you had a pair of overalls already - plenty good enough. Next thing I'll be hearing is you have two coats and carrying sheep in your purse to boot! And you — minister of the Gospel! What about Luke 9:3 then?

I can plainly see I should have said saying instead of voile - for near as I can make out - voile is really only French or scrim and you wouldn't have it really only French or scrim and you wouldn't have it if I thought my wagon hitched to such a big planet if I had said that I hoped sometime to get me a new cheese cloth dress - if that's what scrin is. Since your wife has evidently neglected a part of your edification let me expolotate for your edification that while voile is more expensive than muslin maybe, yet it is much cheaper than silk and will mean better - and you therefore are getting something pretty for the least money. I can see that you also didn't fully digest the many letters in which mother desired oh what I would want to have sent out from home - if kind friends should want to donate, and begging me to send a list of things. Well - you have only got yourself into a box anyhow.
By writing such a hard cold cruel letter — for this is what you have done! By your graphic description you have pictured Ma to me going about in a tattered union suit which will soon drop off — while she spends the dollars (which she has saved by pinning) on toilet water to send to her extravagantly-minded missionary daughter. And isn't that a picture to make the tears flow? Well — you needn't bother your "slow mitted" brains about that pesky list, but just stock up on handkerchiefs to send in to stop up all the tears that are shed from now until I hear from you again to know that Ma has a decent union suit and also to know that she has promised you she won't buy toilet water or silk stockings to send me.

Once more my dear sir — let me ask you — when did I ever say I wanted an auto? I'd have to go to Honolulu to live if I wanted to run it — for there is no place for an auto in the hills of Haleakula and in the summer when I'd want it most — I can't see it traveling the six mile pathless between the rice paddy fields at Thai Long — I guess you had motor cycle in your brain when you wrote that. Motor cycle, indeed! Wouldn't a pair of sandals be more appropriate? From which you could more easily shake off the dust of critical communities?

Now it's no joke about the handkerchiefs. I haven't any more than enough now to carry me through a bad cold — and if sad thoughts do cause me copiously to weep I shall certainly need more. Though you might think it would be less bother to provide buckets and
rops for the purpose (to save washing the clothes?)

Well, there probably would be need for buckets and mops and a lot more if I didn't know that you meant the letter for a joke - I must admit I felt rather foolish when I began to read it.

Of course the piano was more or less of a joke. There are two pianos on this compound now - and I'm sure some rich person wanted to give me one - I wouldn't refuse it. As to the typewriter, well - maybe I don't need one - I just think I do - that's all!

Crochet cotton - dolls - pictures - note books, pencils, erasers, etc. of course I don't need to tell you aren't school girls.

I don't need to explain the use of soap - talcum powder, tooth paste and brushes, corn plasters, cork stoppers, baseline, comb, hot water bottle, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton, new things to use in the kitchen and dining room - no yet postcards nor blankets - no books.

And you can ask any woman in America whether she thinks I would need needles, thread, scissors, books and eye hair pins, safety pins, coat hangers, dress shields, table cloths and scissors and gloves - and see what she will say.

Decorated tinsel shoes you would certainly approve. Aspirin stops my headaches - permanent cure for my sore throat. Quinine sulphate is the preventative and cure of malaria - and again and again we have orders to take a dose when the disease is prevalent. Salts I think I told Mother is crossed off the list and to send Sal Hepatica if she sent anything of that sort.

Now that leaves a hat - a ribbon and a dress for extras - besides the toilet water, silk stockings, canned goods and other things which I put down myself as extras
But I do believe and am earnest just for a second. I certainly hesitated a long time before deciding to send such a long list — for I knew that Mollie would probably want to go right off and spend all she had buying things from the list. And I certainly do feel wicked to have such nice shoes and things — and to know that Mollie is economizing beyond the limit, as usual, to send me things. But I really meant when I sent that draft, to have part of it used for things like that. I tickled so much the thought that it is in W.S.S. though — you may be sure — but that I think of you folks up to your same old tricks of scrimping and saving to get me nice things. And honest and truly — I meant that list for when folks wanted to send me something — so that one could tell you that and most decidedly not in Mollie or you, or anybody else to think of all of these things — or any of them had to be sent out to me right away.

Now Pa-Man (in a firm clear voice!) I’m sure you don’t mind if I append a supplementary list of some of the other things I need —

1. One or two dress patterns (let Mollie pick them out?)
2. Plain ordinary pins.
4. White bias binding.
5. Pearl buttons — large or small.
6. Tatting shuttles (plain small for the girls).
7. A sewing machine — (I have to borrow Miss Culleyo’s whenever)
8. Little collar pins (ten cent store ones).
9. Particles Iron Rust Soap —

Now for exploitation — In these hot blistering days it’s an awful job to keep clothes. For one thing it is a big temptation to take off most all your
clothes and go without any thing - & I have ten pretty figured blue dresses now I wouldn't be wearing any of them - For you can't wear anything longer than a half day and still be decent and nothing but white will stand such continuous washings. This week the woman didn't get the things all ironed up and so the last two days I had to wear a white nightgown and separate heavy skirt shift which is uncomfortable around the waist in such hot weather. Fact is, I simply haven't enough hot weather clothes to last for one week out here! So yesterday I thought when a man came around with linen enough to make two one piece dresses - To consider that's only what I had before - but will do - you can't imagine what it's like - I had a warm bath last night what its like - I've been in the tub with cold water twice and today I've been in the tub (cold water) three times - as follows: Tub before breakfast, tub after dinner, tub before going to bed. And even so you suppose - tub before going to bed. As for those dresses I'll just drip with perspiration. Not would be glad have to leave a make-shift pattern - Not would be glad have to leave a make-shift pattern - Olive Jones - one of the girls at Nasutio sent me one for my Birthday - but it is 38 instead of 36.

And the other things are necessary too - all hard to get out here and most of them impossible. The to get out here and most of them impossible. The sewing machine is a joke - Of course - but just the same - I shall want one sometime - I mean I shall have one sometime of my own. And the Farmer's Irm Rest Soap is splendid for taking out not only iron rust but the very
frequent natty cockroaches (which embroil our clothes) - I prefer white dresses to white with irregular brownish-yellow spots - and more - I believe in being scriptural too - see Ecclesiastes 9:8.

As for English Consuls - and American consuls - and their wives - well - I'm thinking maybe isn't that subject - I certainly should hate to have any body even think that I care little about associating with the community people that we have here. Only we must be civil to them, we owe them certain social duties, and we also need to keep ourselves out of ruts - and go call on them sometimes to see whether we have forgotten how to behave! And if I need to make sure I haven't lost myself respect just as much I say, as I do to call on an English Consul's wife or the queen herself - And if ever I need to be clothed with "good works", instead of "bodied apparel" (1 Tim 2:9-10) it is when I call on the community for their attitude toward us is a most difficult one to endure - we know they make fun of us - and yet we want them think of us not in such a sceptical way, but in a way that will honor God's cause in China - So too many of them also do things which are far from an honor to God - things which I wonder sometimes if I don't really do just as much - by wrong thoughts and hasty words as they do by immorality and disregard of sacred things - So I know a great deal in my life is not an honor to God - Your prayers are a wonderful help, though!
Now see what else you've done! Here. I didn't write last week, because I was as busy as ever and mother switched me off on something else and didn't tell you about graduation yet!

(Later) There isn't as much to tell after all—last week some of the exams finished and I began on Saturday to help out counting averages. With over a hundred girls in school, most of them with 14 or 15 subjects, none less than 3 to count up each one's entire rank first for the term and then for the year—and then their department ranks—and writing all the report cards. Well! we found enough to keep us busy. All day Monday we worked—and on Tuesday I had charge of the decorations again. I let the Chinese have their way about everything nearly—and though the decorations were pretty, yet they were very different from last year. They had two large Chinese flags draped together so that they looked like a flag—a flag. There were many plants were arranged around the front of the platform. The drawing doesn't look pretty—but the chapel did. We managed to get along without any pink flowers stuck next to the red and orange of the flag. The school flag (blue and white satin) was draped over the other flag. The more intended to use my nice flag that Ruth Whitman sent me—but it was smaller than the Chinese flag—and none of us can get used even out here. I have the American flag in an inferior position. So we thought best not to use it at all. It poured rain all that day and early the next morning the leaves fairly flowed.
such a heavy storm and such a rough sea at six o'clock in the morning that we despaired of Mr. Speckler's being able to get over on this side to speak at graduation. But about 8.30 (graduation at nine) the sun struggled out - and we had no more rain that day. Wasn't that splendid?

I played the march for the girls to come in and go out - and the hymn. I always feel as though my playing is barely endurable - and I do hope someone will be sent out soon whose business it is to play and who really is supposed to do it. (Unless I can have my own piano to practice on!) The graduating girls sang a three part piece without accompaniment and it was just beautiful. I'll send you a picture of the twelve graduates later.

