Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

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Folder label: AGS to family, from Thai Iong and Swatow, and from extended trip to countryside (81 page journal/letter begins from “The Gospel” Houseboat on the River Hang)

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Dear Mother:

Will this be too much of a dose, I wonder? 
You may be sorry you did say you would send them on! 
Here is the list of addresses and what pictures go with each one:

1. Gladys Paul and Eliot, Maine
2. Enclose Edias — and address it to them both, at Eliot.

   (No pictures.

3. Miss Alice Shaw,
   Hale House, Gettysburg
   6 Garland St, Boston

4. Mrs. L. A. Rugg
   East Bay, Maine
   Pictures: Tower, street in Thai long with A.9.5, Pong Khoi, Hair, was Culley field and A.9.8

   Boston.
   Pictures: Thai long, St. A. 9.5

6. Mrs. Helen Barrett, Montgomery
   (you know her address)
   (no pictures.)
7. Mrs. C. J. Paulson (Helen Plume)  
   8 Brooks Ave.  
   Arlington, Mass.  
   (no picture)  

8. Miss Maymie A. Brown  
   28 Brooks St.  
   West Medford, Mass.  
   (picture of me in Kakaduk)  

9. Mrs. Victor Pearson  
   Anthony St.  
   Seekonk, Mass  
   (3 pictures  
   Earthquake repair  
   Culley, Hildreth, Lewis  
   A. P. S. on steamer)  
   (Better have this one of Hilma's  
   say return in 5 days & Fairfax  
   and then if it comes back  
   send it to Montville care  
   Mrs. Andrew Rosewater)  

10. Miss Dorothy H. Webb  
    10 Maple St.  
    Concord, Maine  
   (No time to write on this or please forward. I need to  
   wade into Winthrop, Maine  
   (no picture)  

11. Mrs. Olive E. Jones  
    Minerva, N.Y.  
    (picture of party out  
    walking at their dogs)  

12. Arthur J. Sanderson  
   What do you know  
   about this for a list?
I borrowed Miss Marver's typewriter (she went down today and offered to lend it to me) and almost in the time it would take to write one letter long hand (copy it, I mean), I wrote the most of five, all alike (with carbon paper). These three I have finished up, and will send the other two along next week—I repeat—still going to have a typewriter before long!

In aaside you will notice a slight (!) hintness about these letters. But I'm getting desperate, and the time is getting short, and—why not? Most of these folks never see each other, and there is excuse enough for me if they do anything.

I have some more pictures to send you, but I'll wait till a less bulky letter to put them in. Very much love to you all,

Abbie.
Dear Mother:

How do often think a typewriter would be a good thing for me to have? And do you think it is all right for me to mention that fact in each one of my letters? I have done it yet you see.

It seems like a great many of practically nothing have been written letters or just sick tired of writing letters. I have reduced the nineties (at the beginning of the summer) to seventeen, and several of those I shall part of until later. I have already said to get these other ten out of the way tomorrow, but I just couldn't. I am worn thread bare of hours and can't think of any more thing to write. Ain't it awful? I will write a list of the
addresses for these letters:
(please don't worry - this delay
won't last forever -- i'm all
run out any way, and Mrs.
Ashmore is very anxious for me
to hurry up and finish my
letter writing so that i can
completely rest from it the
remaining week i'm here).

1) H. H. Garvin
2) Mrs. H. E. Thomas
   Howlton
3) Mrs. O. T. Giberson
   Presque Isle, Me.
4) Harriet Sanderson
5) Marion Garvin
6) Mrs. Charles F. Prescott, Bluehill
7) Peo H. Yeaton
8) Mrs. Ismay, Burlington
   Charlton, Mass.
9) Mrs. Robert E. Owen
   Dalsalboro, Me.

i know you will be glad

i to correct any errors or omission
that you see, and will
understand why i don't
stop to type with a whole
page over when i make some.
mistakes, moreover—I have told everybody that I was just learning, and that is a good way to emphasize the fact that I need a typewriter—to let em know I'm just tired enough as I don't care a great deal whether there are mistakes or not!

Come now—fero why don't you think I've read all these letters pretty well—after all, there isn't any much to them? I need a little encouragement—honest I do! I'll write that she wants to interest the people in her church to give $5 or $50 in dollars or something in China—I don't care. I won't care if she is a Chinese thing any way—and they are Congregationalists. Wish I did care!

Love to you all—Abbie.
No. 73. Shewao, China
Thur., Sept 10, 1919

Dear Mother:

Another batch and this the last for a while; don't you hope so? I'm afraid I'm getting skimpier— but letters to "Board" folks should always be short, they say—and so have made em so!

My room is all upset— I have three- longs or baskets packed ready to go—and shall find it quick work to pack ’em up the fourth one getting the diminishing off my chest this morning as I could pack the machine and have things to read this afternoon.

I've got down to mossing— I'm too bad to be at the end of such a lovely summer— and yet I'm anxious to get to studying again— I wish we could write a little note to Mrs. Colburne
saying that I have your most deeply beloved daughter so well treated means much to you—and so forth and so on—if it would be too much of a worry just forget that I said it and don't try to do it—I don't know that it would make a great deal of difference—and yet I'm sure she would be immensely pleased.

She has certainly given me the things to eat that I have needed—and I have had milk to drink—and simple food—regular hours—the one thing lacking was exercise and that thing she couldn't help of course. Oh yes—if you write—I be sure and say something of how I enjoyed matching my shots against hers in the game of Halma—which she taught me to play—it is something like Halma checkers—only much more fascinating—and I have...
got so I can beat her sometime now.

Oh she is very different from you in many ways—yet I am sure you would like her.

It has been splendid to talk with Dr. Ashmore too— and get a man’s viewpoint of some things. He hasn’t stirred me up the anarchistic things at all— but just has made me feel that I must not let anyone working with me even through over me in a way—run me to the extent of making me violate what my conscience thinks is right.

I have tried to keep my mouth shut—and Dr. Ashmore has been very discreet about saying things about people—yet I have found out that there are some people who “go too far” as he puts it in demanding
things in their own special work when they are more needed elsewhere. He didn't say hog exactly, but I know what he meant, and you can guess what he meant!

Swarlow (really)
Swarlow again

Sunday the 21st

All this time since I arrived—without getting these letters off to you. I've had a splendid trip down, and a letter from you and dad waiting for me—splendid ones—when I got here.

I've been getting my floor put down and sunning all the things I owned. It proved a poor plan to leave the floor up—because everything was so wet. And that nice hat you sent was put into the drawer of my wardrobe, and got all mildewed on one side of the brim. Isn't that a shame? But I've been able
to get the most of it out with lemon juice and its on the right side just where the trimming will be.

I'm going to save it for spring. It's a very becoming shape, I think. Though Miss Osburn says she would like it better if it didn't have that little turn-up on the side. I like that though. It will be very very useful. I'm also going to save that dainty dainty goods for spring, too! You have the best good sense, Mother. When your letter said lavender I couldn't seem to visualize the thing you had bought at all. The only thing I could see in my mind was a piece of goods someone here used to sell, a little while ago with plump little lavender and plum colored apples fairly staring at you from the cloth. Yet I knew
that was not the kind you would send! Moreover, it's not merely that those delicate little flowers are so pretty and exactly what I like—for blaz! I know from experience that they will be faded and gone in one season out here probably. But the crossbar of the background makes such a pretty dimity-like good in itself... that I can't hope, after the flowers are faded, that if the dress is made right I shall have a pretty white dress. And that is a good plan, I know, for the dress I had on—lace cloth—is pure white now—and I'm wearing with it a girdle made of the pink quilt-mill satin!

Well— I have spent a little time that I might have been writing to you—gloating over the things you sent. Confidentially let me whisper that the lace patterns were some of their old ones—but you must be sure to
tell the ones who sent them that I very much appreciate them and hope they will send more as they can.

At first I could not bear the thought of telling you that the one layer of the glass bottle of that lovely Theremo was smashed to smithereens! Don't it awful! Miss Culley looked inside and the inside layer was all right, so she thought in spite of rattling she heard inside that it was all right.

But I have just heard that one store in Swatow has just brought in not Theremo Bottles (though others may have them at high prices) but bottles for replacing Theremo jars - so though I hate like sixty to tell you yet - I know you would rather know and it's not so hope less as it might be if I can get a bottle for it.
They say it should have been packed in a wooden box, with more excelsion - I didn't dream they were such fragile things, did you? They are made of two layers of very thin glass, with the vacuum between - so I still have the inside layer which would hold liquid I suppose, but would not keep it hot or cold at all - isn't it queer that didn't break too?

Dr. Pulmore says you ought to insist upon getting tags from the post office - and then write a summarizing list (if too long to be itemized - right on the tag which should be attached to every parcel sent out of the country - on the flag Ruth Whitman sent - and on the box of candied grace sent, were such tags stating contents and value - This I avoids opening by the
customs—Probably they don't know about the tags at Fairfax. If not, you could get them at St. Albans or Burlington P.O. I should think.

Not anything else was broken—and if Miss Culley had known that the wardrobe was damp, she wouldn't have put the things in there. The hat was the only thing that was touched with mold—except that dear aristocratic old hat box of the Crawshays that you sent them in! I was so sorry that that had to be thrown out immediately. It was simply nasty with green mold! Most people say that light wooden boxes are the most satisfactory to send things in—

How have the things I sent reached you?—I mean the outside of the parcels—
you told about the wood—
Carvings being broken, but the other things though they were not injured—were they well done up when they reached you? You always do pack things so well that I'm sure they couldn't have been in such condition as Miss Culley tells about unless they had been opened.

I am beginning to take up my new duties. Yesterday I went over the three buildings in which our girls are housed and counted the number of beds and found out how many new ones can be put in. I think we shall have nearly room enough by crowding. About twenty girls have registered already—and there may be more to come.

Miss Ang and I will have charge of the choosing of beds at the opening of school and of the distribution of work that the girls all have a share in. I can see that it won't be as easy as it might be—because while...
the will really have change - yet it has to be noted so as to appear that I have the head charge of the boarding department. It will take more time than I'll want to spend from my study, I'm afraid.

Beginning to-morrow, I study from 8.30 to 10.30 with Nui Pi Ch'iu, the teacher I had before, then from 10.30 on I have with Miss Ang over at school. Arranging school affairs when it is necessary and studying for the exam when I don't have school affairs. From two to four P. M. I shall have with Hsing Sen-rik as before. I am very much afraid I shall not be able to take my examination within a month, as I had hoped. I shall not try to force it through. for I would rather get what I get and get it solidly than to do it poorly and be all upset over a poor examination. The work is much harder this term anyway, and I really can't hope for another "Excellent" - I fear - I shall try to do the best I can though - and please don't be too
disappointed if I don't get such a good mark.

Tomorrow with Miss Ding I am to begin preparing my little speech to the girls on opening day (Wednesday) telling them about my hours to see them - and their work in the dormitories, etc. I shall be scared to death to get up and talk, actually, in Chinese - before all those hundred girls - It's appalling to think of!

Did I tell you that I took my turn all summer praying in Chinese at morning worship? That was very hard to do, before Mrs. Ashmore! Harder even than it was to make explanatory comments on the scripture reading (I led the worship after Mrs. Ashmore came down to Swator).

Mrs. Ashmore is charging me only a dollar a day for board, which is less expensive than last summer and I'm sure didn't pay for the things we had - she wouldn't have it otherwise - though...
it otherwise, and since I know they are abundantly able to do whatever they want to - I am glad the expense is small for me. For I can tell you I am about as close for money as I ever hope to be. I'm afraid I shall not be able to send any home this year. I have found out that it isn't considered honorable to send home drafts from here, any way - because that is 'earning money' on the Board. For instance if I want you to have $25 I should send to the Board and have them send you that amount which would cost them only $25. However, if I let them send that $25 out here it costs them nearly twice that amount, since exchange is so low - and I have left the $20 or so which I have "earned off them." Do you see?

In a way I think we ought to have the whole say of how we can do with our money, and yet
It has to be money out of the Board's pocket or out of ours - and I suppose they would consider that if we bought drafts that way that we would be managing to get more than the correct amount out of our salaries. Kind of mixed, isn't it? So don't tell anybody more than you have, that I sent it - for I suppose the Board wouldn't like it. I was entirely innocent when I sent it, though, so my conscience is clear!

Your letters were the ones about the foulard ("texture like a veil") dress and we have shrieked over "patiently hooking" and "patiently unhooking" and the immoost two inches of man's instep showing!

The little Constantinople pin is a beauty. Did he tell you whether he got it in a shop, or Bazaar, or how? Very much love to you all.

Abbie.
P.S. I sent a letter direct to Ammie.

Olancha - because it said something in it which pertained to my mother, and which that mother didn't need to hear. Because it wouldn't be nice to overhear intimate little confidences, don't you see? I didn't say anything bad about you, mother dear.

I wrote to Grace Patton and sent it direct because it would be foolish to send it to you and have it before it come all the way back to San Francisco and I wrote a letter to Grace from and sent it direct because I thought she would feel better not to think her personal affairs were handled by anyone else.

Thus I finished up my list of letters pretty well, but shall have to write to Della and to Mrs. Shaw and one or two others soon. The weight of that burden is off my shoulders for a little bit, though.
Dearly Beloveds:

Well, things have been happening this week. I can tell you! So many other things have come up since I got down from Thailand that I have forgotten to say anything about Anna Foster. She and her mother were both better when we got down here and that same week she went up to Kuitung with Evadney Aston, our nurse, who had been taking care of her. Dr. Braungrin, the post doctor, says that Anna's lungs will not get well unless she goes home to America. Dr. Everards and Dr. Haynatt (a lady of the priest mission) both thought she could by going to Kuling - so Dr. Braungrin was very anxious to have further consultation with Dr. John Foster - who arrived in
friends as good apart after a few years! She hasn't kept in close touch with a single one of the same ones that I have — asked me if I ever heard anything nowadays about Idella Tanneau and Gladys Paul! Well — it isn’t because they are my half-sisters and it? In fact the Chi Omega girls have been slacker about writing them most of the others; Eva Pratt did send me a school paper — but never a word since I’ve been in China has she written to me — so I don’t even know whether she got the little crocheted dog I sent her Christmas or the wood earings!

Well — I started to say that the Torens are making a very quick trip here — they had to leave this morning —
(Sunday) and go to Hong Kong in order to get a boat back up the coast to Nanking so they won't be too late for language study.

It was good to see them, of course — and rather a revelation to find how folks do grow apart. They are going to Thang Shao, after a year at Nanking — under the Rockefeller foundation. Affairs. As they are not even under our mission, you see. Our common interests all seem to be past once!

