Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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On the Houseboat Again:

Anchored at Chin King
Jan. 6, 1926

Dear Sue:

Just will begin my letter to you tonight and warn you at the outset that you will have no eighty page letter from me this trip! I have brought with me the last four months of your letters — and I will take time to read them over — all of them at once. I have a breaking feeling that there are several questions in them which I have not answered and I want to get my conscience set straight on such matters as that. If there be any.

We left yesterday noon and Miss Colley said goodbye to me — and that is all. I don’t know how the servant question is — or how it will be settled — but I do hope that it will be possible for every one concerned to be satisfied. You should have seen us one of the days down our own考察 work.

I’m above emptying chops
I'm unaccustomed, shall I say, to doing it right in the public eye— in full view of the broad highway. We did it cheerfully enough that once, but it would be rather difficult. I began to keep up that occupation if we had to dig a hole in the farthest end of the yard—and then river, sit up afterwards—in we couldn’t very well drop down to the seaside with two buckets hanging from a stick over our shoulders.

Today we went through a village where they have oyster shells 12 to 17 inches long and they use them to build houses. I saw the walls,

We also visited the mother of Sin Fong’s two of our school girls and had delightful visits with them. Then we went over and saw Tseng Sin-sen-nie’s fruit grove and the garden which her daughter-in-law takes care of all by herself. She is the mother of the crazy son and saw Tseng once’s little ten-old crippled girl, too. She has
Tuberculosis of the spine — and it is a sight to wring your heart that dear, patient, cheerful hump-backed little Riddie! She is a darling! Wednesday Jan. 7.

This morning writing again! We are having splendid opportunities in some of these places. Mrs. Sollman says she has never known such good opportunities all the year she has been here. There isn't much to tell, for it is the same story over and over.

Now to a wealthy home whose children have just begun to go to school — and whose grandmother, perhaps, is so averse to anything Christian that she shuts herself behind the doors of her own room as soon as ever we visit in the home; now to a beggar's room, where the mother, a discouraged, widow, wants to give up her daughter who has a crippled foot. These things keep repeating themselves — and already I can see how Mrs. Sollman, after years of such things, finds comparatively little to write home about. But that doesn't mean in a while I'm a whitter, glad to be out here than I was.
before, I think, I'm lucky indeed.

And since Miss Prescott has said that after Helen goes, I am not to take her place and teach English, but am to pursue my course of study until the end of the third year. But if, then, I haven't finished because of the delay from country trips - I can finish the language work next summer. I don't intend to have to finish it then, if I can help it, tell you!

Well, since she said that I had felt a little easier - the Mrs. C. had told Helen that whether I finished my language or not at Chinese New Year, I would have to take on a heavy schedule - a full schedule besides my studying. But since she had had her little lecture from Miss Prescott, telling her not to boss folks, "Mabel, will not dare, perhaps, to say too definitely what I must do - Oh, you must keep on praying steadily that I may be given strength and wisdom, and the will to do the best I know! I know you do pray that - but I need it very much."
one to her and I was so proud of you I nearly bursted! She
got it when she was terribly discouraged - she had been sick
at Conference time, as perhaps I wrote you - and Marguerite just
told her the rather startling news that her trouble is permanent.
From which, of course, she cannot recover. Your letter cheered her
amazingly - and when she read it she said she didn't wonder
any more that I'm as nice as I am. ! Imagine it! I asked
that you write that letter! She is better now, but still stays in
bed late and goes to bed early - and doesn't get up at all if it
is too cold or anything. She has doubled the written to you
by now. She said she was going to:

Well - I must stop this minute and go to bed. - and
I'll write further and answer those questions if there are any
when I get back on the houseboat.

Very much love to you.

Both and to Arthur.

Abbie
Dear One -

A busy day - it ever
there were one.

Last night, I told you in my letters - we got back to Rakshich and I went to Sherrin's bedroom in the night. When I went home in the morning Helen and Emily laughed at me for deserting my family. But when I saw Mabelie - she just froze me up stiff - she had heard the night before that we were back and without waiting for me to come sent a bundle for a teacher where we expect to go tomorrow. I think she may as well begin with because I came with Miss Sullivan and made again because I didn't go straight to Pastureth when I got to Rakshich. Maybe not but she didn't "great me with a kiss" as she usually does - as others do. She is tired, now, and lots of things have gone against her wishes. I repeat heres keep thinking that and I realize that I must not blame here too much for moods and actions. In the end, if she has a good heart in America - she will come...
Take a different person from what she is now. Please pray hard that I may never say unkind nor even unwise things about her. It is a big temptation sometimes.