In the afternoon we took this year's high school class and the new graduates (who enter high school this fall -) out on East Hill to cut down the first tree on the site of the new High School building. I've learned that this building has been definitely promised now - and we may go ahead with the building as soon as the plans are ready. For various reasons this graduation was rather a hard one - I want to get time to write about that later - but must finish this letter now to get it off on today's mail.

Much love to you and Mother.

Abbie.
Kakchio and Harbour.

SWATOW.
Mrs. Eliza Sanderson
Fairfax
Vermont
U. S. America.
Dear Mother:

you must not fail to write and tell me what you thought about the way I answered him on the "rants" question. Melly I was too easy. If so - trust Pa to say "where she got her tongue from" - and I suppose he wouldn't be far wrong, eh? It was perhaps a little too part to say right off some "more things that I needed" - but I couldn't miss such a good chance. There are 9 more items for "the list" anyway.

Well! June 22, just a month lacking one day from the time they were sent, I received the letters from you and Arthur. I was almost saying that he has arrived. To some time the feeling has been growing on me that I hope Arthur would get back here. The fire of testing perhaps hasn't done a perfect job, but it will, sure enough, in time - maybe, of casting out all the dross and leaving only the pure gold - yet, but it will, sure enough, in time - for me know the pure gold is there. Perhaps his real testing will come now - that prayers, tears and early training have failed to shield from temptation; they have shielded a great deal more than any of us dream.

Moreover, if Arthur has seen things and done things that he shouldn't have seen and done - yet confesses that he has, and resists temptations that are more powerful than some of us have ever known, and if I live my life from day to day doing the things that are in the least line of resistance, and trying to make the path that is before me smooth, often erring in speech and exceeding often continuing thoughts that I know to be unworthy - in fact - not resisting many temptations that come...
which of us is better in God's sight? It is as Father says, "the boy is still about ten years old in some respects." He hasn't found himself yet — any more than I had when I went to Ricker. I made bad mistakes there, and if I hadn't, I might have been worth a great deal less as a woman than I now hope I may some day be worth. And in four years more, God grant that Casties may find himself infinitely more "ear-footed" than I am now — for the mistakes I make now would fill a library.

O, I know you are glad to have him home again and it means so much to him — God bless him! He says he is going to write me an account of his last few months' trip — I hope you will hold him to it. Because his letters really tell me very little, and I know he must have much to write more than he has written. I'm going to keep telling him — but you hammer too — unless he has already done it!

I must tell you about another mess-up she had with community folk — different from anything else as far. Mr. Moorhead, the commissioner of customs, has been out here alone for some time. This fall his wife and three daughters came over from England. He called on them and they returned our calls — and then Miss Moorhead (about 21) invited Peggy and Miss Chesholm of the E.R. Minnis to tennis and tea for a week ago. She accepted, but it rained much that week and the tennis court was very bad. Miss Tollmanc and Margaret invited us all to go to Double Island that afternoon and since the tennis court was dully in bad condition, thought it would be all right to write and ask Miss Moorhead to go along.
and saying that—it would like to have Miss Chisholm go too, but would want to say what she said first. I didn’t much like the idea of it—but they prevailed on me to write the note—which I did with much care. And in much trepidation I waited for the answer, fearing she would recuse our host lady taking ourselves off as her guests but inviting her and her other guest too. But she accepted just after noon however—another note came, saying that since the weather was so uncertain and the day so untrustworthy, her father would be uneasy about having her go—but for us to go right along just the same. And she hoped for a good day for tennis soon—she’d wait till the courts got better and would let us know—well—I guess that is all right after all—but I was imagining many things—and thought she had decided that we had insulted her, so had decided that we had insulted her, so wouldn’t go. The rest of no sail—a delightful sail this last week has been rainy so we thought that might be keeping back our invitation. But on Sunday at English Church she nodded—rather coolly, I thought—wondered if our goose was really cooked after all. But today is bright and clear—and sizzling hot—and the invitation has come—‘for tea and tennis at five o’clock.’ Now I’ll even play tennis on a day like this—even after the sun has gone down, so more...
than I knew—but I'm going down anyway. I'm relieved that the note has come. For if she chose to call our action insulting, she might simply use the matter as another subject for laughing at. We're not very well acquainted yet—I hope she isn't as swathbabe as my imagination feared she might be. Take note! This is my last social duty with the community—until next September. They are few and far between any way and my remainders.

Next morning we did go—and had tea first—then four sets of tennis, then lemonade. It was a hot day to play and I was simply dripping when I got through—but had a nice time, and I guess they feel all right about it.

June 30—Sunday

Dearest, Here is another week gone by and my letters not off yet. I feel as though I were about six weeks behind on telling you things—and there some I've told about graduation and getting ready for it and all—but there are so many little things. I feel like writing about but would talk out if I could only see you. I never since I have been in China wanted to sit down and have a long talk any more than I do this minute. But I must write some things, anyway. A lot of it is gossip, too, but you must know it to understand my situation better, my dear.

The week of examinations one day Mabelle came over from school and asked Helen why she wasn't over there helping—that there was just heaps to do—and she was needed to help some of the native teachers match the pupils. Helen flared up and—
said she wasn’t going to be policeman for any Chinese teacher. The Chinese all look down on her, she said, because of the treatment she has received from prejudice while she has been here (meaning Malvina mostly). Then she went on to remind Malvina that she had never been taken to the school in the morning & introduced since she has come back to China—and she has always felt that she is a public lack of recognition of her. She has been to be a public lack of recognition of her. She also mentioned the fact that the other night she was given the place next to Malvina which at the feast & most certainly should have been hers! (I’m sure I never thought anything about it—it was a round table, & I didn’t know there was any head at all.) And so on.

And so on. I heard Malvina come—and I heard rapid and so on. I heard Malvina come—and I heard rapid voices—and knew by the tones that something unusual was going on—I was down in my own room. The feeling of dread that I have talking kept on until the feeling of dread that I have come to know and hate came to me—dread of what we come to know and hate came to me. A dread of whom we should be together at table with a strained atmosphere and me the only one trying to make conversation at all. Having a rather bad failure of it, for—

Well, at dinner the air was so comparatively clear that I wondered if it might not be my imagination that I wondered if it might not be my imagination at work again. (Helen had apparently got off her chest several things that have been rumbling for a long while—than felt better about it.) But I just waited. Some time in the P.M. Helen said, “Did you...”
Know about the call-down I got this morning?" And so to tell me the whole story. In the evening I got it again from Mabelle. She came into my room where I was ready for bed. We sat talking until midnight.

I don't know what to think about it all, I'm sure. I do know that Mabelle always seems to look for an insult. She is happy just now because she thinks Edith and Marguerite aren't cordial enough about her going up to Thai Tong and says she wishes she wasn't going.

On the other hand, I truly don't see why Mabelle would neglect taking her over to chapel when she first came. It may have been unintentional. I know—but it does seem strange. It was the first place she took me.

The trouble in the first place, I guess, is that Mio's sister up in West China didn't think much of Helen for not being satisfied with conditions in N. China—and so at least not being able to adapt herself to them. Mabelle was therefore prejudiced before Helen came—and since Helen didn't like Mio's sister (Mabel) very well, she was prejudiced before she came. There are two statements that have been made that I can't manage to reconcile:

Helen says: "I had the offer of the position M. has anyway before she came out here. I don't want the place." M. says: "After Miss Weld died Miss Collman knew that Helen wasn't capable of taking charge of the school and insisted that Linn Sin-sen-mi be given it temporarily. Helen wouldn't stand for that—and picked up & went home."

Isn't it all worse than a Chinese puzzle?

Oh dear, I do get so weary of it sometimes. They get tired of me, though, I bet.
Last week letters came from Mr. Lewis of Langhorne saying that Mrs. Lewis had been very sick and he didn’t know what to do. Dr. Everham went up, and this last Friday brought her down here. Before they came, word came that Margaret feared tuberculosis—and also that she had been two months pregnant. She already has seven children, and she is yet a young woman—and all dragged out, of course. Mrs. Ashmore simply raved and raved about it. She has been sickly ever since she had her second baby (eleven months after the first one) and it has been no use. She thought it was not right for Dr. Everham to bring Mrs. L. down and put her in their house. Mr. Ashmore doesn’t dare take a tuberculosis patient into their house because Dr. Ashmore is the only one left of all his household (his mother’s family) and all the rest have died from tuberculosis. Moreover the Dr. (Ashmore) said she should not because she wasn’t strong enough. The Captain and his family are coming from Shanghai—Mr. Page and Edith are coming from Shanghai—Mrs. Page and Edith are coming from Shanghai—and anyway—those families couldn’t take Miss Cunney has her primary teacher’s summer. Miss Solmon has her summer school, and Traver said she would stay with her this summer and Margaret simply could not take care of her—so Margaret simply could not take care of her. But Miss Traver herself has in times past had a very bad cough—tendency to lung trouble. Mrs. Ashmore got up a paper and sent it around—and saying that Mrs. Lewis ought to go to the hospital—and everyone signed—Annall. V. and all agree except Sherrin. Bugg. Well Margaret has to take care of her and while she is here it is maybe easier for Margaret to have her...
There they have her in our Chinese Hospital.