Yesterday I received a note from Mrs. Colonel Gale — and a nice little helpful saying booklet, which I was to read and pass on if I liked. She said that she couldn't quite remember the faces of you and father — and didn't remember me at all but when I came home on furlough we must make up for lost time, and she...
Hopes to meet me in her home. Isn't that lovely?

It was all in her own hand writing, too. She certainly is one who takes a personal interest in missionaries, isn't she?

She asked if I remembered Mrs. Hatman of Montville!

And went on to say that she was seriously ill, with no hope of recovery.

What a tragedy for Gladys and for them all! I wonder all about it and if it is a long or a short sickness.

Presumes you know all about it by now - I am going to write Gladys just a little note - even before I find out anything further.

I do hope you opened Purtle's letter of Sept 25.

If he wasn't there - or that he has sent it on from you to read - it tells about my
getting started in the
work at school and about
the Long Than Hêng people
who visited me when they
were in here at the convention.
It is very freeing to have
the country people come in.
In the evening met the
eighty year old convent
from Buddhism and she
said in her funny way—
"I was hunted in the kín-kín
(tall-tall) one—but I hunted
everywhere and couldn't see
her! I and was afraid that I
wouldn't see you, Ronnie! You
must go 1 time (cast away)
me this way!"

Anna came down again
from Kikyang Saturday for the
consultation and will probably
go back again Tuesday.
Don't yet know what all is to be
done about them.

Much love to you—
Dear survivors,

Friday when I came home I took a little vacation on the sea. I got back in time to mail a letter. I hope you received it.

Sincerely,

[Address]

Fairfax

Vermont

U.S.A.

[Postmark: Shanghai, Oct 9, 1917]
But lack the time to write a letter. Saturday was the day I meant to go Swanton to look for things that might sell. I haven't been to Swanton since I came down from Thai Long, except once and that was Sunday to church. I'm so busy keeping germs out of my throat that I haven't had time to get to the big city.

Mail goes now —

Love
A.G.S.
Oct. 18, 1919

Bless your dear loving heart, Mumsie—That's what I say to myself when ever I'm looking at those snapshot you sent of yourself— I guess you must have known I was in especial need of your help just now—as just thought you would send yourself along to me—

Yesterday I sent to you the first piece of drawn work that I bought for you some months ago before I went up to Thai Long a tray clothe, I shall want to send you more things when I can, and when I find out whether you would rather have coffees coffee table & sideboard things—Wnest a what—We couldn't send any drawnwork at all when the war was on, I'm furnish—Wnest it guess that just two or three days before I received—
your picture, I had had these taken to show you what my pongee dress is like. And one is a front
the other a side pose, the same as yours. Isn't that funny. They are not very good of me - and not very plain
of the dress either - but you can see where the beaded
designs are and something of what the design is like.
The beading is in two shades of rose and two of green.
The other picture is a snapshot of the dress as it came
from the tailor's. The blouse didn't fit at all, and
though it doesn't look so bad in the picture as it might yet I couldn't wear it. So since I had goods left
I had the other jacket made - the first one is now
packed away in the drawer - I shall get it out and
fix it sometime when I have courage, ambition, etc.

But in spite of so much introduction I haven't
said a word to you yet about the thing that is on
my heart.

Sunday Oct. 12.

Right there I was interrupted and haven't had another
minute since to write. I'll plunge at once into the middle of things.
Thursday noon I went over to Mrs. Sellman's house - in response
to a note from her. She was delegated by the reference
committee as a member of the language committee
to ask me what I was doing! It seems that because I
had been going over to school to study an hour with
Miss Clay some of them thought I must be teaching, and
thought I ought not to be bound down here at
Notchick - but ought to get out into the country. So
they sent her to ask me. I said, "Studying five hours a day, and
helping a little bit with the dormitory oversight -"
"How much are you teaching?" "Not any at all!"
My. I tell you I'm glad I wasn't teaching any-
for if I had been, she would have reported it
to the reference committee and they would have-
come and told me I should not! Then she told me
that the reference committee had told her to express the
opinion to me that I ought to get away and go out
into the country. Would the responsibility at school
keep me from it? I said I would be delighted to
go into the country, had been planning on it, and
could see no reason why my little responsibility should
keep me from going. I had said as the first time she
asked me, because it was just at the beginning of
school, and I thought it wise to be here. Well-
as far as good. But then she said, well—How about
going out with me next Tuesday? (Well, to tell the
truth I have been anxious to get my next exam off as soon
as possible, for this term's work is wickedly long and hard.
I think it is cruel to try to crowd so much into one
six months and expect anybody who finds the language
a little easier than some do, to get it into five. The
other day I was talking with Madelle about my exam—and she said "Why don't you take it now?" I hope
she didn't see how rattled I was—for I really think she
was wholly meaning to compliment me. But from the
last of April to the first of October isn't much more
than five months—with one whole month out for vacation
that leaves four—and it exaggerated me to have her
expect me to do in four months—this hardest part—which
no one takes in less than 6, and which a good many
people take seven or eight for! That is pushing me just
a little too hard. But all the same you know how we humans do some how take pride if we can happen to do a thing quickly and well (Am I right?) so I have been planning to see if I could get my exam off in about 3 weeks more. The end of October. So much for that depression from the subject!

If I should go away for these next 3 weeks I would be away from school the first time that the girls ask to go away end of the 1st month after beginning of school. They all told me once a month only. I knew Miss Culler wouldn't dream of leaving me now. But my going away for two whole weeks at a time, I didn't think myself that I ought to really with the responsibility in the school. But here is the pinch. Nobody asked the language committee if I could do work in the school and some of the folks on the language committee Miss Culler didn't object to anything about going into the country—and the way I told her about things I tried not to antagonize her against my going or against me and guess I succeeded. You see the whole reference committee knows about the way she pushes and demands things. They have been nagged until they are sick. Some of them say—and they don't like to have people set their own opinions up against that of the whole mission. They knew it might be hard for me to get away with Miss Cullers permission, so they
It is work to make it possible for me to go without her consent. She didn't raise strenuous objections, though I can't tell you I know she was doing some pretty tall thinking! When I spoke about going next week, I knew from her first words that she would never approve of my leaving school so soon. She pretended to say that my exam was the whole reason and I knew she wanted me to get it off before Helen Fielder goes home the last of Feb. Taking out the month vacatio that would mean doing a year's work of strenuous study in nine months. I was ready to try my best, and hustle along, and it really did seem the most important thing just now to get that exam off! So I went to tell Miss Sullivan that if I went on this trip I could go for only ten days. For I felt I must get the exam over. Then I discovered that she was especially determined that I should go on this trip just as determined that I should not! Then I puzzled within me, you may be sure. You know of course from things in this summer's letters, that I have expected this lack to come — and here it is in full force! This trip includes some of the most important places in the field — and I surely ought to have a chance to see them. Miss Sullivan wouldn't be going again for a year, at least, and by that time I will be way out of sight in my work. Miss Calley thinks that the work right here is the important thing for us — and that we can
go out into the country later—any time; Miss Fielder came along while Miss Rollman & I were talking and her opinion was asked. "By all means go: you can take your exams later." But Miss Fielder goes home in February.

"What of it—you language study won’t be off there and don’t go into the school then." "They, Miss E. is planning on it." "Well—let her plan something else, then—this going into the country is just as important as getting your exams over. Miss E. is very strongly criticized because she doesn’t know the Chinese people. She wouldn’t go into the country and she makes a good many decisions which the Chinese disapprove. We don’t want you to make the same blunder."

Well, then Mrs. Rolman came along and had some more to say just like the rest. I tried to tell them that I knew I ought to go into the country—but the question was—was it wise to leave my exams as that I would have to study after I got into my teaching? I might not have a soon opportunity to go into this particular place—but I never again would have the opportunity of getting language off before my teaching work begins."

Of course I knew there was a pitched battle out about the matter—and was naturally a little excited. But I felt as though none of them could see my point of view—and would feel if I stayed at home I study. that I was simply afraid of Miss Culley. And it upset me a good deal not to have anybody understand me. Miss Culley would stand out against the whole—
mission for what she thinks is right, and as naturally she wouldn't understand why I wouldn't be willing to do the same. Moreover, she is principal and feels it her special duty to train me to fill her place while she is gone—in the same way that she would do it. Well—that is not possible. So Miss Culley says, "You can't fill her place—couldn't if you tried—and no one wants you. You will make your own place for yourself." So I knew Miss Culley couldn't understand my position.

Thursday night I slept but little—but after midnight, just before I did drowse off, I had made up my mind to talk with Mr. Ashmore. I felt that he would, at least understand—and see my point of view—and if he could then he would explain to the others and I could stay at home until after my exam. Please Miss Culley and not displease the other folks. For you know how miserable I am when there are folks around that I know have bad feelings towards me! So when I decided in the middle of the night, not to worry any more about it—but just trust the Lord to tell me—by means of my talk with Mr. Ashmore, what to do—then I went off to sleep a sleep until morning. Just after breakfast I went asking Mr. Ashmore if I might have a few moments talk with him. Any thing that morning I went over and saw him from 8:15 to 8:30. Oh, but I do admire him! I felt almost immediately that he could see my point of view—unquestioningly—and that he had a great deal of sympathy with me in my problem—well, we did not mention Miss Culley at all, only her—But she did not agree with me—and thought I would never be sorry if I went on this trip. So one section of my
problem was solved— in a different way from the one I had almost expected—and rather hoped. But I still had to tell Miss Culley and that was hardest of all. I feared her great disapproval—and was prepared for a possible flare-up. She is quite capable of them—and just now especially in getting more and more in need of the home rest. I wonder how Mrs. Jones knew she needed a nurse—did she say? She does all right! So I simply told her that I had found after a good plain talk with Mr. Colman that the mission was agreed I should go into the country. The oldest ones have advised me to go in this particular trip and the math of the whole station would be on my head if I didn’t take it. She didn’t flare up but once—and only a little. She said “Not one in that Committee knows what it means to keep up a standard of a school like our girls” —and they don’t know what it means to oversee our English department like one (we are hoping to get a new maker for English—have eabled) but just then Miss Colman had suggested for that position the Eurasian nurse of one of our community families—it was impossible about—and that was the reason what I didn’t want you to have them decide—what matters you should go into the country just this minute. I wanted you to decide that for yourself—it is a matter between yourself and God—and if you want to stay and get ready in your reader—do it. Then I said right off, “I can’t that’s just what I cannot do. I had too of repeated advice before I came to follow the advice of the elders missionaries to ignore this counsel just now. In the thing—I would hardly dare face Miss Prescott this fall! (Have you heard that Miss P. is visiting the Far East now? She has already arrived in Japan and will be here in November. She is sent by the Interchurch world movement to study girls’ primary and middle schools.) Then I went on to tell her that I
I had prayed about it of course and that I trusted to understand—trusted that she knew me well enough to know I was sincere in what I had decided, and that I simply could not do otherwise. Well she couldn’t say anything after that. She nodded her head that she knew I was sincere— and we said very little more about it. I know she is terribly hurt, but doesn’t know of anything to do but acquiesce as gracefully as she can.

She kissed me goodnight, as usual.

During the pros and cons she said some things which it would be wise not to let the ref. committee hear. “Oh— you don’t have to do that just because the ref. comm. voted it.” And she cited several cases of people this had not done what the ref. comm. voted— I said I didn’t want to go against their wishes unless I had. You see she is accustomed to have things her way, and she will have things as she wants them, regardless. And of course— what Miss Rollman wants, she rarely approves.

I have tried to find out whether she has disapproved of me in any way. I mean— I’ve kept my eyes and ears open! The only criticism I know I heard just yesterday, while I was gone to Hope she told Helen that if people had music lessons to give, they ought to stay at their post and give them— not go gadding off into the country. Well, before I went I asked her about the music and she said, all right. But the fact is, she was so mad because I was off with Miss Rollman and under Miss Rollman’s influence. That also simply had to spit some of it out. I knew she didn’t like my going very much but I felt it was policy.
Oh, how! They say that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Charles Boucher says, however, that He does nothing of the sort. Instead, He makes the lambs good grain again quickly so that of itself it will be able to resist the storm. That's the way I feel - just grateful all the way through for the things that are happening to make me stronger. I feel almost as though God has tempered the wind in this case. One reason, I'm sure, is because I have known this world come - and for a long time have been praying for light about it, that I might be wise to know what was right, and that the matter might somehow be settled matters fiction. Of course, Mr. Calley thinks that the Reference Committee voting thus has scared me and I don't dare do otherwise. And while that might perhaps, be a part of the truth - yet I want to go out into the country - have been any sins to do it, and wondering how...!! And you can see the matter thus took up has made it very much easier for me - hard as some parts of it have been.

It is very wonderful to me how this thing has brought God nearer to me. I have felt the need of Him so much, and so often that I have talked with Him more often than before. I know I should have fewer little worries and big ones, if I could only keep close to Him! That is where I fail. I am sure that a good many times I have been shown what to do and to say - because someone else was praying for me. And now when you write so often tell of the many times a day when you think of me, I am still more sure. I know you will not cease to do so. This verse has been appealing to me with a new meaning for me in it: "Except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman maketh but in vain. It has seemed to
stand out by itself these few days—almost like a note of warning and courage. It has come to my mind again and again and somehow has been a great help. For some hour I felt helpless to "build" my "city," and dependent utterly on the Lord to "watch" and "build."

I must stop—it is nearly 10.30 P.M. and I have much to do tomorrow. We are not going until Wednesday, however.

Hope Luttrell has had a good vacation trip—and that Arthur is well started in his studying by now. You may tell them both from me that I think they have been shamefully neglecting the charter—an injury of the family. I haven’t had a letter from either of them for ages!

This topsy-turvy letter is rather a mess—but I hope you can make some head and tail to my difficulties, wars, truces, perils, etc. And it carries to three very dear people: my whole heart’s love.

Your own and only

Abbie
Dear Folks -

Did you ever know of anyone quite as stupid as I? I sent you a card a week ago saying that I had put it in the mail because I had been laid up a bit, that yesterday my mind was as filled up with other things that I forgot & explain. Moreover, I was too anxious to get that letter sealed up - (it better be, I guess) - that I sealed it without putting in the picture I spoke of or anything. So I'm beginning this letter right off to you now - and will finish it as I have opportunity.