The blind boy indeed felt worth going to hear at the Y.M.C.A. They played horns of various kinds, cornets, flutes, violin, clarinet, piccolo, etc. They sang and drifted like a river in English. And the queer part of it is that the leader tenor reminded me so of Mr. Lindsay that I could scarcely keep my eyes off him. The whole performance something about his manner of smiling, with his head turned a bit to one side—and in his way of singing and talking, etc. His voice had a real sweetness; now it was not very strong—a rich, high tenor; in that respect he made me think of Mr. Lindsay. Of course I suppose rest made me think of him. I didn't suppose there was another blind man in the whole world that was a whit better. These clever boys did all some of things. One boy has the partial sight one eye—about half an eye, they
say. He looks after buying things for them to eat, etc. They had their machine for writing the Braille - and some of the audience would write a sentence in Chinese characters. Then this man with half an eye would read it and tell the Braille to one of the blind ones, who would write it in the Braille. Then the paper would be given to another who had not seen it and he would finger it and then read it aloud. Thus they were ready to take English sentences in the same way. They got me to write and I wrote this: "This is the most remarkable school I have ever heard of. We think you are all very clever." It was fun to see the smiles while they were working it out. They also had an implement for working out arithmetic - and did that for me. They showed beautiful baskets which they had made themselves, with colored patterns in them. They did all sorts of things - and we are very glad indeed that we went over to hear them.

Sunday, June 11. (Tathapun) I now have to forgive me if I don't write a detailed account of this trip as I did on the other. I think there is even more.
Write about this time than on the other trip. But truly, it's like riding on the cowcatcher of a Lightning Express, so much scenery coming at you all at once. That it almost overwhelms you, and when your ride is at an end, you can hardly remember any of the mountains, valleys, cities, and waste plains that have rushed by! Truly, I can't remember bits of things here and there, and there is so little time to write. When I sit down, I can't think what to write first. I have to stop this minute and go to bed. I haven't had any rainy days on this trip, and I'm not getting my letters answered up as I planned to. We are so near to all the places that we travel by night, and to have all of every day for resting.

Jan. 14

Truly, I am ashamed at the state of this letter. But I believe you will forgive me if I send along these others which I have wanted some of these, all these time since my last trip. I still owe a great many, and I am glad to have this many to write.

There are more to come,
When you send this letter on to Mrs. Crowell—can you suggest
that some of the letters I have received (I don't say from whom)
have not had sufficient postage?
It is a delicate matter—but when
the sender puts on only one two-cent
stamp I have to pay 12 cts to get
my letter. 
Postal due is always
double—and at the P.O. we have
to pay the original rate of evaluation—
2 dimes to 1 gold. Thus—the 3 cts
that is lacking has doubled over
by the time I have to pay it. My
last mail was four such letters—and that means 48 cts. The one
before that contained two such
letters—24 cts. 
They are rather
expensive—don't you think?
I won't say whether these four letters
were from Bridgewater girls
or shelter the
Mrs. Crowell herself—and justic
Davis say—so you can say
you don't know who. But
if you can throw a delicate, grateful
hint—as father might say!

be glad—

About commissary affairs—I
haven't been to Swator to call
since I went to the hills a
while and a good while before that. Everyone treats me well
and Mrs. Myers has said she is go
to invite me to dinner again - this time with Miss Moore. It may be this coming Saturday - we are traveling to Takelma now and will get there before I can get this letter finished.

You never did say whether the North Bennet Street people are giving the lot of water bottle - or anything else if it wasn't. It is now it is your "bedgin" to write a nice little note to them explaining that I never received the text of what was from them - what was from someone else. I'm just so grateful for the water bottle - and just a bit more grateful if you folks sent it. But I don't know at all who did send it. I won't hurt them any way if they didn't send it - to know some one else did! So I don't feel bad about that!

Did I tell from the plans for the house are entirely changed. I don't know exactly what the new one is - I ought to. But me considered it so many that I haven't that special one clearly in mind.

Exchange is so high now that I can't begin building yet - yes, the cook house, and rooms where the boys live, are in a separate house.

The services left for Victoria two days after Christmas.
afraid the woman will be down flat again by the time they get home. She got pretty tired getting ready to go home.

Dr. Leach did spend the summer with the Udords and went to Kaling with Mrs. Lewis. Mrs. Leach took back alone - she was as much sickles.