But they have had a consultation with the English doctors in Swatow, and she has tuberculosis not only of the throat but also of the lungs. They have ordered her north, to Nanking probably. Dr. Leach and Miss Astor are going up to Shanghai this summer so they will take her up with them about the middle of July. They just told Mrs. Lewis this morning that she had to go north - and of course she feels dreadfully. Everybody is terribly sorry that another baby is coming - and settles out of patience, too. Mabelle said in answer to some remark that Helen made, though - that if they wanted to have a big family of children, that was their own affair. Helen retorted that when it upset everybody in the mission and made extra work for people who were already worn to the breaking point, it was no fair - and that Mrs. Ashmore had a perfect right to give her advice. Mabelle had to admit that - and then said she thought a Hospital was the only proper place for her -

Helen said afterwards that Mabelle's sister, Miss Ton, up in N. China was criticized for the same thing - perhaps that was why Mabelle spoke as she did.

It happens that Pauline Denn will be stopping here this week on her way to Canton for the Summer. Miss Fullman and Miss Traver had both invited her, but Marguerite didn't know anything about it until this morning. When she found that out she said it must be - with Mrs. L. in the home - and all. But Miss Traver and Miss S. both insisted that there was nothing else to do - So Marguerite came over and told me about it, and suggested that we might be able to take Miss Denn here - though she didn't ask me...
I went straight up and got Ma Belle's consent—and on the way home from church asked Helen if she would be willing to have Min Bess sleep in her room if she should come. She said yes.

Marguerite had thought it would be better if Min Bess came, for she was feeling out and over the question of Marguerite's going over to see her. "What has Marguerite over to see you?" I answered. "I don't have nothing got to do about this?" But Min S. would have nothing of it. She had come to tell me that a direct answer and so I had to tell—"She refused." Oh, I guess we can manage."

Marguerite's affairs weren't going into her affairs, even though anyone could see that it was for the best. For we had all seen that she had been in the practice of living more and more on the edge of money, and that it was hard for us to see how our family could be supported for very long. Still, we were all of us trying to hold on, and we were all of us trying to get along. If I told her I shouldn't be very much disappointed if she didn't want to come—"she wouldn't let Miss Bess come over—and that she wouldn't let Min Bess have her room." (Just here Peggy came in to see me—and I thought to myself maybe she meant the under...)

I feel terribly for blundering so—but I couldn't help it. Peggy says she thinks there's been some kind of a..."
feeling between Marguerite and Miss Sollman for some

time. Oh - I didn't say much to Peggy - nothing at all,
in fact - but it makes me just think - to have a person
like Miss S. - who's noted for getting what she wants
by hook or crook, to say such a thing about Marguerite.
She is pious - the true beautiful kind of pious that shines
in her life - but understand - I don't know a person
anywhere whom I can feel any more sure of as being true
blue - ray through them. Marguerite Everham - I should
always count it a privilege to have known her -

Well, the upshot of it was that "Miss Sollman said

to me. "Of course I have to give in - seems to me you
are forced into doing what you don't want to around
here a good deal - and I shall tell Marguerite just
what I think of her!" Marguerite was doing it partly
to save Miss Sollman - for in addition to other

other things, reference committee meets this week
and Miss Sollman has that as well as her summer
school, and yet Miss Sollman has only blame for her.
The poor girl has had a heap of extra, hard things
since Fannie went home - and she is worn out. She
have little fussy irritations like this - it is not fair!

But Miss Penn will come here, anyway.

The Compound Entertainment Committee (Mrs. Page
and I) have decided to provide tea for the Reference
Committee members. We couldn't ask Silverin Bungalow
to have it - but Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ashman
will each have it one day - and we were asked to
have it one day. I said right off that Mabelle was
keeping house this month and with her summer school
couldn't do anything about it - but I could probably do
it. I was hardly prepared for what Mabelle said -

"No! Of course not - I haven't any time." So that
I they had to go on carefully and fearfully, and -
explain that I knew she wouldn't be able to, but that I'd had no proper excuse why I shouldn't, as I had practically promised to do so. She agreed & that finally I guess it hadn't occurred to her that I could do it. That's all!

Oh dear - this is a funny mess to write about, isn't it? But I know you'll be interested in the details, much as you may deplore some of the facts. When Mabelle is away, I get along with Helen all right - and when Helen is away, I get along beautifully with Mabelle. But when we are all three together there's very often an undertone of feeling that smoothes me almost. Today Mabelle whispered to me that she was so glad that she was so glad that she was so glad that she was so glad that she was so glad that she was so glad that she was so glad that she was so glad. I know you'll be glad to be in a room all by myself for the summer. I'm in the same house with Helen this summer. Well, I'm glad - so glad to be in a room all by myself for the summer. You'd just better believe I am! No matter, with Helen and with Mabelle's religious views I might have roomed with me! Mabelle's religious views might have roomed with me! She takes the don't agree with mine on all points. She takes the words of the Bible literally in every single instance. I think it is much more wonderful if certain passages are taken as symbols - but she thinks it sacrilege to doubt the accuracy of a single word. I think that even the 'word day' might have any other meaning than the word "day". Helen fumes and frets over not being able to read the Bible in the girls' school, when that was allowed to teach any Bible in the girls' school. I guess she had especially prepared to teach. I guess she had especially prepared to teach. I don't think she has especially prepared to teach. I suppose she thinks I am fit to teach the Bible; I suppose she will think about right. But I should be sorry to have that thought about me - just the same. I will mean a lot of study, whatever I teach.
News has just come that a married couple and three single women have been appointed to the South China mission field, and are expected to sail in the fall. Among them is Miss Miller, a graduate of Philadelphia High School, of the Philadelphia Normal School, and of the University of Pennsylvania, recommended to the girls' school in Swatow. The same normal school that Miss Miller is from—and that pleases her. A university graduate, and that pleases me. Oh, can't you imagine it? I wonder what she is like? Miss Prescott's letter to Dr. Prentice says she is a girl who has wanted for ten years to go to the mission field—and has always lived in a beautiful Christian home—and also that she is ready to do anything for which she may be needed in the girls' school. Helen sniffed at that, and said to me, "That shows someone has written home something disparaging about me." Maybe. But I should just as soon think that maybe someone had written something home about Miss Peggy. Well, well, instead!

Pa was asking how letters come—it is funny that you get mine through Hong to Shanghai always—as they ever have a Canton or any other postmark. They leave here on a Hong Kong boat usually. Yours come by way of Canton about as often as by Shanghai.

You asked about the consul—Pa was mistaken when he raved about my associating promiscuously with the wife of an English consul! I attended a Victory Celebration there—they called once, and she has returned my call—that's all! Their name is Pitigios. He retires this

He is Greek by birth and she American.
year, and I hear that he wants to live in Colorado, and she wants to go to London. I don't know what they have decided.

The American Consul's name is Marble Myers. His wife is a Smith College girl, Alice Brown of Massachusetts. I

well, mamma dear, you know I didn't mean you should get ahead immediately and get things from that list, and go ahead immediately and get things from that list. And

Let's get all the aspirin, elastic, safety pins - what little bird telling you about things that you are thinking of getting. I have got just exactly five safety pins of a decent size that won't rust everything I put them into. I went in desperation to the "gold" safety pins that were in Mrs. Norwich woman's pretty silk bag, and lo and behold, they rust more than do any of the others - so as you're rust more than do any of the others - and as I very much need determined to send them - and as I very much need determined to send them - and as I very much need determined to send them - I can't help hoping they will come before I leave.

As to the dress patterns, have you any way of getting hold of any Peerless Pattern sheets or books? You know, if you thought they fitted better - and if it would be convenient, I'd be tickled to see the sheets or book, be procured. I'd be tickled to see the sheets or book,

My latest purchase is any how - to get ideas from. My latest purchase is any how - to get ideas from. I have made up into

black grass linen which I have made up into bloomers to wear under my tramping suit at

That long -

Well, now I wonder if you will call this letter a speech, a speech, a speech. I see it was more an ocean breeze; I should think it was more like a typhoon into the desert, blowing hard sand into your eyes, whichever way you turn. Oh, me!

Don't the "frivol" page of the Advocate, a dream in the issue of April 23rd? I sat and rocked to
and try in mirthful agony when I read them and
then when I carried them upstairs and read them
to the girls, we all simply roared and looked over
them. They are the funniest "funnies" I have seen
for a long time.
Do you know the story of the traveling evangelist who
was in the habit of calling his congregation "Dear Souls"?
When in Edinburgh it was "Dear Edinburgh souls"; in
Dublin, "Dear Dublin Souls"; and so he didn't stop to think
how it sounded when he got to Cork and began "Dear Cork
Souls"!