My being sick was a funny thing. I had evidently eaten something that disagreed with me. But the first thing that disagreed with me, just before dinner, I went to the hospital and had my throat painted with something that disagreed with me. I had not begun to study in the hospital and had not been at my dinner. I had just begun to study in the P.M. when I felt nauseated and as faint and dizzy that I had to stop. That night I continued the same way. Lying down I was all right, but when I sat up I got faint. The next morning I was as well all through my stomach and bowels. As I was in typhoid fever, and had a terrible backache - medicine helped. I stayed in bed all day Saturday I was dressed but ate nothing. I have been careful ever since not to eat too lightly - and I've been careful ever since not to eat too many kinds of things, and not too many fried things. Whatever I had eaten evidently violently disagreed with me, and the gagging upset my stomach so still more food wouldn't digest. My throat has been up and down...
better and worse, ever since I came down from there. Long
my digestion is all right now - and my throat much better.
I can hardly sing one hymn through without making it
feel bad, however - and shall have to keep up gargling.
My arch seems to be behaving pretty well - and I hope I
shall not hear from it again.

To tell the truth, I have no doubt that this
title upset has influenced Mrs. Hamilton. At least in thinking it would be just as well for me not to exert too much strength to study and to worry
about my exams. Miss Pollman said the other day "Well,
none of us are worrying about your getting the language."

Saturday I went to Swatow and got a few things I
send you for a sale if you want them for that - if not use
them for presents. I'm adding a few other things that I
have. I want to get the box off to you today if it is at all
possible.

I am sending some silk tassels which were made by a
woman in the woman's school who is earning her way.
I got the silk in Witing, but they say you can get it in
Swatow now - the tassels were made by our own girls -
The little baskets I picked up
to help pay their own tuition. I'm sending five fans - and two
silver rings - one of which is to be kept for partner for Christmas.

I'm also sending a necktie and a handkerchief for him. The
necktie I got when I first came out - and have been

the "squashish" (spag) one better - let him have that.
You can show them to him - but let him think they
are both to be sold - then keep out the one he likes best.
As if it is easier just to tell him outright - and not to wait until Christmas - as matter.

tell me I already said tatting - I don't need to say it again.

You'll want to know prices. The rate of exchange is so nearly even that if you charge about the same as I paid, it ought to be about right. (Add postage, of course)

So the values of the contents of the box for sending is

2 rings @ 40 c. 80
(2) pairs with clasp @ 20 each 40
(one of my girls is earning by ioiting the characters)
2 black fans @ 21 40
I ivory stick fan
4 baskets @ 15 60
1 half silk
1 necktie
10 double tassels @ 15 150
2 5/4 yds christening@ 12 30
3 3/4 yds plain ring @ 10 38
3 yds daisy @ 10 30

7.04

It comes up, doesn't it? I was intending to send
2 yr. match, as you suggested. Now remember, I'm sending all this to you - and if you want to have some of it go for a church sale - all right - but whatever you want is yours first. If you want more tassels swap a bit of the silk to show the colors. The tops are always those green colors. That is the theme of it!

Very much love - Abbie.
Dear Sue:

Off on the country trip at last - and I am so glad - to be sure, Miss Culley very kindly disapproves my going - and thinks I am a weak little novice - and to do what "other" people tell me to. She wanted me to decide in myself to do what she thinks that I should do! She is too disinclined to say very much, but I am afraid she will make remarks to the Chinese - discredited me, saying that I am heedless in the school. I then decided I had something else to do. Maybe she won't - but I have an uncomfortable feeling that she is all stirred up against me. It may be partly my imagination for she doesn't say much, but...
she is too silent on the matter—

if she felt all right about it
she would say more.

Edith, Traver, and Miss Culley were talking about the Junior Sunday service; Miss Culley was asked to take about the music, and she said that she couldn't. Miss Traver said, "Abbie was going to be here; she wants the job."

"Abbie, why couldn't you be willing to do it when Abbie wanted and managed that way," Trabelle answered. "What else can we do if one woman is gone? If it is so important, why can't we be here? Better have her stay at home and not go out into the country!"

Edith said, "No, that wouldn't do at all." All the houses I cannot help thinking about it. And it worries me to know barriers up between me and my closest fellow workers. I feel there is something the barrier between me and all older missionaries in our mission."

But then, I think, it is "The Lord builds the city." It will come all right in the end."
Mrs. Adlumore was the first one to say, "I shall miss you." She said it several times — and then again today, she added: "I don't see you often, but I know you are here and I could see you any time. I went over to your house." And she said some other nice things. Peggy, of course, professed that she would know how to get along without me for two weeks and if it should be three weeks! Oh, dear me!!! Helen said today she would miss me — and Edith and Margaret each said so. They all were very much pleased that I was getting on in this trip — and I have no qualms about it being the first time in my life — whether it will prepare a hard task for me along some line a little later — I don't know.

The night was a beautiful starlit one after the past few days rain which delayed our starting and traveling in the mist. The longboat is a slightly different proportion from journeying on a steamer river boat. We are in a large comfortable room with six windows and a door, a bed on each side (2) a —
good sized table (at which we ate supper and at which I am now writing); two chairs and an organ. A large and my big suitcase containing clothes are under my bed; Miss Shipman's things are under hers. Along each side of the boat are little deep drawers, in which we have writing material, books, shoes, comb and brushes, and things that we want to use right along. It is travel day, I can tell you! We are as snug as bugs in rugs. The sun has just been in getting home; home in the night, and I'm sleepy already though it's only eight o'clock. It is 10 p.m. good night and get a good rest for a day's traveling in the village of ladies in tomorrow!

Oct. 17.
If I'm not too sleepy I can tell you a little about the good visits we have had today. In now 7 P.M. and we have just finished dinner again and I was so hungry that I ate ravenously. I'm naturally rather tall now! Well, now if you had been walking to and fro all day with only a light lunch at noon— would you be ready to partake of a
Here piping hot meal consisting of scalloped corn, mashed turnips, mealy sweet potatoes? He had fresh cucumbers, too, with pepper, and whole wheat bread and butter, then tea and cake, and for dessert fresh juicy persimmons, pungent refreshing pomegranates and delicious bananas that were just exactly ripe. Is it that a dinner fit for a king? I wish you were here to enjoy it with me; though I'm sure you would make a pig of it just as I did!

I told Mrs. Gollman Mother, how fond you were of most of the things we had to eat. I knew you could enjoy it in the utmost though, because we are on a boat and although the motion is very slight yet there is a little— and you would be so sure you were going to tip out of one of the two big two windows that you wouldn't know whether you had scalloped corn or tasty bread set before you!

Oh it was lovely though. The river is as quiet— and the oar men pole so steadily, walking back and forth two on each side.
The boat; the bamboo on the banks are that same lovely feather fringe, although now it is so dark outside that the banks are the dimmest of outlines only.

This morning we had breakfast soon after seven, and before 8.30 we had finished Chinese worship with the boy, the steersman and the boatman — and we soon started along. Before we got to the village of Pe N Pin we were met by the younger of the two new Bible women who are out on their trip. She would have started out in an hour or so to go to Dwatoo to see if sickness had kept us up! Evidently the rains were not as hard in here as at Nochinh.

At the Irao chapel about twenty children were studying in a room which had no ceiling except the entrance to the inner court yard — and the door from the street. Such a dark dismal place. No wonder people are not eager to come and listen! It was very nice and clean though, partly, perhaps, because they knew the Ronnie were coming!
The preacher, of course, is the school-teacher. Miss Collman tried to get his wife—who has a child of six—to come in to the Woman's School to study. She seems as very nice little woman, and I hope she will be able to go. However, her husband told Miss Collman that before long, she would be carrying another little child, so the prospect is rather bad.

One of the first women I saw in the chapel this morning was an old little old lady who at first glance reminded me of the late Smith. Something about a gesture written in her whole ares. Her intent gaze, when she looked at me, and her wide pleasant smile, I think! She went insiting with us all day long.

Here is an interesting story: she came to the hospital in Nakhchivan and was converted, as well as several of her relatives. But when she returned home her husband was greatly displeased, and scolded her and beat her. Still she persisted, in the face of many persecutions, even—
had almost nothing to live on.
Her husband went away to foreign
parts and sent her no money
when he found she persisted in
worshipping God. But she prayed,
and kept on praying. Mrs.
Waters had told her that if
she prayed as way would
be opened just as it was for
the children of Israel. She
enough the field of her—her
only provision, that year yielded
enough caravans of rice; the field
had never been practically
barren. That was her way opened
in her! When her husband
found she was persistent, he
began to send her money and
not long ago he came back to
her. He was sick and was
cured by medicine which a
preacher from Swatow gave him.
He heard the Word at the same
time and now he has become
a Christian. Thus man had
been praying. Doesn’t that
make you ashamed of the little
faith that you, the enlightened
ones, have? She is as happy that she
told everybody along the road
who we were, and what we
are live in China for.
are here in China for!

We visited three villages in all, stopping at the chapel for our lunch. And when we got out our nice egg sandwiches, I couldn't repress a wail of dismay — for the napkin in which they were wrapped was alive with diminutive black ants. Fortunately very few of them had reached the inside of the paper to, so we ate them (not the ants, but the sandwiches!)

If dirty, horrid flies or other vermin had got into them, we would have gone hungry, I fear, for we wouldn't dare take any risks out here in the country where people don't know there are such things as germs and wouldn't believe it if they were told.

In the afternoon we visited and tried to encourage one woman who, for some reason, has been a widow. When she was first widowed, she was so precipitately unhappy that she traveled about from temple to temple — worshipping all the different idols. One day
she called Miss Collman into her house and told her she was a Christian. Miss S. didn't know her, and thought at first she must be a Presbyterian convert, but found out that she had been going to your chapel for several times. Miss Collman asked her then had led her to be a Christian, and she said, "Nobody."

Then the story came out. She had finally decided, after much prayer, many prayers, that there must somewhere be a true God who would give peace to her miserably distressed heart. So taking in two little boys by the hand one day she set out, with one fixed idea — to find the true God. Pacing on chapel, she heard the singing, and was drawn to go in and listen. And during that first time she heard she didn't understand what the preacher said, but when she went in she felt a peace in her heart. And somehow told her she had come to the right place to find the true God. Just now
she has been helping in the family - and a part of the work included keeping the store open on Sunday - with this drawback she has not been attending church as regularly as she ought. She has not been well either, and she realizes that she hasn't done right but is somewhat discouraged. I have a feeling that our visit and the talk there with her today will do just about no good!

Now I must tell you about how we got back to the boat tonight. We walked this morning about a half hour, in fact before we got any where. And we walked all though the villiges and around all day - but we had a little treat at the end.

From Swatow to Tshing Hai is the queerest little railway I ever saw. I have been told little cars carry a house top in Swatow and I have never been very near one like one and of course never before I have ever seen the name "Napaum Hearst Convenient Machine." You can believe they are not very heavy when I tell you that the way empty cars are switched to make way for
on the passenger cars in being lifted off the track (two rails about two feet apart) by the motorman—engineer—conductor—on whatever you call him. There is room for four in each car—two seats back to back. And the "motorman" furnishes the power by pulling from behind. When enough speed is gathered he jumps on the tank and we have a joyous ride along coast for a little way. It seemed like a private little electric trolley and quite the most rapid thing I've ever seen. I came to Chicago Miss Sullivan had never ridden in one before and she says she is sure they could beat the Chicago Elevated. He traveled nearly two miles in seven minutes. About halfway we met another car with passengers. We all stopped—we got out and changed, and then each car started off in the opposite direction from which it had been traveling—"Right Convenient Machine!" well that is certainly a good name for it. Featherweight would fit, too. I tell Miss Sullivan, I wish I could get a picture of one. Good night again, and sweet dreams!
Oct. 18—

Nearly eight o'clock already and I haven't begun to tell you anything about today yet! We were late in retiring last night, so made up our minds we would go to bed early tonight. It would take us until long past 11 o'clock to tell you just a little about all the people I saw today— or too tell you all I know about the ones we spoke to tonight! And I'm already at the nodding point already. I ate a huge supper—shrimps fried in batter, white potatoes, fresh tomatoes with good salad dressing—a little rice—whole wheat bread—tea—and for fruit part of a luscious custard apple. Some punch and half of a performance. I saw every day many little naked boys whose toes and fingers are as big as all the rest of their bodies. We never that means they have reached an advanced stage. I know Miss Sullivan last night that I felt the same way that the little boy's tummy looked. And tonight the same, only
all the way up to my neck, instead of just my tummy.

Last evening Miss Sollman told me a good deal about Mui Siang Che, the first Christian woman in Theng Hai. While we were traveling in the boat towards Theng Hai, we stopped during the night and were on our way again at 5:30. This morning we had a long walk into the city and arriving at the chapel, found that the Bible women had not come yet. They came before long though, and after we had seen the upstairs and the downstairs and all the little rooms of the chapel, which is a newly bought and newly arranged place, by the way, we went out to call on Mui Shui, the first of all. A darling little girl of six whom is Mui Siang's daughter (by her second wife in the home), took us from the Chapel to her home. She is twelve years old, and is coming to Theng Hai to school. Then she is going to study and graduate, and be a teacher and earn money — and then she will buy a pretty bracelet! She's a sweet little lady — and I tell you, she is just the kind we want in school.
Mrs. Sia yö's husband heard the doctrine in Swat to, and then she came to the Romaic School to learn about it. And when she came, she was a helpless little timid lady—trotting about on the weakest feet. The number two wife came with her to wait on her by night and of course that content she allowed at the Romaic school. The little woman was not used to doing anything for herself and it was very hard for her—but she persevered and was gritty as could be. She became a Christian—and the summer vacation she went to the hospital to have her feet unbound. Of course she suffered dreadfully with the pain. She was distressed at first on account of another illness. She felt that she could not tell anybody about the new doctors—but the third part day to and visit a woman in Shanghai was a Christian. While she was at the hospital Miss Swatton was very eager to visit her. And one day her face was radiant. Miss S. thought that her feet must be easier. But no—it was something else. It had been
hard enough for her to decide to go back to her home—the first and only lady of her rank to have big feet. But she had decided, and now this was the thought that had come to her. "I know how I can tell the doctrine!" she said. "I have no husband, and I can't talk understandably when I go back home—they will all ask me about my little feet—and now I have big feet—and they will tell them it is because I'm a Christian, so I'll let my feet speak for Jesus." When she went back she began to have a prayer-meeting in her own house. I sat in the room today and in several years they had a little school in that same room. At first, she began to lead others to Christ. We visited in eight Christian homes today—and every one of the people were women whom Min Lian had led to Christ or started in the way. And we sang today the young woman who is trying now to lead the Jesus. She is the one who Min Lian has chosen for her one the year in the "Win One More" Campaign. It is a joy—and a heart warmer—I tell you, to see results that come
through the years of work where
in many places there seems to
have been so little accomplished.

Mu Siang Che attracts me very
much - She walked around with
us today, on her unbound feet
with barely a limp or a hitch,
and her face is such a wholesome
serene, happy me. It is too sad
that she is polygamous in the family.

But doubt if she makes things
what has been in the second wife.