Mrs. Udord was the one who took Miss Prescot to all the different stations in East China, as Miss Collman did down here. Miss Collman says that Mrs. Udord is a dear. She was a dear people friend of Miss Weld's was a professor of hers in the college that Miss Weld had at Everett before she ever came to the field.

The Ashurnes don't have a dollar for some time - they came out in January before Mrs. Foster has already gone to Shanghai. She will visit Mr. and Mrs. Collins at Nanking until March 1st. I have found out since writing the above, that Mr. and Mrs. Ashurne go home to America for the summer, at least. It is not yet certain and I am not the only one who has been told. I think there is very little doubt that that is what they will do. This very year 1914.
We got home all right the night of the 14th. I sat up that night & read about 15 letters that I had - and open 3 packages. The next day I was lazy and didn't do much but go over and see Mrs. Adams and roll around with a headache. The headache got bad and I went to bed about 5 P.M. I stayed there until yesterday 11 P.M. Saturday when I got up for tea and coffee. My trouble was a hard cold which had started before I got home - it settled in my head and neck and was exceedingly painful. This is Sunday morning and my cold is well enough for me to be in but not out to church. I'll continue to answer some questions - yes you did send me a nail brush and I think I have told you before I probably that I am very happy to have it - yes, your note Sept 13 - No 76 did & I have called Sept 16 No 77. The next one - Sept 29 - was numbered 78 - so it is all right.

Oh ha! Fell into the 6th marriage never did hear of well I never...
would have thought it of you?
Did little Doris see you then and
tell you you kept your clothes clean?
Oho! And then you went and
got yourself elected moderator
I haven’t been much of an
ex-patriate at length. But really,
that wasn’t very considerate of
ma’s “peace of mind” was it?
I guess you know what I think
of Obear. He used to put his
hips under the desk where we
went into his classes. He
desired Ecstatic for going out too, etc., etc.
to get good rank in Physics.
for she hadn’t gotten good rank
in that in high school. Then
the next year she wouldn’t have
a thing to do with him —
like to send her some little
thing but haven’t yet decided
what would be real Chinesy —
yet quite inexpensive.
The Swalesy Path is our own
Mission path down to the Round
before that was built but had
to clear the ones belonging to
the Customs grounds.

Signed by
Mr. Swalesy of Cleveland
I'm still hoping you may see something I have sent some time come out in Missions or Advocate. I haven't stopped sending, and perhaps something they will try to use something I send. Here's hoping! The grapes we had at thai long were felt down here, but weren't big ones.

I have written once to you, Tatum and her father, but have had only Christmas cards from them since I have been in China.

I wish you had the two things of mine like the new 79¢ one you ordered from Dallas. Never have them since the first summer I was here when the hot weather came and I had to take them off, and I haven't done a thing with them since. They are getting moldy. If they come in next year they'll be the first things I have had out here that didn't! May they will be the foundation for at some time you never can tell!

It's spoken once, I think, about receiving the C. E. Box and—
am enclosing a letter to them with this - you know without my saying - how glad glad I am to have all the things - I want to send off a note to Mrs. Web too - but if I don't with this letter - please tell her how much I appreciate the lovely set of scissors in its dainty case - and tell her - Reynolds is it? that I am delighted with the tape - I want to write to these - but my being laid up these few days has to set me back a little - you certainly had me guessing about what we were going to send me!!

Indeed I do use Ruth Taylor's Bible a great deal - in almost every post meeting talk that I have given - and I'm sure I shall use the Scofield a great deal too.

Helen Fielden's oldest brother in law - Peter Sargent - has just died - after a serious operation - and since Helen was going to be with that sister - Sally - she is all the more anxious now to get home to her - She will probably be in Amesbury
this next summer — I shall give you each the others' address — if she goes to her college reunion — Middlebury, Vt. — that would be her chance of coming up to see you — and I am sure she would be most happy to do so — she will plan to see you if she can — but not on her way home probably.

Miss Culley important to see you, too — but we will talk about that later —

I am not going to say anything much low joyful my heart was when you wrote that you had put away $5.00 for a typewriter fund. It seemed the beginning of an answer to prayers and prayers of mine and for me certainly has been answered in very wonderful ways since I have been out in China. — I regret say anything more now about typewriter until I go through the rest of these letters that I have so shamelessly neglected in the past few weeks!

Your Christmas card to me — especially so beautiful — and
I know that you knew it was for me as soon as you saw it—I did come about two weeks early—but I loved it just as much then and I love it just as much now as I would have if it had arrived on Christmas day.