You see before you the reason why I haven't written
to the Bridgewater girls today - as I surely meant to.
Through my letters to them I want to tell you about a
nice prayer-meeting we had the other night and
about our Children's Day exercises in the Sunday School.

I must close - though I feel as though I
could keep on forever - this is next best to a talk after
all, I guess, isn't it?

Very much love to you all -

Abbie
Dear Home Folks:

Here! This has been a hot week, if ever.

There was hot weather any time, any place. Wednesday and Thursday we simply zipped and dripped and took baths—panned and fanned and panting and gasped, and then dropped and zipped some more, and so on round and round continuously. A party was planned for the children on the Fourth, and we all thought of course we could have it on the same.

But Friday dawned cooler, and gray, and drizzly epidemiological. Too bad about the party, but the change in the weather saved our lives. And we had the party just the same, stard our lives. And we had the party just the same, from our veranda, and had a splendid time in it.

And just let me add, by the way, that this has been a hot week in more ways than one. I think I wrote that Reference committee was to meet. It has had principal matters of business now the East Wing House—Building operations, building operations, operations—has commenced this summer, whereas the plans sought to commence last year. Plans drawn up and for the house were still in the air.

For the new was expensive as had been presented by the women—al new to expensive as had been presented by the women, but some others features that could not be accepted by the new, and on the other hand, the plans that the new presented could not be agreed upon by all the ladies. That poor building and property committee had the ladies. That poor building and property committee had the ladies.

But the Ladies would not give in, and as the matter was blocked. The chief point of difference lay in getting air enough into the two inner bedrooms—and some remarks were made that made me gasp—others which made me shiver. You see the trouble is on account of expense. The room to be built is for four single ladies—and as soon
had a chance to guess from what she told you about the way we had to take baths and string up hanging wet clothes to dry in fear they will mildew before they can be washed - as a chance to guess each one needs in own bathroom.

Example of that.

Numerous plans were drawn and rejected - finally the men drew up a plan that ought to satisfy as they thought.

But the plan didn't take away the trouble about air for these inner bedrooms. Especially since the plan was to the house to face east - the prevailing wind is east - and that would mean the air that the bedrooms would get would be through the bathrooms only. Well bathroom conveniences such as these are not here, much of the time it would be most unpleasant to have the principal ventilation there.

Mr. Page says if the bathrooms were properly taken care of, the air would be pure and sweet all night long - well - maybe he can see to that when it's his bathroom. But not everyone's private performance can be timed to go off just at a certain time by the clock. Moreover he doesn't mind sleeping in that sort of a bedroom - when a good man people might. But one can't tell him that to his face. He was remarkably well with Miss Culley because she insisted that a passageway be made from the inner bedrooms out to the bathrooms veranda so that some of the air could come through it. And he said - 'Well suppose the air does come through the bathroom - it's your own commode.' Miss Culley was disgusted enough at that - and would say no more todo him.

We wonder if the odor from our own commode couldn't perhaps be just as disturbing and unhealthy, too - so from any body's else? Well - we were called in to meet the committee and the time I grasped was when Mr. Page made
this remark:

"Well, it seems to me then, if you are going to insist on having so much your own way, that some people have made a sacrifice to come out here to the mission field and now you are determined to get paid for it by getting a palace to live in." He can't get his mind off the dreadfully expensive figure that it is going to cost to put up a building that will be earthquake proof. He asked us if this wasn't going to be the finest building we had ever lived in - better than anything we had known at home. I might have told him that I had lived in houses that were snowing than that - (Scottville for instance). Of course - it sounds at first like a staggerer to say that the cheapest building that can be put up for four people to live in will cost $18,000 or $20,000. And it wasn't so until after the earthquake. The architects all say that it is murderous practically to use the old-fashioned pounded earth walls and to use the old-fashioned pounded earth walls and to use the soft wood floors that are both as easily ant-eaten and rotted as stone (unpolished, it will be) and the floor on one floor at least, cement reinforced with steel rods. Verandas all around seems a luxury, but everybody out here admits them to be a necessity both in case of scorching glass from the sun and in case of driving rains - I can't explain it all of dreadful driving rains. Finally the men said they would let the plan go through, but that it must go home to the Board that they didn't want to sign their names to any such freakish plan - so this out which the ladies
On the boat for Peking — on our way to Tientsin — The thread of my discourse now interrupted, and I can’t take it up again just now — I’m just adding this postscript to finish up this letter and to say that I am tackling it pieces to be getting away to Tientsin — Of course we are going up a little later this year and it has been hot — hotter than I ever was in my life. At the present writing I have on, besides shoes — stockings — just three garments — outside a dress of Chinese grass cloth which I have just finished — it is not a work of art — but it will do. It is dark blue — with a little next collar and cuffs which catch on and off — I made it on purpose for traveling — green cloth is new — and the woman simply couldn’t get it straight so it is crooked in some places, because I simply had no time to fit it. But the collar and cuffs — I’m proud of them — for they make me think — I mean, I make myself think that —

Now my mother’s own daughter when I look at them — nothing pretentious but they are made from that last tailored linen waist — and have little tailored hem on the right side, with double stitching — the dark blue can’t seem because the dress is washed separately from them — and the dress is trimmed with white native hemp buttons sewed on in the three cornered style — does she see them or in the three cornered style — enough for that may — I’m sure — sewed into black thread — Enough for that may — in sure — sewed into black thread — the next is a particularly little Petticoat and the third is my pet combination of old — old frock and the umbrella linens that you had out not so long — that’s all! Mrs. Armstrong has just been telling about a mode which she had taken at the back of her neck — just in time it was had taken off the back of her neck — just in time it was developing white cancer! Have you had any trouble with that one of yours? — More later — Love — Ethel.
Dear Beloved ones:

Your letter may have to be just a scrap of scribble this time. I don't know how much I can do in a half hour—or whether I'll be able to squeeze out a little more than a half hour during today. You have no idea how full the days are.

The enclosed descriptive letter (I ought to send a copy to Gladys Paul, don't you think?) will tell you something about my trip up—but not all. I ate with The Ashwoods—climbing in and out of the boats each time. That wasn't half as bad as it sounds. The weather was delightful too. Cloudy, in the mountains was delightful. If just as it was last year—enough so that we weren't dreadfully hot coming up. We have had only one shower—dreadfully hot coming up. We have had only one shower of rain (a tiny one) since we have been here—and that is rather remarkable for July. Yesterday and the day before were simply piping hot here. I shudder to think what it must be down in Peshawar.

Well! In some ways it is far more restful here. I have a room all to myself, and when I want to sleep I can, with no one to disturb me, or if I want to prow around at six o'clock in the morning. I'm not disturbing anyone unless it be the Chinese woman who sleeps in the room under mine and then to me she is up at five doing washing and ironing. But of course here I'm in a way obliged to account for every minute. That is, Mrs. Ashmore wishes I didn't have to study every day, so that I could...
he with her more — and when I am not studying or talking with her on playing ping-pong or tennis as (in the evening) I think. I hope she will do some reading aloud. I can crochet, and listen — or knit, maybe — and it isn't really as much effort as it is to talk to her for she is even more deaf than she was two weeks ago. It seems to me I'm awfully sorry for she is rebellious about her deafness and makes it hard for other people, rather than easy.

Nevertheless I am thoroughly happy here — Mrs. A.

is not New England, but Dr. A. is — and Mrs. A was brought up on a farm — and somehow I feel as if they are my own people — Dr. Ashmore and you are more would think of calling alike but he reminds me of you often by the silly little way in which he says some foolish little thing and makes it sound so witty that we just hold our sides. He can say real funny things to sometimes (same as you can!) Mrs. Ashmore hasn't such good control of her temper as you have, Mother and she says things which you would think of saying, but she plagues the life out of Dr. Ashmore about his collar that doesn't fit and how he never puts away his hat and rubber, and how he can't find things although they are right in front of his nose — And strangely enough once it a little while she reminds me of Aunt Susie. She has curly scolding locks and likes to goagyo — maybe that's why.

Well... can't you see how refreshing it is to be in an atmosphere that reminds one of familiar things? I could laugh aloud for the joy of it.