With her first child, she died
at birth, who was dreadfully
injured by ignorance of proper care
and she never could have any more
children. She too a long been been a
great trial to her and is as the
cause of her husband's record many
the little that whom she adopted
when the man five years old now
is grown and takes a wife, who will
"care for little me" in a
short time.

** Well -

*) later, will be here tomorrow and
Monday - and begin on Tuesday. I'm
sure there will be more things to
write about these - I can tell you.

The place is a splendid place
to surf things - and I want to see
of course! Today I looked
in old garment shops - and saw
some old Mandarin coats which
were altogether too high priced for me.
Sunday Oct. 19.

5.30 P.M. and we have been back here at the boat for an hour. I had thought several pages would be written to you by now - but we had visitors if you please. An old deaconess of ours, Thong Hai, came down to the boat with her two grand children to visit us, though it is a walk of nearly a mile. Before they had gone three of the little school children came running along, followed by two old ladies from the Presbyterian church who came to ask if they might come to the Woman's class which Miss Dallman is giving the Bible Woman club here at Thong Hai. Of course she was glad to let them come.

One of the little girls was so excited; she said they ran after us but got in the ferry too late to cross with us and the ferry man was not pleased to let them cross for they had no money. So little girl stayed behind. One of them did she said, but the little boy didn't dare to come, when she told us on him right out before folks! So the ferry went across once without them - and
They stayed behind and prayed.

And when the ferry came back, the man was willing to let them cross. Then she said they went on and lost their way. They took the wrong road, and walked as far as the "Rhin Puin Chia" (little railroad). So then they stopped and prayed again—out loud—of course, each time! And they turned around and came back—and found the right road—and here they were!

When she had finished—her eyes shining with happiness—the old deaconess said, "And she is from a heathen family. All her people are not Christian in the world.)"

She is a darling—and she is ten years old by Chinese count—that means aged or nine really. So I told her that in her more years she must surely come to the girls' school. She believed. They are not allowed to come until they are twelve or more years old.) She would be very glad to of course—and she is just a darling too. I shall certainly hope she may come and shall pray that she may be a power among the girls in
our school. She will be, too, if she keeps on in the way she has started. You pray for her too, won't you?

Of course I am on the lookout all the time for possibilities for our school— I just can't help it. yesterday as soon as we went into one place the woman began to give us her daughter! She is a Christian, too— a professor to be! Of course she didn't really mean that— but she wanted us to take her and educate her and pay for her board and all. She told her she ought to be glad to pay out what money she could for her daughter's education. And her daughter has been talking and talking about it ever since. So this morning her mother told her she would have to wait until she got word from her that she would send as the school if she would provide fifty dollars. The original tuition is seventy dollars for those who are able to pay. If she says she can't pay fifty I shall tell her she might come for forty— but I shall not promise to lend any and make it less in-
that way. Miss Liang Che says she is perfectly able to pay forty dollars.
If we give pupils their education when they are perfectly willing to pay for
it, they are never so grateful for their help as those who pay for their
own or help to earn it, and seldom
make so much of themselves. They
get spoiled because they think they
are favored ones and don't need
to work — just hold out begging
hands, and the women on all sorts
will naturally do what they want!

They say this particular mother
is "M. Hauer" ("have ray") and I
don't have any doubt of her being able to
persuade her. I do wish she
might go in now to study, though.

She is an attractive girl, and I
don't know what it means that my getting
someone to go in and study would
be a little appeasement. Do you
see what I mean?

Today we had a good morning
service and a good Sunday School in
the P.M. At the latter Miss Sullivan
took the younger women and I
stayed out in the older women's
class with the older Bible woman
Kang Hsiang Ché. The younger Bible
woman, had the children's class, and
The preacher had all the men. The Law-J, Bible women, had some difficulty in keeping concentrated attention, because of the groups of women who came in to see the foreign foreign-nesses. They interrupted terribly, of course, and they would crowd around and stare at me and ask questions about me. The Law-J would then try to say a word or two of the doctrine in their, and they would emphatically nod: "Yes - yes - yes, I feel they said - all the while staring at me with all the eyes in their head. Then somebody would come along and tell them there was another foreign-ness in the other room so off they would go to see her. Then the Law-J would try to take up the thread of the lesson where she had left it and go on while I came in at intervals.

Miss Delouise talked me what an interesting lesson she had with her women. She told them some of the practical things they could do in their everyday living that would witness that Christianity made them different from heathen. She took the case of the women in confinement, who are left to live or
die, wherever it be—and none come near to help them or do anything for them. None of them dare in fear of defilement—and like superstition beliefs. She told them that even strongly they might not know much about bringing children into the world, yet they all could wash clothes and cook rice, and help in such ways as that. Just then Mui Tiang Chi spoke up and said that was the way she was first set hold of. The woman she is leading to Christ now, that is how she first interested her. She helped her three days and three nights when her little girl was born. And there she was—sitting on a bench right behind them—holding the baby. A pretty good example for the heathen woman who had come in to listen! They were all standing around and shaking their heads.

"My, no! We don't dare to do that!" Oh—it is truly wonderful the way some of these things come out just while you are talking! It is often supper now—and so amusing things have just happened. We were sitting here talking and we suddenly smelled interest.
Miss Sollman immediately asked who was burning incense and the boy and the steersman out in the back of the boat said "Bo" which is the all around negative. And the four boatmen out in the front of the boat echoed "Bo".

"Yes-you are," Miss S. insisted. "I smell it-you're burning it as I won't smell the smoke am I sitting, aren't I?" And one of them admitted that he was pretty clever at him, and he knew the world drive him off the boat if she smelled incense as he burned the incense.

And the boy and the steersman out behind just doubled up laughing at the cute way the boatman got around it—and there confounded after all.

My! I certainly do enjoy being out in the country—is it because I'm far from the madding crowd of Babylonish missionaries I made?

Miss Culley wants to have somebody look after the country school. I want as no man to spend all my time practically doing just that. I have made my mind I will apply for that position. Miss Sollman says I ought to spend practically all my time from
now until Chinese New Year out in the country. Don’t I wish I could tell you it is somewhat different from sitting like a log in my study all day long and trying to assimilate Chinese characters! I already have a page of new words written down that I never heard before, and I have heard them out here—and got them down and they used them. Such words as convenient, satisfied, superstitions, wide-awake, cool, was, worth while. I have got hold of them, not just as they are written in a book—but as they are used in every day idiomatic Chinese talk. Eh—the may forget some of the characters I have learned but I certainly ought to get enough in talking to say rep in what little I lose.

Today I was bewailing the fact to Miss So, use that many people had said they didn’t understand my words on the trip they did in my first country trip nearly a year ago. She says, “But you are attempting as much more now—you have reasons not to be discouraged—just keep at it.” And it is true that—then I first got into my mind the whole sentence
just how I wanted to say it — they said it as carefully and as precisely as I could. Now I think a good deal in Chinese — and start at to say things whether I can or not — just make a dive, as I speak — and if I get held up on a snag of course — they can't understand what I am not able to say. But I know I am progressing — and I understand a good deal more of what I hear now than I did then, too!

Well — it is almost nine o'clock — and Miss Soloman is all in, and reading her Bible — it must fly if I don't want to keep her awake while I'm getting ready for bed.

Monday Oct. 23

Just to say good night to you again before I crawl in to-night! I can't write pages and pages tonight because we have had a long day and our sleep was badly disturbed last night. We are both very tired and must get into our little beds as fast as we can. It is nearly nine already — but I have been spending a little time since supper making a pattern of the pink matting on the collet. I drove yesterday with Miss Piang's lovely little daughter-in-law. She was
fascinated with it, and when she found I had done that, she begged me to make a pattern for her. She hasn't done much herself, but is learning patterns, as I have made a sample of that and one other today.

We visited mostly in realtor homes today and I hope to tell you tomorrow, as when we are traveling from here to the next place, about some of the very attractive young girls I saw. I wished as much for some of them to come to school! Healthy, too, a good proportion of them.

Mrs. Goldman is in our tiny convenent bathroom now and I am all ready, sitting in my nightgown, taking the opportunity to jot these few words until she comes out to let me go in. There she comes!

Tuesday Oct 21

Rain, rain, rain! Where we awakened before seven this A.M. it was apparent that today would be a rest day for us. It has drizzled all day long, but we have been cozy and comfortable in the horseboat, going telling my rainy weather is out of the question in China. The people wouldn't go out themselves, and they think you are crazy if you
for coming to their horses in this muddy, muddy, muddy weather!

We got out a Bible enigma this morning, and then I started to write to you, but got only as far as reading it all over then.

The boy came in to eat the table for dinner! We were hoping that perhaps it would clear off this afternoon, but it is raining harder than ever now - so we can't attempt to go out. It is worse, too, of course - and I put on my coat of mail this morning and found skirt and brown gaiters and waist. The latter is small at first so when it was new, I believe I shall certainly have to keep the suit going a while longer so that I will have something with which to wear that dignified round to your pink and gray one worn out yet, Mother?

I went yesterday to the home of the sweet little girl who waited us at the boat last Sunday - the one who prayed. As soon as I saw her mother I fell in love with her - her daughter is the image of her, I couldn't resist telling her that I hoped she would send her little girl to our school in Takeh Hills in two years more. She seemed delighted and said she would surely remember.
She said the little girl had praised
the house so much, and had said
so much about how fine things were
in the boat, and how clean it was, and
all that she had told her to be
careful and not exaggerate. At first
that we had come to visit them she
believed all the little girl said was
ture. Of course when they left us,
as they constantly do, that we have
great love in our hearts, to come so
far from home to teach them what
are opening the way for us to tell them that our hearts
are the same as theirs and that
made us come was the love in our hearts which made us want
to tell them of them. This little
woman asked me first if I had
come to sell things; then it coming
she asked me how old I was and
followed that question by asking
me if I smoked the water pipe
(tobacco). She was going to get it
and treat me to a drink. In this
home as in several others they
asked if my hair was done up
and when I took to hat off they
exclaimed that it wasn't black
and it wasn't red, and it wasn't
red, but it was 'shinin' with gold and shining).
Before we left they
served tea in the little cups. I am
always glad the cups are small, things
for the tea is often strong enough to
float eggs, almost! you know I'm
not fond of strong tea - but the stronger,
it is the more honor it means -
so we drink it graciously!

In another heathen home (where we
had been invited) a group of women
were interested not merely in the
foreigners, but in what was said
to them. one of the bible women-
began by speaking of Adam and
eve - how they were created by God
and the in all bowels - to we must
worship him, etc. Then she said
that they pretended toроде their
ancestors, but asked how many of
them could name any ancestors, even
ten generations back - and of those
conse they could not. So she said
how could they worship any one whom
they knew nothing of? well, they
said the christians were different
they didn't worship the grave at all.

Miss Colborne then spoke up
and told them that what some
people say, i.e. that christians don't
want father nor mother and don't
shew filial devotion - is not true,
they do want a father and mother
and our aim is to teach them well while
they are living. That
is the use of scolding their and
mal treating them and abusing them and not loving them while they are living — and then making a great fuss over them and mollycoddling them after they are dead? They saw the point of that all right — and it was an especially appealing message to the older women. Of course do want to be well treated while they are living — but often are not.

Mme Liang then pointed out to them that Christians do respect and honor the memory of their dead — take care of the graves etc. But don’t worship them.

During the talk one of the women said that she always said they would be better off if they didn’t have to worship idols. They had to keep spending a lot of money and with no benefit that they could see.

At another place we saw two very attractive girls who were immediately coveted for the school. We found that the older one is married. She is the daughter of a second wife. So this older sister wouldn’t send her to school. She sent her little adopted boy to school, however, and when he studied
At night she was right at his elbow and went over with him all that he had learned in the daytime - and not the characters that he had written in the daytime. Later when the mother's own daughter was sent to school, the older girl did the same thing again - and kept at it diligently. The result is that she knows a good deal more now than either of the other two. I certainly hope that the princes one can come to school. It is a doubtful proposition, however, for her brother is probably unwilling for her to leave the house. Here in the country it is a very common thing for girls never to step outside their homes until they are married. It is a conservative aristocratic town in a good many ways. I can tell you!

Wednesday, Oct. 2

When we opened our eyes this morning it was a bright, dull day, and a slight line rain that looked as though it would last all day. So we sat down after morning worship to our business of writing letters. Mrs. Hollman told me to send her missal and gave me not only that, but paper and carbon, too! She said she knew I would want to write about
these things & heaps of people.
For I've made four copies of a few
of the incidents (some of them). I'm
going to send one to Erle Santelle,
one to Idella — and there are about
fifteen others to whom I would like
to send the other two! For instance;
Becie Pierce; Mrs.asha, Ruth
Whitman; Mrs. Gilpatrick, Gladys
Paul; Uncle Hoots; Uncle Sam's
and all the others! I'm going
to write up copies of some of the
other incidents tomorrow afternoon
if all goes well — and then I'll
call two Christmas letters. By the
way — you folks will have to call
it a family Christmas letter I
guess! Letters will be written soon.
I've worked through my voluminous
epistle twice & only I fear he won't
be able to get through this one more
than once — and it will take
him quite a while to do that, too!

Towards noon it began to
clear and Miss Belhaven said
she thought the world go with the
rain. Because I had begun to
take a little cold I got samples and
sugar and formalin tablets and
it somehow disappeared, and
Because I was in the midst of
my writing, she thought perhaps
I might better stay in today,
and I thought so, too.
So I did, and as a result I have
four letters of three closely typewritten
pages each, nearly ready to send.
I have written so much now that
I can't tell whether or not it is
as dry as toodles. But the things
as they happened appealed to me
so that I think they must be interesting
to other people too. We have just
decided to send in for more paper
and I'm going to make more
copies and get date them - maybe -
and store them up for future
use! Oh that a nice idea.

We move on to the next place tonight.
Visit in one village a half a day.
Then go on to another. I don't want to crawl in early
tonight.

Last night we played a game of
Salva, and I beat them Bellinas.
She was it the first time she had
been beaten in ages.

Muggins - the game written used to
call Everlasting - with French cards and
after many ups and downs, when both
of us had nearly got rid of
the cards two or three times, I beat
her on that, too.

Thursday Oct 23

Today's work brings a change
in the thing, I tell you! In
Shanghai we could have stayed a
month, and still keep on being
invited into homes where the women...
are designated with idol worship and whose hearts seem just ready to receive the word. Yesterday the woman whom Miss Bellman visited said that she had taken pho-lia-ia-lia, which means seen clear through the whole thing to the very bottom of it and she was through with the idols. Making one god sounded good to her and she wanted it with her whole heart!