I haven't said how much your letters to me about very personal matters have meant—because they have been more of a help than I can tell. I cannot bear to destroy your letters—but I think I shall arrange some way so that no one else will read them—I try to do that now.

A repurposing in one sense would be a bad policy. If I fear—to indeed I'm sure I should be wanting the use of it exactly the minute the other fellow wanted it. Miss Bulley has a splendid one—in a beautiful leather case—but I have never been offered the use of it for me—minute—and when she isn't using it, it is shut up in its leather case and outside of that is a cloth covering...
fitted and buttoned on - I have my own typewriter - I shall want other people to feel free to ask me for the use of it some times - not all of the time, of course!

Mother! As I read over your letters of Nov. 8 - where you kicked up your heels in a nice little how I displayed the old finery of the charter's month - you have been appropriating - I don't wonder you said you were hilarious - because Mrs. Gunnoe's letter had arrived! And Uncle John's letter was there then!

Aren't you a schemer to have that typewriter already started towards me before you write and tell me - but I am ten part glad that you did just that instead of writing and asking me what kind I wanted!

If the "Notener" is as good as the ordinary heavy typewriters - and is less noisy than most others - I shall be glad you chose it. I do not know anything about it. I have hoped that if I got a typewriter it would be a
Larger one than the Cowper-though I should have been happy with that. But as far as I know now, I'm very glad you did as you did. Maybe I am not going to get that typewriter catalogue?

Don't Uncle George a dean?

I am as glad Mr. Fishburn is continuing his interest in me. I must write and very soon. I shall have to spend some of the money. I'm afraid—but must talk about that just now.

John and Helen Peter seem about the same as when they were in college except that I liked John better. He is more grown up now. He used to fuss around Helen a good deal—and worry. I don't for fear we wouldn't marry him! He seems more of a man now. Helen said I looked the same.

Have I thanked Miss Lyford sufficiently, do you think—through a message in your letter. In her interest in me and the thread + folklore that she sent? Or should I write her a little note? I just feel as though there are lots of things left undone—
and I can hardly remember when I have got some things done that I ought to have done!

Well! Now I'm at the place where I can get back to feed. Jan. 14 - the night that I got home from the country trip. The first letter I opened was from Mr. Chas. Miller of Norholton - out of it fell a money order for $25 - to go towards a typewrit

I think immediately of adding it back to her and asking her to cancel the order and send the money to you for that purpose - then opened your letter and read it and Uncle George and the rest of you and decided to keep the money here and use part of it toward getting a typewriter stand or desk - or whatever I decide. Isn't it curious?

I had had your other letters about Mrs. Gammons gift to the father - out in the country - so I knew a typewriter fund would be started - and I was so
glad! I was just bewailing the fact that you hadn't told me the amount of Uncle Geo's check—when I opened your next letter—and then it was—Oh—
I do think I am the luckiest girl on earth! For I can't seem to do more than make ends meet out here and I don't know how many years it would have been before I could have had one.

Your gift of butter spreaders will be loved indeed—I have often seen advertisements of the Adam pattern and think it beautiful—I'm glad you got the butter knife & sugar spoon with Mrs. Clark's money—I haven't any but cheap ones. I will think of you when they come when I get married—some forty years hence!! I will tell people that my silver is in the Adam pattern.

Two of the packages I received were the remaining two from Bridgewater—and one from

In Blake—containing a dozen

balls of 80 cotton (credin)—a pair of white silk stockings in
me — and a beautiful embroidered handkerchief from Mrs. Steyn.

Arthur’s Bible came this last Thursday — a beautiful binding — too extravagant — I’m afraid! I must write and thank him for it.

Schofield’s Bible, you may cross off the list, if you please! And when the typewriter arrives — I shall write a note to cross that off, also!

Don’t hurry to send another voile dress just because I say I don’t cross that off the list! I don’t want you to send me now — but two or three years hence — I am sure I shall like another. I think I shall not have this one made up until November — for I have practically decided to go to Peking — with Peggy + Miss Robbins, maybe — and Helen says that you can get good dressmaking done up there. I have boughtcantidad crepe (maize color) to moist — and shall take that up there too.

White hat cross off the list because we don’t wear that sort of thing enough to wear one out quickly. And the one you sent will be
a shape that will keep in  
style, I'm sure.  
(And—by the way—gift of  
Dr. Everham  
I had this time—Xmas was an assortment  
of little but charming  
things—she  
appreciated it very much—I  
don't  
know that you ever run across a  
million—does want to give  
things  
to missionaries—do you?  