One night Mrs. Ashmore and I went to talking and she told me a lot of things I had never before known. They are married one to Albert Lyon and they went as missionaries to
Burma (Ah, now I think - way up in the interior, after they had been there less than five months - he suddenly died - galloping consumption - and she came back to the U.S. alone, feeling she says, as though she had somehow betrayed her trust - for he was the most beautiful, perfect character she ever knew. Before they had gone out at a little reception he had introduced to her his particular little friend. Hill Ashmore - whom, he adored. When he asked her what she thought of his friend - she answered after a little thought: "Why, I think if I went up and put my arms around his neck and kissed him, he wouldn't think I was bad!" This from a brand new bride! And her husband was dead. The thing happened which some of the others had guessed might happen - people in the mission room had guessed might happen - and had hoped for - namely - he had proposed and she had accepted him. It is really beautiful as she tells it. The two men could never fill each other's place in her life, she says - and Hill is as perfect as Albert was. She thinks only Albert was ready to die, she says. She hardly would have married her life to be happy, and although Albert would have married her life to be happy, and although it was a very short time - and neither she nor Hill, at the time he was ready to die - yet they were drawn together as much as they could - yet they were drawn together as much as they could - very close by their interests, things, Albert, this is only a sketch of it - but isn't it exciting? And so Hill's youth. His years were crowded, too - in and out. Hill graduated from Brown University a different way. He graduated from Brown University a different way. While he was 18 - and then became a teacher in the Peddie Institute immediately, and so on, from one...
high position to another—Studied in Germany two or three years—and I don't know what else—until 
he came out to China—I greatly admire him. They 
are both just lovely to me.

Mrs. Ashmore says she is going to feed me up and 
see if I can't get a little fat on my bones—She says 
I looked peaked and pinched and hollow-eyed, just before 
I came up here—and she wants to improve me. I am 
looking very much rested already. She says: 'Deer I'm 
swimming a lot—'

I shan't get this off until next week if I 
don't send it right now. So here goes

with love

Abbie
Splendid letters today! So encouraging that I'm at the top note of hope and happiness. Pettus' last letter at the top note of hope and happiness. Pettus' last letter before this was a bit of blue and I couldn't help feeling a little worried and I was wondering about the viewpoint of things in general. I guess he seemed to be taking things in general. But along comes this mail, bringing news that he is finding a little bit of sunshine in this world. After all! Well—no last letter of sunshine in this world. After all! Well—no last letter of sunshine in this world. After all! Well—no last letter of sunshine in this world. After all! Well—no last letter of sunshine in this world. After all! Well—no last letter of sunshine in this world.

In fact, any time but tonight. Please don't ask.

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such was not my intention or wish. Oh dear! How lucky to be up in Thadengo in the cool, for it is well-nigh unbearably hot down in Drought now. (Beautiful weather up here ever since we came) but, and it just poked—
that I'll have to keep on the waiting list all summer long 'fore I get to the contents of that box! Bo? But I'm afraid it will have lost all its United States smell by the time I get down there. Nevertheless, you wouldn't believe that a mere smell could mean so much—but when anything comes out from home it smells a nice home-y-dry post-store smell and you just want to sit down and hug it. Correct!

I'm returning the Colby slip you sent me—with regards data—all but questions more and less. Since you are so particular about these two, Mr. Sanderson, I've left them for you to fill in. Shouldn't wonder if you knew more about them than I do myself. (See how!) In got a potted that encircles the world haven't seemed to strike me very hard yet! Mrs. Ashmore is making some baby dresses just now, for one of the English missionaries who is expecting a little one soon—and she said to me this morning, 'When you are going to have a baby, let me know and I'll make a pretty dress—if I'm in the land of the living!' She is continually encouraging me by saying that I certainly won't stay unmarried very long—and that she marvels how I had the grit to come out alone, she never would have had! But I smile the inevitable smile of the Spring—and calmly wave her on to the next subject of conversation. Can't you see me?

This is a perfect angle to me, though. When I came back from the trip, she had heaps of boiling waters ready, enough for Dr. Ashmore and for me as well. And after she had helped

Mr. A., she came into my bathroom and poured warm...
Water down my back for as much as five minutes I guess. Oh, it did feel good—and I was just beautifully cooled off when I got out of the bath. She made a lovely sitting edge for the collar and cuffs of my new organdy dress—and dived it in too, all but the last cuff—which I insisted on doing myself, while she read aloud Mrs. Henry's little book, "My Galahad of the Fenches." (Her boy was beautiful letters, but I find it a little hard to understand how she could bring herself to make public such very personal letters.) And she has ordered extra milk so that I can have two cups to drink one in the morning and one at tea-time. She's just as thoughtful of me as can be—and is mothering me in a way that would gladden your heart if you could but see. She makes grotesque gestures to show the angle of her "hills" necktie when it is on crooked (did I ever see anyone else make vivid realistic exaggerations and altogether revealing the such histrionic powers as were never dreamed of by the outside world—say?) Oh—I tell you I'm having the time of my life—It is so good to live in a family again. Three old maids do not make a family—but however you may try it—not if it is a family—oh, however you may try it—but that's change my opinion, don't tell me of it—but that's in my firm belief at present writing. I'm so glad Mrs. Ashmore invited me here that I don't know how I would express it. And I marveled that she didn't know how I would in a way—because she didn't know how I would fit in. She has already told me that she is glad she doesn't have to worry about what I eat; eat what was for—I must have been brought up to keep picking at my food and not eat much, the way she feared I would—(because I'm so thin, maybe?) I realize as I write, that I haven't told you much.
about my preparation for coming to their home, in the
way of servant and teacher, etc. At least, it seems
as though I must have written some, but when I
stop to think, I can’t remember that I have written
very much at all. And I’m sure there are some
questions that I haven’t yet answered.

John Maxwell I remember very well — but I knew him
only as I saw him at church or singing in the Colby
Glee Club — he was in the quartet, I think. I never
met him. Don’t know those to married.

Please tell Miss Ufford that I very much appreciate her
thought of me. There have been times out here when I
have been absolutely sure someone had been praying
for me, and I have been helped in that way, I know
many times that I do not dream of. Do give her
my love, and to Mrs. Hutchings, too. I shall look forward
to meeting them when I come home —

Dr. Leach speaks
often of them, too.

I didn’t bring the Colby & Dartmouth banners out with me.
Glad to know about the silk — no other letter mentions it.
(I mean — that you had no duty & pay.) Have you on
anything else?

Eva Cartelle has taught the rural school and taught
at home this year — saving money and getting ready
to enter Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston this
fall. To take a nurse’s training — she hears from
not all the richer boys who went to. Holden
has been to see her — and he is the handsomest boy she
ever laid eyes on,” she says. She asks: “Why don’t you
ever say a word about your male friends out there?
Don’t keep so quiet.” (Hee law!) Augusta, me. R. Tichnor,
I was able to get a boy, older brother of one good
for houseboy this summer — Mrs. Ashmore brought her own
cook and coals. My teacher is an Academy boy who
will graduate in two more years — (I must have told
that before.)

Very much love to you – including But —
your always. Cathie
July 26, 1917

My dear Ones:

Truly, it’s hard to believe this time can go so fast. Every day I resolve to write some one or other, at least someone of the many letters that are staring up in the face. I have a little mountain of them, as you can easily believe - I shall be getting a reproachful note from Gladys Paul as a scathing criticism from Martha Mixes if I don't get a timely one to my charming friend. I must get at that letter to the Bridgewater girls. Maybe you think such letters aren't a task at all - well, if so, please think again. I'm so glad that you sent some - and I just hope that kind of a message you have sent others.

Today is the first rainy day we have had - and that is rather marvelous in these parts. I am rather glad if it is rather marvelous in these parts, because I'm having a little trouble with my old left foot. You remember if I got particularly tired it was always in going on trips, sleeping or sitting on the resesna - knitting while Mrs. Ashmore reads to me or we talk. Now, I'll not go tramping - not only on account of rain but because I'm having a little trouble with my old left foot. You remember if I got particularly tired it was always in going on trips, sleeping or sitting on the resesna - knitting while Mrs. Ashmore reads to me or we talk. Now, I'll not go tramping - not only on account of rain but because I'm having a little trouble with my old left foot. You remember if I got particularly tired it was always in going on trips, sleeping or sitting on the resesna - knitting while Mrs. Ashmore reads to me or we talk. 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I'm so glad that you sent some - and I just hope that kind of a message you have sent others.
and down hill-til it helps it much and so maybe I'll be
left in peace and won't have to go to so many tea
parties and so on. As for exercise, I can get as
much in a game of ring tennis as I could in a walk
that would take one-thorough times as long. And it is
so restful up here!

Mr. Ashmore went off on a trip to the mines (last year
the copper mines; this year Bismuth) this morning. It
was cloudy all morning and began to rain not five
minutes after I reached home. Some in the party had
got home and were simply soaked. Well, Mr. Ashmore
and I talked ourselves out. She told me heaps of things about
people in the mission, and we discussed from A & Z
the topic of being good or bad missionaries, and of how
many missionaries fail because they haven't put the right
thing first in their lives. I wanted to laugh as some things
came out about Mabelle and Helen. Mr. Ashmore thinks
Mabelle is a person who has ideas of her own which a
thousand of bricks couldn't budge. And also thinks
that Helen, while as much to be admired, girl in some
ways, is too sensitive, and too careful of what she
considers her own rights, etc. etc. And I was in my
usual role of endeavoring to be wise as a serpent—which in this
case means—being innocent as a new babe!