Today we came to Peh-ji-me, a little village where the fields reminded me of Coddington, because they were planted to long long rows of sweet potatoes. Here, of course, every bit of the work is done by hand. Instead of the city walls with the fine paved streets and big houses with the doors that are closed so you have to knock to get in and have to have an introduction with the family, instead of that at Peh-ji-me we found mud floors and walls, and thatched roofs. The church there is in a mean house. He built it and paid for it himself. As to how he can have the management of it, Mr. S. days when that-in the arrangement he is almost never a success. Outside people think it is his affair, and one or two things in which every one can have a common interest, or they won't come or else give him a little. So now, instead of the three or four families right in the village whom we expected to visit, we
found absolutely none at all except
the ones right there in the chapel.

Miss Field had it, and was very
promising, bright girl, too. Each one
of them ought to be a worker of great
value right there in that village
and none of them is. One was
married to a poor but fine Christian
young man, who made it for that man
who had the chapel and all the houses
and several shops connected with it.

The owner of the house had a wife
but even before she died the man
was so intimate that she went to the
north with this young girl. The wife died
and before then the girl's husband
died, and soon after she as soon
as the funeral were over took her.

They were married soon. But there
was a great deal of disagreeable
jerk, of course. Miss Field
was reminding her today of the
"I'm Luz in now", Campaign, and she
said "Yes, actions are the number
one important, aren't they?"

Another of the girls was betrothed
to a Heathen whom she stubbornly
refused to marry. Her brother said she should, but she wouldn't. Miss Held tried to help her out, but money had been paid and they said they wouldn't pay back and so the Chinese say there was a nasty swelling mumps on it. She didn't marry the man but was married instead to this supposedly Christian young man who was in reality not fit at all with his heart.

The third girl is the daughter of the man in the chapel. Three or four daughters married to him. She was only one was married to a Christian — and he was worse than a heathen — beat her and abused her cruelly. So when it came time for the youngest daughter to be married the mother thought they would better get a Christian husband if she could. So she married a man into the family. He is supposed to be a Christian. But the doctrine that he is in the family — but it is a half-hearted business, and none of them are very happy, I guess.

The second one I told you about came out to meet us this morning and we thought at first that her eyes were in bad condition but it turned out that her husband died less than six months ago and she is left with three little children. New eyes kept filling with tears.
so that she could hardly talk with us at all. Seeing Miss Sollman, doubts began to fill the former troubles back to her mind, and with her present troubles made everything seem hard to bear. She was such a bright girl - and might have done differently, Miss Sollman says. But here she is - picked up in this little dark village in the rear of her days; probably I should think the prospect would be hard for girl!

There seems to be a whole line of bad history back of the "Christianity" of this village - it is clearly a case of "whatever happens, they sayings of mine and others their not." Even a people needed praying for - it is the people in that village. Even the deacon has lost hope - for he said in regard to going another convert this year: "Well - of course I hope to that - don't much believe I can."

If Tung-hai was a heart warrior, Pak-ji-me was certainly a mat black; Miss Sollman says she always comes away from there with a heart ache. Feeling that war time could better I have been spent somewhere else. If you write and tell anybody about my trip - please ask them to pray.
that somehow the hearts of these people in Pêlo-ji-ni might be stirred from the deep wells, deep roots into which they seem to have swung for good. And then I hope that when you have asked, as that I'll have more hope to believe it will come to pass. And tell the folks you ask that you are going to tell them they are praying—and that will help them not to forget to pray! God's answer may be that they have grieved the Holy Spirit too long—but still we can hope that it isn't as bad as that!

We have been sailing along at a great rate this P.M. and hope to reach Tâng Ling tonight and plan to have a look at the place tomorrow—there we go right on to the next place and stop at Tâng Kâng again on the way back. Maybe I'm not glad I thought that from a hotel. The weather is so cold that I had my coat on at breakfast and now as I sit here, writing, I have my sweater on. Last October she had not begun to have such cold weather as this. Last night I took a hot water bottle to bed for my feet, had an electric blanket under me and a quilt and my blankets over me. And then I had to wrap my feet under my blankets to keep them warm!
Did you get the impression that everybody has been polite to you on this trip? In Shanghai we certainly could not have been received more warmly or treated with greater courtesy. ... I had a new experience today. I have remarked about it so much that Miss Collum said "I seem to be taken with that; I don't like it a bit." I must admit that it strikes my funny bone, and I think it will yours. You have read about foreigners being called "foreign devils" in China, but I don't believe you ever read about anyone being called what I was called today. We were out shopping—and someone going past in the market place in Yang Sung shouted out "Red-headed devil!" which also means "Red devil." The steersman was with me, and of course that angered him. He turned around quick as a wink and said to the maw "What kind of a devil are you?" It was really too funny for words. Of course it isn't pleasant to be called a red-headed devil right in the face, but then it can't hurt me; can it? It doesn't compare with having it go against the wishes of your closest mission worker. I am not able to laugh at it!
We had a nice time in the shops—bought some silk thread for tassels—some gorgeous colors and looked at some other things. We were sorry that one of the Bible women didn’t go with Miss Collman had said—and had come on without the young man.
She had to go all the way back to her and then travel back not only to Yang Grey but way up to Phe Whittie, we are sailing this P.M. The river is wide and shallow here, and we have to go with the tide days "go", and stay where it says "stay" so we cannot wait for the women.

Later

They arrived at the place—so Mrs. Lindsay would say—and Miss Collman left me in the boat while she went up to visit some old ladies whom she hadn’t seen for a long time. I need my typewriter and got from my letters started.

After we got back the Bible women came. The older one had walked 18 miles today more that that about 20—Poor girl! And the younger one has walked a long, long journey!
Saturday, Oct. 23

What a day this has been! We started out early in the morning, and after visiting in the village of Na-ha itself and other nearby ones, I came back to the chapel for our service. This went to two of the farther villages in the afternoon. We got back to the boat about 6.30 - as tired mortals as we ever hope to be!

But it wasn't the being tired that I minded so much as the horrible horrible things I saw. I have just told Miss Colliaden that never since I have been in China have I felt as keenly the utter uselessness of the probation we are undertaking. We can do so very little - and there are so many things we cannot help - so many lives that we cannot touch even! It never before seemed so bewildering to me!

First of all the streets were so dirty. In some places they brought chairs out into the streets and even there we had to sit down and pulled me skirts up as far as we could. If we had tried to go into the houses, we would have been better off in the rubbish and dirt, I rather think! I felt when I got home tonight that I never would be clean again. I washed my hands once - but they didn't feel clean - and so I actually went and scrubbed them with...
carbolie soap and my nice new nail brush. I don't imagine about the dirt at all. I'm just simply have to see it to know how awful it is in some places.

This is a famous fruit region; and so we walked along we were shaded now by broad spreading mango trees and now by beautiful tall olive trees. By the roadside were orange groves; the trees this year are loaded with fruit - and it is almost ripe now. We saw neem trees and caromboola and dragon-eye and plum. Our very path was edged with the domestic maidens hair fern; and the whole aspect of trees and all sorts of foliage made the country seem almost like home. The sugar cane growing taller than my head might have been corn stalks as far as appearances were concerned. I'm so glad I'm country breed instead of city-reared. I just naturally feel at home when there are big trees and fruit trees - around! There was one huge banyan tree whose branches spread out in all directions - yards and yards from the trunk - so low to the ground that I had to stoop in some places. I haven't wanted anything as much for ages as I wanted to climb that tree and clamber all around its broad, easy branches!
That was the lovely part of the day. But right in the middle of enjoying it came a thing which just weighed my heart down and I haven't been able to forget it for a minute. We were passing a small pond and I barely noticed what I took for a tiny pig wallowing and drowned. Then I looked casually at it and would have gone on but I heard one of the women say "a little boy child" as we turned to see if it was true. The body had disintegrated and was floating face down in the pond.

That was a very common sight. The woman said, this was a favorite place to throw babies. One woman said that hundreds of babies had been thrown into that pond. Many of them had been girl babies who were smothered when they were born because they were girls. This one a boy was thrown into the pond because he died soon after birth. The Heathen people in this part of the country do not bury any babies who die during the first days after birth. I tell you I read about such things as that is too enough, but when you see with your own eyes it is impossible to forget. I can see that poor little baby's body floating in that indescribable ditch and I think of the ignorance and the human love that is so dwarfed and distorted by superstition that such awful things are tolerated!
Can you understand how a mother who has carried her own baby under her heart so long as she must, can throw it out and leave it to such a disgraceful, pitiful exposure as that? Oh, redding a thousand books cannot compare with one actual sight of the thing! All of China’s 400 million! Canton.

Another horrible sight was that of a poor little grinning idiot boy of thirteen — a worse case than I ever saw in America. There is no place in China that does not have such wretched creatures as these.

Still another horrible thing was the case of a young woman one winter. She was so happy to be married — she was in the Roman Catholic Church, and knew Miss Collamore and Dr. Forney. When her baby was born, they noticed that her knees began to be windswept — and then there was the worst. Dr. Bacon made the test and found that she really did have the dread disease — leprosy. She takes medicine all the time and has been able to keep it down to a stage where it is not contagious. She never had it of course in its dormant form. But her eyes have been affected by it and are beginning to look very bad. She is a beautiful girl, too. They were all heartbroken when they discovered that they would have to lose her from the school.
The school and from the work. Her husband didn’t cast her away, as most heathen men might have done. He was formerly a teacher at Pakhisk in the boy’s school, and she is now in another place. Of course she can’t go with him to live at any chapel on account of her disease. If she were heathen—she would doubtless be on the streets now, begging, with her three little children. Did Chinese custom would never allow her to come back to her mother’s home to live. Her mother, however, is a Christian, and she takes her in and gives her a room in her own house. This is more comfortable. It has made a big difference to the orpahns or a girl!

We saw the ancient remnuinen of another horrible thing; a great grave where one of a man’s wives was buried alive with his dead body.

At the Leprosy girl’s home we heard of a big scandal that is going on. Her sister-in-laws brother-in-law has of course been living there has found fault because her husband isn’t very bright—and so his mother said words of conscience—and then the girl began to act in a perfectly mad way—has left home and done all sorts of mad things. We shall doubtless see the girl herself, Miss Sullivan says. Do you wonder I am weary of the world the night?

Well — we have had a good day — some things sad, some nauseating — some things funny, and others glad. But a good day. — The thing that comes to me first is the picture of the old ladies that sat in the chapel between services at noon — and the way they talked and listened and asked questions. I can’t begin to tell you about it all — but one of them is the old lady who owns the chapel and manages everything from it. I’m much as in some churches of home, eh? Miss Rollman said if I hadn’t could have a grand good big funeral (and they would have in a wealthy, influential, oldish personage) so she thought the service would go ahead and make progress. Did ever anybody make such a remark as that? Because wonder.

This old lady was much disappointed when she saw me coming Sunday morning. They hadn’t told her anyone was coming with Miss Rollman; and she wondered what Miss S. was doing a man follow her around for anyway. She didn’t know how old and wasn’t going to speak to him. And she didn’t either — until Miss Rollman told her who I was! We had a good laugh after about it afterward.
She had heard something about planting and cultivating in America, done by machines drawn by horses, and she asked questions which led me on to tell them all about the big Cross-roads potato farms—where they always have big machines to do the work—and sometimes the machines are the kind that have mechanisms within themselves, so they don’t need horses to drive them—and they not only plant and cultivate, but they water the plants—and spray them with medicine to keep bugs off—and do everything that used to be done by digging the potatoes. And one went—making them open their eyes wider with every detail brought out. Can’t you imagine?

One dear little old woman—seeing what we had for lunch—just bread—she bread! (she couldn’t see the nuts in between butter slices.) "no rise to eat," she said, "and no vegetables!" "ah," said Mrs. Colling, "not even sweet potatoes." "No, I heard the expression very often on this trip. I’m no good. I eat sweet potatoes!" Later on, this old lady.
was asking about eating rice - and when I told her that when they ate rice, we ate bread - she Dickens deeply - and asked "But does it 'se huang'?" (which means "general mind"") if they have a headache - it is "huang" in their head - and if a toothache - "se huang" in their tooth - and so on. They can hear it travel from one place to another in their bodies, they say. She meant just what she said, though - did it if make it go in my stomach? Oh, it was funny - because she was so sure that it must go wrong with me if I should eat as much meat!

Then I told them about my family - as I have to be many groups on this trip. They're delighted to hear about the brothers who are left to hear about the other side of the world home to the other side of the world I did - and invisible, the same time. They exclaimed about our "daring".

They exclaimed about our "daring" and were our fathers to go so far "home" (pleased) to let us and mother come deep over go? The also circulate amongst themselves over the mother took is even taller than EJ.

The nauseating things are just the kind I am writing about. I guess. Suffice it to say that I'll have a small baby to swim and there happens to be no dog around - well in China, nobody worries about any accidents that might happen!
maybe you don't get my meaning well— I love Bumpy Stacy and lots of nice dooggies in America—but I can't love scavengers and that's what dogs are in China— now— that is not for you to tell— you mustn't say I ever wrote a thing like that— for I would be ashamed to pieces— there are heaps of things I don't write about— thank God!

Our visit in the afternoon after Sunday School, to a young and dying harrit has been to church lately—truly made my heart ache— poor thing— she has lost two or three babies— and has just one left now— we could see before we had been there five minutes that she was just plain discouraged— She knew she ought to go different— but she had got out of the habit of meeting with her fellow Christians— and it was hard to begin again. Then this baby at her breasts was now— her dear little girl of six years— whom every one loved— was taken sick and died— the baby was only four days old— the other children had died only a short time before— and this grieved her so that she kept on being sick herself— and couldn't feed her baby properly. Then the
One of the glad things is that I have found three girls who have promised almost certainly to come down to our school at Chinese New Year. Two of them are girls who ought to be able to pay the entire sixty dollar tuition. We have heard a good deal more about the Letex girls' family, but the "black sheep" sister-in-law was not at home—church today. Mr. S. said she was sick. In they have had some rows and scolding right in the chapel. Did I mention the fact that the
teacher-preacher here is Nêng Sin-sor, whose wife, Nêng Sin-sor-men, is my language teacher. He is rather effeminate and tells her boss things (which she is perfectly able to do, assure you!) but he is peaceful and tactful and a thorough Christian. I like him and that is more than I can say of all of the teachers I meet!

**Monday, Oct. 27**

Another day of hard things that make your heart sink - mixed of course with the brighter side. This morning we walked from the boat, through Kha-men and down to the village of Chie-ka-lum where lived the mother of Pi-in, a teacher in the Womani School - one of Mrs. Sollman's 'girls.' She had been in the Womani School herself and in her home we found everything as neat as a pin - and perfectly clean! She had invited us to eat there, and was tickled to pieces to have us accept. She prepared not what Mrs. Sollman told us we could eat. We had planned a visit in the morning, then go on after dinner. It was so late, however, and we were so hungry when we got there - that we decided to rest and eat first. Mrs. Sollman
feet were so tired and aching that she soaked them in hot water.

Let's have a very nice dinner of sweet potatoes (boiled—eaten in my fingers), hat-ni-tukkii (a delicious kind of greens), a boiled egg and a bowl of rice—and roasted peanuts for dessert. The egg wasn't in a sweet syrup—and I ate it in my fingers! The greens and rice I managed with chopsticks.

Before we got to the house we were met by the naugati, the bride—in-law that I told you about—and her mother. They followed us in and with tears dealt out to the related their side of the story. The girl had sent her two children— even the one whom they had—still nursing— back to her husband's household, and had to beg food. She begged to take them back. She had said all sorts of evil things about her husband and mother-in-law to their faces—and had even said that Jesus didn't recognize his fatted calf and that—so why should she—and now we were really we had nothing but that.
had some wrong— and they must be willing to confess their part of the wrong. They were much displeased—and finally when we were leaving the village and stopped for a moment to call there—at their house—they would hardly speak to us—said we needed come to call—elp. The girl turned her back on us and the mother kept on weaving her cloth—pushing her shuttle back and forth with angry, spiteful jerks—and never for a moment stooping.

Do you think it would be easy to preach the love of Christ in a village where such people as that had named his name and called themselves Christians?

I must stop here and tell you a thing I forgot to write yesterday.

The old lady who asked about the "de muh" had a son who used to be a fine fellow—but since the death of his own mother he has grown wild and reckless—has gone to eating demon and wants to sell his little estate to get money to gamble with. The poor grandmother tried to get Miss S. to take her at a mortgage—pay
something it ten for the privilege of calling her her own - and feeding clothing and educating her. The young fellow had a bad headache and đizziness yesterday. He used to be a Christian - but when they told him to pray he said he would die first. Strangely enough - his younger brother, who had been away in foreign parts, came back just yesterday - we got to the house soon after he arrived. He is a Christian and a fine young man, so we hope that the younger sister may be in some way taken care of, now. Miss St. Clair gave the maynard one a good sharp scolding - and some kindly advice - and the law I prayed long and earnestly for them all before we left.

My heart goes out to Linn - never thought he is a bad one; for he has simply left himself, will more freedom than he knows. How to manage - I'm sure he has the personality of a leader - just the dare-devil kind that are such a power for good when they are going in the right direction.
To come back to date in my story:

Leaving Ché-ka-tam we walked down to the river and took a wee, wee boat down river. The stream up as far as this is shallow, and for some years the houseboat has not been able to come up as far as Kha mì. So when the steersman saw the water line dropping, he said we must move down stream. This morning the houseboat went down to the place where the river gets deeper and we followed in the little boat.

The men and all women went with us in the houseboat, and we reached Tana just before suppertime, so they two readily got themselves and their things up to the chapel for this night.

Tuesday Oct 28

Oh, it really had a picture of the old lady we saw first this morning! Miss Sullivan told me about the time when she was converted. They asked her if she had any things in her heart against anyone — yes — she had. Then daughter-in-law and she had been going at each other good and solid! They told her she must confess her part of the wrong words. "What," she
shortest. "Me go in my daughter-in-law?"

"Why, I'm this (holding up her thumb, which signifies the big one) and she's that (holding up little finger, which means the underdog) And for this - to go to that (gesture with thumb towards little finger) - and confess sin? Never! That is impossible - never! Can't be done!"

But the next day she came out as happy as could be and said that she had done it, and though her daughter only granted in the end - yet that was enough.

She was a spirited little old being - and I was amused - even though I must declare - the old spirit that is left in her. Minie Collman asked her if she got along with her daughter-in-law all right and she was honest about it all right: "She scolds me one sentence - and I scold her ten!" Of course Minie Collman rebuked her they - and told her it wasn't right. She said "But I do!" For old soul! She lives in a room with only three walls, and the fourth stuffed up part way with old baskets and broken hats - and the sun or rain beating in on her poor old head. She is totally blind now,
and over eighty years old—yet she sits there in a heap of rags and rubbish all day—splicing threads for weaving—& earning a few cents to help out. I will say “few cents” if I want to—and you may tell Herbert Carlyle Lily that I have found out for myself whether it sounds slangy or is the exact truth.

She’s a picture all right. Her face was just a glow as she got hold of Mrs. Sibley’s hand and held her over and over again—how happy she was. I went up again—they M. and tried to get some picture—just the inimitable grin was put off for the occasion, so I didn’t know that I will get. She doesn’t like the preacher very well—and after she had enumerated this one in a visit to Mrs. Sarah—she just sits and bitches eggs—her gestures were simply killing—just doubled up with silent laughter. Oh—she’s a nice old goodly—so human—and childlike—and even if she has got a bit of the old nick in her—you can’t help liking her. She kept telling about how warm her heart was when the bow-me-came to see her. “Mrs. Waters came to see me.” She said.
and I think her voice could have been heard across the river—"and oh, my heart was warm to death!" Then in almost a whisper—"to the Lord.

"She gave me two dollars"—Again the Lord voice "Oh—"I was happy & death!" This performance she went over and over.

Well—Isn't that human? Only most people would only think the part about the money—and wouldn't say it out loud—Isn't that true? But their hearts would be the same eh? Oh—she's a great one!

They have gone early today—because we had a very tiring day yesterday and must conserve our strength! So we visited a few homes only and the chapel this afternoon.

In the great reception room there were at least five photographs of the preacher—he is a conceited one! Miss Pollock says. She shuddered when I suggested that these pictures must be the eggs the old lady said he hatched. So we stopped early and spent a little time in the market-place. I am deputy about baskets and bought no less than nine baskets ranging in price from sixteen cash
upwards! Oh! I almost forgot to tell that I visited in one very wealthy home in the morning. A young woman in the house is very anxious to learn about Christianity and will come to the woman's school if her grandmother will let her. She has the cunningest little daughter seven years old. We were entertained in a big room with no sign of idols or worship of any kind - I wondered at that - because it is a heathen home of course. But they had a separate room for idols and worship and all - that's why.

The others we visited this morning were the Christian old ladies of Yang-ting - and all their relatives and neighbours who would gather around to see us as we stopped.

One of the boatmen went out to Takling early this morning to take out mail and bring in mail and supplies. I have written to both Helen and Mabelle. I'm doubtful as to whether Mr. will write back to me because I'm sure she feels hurt for me to do what she doesn't approve. We shall see, however - and my, don't I hope he'll bring some good home mail back with him! I'm hungry for you!
Wednesday Oct. 29

Back from a long, hard day's walk. To a big pile of mail - my thoughts are whirling - but I'll try to tell things in order as they happened through the day.

To get to Tsepelin and the nearby villages we had a walk of nearly two miles. The first place we called was a truly spacious, clean and attractive house, though rather bare as yet - a new home. It belongs to a man who has been through all sorts of persecutions in becoming a Christian. They used to live in a very small house in a very humble way; but he has got into the profitable stone-cutting business and has prospered. His daughter, Delka Ngs, is in our school and there is a little sister - Helga - who we hope may come here soon.

The Christian homes were few and far between - and we walked ourselves weary, indeed. In several places were daughters-in-law or mothers-in-law or wives and sisters who were rebellious to the point of ugliness. We never stayed long in those homes to antagonize them and to make them worse. In some cases we were able to make the women see a point or two!
This afternoon we went into a wealthy home in Tshing-lin itself. The lady of the house—a widow—had just come back from Pian and she called on some of the missionaries in Nakeleih a week or so ago, so we made a point of calling on her. She ushered us into a room where there was a huge mahogany bedstead or settle that was a beauty. He couldn't help noticing her diamond-beaded slippers (on bare feet) and the three heavy gold sheaths in her hair. Such an attractive sixteen-year-old daughter, whom she begged her—or I should say, to send it to our school—came out to greet us. Imagine my chagrined astonishment when I asked the matter of what the girl's name was and she couldn't remember. She has always called her Number Eight! She doesn't want to send her girl because she would have no companions from that village. She says—but the chief reason is the usual "marching" (never has been done—implies that of course it therefore never can be done!). A bright lovable girl—whom I longed to take back to Nakeleih with me—and there is really no reason in the
world why she shouldn't go! Her mother is beginning to go to church and very much likes what she has heard. Maybe if she gets to like it well enough she will want her daughter to know about it - and will send her out to us after all. I do hope so!

And if she does, we will send her back in vacation time to tell her mother that she must not leave perfectly dreadful smelling buckets in the sleeping room that opens right on to the reception room! And in spite of the pretty daughters - and the gold dresses and manners and settle - I shall never think of that place without remembering the awful sensation of wondering whether I would be able to stand the terrible smell odor until she had stayed the polite length of time.

We got home (in the boat) to a nice big pile of letters. I'm sick as any thing with two letters from home - and one from Arthur - and others from Gladys P., R. B., Deesse Pierse, Grace Patton and two from my beloved Mabel Rosewell. Also three copies of "Life" which Deesse Pierse is sending me for a year - and the "Atlantic".

Helen Fielden wrote a letter - and sent out my mail and a dress I
needed - and a nice little box of chocolate fudge. Mrs. Ashmore sent a letter and several lemon for my throat (which, by the way, is greatly improved - as is also my digestion). And what do you think? Mrs. Cully did write me a very nice letter - I was surprised to have her say what she did that I am sending her letter on to you. “I know you don’t think I am as much a friend as you are, but it is very nice to have her admit that something is happening there. There is a great fire at your house - so I wrote right back a little note in which I told her that her splendid letter had lightened my heart - and that I had not been able to be completely happy since then. I thought anything was coming between us. Etc., etc. I can’t tell you whether I had better have written it or not - but I hope it will prove to be the right thing.

I had to tell all of this and get it out of the way! - before I could begin on the thing we are thinking about. Poor Miss Sullivan had a good many letters, but all the joy was taken away because one of the letters brought her the sad news of her father’s death - over five weeks ago! She cannot be comforted - because the letter which she wrote him
just two days after his death.

He had been waiting and anxiously expecting it, but died before it came.

And of course - Miss Sullivan reproaches herself now for not writing a little earlier. She has had such a hard year out here - with so many unpleasant things heaped upon her to do, she says - that she thinks it must be a punishment to her for not staying at home with her father in America. Poor lady - she is tired and all nerves and this coming on top of it is the last straw. Sometimes I think it can't mean as much to her to lose her father who was over eighty as it would to some of our younger ones whose very life is moved into our homes in America, and to whom such a loss seems like the thing most to be dreaded of all the calamities in this world.

But just the same I know what an empty loneliness she must feel - for now she says she doesn't care whether she ever goes home again or not. She is worried too about insurance matters - for the friend who had the matter to attend has moved to California and there is none left. Miss Sullivan was her mother's eleventh child but her father's first one - and only so there is no one left now to help...
She feels like a hypocrite, she says, to tell the Chinese they must show filial love and devotion, while she came off and left her poor old father to die alone. She is terrible upset, poor girl. As for me, naturally I'm upset too, for such thoughts as that in my head, always make me weak and sick and trembly! And when I weep, it is from fear as well as from sympathy. I'm afraid!

Thursday, Oct 30

Last night Miss Bullman ate almost no supper, and didn't sleep until almost morning. She was good for nothing at all, she said, and she felt she couldn't get out and visit the heathen families, as we had planned (the parents of school pupils). So I went out in the morning with the Rev. Brown, and we finished visiting the Christian families, or rather the families where one or more members are Christian. In one place the wife simply would not listen to a thing that was said and wouldn't even answer when the Bible woman asked her a question. And yet they tell me she's a hundred per cent better than she used to be. Formerly she would not let Christians step inside the door!
had to sit anywhere - on a tack mostly! - while we got undressed - then they hung their net up in the place where we undressed - and slept on the floor - they had their matting and mattress, though, and we'll manage to get to bed somehow. All bundled up like bugs in rugs! Good night!

Thursday, Oct. 31

Another hard day, and we come back to the boat with feet that are tired. Mrs. Collison is soaking her in hot water now - and I'm going to later. Going to a mistake of the Bible woman - we found ourselves with the prospect of a six mile walk to the place where we had ordered the boat to be. To get our lunch - or leaving out an important village, and having to lose a half day's work. It was either that, or go without our dinner. Fortunately when we discovered it we were at the home of a woman who had formerly been in the Roman's school - and whose daughter is now in the girls' school - and whose husband is our Mission Carpenter. She was very anxious to have us stay there to dinner - and would have been broken hearted if we hadn't. I'm sure. So we told her that we would.
eat rice, and kat na thai; and boiled eggs—and sweet potatoes. The man got a chicken and we stopped his killing it just in the nick of time. As it was—I think she must have cooked nearly two dozen eggs for us—and of course we could neither of us could manage more than two. Everything in the house was nice and clean—so we enjoyed our meal—and you see I had another try at the chopsticks! The people are poor—but they are good Christians. We went to one other place in the village—and found a poor sick old lady—all shivering up in a dark little room with the one small window stuffed with hay. Her ten granddaughters cooked rice for her. She said—'I can't do anything myself; my daughter-in-law will not lift a hand to help her. They would be glad if she died.' It was very hard for her—but Miss Collison gave them a good solid lecture on what filial devotion really means—Another case of sowing the seed without knowing whether it will ever spring up and
dear fruit!

In the afternoon we walked to the village of Nam Dê. We had been warned that there might be thieves—but none appeared to bother us—though we pinned our money and watches and extra glasses on the inside of our clothes in various places. We both wear dark glasses when we are out on sunny days, but take others in our bag at noontime when we are in some house or chapel.

We had no sooner got inside the village—which is the largest one in the district that is not a city—being over three miles from one and to the other—than we were surrounded by a crowd of not merely of children, as in other places—but of grown men who made the rudest remarks I ever heard in my life. Miss Solomon dispersed them once or twice by remaking them sharply and asking if they called that good Chinese custom—and if they had had no teaching! She says their manners are worse than in any other place in our field—I should hope there were no worse anywhere!

When we got to the chapel the men who were to show us the
The doctor had gone. We walked at a half a bow-shot (nearly two miles) to walk and more to take us there. The old Bible woman thought she knew something about the way—but she hasn't a very good sense of direction, and then, too, we hated to leave her, to take the long walk down and then back to the chapel again before she had her evening rice. But do you suppose the preacher offered to go with us? No, he didn't! He had done some walking—and he was tired, too; he said, as he never thought whether anyone else might be tired.