Well! We also talked of other things and what do
you think she said? I'll never guess not if you lived
2 million years. She said the idea had popped
into her head that now her son Frank (who is a doctor in
out of the service she was hoping he would come out to
China to see her. And she thought—well—Miss Saunders
is here and suppose she should come out and they should
fall in love with each other. I laughed and said
"wouldn't that be exciting!" And she answered "I think it
would be lovely to have a daughter like you"—Isn't
that perfectly astounding. Well her dear son Frankie
can't come out after all—because he has to stay on
call for two years— I don’t think he is the kind of person I could possibly fall in love with. Though of course he’s nice and has a fine father & mother— from what I hear he is a model—and that would be too much for me!

Then, besides,

(And just think how embarrassed I’ll be if I ever do meet him!)

I’m enclosing the four snapshots that Helen got at Pang Khoi—in which I’m not exceedingly handsome. In fact, I hope nobody will show them to a prospective suitor. I hope nobody will show them to a prospective suitor— for my heart and hand. Before he has ever seen me— for my heart and hand— before he has ever seen me. I think that a “drawback” at the beginning of my career that I won’t be !

Before this morning, Miss D. was talking about some of the mission missionaries & said, “How wellwood would be in the mission.” So I said, “What about me?” She laughed and said, “Ah! I hope the right man will come along and ask you to marry him—and you’d be a fool if you didn’t! I’d be awfully sorry if the girls’ school if you didn’t—but I’d be terribly glad for you.’

Pa—aren’t you afraid your faithful daughter will get dangerous ideas into her head?” Don’t fight too fiercely, though. No fear of result!

I have meant to tell you that Miss Lewis has gone to India for the summer, and in the fall they will all be coming home to America. The children and all have to go home to America. Dr. Leslie took her up as she was going to Shanghai anyway. There is not the slightest possibility of their being a great joy in itself, it back—and aside from being a great joy in itself, it means an immense added burden to our mission, for they were both splendid workers. Penn did come but did I tell you that Miss Lewis had only about a half hour and I never saw her at all? Poor Marguerite might have been saved all that trouble if she had only known!
Today the mail came up - but I didn't have any. Couldn't expect any letters after the splendid ones I had last Tuesday.

Dr. Everheim sent so she is, brought her teacher up with her for a month and expected to take her examination at the end of it. But she is more worn than she realized and is having a hard time of it. Dr. Ashmore very kindly advised her to take a week off and absolutely rest. Mrs. Ashmore took the note up there yesterday and Margareet came right over to see her teacher and make the arrangements. Her teacher stays over here with mine - in the room under the living room. She stayed to supper and then bandaged my foot - and we had a nice talk - she is a dear.

Well - it is getting dark and I'll put the stopper in for this time. I very much love to you.

Abbie:

P.S. Sunday. Another long talk this afternoon things out the fact that a great many of the missionaries out here heartily disapprove some of Miss Colley's way of managing things and I got a good lot of real solid advice about not bowing down to be trampled over by her. Mrs. A says - Helen wouldn't have so much to be injured about, if she hadn't allowed herself to be injured. Ask me! She knows a heap of things that I thought no one but she knew!
July 28, 1919

Mother & mine

This is to let you know that I have "taken off," and I'm sending you the results. It took me some time to get going, so I was slow in beginning, but I'm done now.

Another thing I did was to go to the St. John's Villa and visit the Miss Darleys. I had this P.M. Mrs. Ashmore drove 'em away, as 'tisn't kept away from her by the buzzards. She's anxious to get these off tonight. I meant to write one to Alta and one to Mac and one to Web, and get them five Bridgewater ones off my hand. It's a chest - but this is my last letter. I hope you'll notice how skillfully I have done away with answering some of my letters. In fact, I have tried to make these three answer in all nine letters. Do you think I've succeeded? And are they "all right"?

The letter to the girls is on the horrid paper - but I didn't have time to write it all over. Let you get the photos
mixed - I'll put down here in black and white that the ones numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 are to go to Mrs. Crowell & the girls - the large one to Mrs. R. J. Rimball, and the one of me with the bees to myself. I know it is written in the letters, but here it is again anyhow - if you disapprove of the letters - rub 'em out.

This is hardly a letter but I have to call it one anyhow - and the other letters will tell you some things. Snapshots of the girls in the school I'll send you later.

Mrs. Ashmore said tonight, "Tell your mother I'd like to have you & daughter in law - or a daughter, either!" She put it stronger this time you see! But since she hasn't time you see! But since she hasn't even come out to visit her, she fears the chances are she has can't even come out to visit her. She really likes being lolly poppy - but it isn't men who are willing after all. She fully glad of love & forgiveness.
East Hill
House plans
annotation

not exactly as it
but nearly.
Aug. 4, 1919.

Dear One:

Just a note again which will have to go as a letter. I've taken today off from letter-writing and tried hard an orgy of it. Besides the letters which I'm sending to you to read and send on (when you get sick of doing the stuff let me know, know?..) I've begun letters to Gladys, Elaine, Myrtle and the Happies telling exactly the same thing, about earthquakes and centipedes that I did to Mac and Net — and I'm mailing a letter to Jutie telling at. She repeated it in Ethel Peterson's letter too. You'll see.

I also told the Happies the description of Thai song which I note, and I've begun letters to D.K. and Gladys. Paul telling about that.

On this winter's winter and centipedes.

So I shall continue these things to other people too. I wish — wish I had a type writer — this whole marriage package would have been done in April hour if I had.

Please don't let me spend my $100 that Pa talks about in anything else until I've bought a
good typewriter when I get here -
I must have it, and what is more
I'm going to

The snapshots in this letter are
as follows
In Alta - the "Baby"
In Mac - two of Yang Khoi Pottery
you - the "Baby", "Hash Day" &
"Weighing Fish".

I have spent a lot of time on these letters, if
they are too bad - let me know - will you please?
Send to Arthur please, this letter, and the one to Ethel - for I told
him to send it on to her - you
may read both if you like.
My arch situation has been better, though I
still wear the support under it
and Dr. Marquardt says I shall
be very very fortunate if I escape
without having to get fitted to
an arch support to wear all the
time. I have been out playing
my tennis - two or three times
have walked the veranda with
Mrs. A. and been up to the Hill
Horse once with no painful
results - but long enough are
out of the question at present.

Much love

[Signature]
No. 67.

Dear Cousin —

Oh, ole! The boxes have come, and I wasn’t there to open, up all myself! But Miss Cullie sent a few of the things up, and there was some home smell about them even when they got here. She says the Thermos bottle is a beauty — won’t I be glad to have it? Sorry it didn’t come in time for me to bring it up here — but I’ll appreciate it next Fall. When I go out on the country trips with Miss Rollman — that I know Miss Cullie won’t want me to take, but that I know I ought because Miss B. A. Rollman and Mrs. Bates and some of the others say I ought to take — I can see a fight ahead already!

She sent a few little things that she thought I would want up to me here by Mrs. Page — who came Thursday — Hairpins, adhesive plaster, toothpaste and soap, sealing wax, and aspirin & quinine — and
that lovely little cake box of a sealing wax, also the clinical thermometers & safety pins.

She said the packages were in terrible condition when they arrived—covers torn & had been opened and jumbled up—evidently but things seemed to be in good condition—and all there except one of the 2 pkg compresses and the little gold pin she didn't see. I've written down immediately for her to look in the stockings as I think you said you pinned it into the stockings. She found a nail brush which was on neither list—and I find you have put "I comb" in the list—so you sent by letter—but not in the list that was on the box. I shall be able to tell you more definitely about things then when I get down there and see for myself. Mabelle didn't open the pkg. of ermine, she said—but I will open everything when I get down.

Oh—would say I'd better...
Not forget to say that I received your picture Dad— and I think it is just splendid— though not as good for me as the other one. This one would be a fine one to put in some dignified book or paper—if you should happen to publish an article on "The Nuance of Having a Missionary Father" or on "Why I want a Ford" (now don't slap me or poke your old finger down my neck—stop if I say!) Maybe I couldn't almost have wept with joy when those things arrived safely—I'm still very much excited about the pin—and as for the hat and the organdie well—you can perhaps—knowing my propensity for impatience—and also—my wicked love of finery—guess whether I am impatient to see them! And it awful? As to the black stockings—Arthur is a jewel to send them and the
pin (which you said came from Constantinople, didn’t you?)

Maybe you’d better not say anything to him until I let you know what Miss Culley says—I’m going to wait before I write & thank him properly.

I love to get a nice firm, self-respecting little box of anything—and when it contains sealing wax that is so extravagantly pretty and so precisely the exact thing that I have wanted—well—it hit a soft spot in my heart, you see!

Some people can put sealing wax on to lavender envelopes—but I’m not one that can—as perhaps you know—and so you can understand how I appreciate this.

Just that morning before the dog came I had got disgusted with the Chinese toothbrush I had—I had washed it with soap water and alcohol and peroxide three times—but it had got sour again and I couldn’t use it. The bristles are coarse anyway and not stiff—and they keep...
coming out - So I was desperate on two accounts - I couldn't get blacking into my shoes by just rubbing it on - you are supposed to have a brush but I didn't have one. I was also desperately sick of using a wooden brush that didn't work clean - so I dipped my toothbrush into the blacking box and now I have a fine shoe brush - I had bought another Chinese toothbrush with me but when I got that one from home you may be sure I castigated on it - it gets between my teeth and I am sure will lessen my dentist's bill (when I have to have it)

Well I'm not going through the list now - but you'll hear from me as I use the things. I haven't seen the lace samples - but please thank the givers - I know I shall be able to use them. MOTHER! I have summation to say unto thee! In view of what I have just been writing and the existing circumstances - do you think...
your conscience would possibly allow you to let me send you a box or so of writing paper (value 15 & 50¢) without your making immediate and full payment? And even supposing you hadn't sent me this beautiful box which I know means a shortage on your own shoes and hats & gloves and union suits—tell me—wouldn't you feel absolutely guilty to find a Chinese brass lock on a set of doll's clothes in the mail if you hadn't paid for it?

No foreign postage must change my little book of two and three cent stamps is as intact as I left the steamer almost short of fuel. I shall find use for them some time. And the dollar bill would bring so little in exchange that it wouldn't pay to send it any way. The bill that came in Mrs. Niles' things is waiting until someone goes to America to get me some things—or until I go myself. I shall want to save all the
I get until the American money I get. Until I can get the American money. I don't suppose anyone would think of sending you any money for me. But if they ever should, the thing for you to do is keep it until I let you know some need or until I get home. I think I shall ask Mr. Pihlsson to send his money to you, and then you can buy raincoat cloth to send me. I'll tell you about that later, though.

I thought I had mentioned that your silk coat but I'm not sure. It sounds extravagant, $47, or Mex 47, but you can tell people it cost me about $3, 50 gold. Though if you sent out money six dollars would not be enough to pay for it. That's because the missionary society gives us double. Mex 600 gold only.

The little Japanese card case. I haven't the figures here and don't remember at all what it cost. I haven't any opportunity to get things like that now when the feeling against the Japo is so strong, especially and they would be more expensive anyhow.
Stacy wanted me to get her some embroideries—and I haven’t been able to find anything. So at last I wrote to Mabel Bowell. She gets things up there in the interior much less expense (about 2/3 less) than we can—find she can get things that we can’t. Sometimes there’s Christmas. I’m going to have her get me some things and I want to send you some. I shall go in very steep though. I want to send some drawn work not that the boy is off—and am wondering whether you would want, have centerpieces, or collars or rummers, or waist—or what. May clothes maybe? But not cravels? or petticoats?

I have had to pay nothing on any of the packages I have received.

I have to laugh a crooked little laugh when you said that your blue plaid voile was the best des you had. Because mine is ugly a sight. I have strongly contemplated dipping it in a little blue dye, if I can get the kind you don’t have.
to boil - The black lines have faded some what - and the blue all out - and it is a dirty looking disreputable article - I had a good lot of wear out of it though. As I've observed before - clothes get much harder wear - out here and it is partly the dress's fault - not wholly mine - that there is such a big difference between your dress and mine - at the present time! (Honest po!)

The reason the silk coat so much is because this isn't the place to get it - Swatow is not a silk center at all. Before I come home I want to get a very heavy silk in a suit (not taffeta - more like poplin, maybe). If I do I shall have to send to Hsinchow or some other such place or wait till I go some where (on my summer vacation) where I can get things. I don't know any missionaries at those places and wouldn't want to bother them.

Did I tell you when I first came that Dr. Ashmore's another was a Sanderson? I had forgotten all about it - for he reminded me of it this last week - and said...
that he had mentioned the fact when I first came. His mother, Martha Sanderson (column) was the daughter of Daniel Sharpe Sanderson, a member of the Brookline (Mass.) Baptist Church (Dr. Jiffred's ch.) His great-grandfather's brother, Amasa Sanderson, was a Baptist minister who was in years pasted at East Jaffrey, New Hampshire. The map tells me this place is about as far from Greenville as Peterboro's only a little further south. And while this was all as many years before I was there, it is interesting to know Amasa Sanderson died about the time you were born, father. The Sanderson people in that branch have died out.

Moreover, I found out something else this A.M. Mrs. A. was speaking about Dr. Foster - and how he was just like all the other D. K. E.'s. "We say they are all the kind that push their selves forward - they have a boosting spirit and beat everybody else for wanting themselves in the lime-light. I said, "I have heard father say just that same thing - then a moment later. "My father is a D. U." "So is Bill!" So I jumped up and went in to congratulate him..."
"Well," he said. "We have good company — Charles Evans Hughes is a B.D., and a Baptist; and a Brown man. I got letters yesterday from Grace Lamont, saying she couldn't possibly think of being a missionary, and from Mrs. H.C. Thomas (I hadn't the slightest remembrance of her) of the F.B. Church in New York — who is this letter addressed to Miss Abbey of Syracuse?

"Writing to date if you could write us something about your mule. I know you are busy, we seem so far away and we have 30 new members.

My letter to the church Miss Prescott writes she sent to Mrs. Shaw to be duplicated, and I do hope she sent around — I'm going to write it as best I can, but I tell you it is a job to keep finding more things to write about — that are the suitable things, I mean. I put in a missionary letter — I am scared every time I think of it, that I dared ask the Bridgewater girls to send anything — It seems sort of cheeky, and I shall be so humiliated if they don't send anything (Ten is one they won't) I sup..."
Have you had any more letters from one H. A. Thompson?

Speaking of gems, here is one in a letter I had this week from Lillian Carson — "Grammy mothe myself and all send love to ym.

And as for Harvey, he is away but you know that he thinks of ym.

Don't you believe I feel pretty stuck up about that?

I don't believe I know a bit more about Bob's affairs than ym people do, if as much. I write him good advice — and he writes contrite humble aspirations to do better — but no information to speak of. Ask him when he is going to write me about his cruise — I'd rather hear about one or two trips in detail than in general about all, I believe.

But I can imagine he will be pretty busy with college by the time this message gets to him so I'll hope he has done it before now.

I must close this ridiculously long letter and finish up some of time I began last week.

Love to you all — Abbie
Oh dear me, just this minute had another earthquake. Shaking for a long time, and jolting hard three or four separate times. I'm just as shaky as I can be — I never will get used to them, so long as I live!!

I'm an awful coward, I know — but if you only knew what horrible things they are and how you can't help thinking every time that maybe the house is coming down on you! Oh dear me! It's just horrid, horrid!!
No 69.  Their long -  
Monday Aug. 25, 1919.

Dear Ones:

Do you suppose you can find anywhere a little complete calendar on a card this size? This one I have that fits in the writing case. I R. and the girls gave me -  It looks good after Dec. 31, 1919 - It had 1928 on one side - 1928 on the other, and I would like to replace it if possible - for another year at least - if it was big as the whole outside edge, it would still be usable in the pocket - and if it is smaller than the sample I could paste it on another back and use it - you get such lovely post cards to send me (where do you get them?) that you must be able to get calendars from the same place. Or, if you see any little calendar pads such as the August one above - these would do. This one is in a pencil clip which Miss Culley gave me - all twelve months one over another - under a little transparent celluloid. Aint it coo-ee?!

Your letter about the things from North Bennington has reached me - did you know the woman before? And how did she know about me? It's very nice - and I shall certainly be grateful enough. Its very nice - and I shall certainly be grateful enough.

In the same mail came Missions with the pictures of Miss Missman in the same mail same Missions with the pictures of Miss Missman - who is designated to Japan - why didn't Fong and Mr. Kernwath - who are designated to Japan - why didn't you mention that - and why didn't you mention it? Or did you know it?

Vernelle and Odette going to Burma! I've had hints of that before - but the actual knowledge is a head warmer - I must write to them. A letter from Miss Prescott tells me that she wrote to them. A letter from Miss Prescott tells me that she wrote to them. A letter from Miss Prescott tells me that.

I wish I had a typewriter! duplicate and send on - the actual knowledge is a head warmer - I must write to them. A letter from Miss Prescott tells me that she wrote to them. A letter from Miss Prescott tells me that.

If anyone asks you - I'm willing to have you tell them - too! Maybe I can save money enough to buy one and have Miss Culley mail it out when she comes back - ok?