We started with the Bible and verses only a few pages when we met one of the boatmen coming to meet us, as it turned out all right after all. I am learning a lot about the stars these days. I can pick out thirteen or fourteen different constellations already—and feel as proud of myself as I don't know what to do! I know the names of several different individual stars, too. You know I never could see a thing that was pointed out to me in the heavens—and I always would cramp my neck until it was stiff—and after I
I had been looking just in the opposite direction from the right one. So I'm pretty tickled now to find out that stars can get into my train, after all—when I thought they never could.

Saturday, Nov. 1

Today we have spent visiting Nan Gé. I am getting sick of being followed by a crowd of shouting children and of hearing new names and everybody continuely discussing whether I am a man or a woman. I shall be glad to get back to a place where people pass and by without noticing further than a good social stare.

I guess I am out of sorts. The day began wrong anyhow— with the two double women starting out to meet us when Mrs. S had particularly told them to wait for us there. Our boat was moved this morning—and of course we came into the village a different way. When they got there the boat had gone.
and they had nothing but the walk for their pains!

We found a poor little girl with a useless leg that is probably tubercular. She lives all alone in a little dark room. Her grandmother, with whom she lives is a simple old soul who does the best she knows. She keeps a hen to lay a few eggs—does some thread spooling and passes out their eggs going begging. Miss Dullman gave her a little money and told her she must take the little girl down to the hospital on Monday—so they went to packing bedding and clothing and I guess they'll go. Those poor serious little eyes are dry—yet!

In one house there were sad countenances and hardly kept back tears. Because the mother-in-law had not let the son go to study or go to church, or do anything with Christians the daughter-in-law became discouraged and threw herself in the pond—leaving two small daughters motherless. Oh—yes, I can't realize how dreadful it is even out here—because it is so...
common. Very often during the year I have heard of similar cases—all for such reasons as that. And honestly—it is a pretty hard question to answer—this!

If I were in the place of such a girl—I know I would do the same thing. The way these Chinese mothers-in-law can assassinate their daughters and every one in the house is absolutely inconceivable. They

Miss Smith asked me that question. I said, "I'd run away." But to run away (for a girl not here) would mean starvation—probable—and for the only alternative—prostitution—I cannot go out and work for myself. Each family does its own work, and would not think of hiring a servant to come in with them. There is no work for

I tell you—we would put an end to it if we were in these places. It isn't in American girls to stand it; not nearly so much as the Chinese girls. It is awful!

Sunday, Nov. 2.

We took our lunch again today and ate it at the chalk-pit—so we did yesterday. I forgot to say that.
yesterday we had caviar sandwiches. That's a luxury I had to wait for all through college days and teaching days—until I was a 'good missionary' out on a country trip! Better not voice it aloud! Still—that was the exception—not the rule—we'd only had it once! Sturgeon roe, that's what caviar is, with a Russian spice in them I like it very much.

What do you think was the first verse the preacher read this morning?
P. 127: I—the verse that has been in my mind for so many weeks. And I tell you, I'm going to make it the topic of my prayer meeting. I am to lead this Wednesday—we shall get back just in time! They are to begin their new chapel building here at Nunn Dr. tomorrow and he read that verse as a most appropriate one.

We had a long service (reports from the association at San Diego) and afterwards Miss Trollman was so upset she couldn't keep control of herself. A curious woman asked me all sorts of questions—and of course one of them had to be "Is your venerable father still living in your homeland?" It was six weeks...
A little girl came to us this afternoon after Sunday School and wanted us to take her and keep her and let her go to school. She is afraid that her heathen parents will marry her into a heathen family. That reminds me that I was invited to a home where I first met Viveca yesterday where two Chinese Christians married into a heathen family. The girl's mother was Christian, however, so much the more. Her mother is a sister-in-law of Miss Ciang Che-min. There was no Christian family to marry the girl into—so they had to take the next best for of course the girl must be married. It is a disgrace for a girl in China not to be married.

So there she is away over in Mem-sen and the mother-in-law won't let her go to church—no read her Bible—now pray out loud. Nor was she...
very much pleased to have an 
visit the girl — Miss S. left some 
books, however — among them one as 
a present to the girl’s husband. 
She didn’t even dare give it to 
him — but sent it into the next room 
& him by his younger girl-sister. 
He did have the grace to come to 
the door and say goodbye to us 
very politely when we left!

Today we were called a name 
which Miss Collinwood wouldn’t 
tell me the meaning of — far more 
than “red head-nee”! Doesn’t it 
beat the Ather?

As soon as Sunday school was 
over we came straight to the boat-
leaving the Rait — it’s not back to 
Dharma to work. We have started 
towards home — we may get 
there tomorrow noon — and we 
may be held back by tedious 
wind etc — So we about know 
at all when we will get there. 

Monday Nov. 3

This morning and last night the 
drive has died down so rapidly that 
the boat has grounded again and 
again. Then you should hear 
the gree grunts and groans 
and rails that it takes to 
get the clumsy thing off from the
sand! It's a task, I tell you!

We are badly stuck just now (almost now) — and the tide is going out. There is little prospect of getting away very soon! I have been finishing up some letters on the typewriter this A.M. — getting them ready to send when I get home.

Later — in the evening —

After dinner we found that we couldn't move — since Mrs. Selwyn was in a hurry and anxious to get back — to get certain letters written, etc., we needed a boat — a tiny one — to take us down the river farther — we couldn't get one to take us all the way to Swatow, we were dumped about four miles from Swatow — we might have got another boat then — but they thought they could charge an exorbitant price — and we would get there sooner if we walked — if we walked, it isn't bad and we got back das right across the city — and a boat carried us right across to Rakdich.

I got here just in time for supper, and was warmly welcomed — It is good to be back!
Mrs. Collman poked fun at me for bringing this letter along, but I don't know how long the boat will be stuck - now what might have happened to this weighty document if I had left it! I told her it was just as important as my comb and toothbrush and clock and two handkerchiefs and that's all else that I thought of. Some

And maybe I wasn't glad to find that the letter came waiting for me - I have opened it - a sensible and am quite delighted with everything from "Lois" to the lovely nights. I can't write about it here, for I'm in mortal tired, and it is late enough for anybody to go to bed any way!

The next day

Here! Here! my country trip for you - and while you'll be sorry perhaps that it isn't written so that you can let people know it to read - and that is the means interested parts are so cobble-gobbled up with my own personal affairs and good and bad feelings - yet perhaps it is more the way I would
If you face to face, that
than as though I had left out
the personal things and put them
separately.

Even so - telling you what happened
each day. I feel as though I had
left out a good deal. Some of
the impressions that are strong
with me just now seem somehow
to have been left out

For instance: The appalling number
of blind, men, women and children
and people with dreadful looking
eyes that one still see a little;
the perfectly terrible looking sores
that one see daily exposed to
the air and to our horrified vision.

no matter what part of the
human anatomy be the offending
members. Tumors, boils, injuries,
goitre - all sorts of distortions - I
can't and don't want to dwell on
that part.

Goodbye - with dearest love
to you all.

Abbie
Sr. Que,

Just a month ago by the calendar I began my last letter to you. I haven't written since I came back from the country because I have been waiting to get that bulky volume sent off to you. I didn't get it sent off because I had first to copy parts of it to use in other letters. I intend to give my relatives another dose sometime between now & Xmas and I hope to write something which will be given place in one of the magazines. I guess you know I was disappointed not to have the letter I sent to Mrs. Clark get into the Advocate and now I don't know whether my second letter has ever been circulated as not I don't hear from any of them. Nearly every letter I've written Miss Prescott has been something which I thought she might be able to use and the only thing she did use was not made clear. In missions - not in missions - but in the Our Work in the Orient they have me
How glad I am that language lesson is over as though I had no more studying to do now! And I made Miss Prescott a long letter about the country trip, but Marguerite's was better so they chose that I suppose! Oh, I know I should have written more often, but if you knew how hard it is to find the right things to write about - you wouldn't wonder that I get discouraged when they don't use what I do send!

We have just had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Ogg at supper here. She is our new stenographer (under the general board) and she arrived here yesterday. She will live at Chaoyang until after conference - and if Dr. Grosebeck gets re-elected Secretary of the Reference Committee as he doubtless will - she will probably continue to reside in Chaoyang. She's just as nice as can be - we all think. She is from Iowa - and Mabel Bovelli's father married her father and mother! She doesn't know Mabel - but Miss Bovelli was once past in their church - I tell you - there aren't many folks these ministers' families don't get acquainted with!

So I'm getting the "volume" off to you just a month from the day I began it.
yesterday Mrs. Blackmore went to Shanghai—
(for treatment of ears and eyes) and she
took with her a mail at the U.S. Post Office
in Shanghai—a package for Fairfax.
It contains:

For the Powders:

1 embroidered dress—1 pc. self
shortening—1 pc. silver cuff links—
1 set carved bone pieces—(That's Xmas!)
The rest—for whatever use you wish—
12 boxes of writing paper—2orne
1 pens—and 2 pens—

For other folks:

Myrtle Clark—Embroidered strips
Idella—Writing paper
Grace—
Lucy—
Hattie Kelsey—1 silver enamel ring
Mrs. Kelsey—2 dailies

Gladys Latimer—Lyman (pair tassels
Martha Mikes—1 tassel
Eva P. Owen—1 tassel

Gladys Paul—Embroidered strip
Bevkie Pierce—1 pair tassels
Eva Santelle—red embroidered scarf.
Belle Prescott—1 pair tassels
Ruth Whitman—1 tassel
I purposely left things easily opened because I wanted you to see everything. Do you approve of all the presents— or not? Which colored tassels do you admire most? The most rich, Chinese, colored ones are Gladys's. Latine's—I think—the blue and orange. I'm very fond of that combination.

The embroidered strips are some that come from West China. Mabel sent me a lot of things for you. Stacy— but Zin Stacy isn't going yet, she'll all! I'm sending in this letter a strip that Mabel sent separately. I hope to write to you— for you— weren't that lovely of her? It is much prettier than the other embroidery that she sent us. She said some lovely things about you—as she has in several of her letters, Mother—and she thinks you are splendid and wonderful—and that my father must be too! Can you figure out the 2. E. D. of that, Pa?

Since I have been back from the country I have been up and down. When I got here, I felt a strained atmosphere—and I discovered that not only Helen, but Helen and Mabel too, did not approve of my going—and they said some things which sounded funny to me— such as— maybe I'd better
get transferred to Mormon school. Look if I was going to do evangelistical work out in the country instead of working in the girls' school! So then I made up my mind I would not go out into the country again until after Miss Prescott was here, and I could have a talk with her. Miss Bellamy went out again and she warned me not to forget that she was counting on me to come out in the country with her as soon as I get my exam off—(I am disappointed enough to be so far behind time with it—I tell you)—Well it so happened that on Thursday Miss Aug sprained her knee and is now flat on her back. So I am going to give that as an excuse. (Miss Stiller did say she didn't want me to go with Miss Aug sick—and I shall tell Miss Stiller, I knew she would stay if she were in my place.)

I haven't heard any thing about the Box from home—but I am just delighted—I am hoping the mails will bring me your letter giving a list of the things North Bennington sent so I have delayed writing—I don't want to thank them for a
fancy hot water bottle when you need it (which I think you did!) nor for a cake of modbury’s which I am sure you did!! Please tell the doctor’s wife I am more grateful than she can ever know for the splendid assortment of tape - The bias binding I fairly hugged when I saw it - and the buttons and thread too.

Please send me that a ball of cotton and a sample of lace with it? That is what I call original - its just great.

I wanted to send something to Miss Ufford and Mrs. Reynolds - but didn’t know but it would be phony partiality - when some of the others gave samples of lace etc. If it would and I have sent anything suitable - writing paper - far or needle or what not - I’d be happy to have you give them something and tell them I sent it in my box. I leave it to your discretion - but don’t forget to tell me what you gave them!  

P.S. Have Mrs. Edwards buy something for me. block for postage!
Swatow, China
Nov. 30, 1919.

Dear Pattie's Mother:

Another week past—and I feel as though I'm in deep water—from a good many points of view.

My study part of the week has been used in getting introduced to the beginning of Meyer's General History in the classical Chinese—The Wenshi of Mark was a bug bear—I thought—but I read the whole first chapter of Luke—which has eighty verses—(I hadn't looked at it before)—in a shorter time than it took me to read five lines on the first page of the history. That is easier bit that I did in three hours. Last Monday at 11 A.M. I read Luke. I did better the second time—but oh—I see an uphill road before my next exam! And to think of teaching the stuff!
It is simply awful— that’s all. It is getting a little bit better now—and I presume I shall find it much easier once I get accustomed to the phraseology.

By the way— Miss Solomon has come back. She said Dr. Foster wrote her I had an "aviation" exam. I asked her what that meant, and she said— "I don’t know; what rank did they tell you?" So I told her they didn’t break the news to me—and she must find out and let me know. She also told her I had a very good foundation in tone, vocabulary, and also in Chinese Characters reading and writing.

Another thing she tells me about, is my blue serge dress. By actual count I am trying to put together twenty-two pieces of blue serge together to make a dress. That doesn’t say anything about linings or facings— etc. There are four belts and two
overskirts - a panel vest - Each sleeve is made of two long slim pieces - the collar is made of three pieces - the back of the waist, four pieces - the front of the vest, five - Doesn't that sound like a conglomeration - Mother - can you beat that for a dress making streak? You could beat me at making it, all right.

I didn't do a thing yesterday but put pins in it, it seems. Don't it a shame that I was born slow yet I feel about the same way you used to - I suppose when I wanted to sew one anything you could do it so much better and quicker and I feel you did it yourself on the done - The sink fussed around all last week four days, and did nothing but my machine is going - and sew some snaps on pajamas after making the plackets - And the plackets are so horribly done that...
even I could do better myself.

And worst of all I'm in deep water because of money matters. It is all gone now—
and this is the prospect before me: To advance money for

Housekeeping for the month of December—through Conference
time—in the next three months pay not less than $120. 00 for
board—probably more—and

before the end of February pay
Helene $101. 00 for things I must
buy now if I want them—
$19. for a wardrobe she been using
Mrs. Worsley's, but she will need
it when she comes back.) $14. for
chintz for sheets, $80. for a pair of
blankets, $8. for, getting
some sheets, and some table linen,
a table, chair—wash-stand—one on two books—and a good
many little odds and ends of
things that I need and get cheaper from her now than

possibly could any other way.
I have still to pay for a box—case—rather, of a dozen pint
bottles of oil which Marguerite has prescribed for my digestive troubles ($10.00). And considering the fact that salary these three months will be $25.00. I think ill have to do some tall figuring to make that come out right.

I also hate to draw all of one's salary just now, too — when exchange is at such a low rate that a Mexican dollar is worth only $0.05 on the dollar golds! It is really terrible. The society is losing so much that it will be a hard pull for them this year.