Well - I have stopped studying, after all and my teacher has gone back to St. Louis - what will lack of
Some exercise on account of my foot, and not letting up at all on the eye strain. Dr. Everhame said I wasn’t gaining as I ought in the vacation time. My digestion was upset and my liver sluggish. I was put on a strict diet for a week and now I have to be careful about what I eat. I only studied a month and a half, you see, instead of the two full months I planned to study. I can’t imagine what a relief it is. But I’m glad I made the plans anyhow and now the rest of the time I can spend on nothing, letters, etc. I am trying to knit a little light-sweater from some pink yarn I got of Helen Reidel. She got it at the show last summer at forty a ball, and I couldn’t resist it when she said she decided to sell it. But it has four weeks without touching it. Maybe I can do something on it now. We are always needing a light wrap, and my yellow one is too loose and evening up for many occasions. My green sweater is thick and my white shawl too long and as well as thick. I have got used the white shawl a great deal in the winter, though—and are very glad I have it. I guess may I’ve said this before—

Marguerite passed her second exam last Tuesday. I don’t know what rank. But Dr. G. said she did very well. He was quite surprised. I am very glad—and hope she will be able to get a good rest. She didn’t take the characters well—My foot is very much better—don’t limp except when I walk. I had hoped they would show more plainly, than they do—so far as the color of material Mabel gave—gave me—my dress—never had the raffia hat that I made—it has one wire in it (around the edge) is lined with pongee—and trimmed with a matching ribbon which Mrs. Callahan got for me in Hong Kong—

Very much love—Abbie
No. 70.

Thai Song, Shanghai
via Chungking, China
Aug. 27, 1919

Dear Father,

Two articles in papers that arrived last night have so taken my notice that I have been trying to take extracts from them and send to you. They seem to be a question you asked about literary reform in China. But I felt I had to leave out anything so I think I will copy the article to give you a better idea of what wu different absolutely different men can write.

One is “Returned Student and Literary Revolution—Literary and Education” by Xu Jingming. Mr. Hua’s Review of the Far East. Published weekly at Shanghai.

“I have to thank your correspondent, S. H. Hu for giving me an opportunity to say something now which I could not do in the short article you asked me to write for the Review on the subject of this silly literary revolution.

“Let me in the first place, point out to your correspondent that my object in writing Shakespeare was to show how much the literary and educational Chinese was not in China, while the English and Chinese was not in time. We shall see that literary Chinese was not a fit as far as it was. I shall also be very much better medium for creative literary productions. I mean the same as classical Chinese, the literary as Chinese also a better medium for creative literary productions. The time of classical Chinese or far more Chinese than the time of classical English or far more Chinese. That was the time to understand your correspondent’s letter, Chinese English, which is surprised Chinese English was not point in my argument from which your correspondent’s letter makes not seem to understand.

“Your correspondent, far more English is more vulgar English, more vulgar English, and the way the English and the English are made to understand that the Chinese that is true that more bread and jam are consumed than the English and the English is not as delicious as the English and the English is not as delicious as the English and jam and that we should all eat only bread and jam.

“Last of all your correspondent complains that over 90% of the population in China are illiterate, because literary Chinese is hard to learn. It seems to me that instead of complaining, all of us, foreigners, militarists, politicians, and especially the returned students, who are now still
having such a good time. I hope China should get thanks to God every day in the lives. For the fact that 70% of the 450 million people in China are fully literate for that reason what the result would be for the 90% of the 750 million people to become literate. Imagine what a fine state of things we could have if we did.

Peking, the costumes, mandarins, chariots, carriages, shop boys, noblemen, scholars, and so on, could have games more like learned literate and wanted to take part in politics as well as the university students. It was said that recently the telegrams were sent to the Chinese delegations in Paris as the Chinese question. It was calculated at the number of telegrams that would have to be sent and the amount of money it would cost to send the telegrams, if the 70% of the 450 million people in China all became literate, and wanted to be active like the university students. Think again of the 90% of the 550 million people; they not only became literate but also understood English. English is a language that would be for the 450 million. It can happen that the millionaires in America would then be in a bad fix how to find the money to subscribe for the number of them stated, but in the buildings that would be required. In one thing of the 10% of the 750 million people were not only to be learned literate but also to understand English, one could not just look at the students would there have to take many steps. Like the book read, one would then not be able to say, like the French king, that one would see our friend clap because meeting and conferences and in our telegrams, a long letter each one... we are the state, China.
Posthumous deeds and parliamentary influence. Since their
names have made their appearance among the good peers
have disappeared. The Tung Chi, a famous soldier
at the court of the T'ang Ming by nature, also says of the
memory of his time. As soon as a man becomes a lawyer
or graduate or university student -- immediately it becomes
morally dependent. But the rage may one can so easily
say today. As soon as a good Chinese (ed. knows vulgar
Buddhism sufficiently well to be able to write a letter to
the newspaper) for Chinese immediately that he is
ethically dwarfed.

(Here he goes off on a tangent about Japan. I'll not quote.)

I want to say that I certainly consider it a
misfortune to be entering that when a Chinese student
is married in European rules, gets a degree from a
foreigner, or even a third class missionary university.
Chinese. He immediately

I quote for knowing enlightened English, the immediate

I denationalizes himself and throws away his political
but his moral nationality, and in

I denationalizes himself by abusing the laws of nature
and habits of foreigners. Becomes so ethically dwarfed
that he cannot even understand some aspects of
beauty and nobility of his own language in that
does not know the Jeunus. The greatest of the moral
and spiritual inheritance, as the Chinese, are not ethically dwarfed. Toward
In conclusion, I want to say that it is not good to hope to convert the English and move like my correspondent E. W. to my way of thinking that I have taken the trouble to write on the subject of this silly literary revolution. The reason is, first, I want to appear serious and thinking properly, to put the question in their consciousness. But that is not the question, it is a matter of mental growth. What is going on at the present time is that the Chinese people are writing, and the Chinese people are publishing. The next is the most valuable asset of all, the book. In the world, the most valuable asset is not the horse or the cow. If you put Chinese into a real Chinese and a Chinese person into a real Chinese, you will see the value of money and trouble in keeping order. In short, when once the 70% of the 400 million people are Chinese, your present work will be that of a Chinese person into a real Chinese and a Chinese person into a real Chinese. They will be the people of the world over the world, a great deal of money and trouble in keeping order. In short, when once the 70% of the 400 million people are Chinese, your present work will be that of a Chinese person into a real Chinese and a Chinese person into a real Chinese.
and (in your opinion) still sound and substantial. In the state of New York, for instance, there are instances where it is almost impossible to construct the most perfect aftercare facility due to the state's policies and regulations. Similarly, in other states where education is not as advanced, the situation is much worse. The state of Illinois, for instance, is struggling to provide adequate aftercare facilities. The state government is taking steps to improve the situation, but it is a slow process.

The American Civil War, for instance, is often remembered as a turning point in American history. It was a conflict that lasted from 1861 to 1865 and resulted in the abolition of slavery and the reunification of the Union. The war also had a significant impact on American culture and society. The aftercare facilities that were established during the war continue to serve as an important resource for veterans and their families.

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as Emerson says again, "Governments must always learn to live on the state of disquietude," as beings for nation or for single men.

And thus his article ends—Did you ever read such a mess of trash in your life? I kept on reading, at first, thinking it all must have been sarcasm or something. It would be funny, if it were not pathetic, ridiculous if it were not respectable. But I doubt not there will be an entirely different article in the next Review; and anyway it will be a lot of learning.

Aug 31] Before I finished copying this, Dr. Ashmore went down to Natchez and took with him his copy of the annual book "The New China," which contains the second article I spoke of. I mean to get it when I get down and send it to you. I promise you it is not like this one.

The English of Shakespeare is perfect! I want to, as English would say, to know about it. I will read it a mess this way. I should like some things to another without making any definite point. But Mr. T. is so declined I say anything about it. His ideas at 11.15 P.M. are foolish theories about education are just ridiculous. You may wonder why I am reading it to you, but it is to

I'm afraid it is in letters why the delegates wouldn't sign the League of Ten. It is in account of Shantung, of course. And it would surprise me greatly if the U.S. took part with Japan before you answer to this very
The paper tells us that U.S. is getting worked up to the fact that Japan is taking advantage of China and that China needs the help of some stronger nation. I hope to goodness we won't have war with Japan, but it wouldn't greatly surprise me if she should provoke us to that point. She is much like Germany in many respects, and it's curious to spread herself, of course. Do you hear much talk in America?

My foot is so much better that I took off even the adhesive plaster last night, and I'm not having any trouble with it so far. I'm enjoying very much my rest from study. I don't manage to get many letters written though.

Mrs. Allman came in the other day with her box of beads and beads to make a dress. I'm delighted with it now. Just before I got your letter telling about returning to old post and I had sent off a big bunch of letters by Chinese post.

To Gladys, Eunice, and Eva Sawtelle (?) Myrtle Clark, Lucy Montgomery, and some others. I thought you must get tired of having me send these, and you have to send one on. But I'm only too glad if it doesn't pine you too much. With the best and dearest love to you, Mother, and Father.

Elbie.