We had an excellent Thanksgiving dinner with turkey, mince pie, and all the trimmings except cranberry sauce. Now what good is a Thanksgiving dinner without apple cranberry sauce? Nevertheless, we enjoyed it immensely.

Sherwin Bungalow invited us and all the Lewis family to their house. The children entertained us royally with piano duets, "pieces" to sing — even down...
little Martha with Peep - II. She confided to her big sisters that she liked me best of all the hor-nie - and she calls me the big one who throws balls. She has been out playing tennis - well, I've decided there are some things that are much worse, in my opinion, than certain things I can think of. Isn't that beautifully Lucet? This is the <w> worse »</w>
The other day peggy showed me a letter from little captain second officer on the boat she took to Shanghai this summer. He was dying to see her, she said - began his letter "Dear Peg" and wanted to know if he could see her Christmas because they had invited me there for dinner - that I bet she will next time! He wrote her several letters in the summer and in one he began "Dearest Peg" - She made back - imagine it! - and told him she wasn't anybody's dearest - etc. etc. Well,
it may be that— in my Column 7,
days I wore have been as foolish
as that — I have to think it through.
She has been him only those
few times in her life — and to
all those liberties — seems very
silly to an old maid like me.
It makes it all the harder for me
to realize that she has had five
years in college and has graduated.
I used to think that always
made a big difference in developing
common sense in a girl, especially on such lines — but
I guess it isn’t; may the girl
is made in every individual
case don’t you? Anyway — I’m
dead sure that I would rather
not get her, for let love be
what it is, it is nothing
very awful of course — but so
very young that it seems extremely
crazy. Peggy once said to me —
well, Abbie, there are precious few
girls (like you and me, for instance) that don't let boys kick them?" At the time I stared at her in amazement for I felt as sure as I wanted to be that that was just a bluff—a great big bluff. She couldn't fool everybody but suppose she thought she could fool me! Don't be the greatest, Hell—may be this is enough nonsense for now. I begin to keep house tomorrow. The conference committees begin tomorrow that probably means that Miss Gigi will be. In my particular guest, will arrive tomorrow. Miss Miller, you and tomorrow or Tuesday very much love.

Catherine E. Anderson

P.S. Just had a fine letter from Ada Adams—the tall, richer boy who said it hard to speak yet got the prize. Do you remember, Mother? He's in Collig—o is going to be a doctor. He asks about medical workers duties out here. Isn't that fine!
Dear Miss,

Monday at 11 a.m. I wrote my letter to you, and as I happen on such a week as this it is well nigh incredible. I am still waiting for the letter from you telling what things were from Bennington and what things were from Fairfax, and in the meantime a smaller box from Fairfax with buttons, pins, green silk, real pencils, and (oh joy) dress patterns and a jackknife that I would be willing to swear is my father's own trusty blade! And soap, talcum powder, trailing arbutus is not as good as his. Ri - I'll have to admit! The very nicest little box - I'm so glad for everything it contains.

Emily Miller arrived on Wednesday - and we all went out to meet her - of course. She seems to be nice - though we don't feel very much acquainted with her yet. Even though she is two years older than I - I believe she is younger in some ways. I haven't heard Madele express her opinion - But Miss Tolman did say she wondered whether we thought Miss Miller was all we had hoped she would be. I told her I thought we recent acquainted with her yet - and that we should like her very much.

But this is what I say to you, privately that Mary Egg is the girl that is the peach.
I think if she were to live here in Mackinac—she would come nearer than anyone else to taking my Mabel Bowell's place. I'm having her for my guest now—and I just love her to pieces. She is not like Mabel—exactly—but she has a sense of humor—and Miss Emily Miller has one—I guess, yet she is slower than Miss Egg. They have elected the latter secretary (recording) of the conference—as well as plunging her into all the secretarial and stenographical work that there is. She is taking it up under it bravely—and seems to be getting hold of things at a great rate. She is a sweet singer and she and I have been called upon in various ways to provide 'souls' this conference time. We have sung one duet—one to have another this P.M. and we two took the soprano—that last evening on the double quartet anthem—that we had for the preceding service—I'm to have a solo at Mabel's devotional meeting on Wednesday P.M. She is to take the 17th of John—and I think I shall sing the song she suggested—'Thou thoughtest, Lord, of me.'

I just haven't time to write—as I would like to write—for I must go to conference in a jiffy. Yesterday I didn't have time to write—as you will see when I tell you what I
did do— We weren’t up very early so we had
had a strenuous time all week so it was
nearly time to go to Chinese service when
we finished breakfast. I had to escort the
school girls to church. Then after that service
we all took boats to Swatow to attend the
memorial service for Dr. Gibson, the oldest
E. P. missionary & was of whose death soon
after he reached England on furlough this
summer, has just arrived. Dinner at 1.30
which we finished just in time for me to
appear at Sunday School to play for my boys.
Then by the time I got my hair combed it was
time for tea— and after tea we practised
songs and went to walk with the new girls
(Mary & Emily) down on the Bund. We got up
from supper just in time to go over to the
evening service, and then I returned my
bath was all hot waiting for me.
This isn’t saying anything about housekeeping.
On Saturday we had tea people (the Jiffins extra)
at noon and the same number (Adams extra)
at night. My dishes are coming in very handy.
I’m trying not to let housekeeping weigh too
heavily on my heart.

With love from your affectionate,

Obed in haste.
Beloved Ones!

A day or two ago I was disgusted enough! No. 81 letter came back to me and I discovered that I had addressed it to Mrs. E. Anderson, Swatow, China! The ten cent stamp was spoiled and so I decided to save it and send it with the next one. So instead of getting two letters in two separate envelopes, this time you will get two separate letters in one envelope.

I wish I could find time to write you a little bit every day. For after the day has gone by - I can't remember all the things I wanted to tell you.

On Wednesday we all went out to the boat to meet Miss Prescott - she is out here under the Interchurch World Survey movement to examine girls' schools, and Miss Josephine Ramsay, who is with her. Miss is on the Social Service Committee of the same movement. Miss Prescott went to Sherwin Bungalow and Miss Ramsay came into my room. Mary Egg still used my room for everything but sleeping (when she went up into Helen's room). It was very exciting of course - to have Miss Prescott here during Conference. This Friday Miss Rollman took them...
up to Nitzyang. They came back and went directly to Cheangang. Then Sunday P.M. they spent in Swatow and came back here for the night. This morning they have started for the long trip to Naging. They will have just one day there and hope to be back at the end of the week. We have asked Miss Ramsay to stay on until June and help us out in the English work because no one has been found to take Helen Fielden’s place. Emily Miller, of course, will be studying the language—and I should want to be the last one to ask her to leave language study until later. If there were any possible chance of her getting out of it? But I doubt if Miss Ramsay will consider it. She is a student volunteer—and she wants to take more special training as soon as possible and get settled down to her real work. I think she is looking over the different work. She is a wonderful musician and a fascinating beautiful girl. She is the daughter of Mrs. Ramsay who is the president of some district West Central. I’m sure—because they live in Kansas. Oh—don’t I wish she could stay! But I’m just making myself not be too disappointed. If she can’t—because I’ve no idea she will. Last day I was interrupted by Helen and Emily calling me to take a walk to get the cobwebs out of my brain—so I didn’t tell about what
happened in the morning. He had a letter from Swatow inviting the girls to take part in a parade in Swatow today - a patriotic thing. A commutation about the matter of the Y.M.C.A. A man that was killed in Forchow by the Japanese. All the boys' schools have a vacation for four days on this account. Our teachers from Forchow have unfortunately been stirring up the girls to all sorts of wrong feelings. Yesterday morning at recess when we were having a teachers meeting, the girls stirred up by the teachers, mind you - they would never have dared meet by themselves and led by my bright little Soo Pang whom I had last year in English, you know - decided to form a society to get more power. To be free from the direction of the kou-nic. There is a history back of this. A few weeks ago a letter came, inviting the school to join a society for patriotic purposes. Mr. Page, principal of the boys' school, did not know anything about it, and we found that the boys who had started it were entirely disobeying rules by so doing. Miss Culley at first thought she would let only the high school girls go into it, so she read them the letter, and discussed it with them. They finally were not allowed to go - but the point was that the grammar grades heard about it and new jealous. The root of
the entire matter, I think, lies in the fact that none of the Foochow girls are teaching any high school classes. Mabelle and Helen and the Chinese Professo and Dr Ling Che, Mabelle's personal teacher, do all of that. So it is very easy for them to let the girls be contaminated by their jealousy.

Well, the grammar schools then asked the high school girls if they would join them. The H.S. girls were distressed to pieces for they felt that in this kind of a school it was not right for the girls to come up in arms and demand freedom and the right to see all letters before the P.O.-ie sees them. It isn't like the government school where the schools can show their displeasure against the govt. when they resist and rebel against the management. And of course they are right. So while the W.A.B.T.M.S. are supporting this school, the women in charge must control it, mustn't they? But if the H.S. girls control it, mustn't they, then they would not join them, then they would be making the split and breach in feeling so much wider.

I went over with Mabelle last night and told them that it had been decided by the teachers that 30 students could go to Swanton.
Did they want me to help choose, or should it be left to them? They immediately said that it was not enough. I said that I wasn't asking them how many. Perhaps they didn't understand what I said, but that was a decided thing - not more than 20, and I asked them again whether they would choose or wanted me to help them (that was all arranged beforehand). But of course they said they would choose themselves. Then Mabelle took charge of the choosing and chose certain ones from each class who might go - after saying this should not go because of impertinence or anger displayed. It was just a mess generally. Almost every night lately Mabelle and I have prayed together about some vexing problem - I know that is the only way I'll ever have any strength for any thing out here!

But a more thing happened this A.M. Four boatloads of the girls went to Swatow, the teachers with them. The new teachers went too, but knowing what kind of danger there is in 'lighting' Chinese girls - especially such girls as ours, parade on the streets, Mabelle couldn't be satisfied for all of us to stay here, so we decided that she's Emily world...
go to Swatow to see what happened—and well to be on land, you know! And Helen and I
went to take the girls to walk (the smaller girls
this went left behind.) Miss Baugh, a Methodist
missionary on her way home, came on a steamer
from Foochow this morning—and we took her
along. She speaks Pekinese Mandarin—and so
the girls didn’t understand a great deal of
what was said to them—but they were rude
in their attitude, and I was dreadfully ashamed
of them. Then I got up and said we got world
now go for a walk—and when I gave the
order for them to stand—nearly all of them
said out loud “na m khî” (I’m not going). Then
I told them to stand again—and the most
of them stood. But didn’t move. I had
them stand just outside the door to let them
step just—just opposite I saw one of them
sit down—I had all times to have a thing like
in a panic—Of all times to have a thing like
that happen! with a guest, a teacher in a girl’s
school in Pekin, present! And Mabelle not there.
You can imagine my heart was one mighty prayer
as I stepped in and said quietly—“I am
waiting for you.” To my immense relief they
came out then—some of them pouting, & be.
sure, but they came, which was the thing I wanted just then. There was some bad sounding talk at the beginning, but when I had shut up rather abruptly two of the girls, no more was said— and we went along. I was in front with the littlest girls, and they are all right. I don’t even blame them for some horrid things they said, for they never would have dreamed of such things if the older girls hadn’t stirred them up.

This afternoon, of course, they didn’t want to go to studying again—and in Precious Pearl’s class (she is a high school girl teaching geography) they wouldn’t answer her. She was much distressed and went to Mabelle about it. Mabelle sent her back and told her to conduct the class as usual. In a minute Mabelle moseyed along—and fussed around getting chalk out of a drawer—looking at some books, etc., and they didn’t dare not recite. So they got started, and everything went along smoothly. Mabelle has just come in (take P.M.) and she says she has been having a good talk with some of the Kau-ting (grammar) girls and she thinks the crisis is over. She wants to make plans in which the H.S. girls of the first two years Kau-ting may have a Y.W.C.A. with some camp fire mixed
in with it maybe. We intend to have our missionary society changed to Mold side field and then this others would be extra. Can you tell me anything about ’Path-Finders’? and where can I get literature about them? If you can get any, send it along.

Wednesday

Well it seems that the crisis was not over by a long shot! Mabelle was detained at home last night, but Helen and I went as usual to the girls praying meeting. The girl who led read the 6th chapter of Romans and made scarcely any comment on it. But was very careful to invite any of the sisters, or teachers, or how nice to explain further. I noticed that little Miss Long sat up front but didn’t think anything of it until she got up and began to speak in her tempestuous, jerky little way. But I couldn’t understand that way. From the way she spoke I knew the words had some spiritual meaning and the last thing she said was that no one need to follow what anyone else told them. If we had all been freed from sin...
by Christ — and we just needed to read the Bible to find out how to do — There was a lot more but that is all I understood.

Well, then the S. S. girls were simply wild — and they caught hold of me and wanted to know if I would come and discuss some things with them. I went out but then they decided to come over to our house.

The thing that came out was that she had spoken in deep classical — so that no foreigners could not understand and had insulted us beyond words; I won't try to say what she said, but expect to get it more fully and correctly later. She took that whole chapter and most horribly distorted it from beginning to end. The greatest pity of all, to my mind, is that the Flattun girls sat back and enjoyed it hugely. The first of the term they would not listen to any of the doctrine, but lately they have been asking questions and showing a spirit that was very eager to learn. Now that work seems to be all undone by the action of a teacher who has done nothing short of blaspheming the Bible and cursing the foreigner.

One thing she said was comparing Miss Culley to the king of devils in Hades! Well, something has to be done. This morning Mabelle gave them a beautiful talk about their rudeness
yesterday quietly saying that there must be no more of it. Miss Travers is coming this morning to hear about what was said last night - and then to meet little Miss Tims. We three have decided that for the sake of the girls she ought not to be allowed to teach in the school, even though she does still owe the mission a big debt for her education.

This is where we are now - and I'll tell you later what happens later.

I think Mabelle and Helen and I came closer together last night than we have ever been before. We took the girls over to school, then came back and went down on our knees - I felt like Abraham Lincoln - that there was nowhere else to go.

I have been very greatly depressed lately - perhaps that is why I haven't made myself snatch more time to write to you - But last night it happened even while Miss Tims was saying...
Those dreadful things, this passage came to me: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." It has been more of a comfort than I can tell you—For if I can have a greater capacity for loving Christ, and these Chinese girls, because many sins have been forgiven me—then it seems to me I have a very great hope. And just now, when the hardest things are coming—I find myself realizing more than ever that even the highest ideals in the world and the greatest happiness will not matter if I can truly be of real help and service just where I am here. I hope in every letter you write to people you will tell them how great my need is for their prayers!

I must stop and send this to the mail without writing more just now.

You must share my letters with Bob especially when I have neglected him for a long time—

Love with all my heart

Abbie