"Delicate hint"

I have also crossed off my  
list—hot water bottle and  
fly swatter (one will last a  
long time). I have not crossed  
off Chinese thermometers because  
you know they do break sometimes—  
I am always afraid mine will  
break, and so glad to  
have it.

I think I shall add a coffee press to  
the list—Uncle Thomas  
don't  
use the one. I'm using now, but  
it is good only for dipping and  
leaks if it is filled—the other  
one I broke when I came home  
gone as far as filling is  
concerned.  

My permanent tablets have been  
a great help in this cold—I hope  
the cold won't last long enough for  
me to use them all up!  

Emily Miller has been good to  
me—rubbed my foot sore back  
when the cords were as stiff as
ropes — and loaned me her beautiful down quilt when
the heavy ones I had on wouldn't
keep me warm and were so
heavy that I could hardly breathe.

How much does a nice down
quilt cost — do you know? This
is not a delicate hint — but an
out and out inquiry — to see if
it's within the reach of my pocket.

Book —

Some people sent some things
to Miss Collmann including some
little beauty pins from the first
and some other little pearl
pins that are in the C. E.
society. I hope they will be just fine
if I can get some more like
them — to give them; higher
school girls next year —
They haven't had that sort
of a present yet — and they
would be pleased I know —

I haven't told you how glad
I was to have the dress patterns
& the tearless book — and the
Modern Epicure, have I?

Maybe I'll send you some thing
the girls make from some of
those patterns, some time!

I do hope you will get the
money for the horse!
Does Uncle George mean that Aunt Matie is dead? I should know exactly how to write—although one of your letters said she was very low and suffering much—yet none speaks of her death— I have expected to hear of that—but the actual news did not come.

P alters! as my mother ever does say—"Cuss it" or the equivalent of such a wicked oath—when she is getting ready and sending off my voluminous epistles to other people—you must write and tell me—so I will immediately desist.

I can get a picture of your philosophy of yourself—"a nod—land—hitting to yrm! daughter of a Sunday evening! ym make up with a big jek—say "plague take it" almost under yrm breath—Then just as ym are in the midst of ym most puerilous scowl—amd hav—slipped yrm fountain pen—somewhere between yrm mustache and yrm chin—mother comes in and asks in her sweetest sugary voice—"Well—"
what are you swearing about now? And you long sufficiently make no answers, but keep on digging away at the cross-cross clue you have made— with the little blade of your jack-knife. Is that right?

One thing more—I see you haven't grown to be any less of an ailurophile than you always were—and I notice that you still do not mention what I got and mention the "sugar to put in it" the "butter to go on it" the toothpicks—glass of water etc. What is much enjoyed of course is the much enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner. One thing rather startled me, "a 1/2 if turkey mashed"—until you read the rest on the next line. Don't scare me like that! I also appreciated your beautiful note paper. I always do—I would be happy to read pet-hooks or cant-hooks or anything else and you tell Mother I say you may write to me on a salt bag even if you want to. I don't know where Miss Barney is going but shall probably hear soon—
Have you ever heard of her before?

I have for a long time wanted a copy of "My Task" and will you please tell the Methodist again that I think it very lovely of her to send it to me - I shall anxiously await it, to see if it is the same setting that I have known before.

Will you try to write to Beside Goodsell when the cards come -

I think it is just wonderful the way people have sent things to me - people that I haven't known before - and of course I know noes in a hundred for a good deal of it - but you yourself mother don't have too many things to send me with your own good money - Take mine instead.

I'm sending a list of the things that - the Andews folks sent - they came in three boxes - the Boudoir cap from Mrs. X. was blue crepe de chine and the one from Mrs. Sargent rose colored messalina - both with lace - and very pretty. Maybe I'll wear em
at Kuling next summer if I stay in bed late! (If we go we shall have a house-to ourselves—take a servant with us, maybe—and I'm planning already that —— They is when I shall really learn to use my typewriter--Mr Culley took hers last year—so why can't I take mine? I can't believe my eyes to see (to) that I'm really to have one!

Every thing in the box was lonely—Mrs. Crowell sent one picture—which I'm going to put up in my little office. I am going to publish myself for laughing when I opened it. It is perfectly good and had no real flaws. The illustrated book (prayer book) is surronded by the ten commandments. Some of the illustrations are a bit overdrawn—but I'm sorry I laughed—and am going to return my aim and then feel better about it.

I do indeed think they were very generous—and I most certainly appreciate all the things that people have been doing for me——
I also enclose a copy that was in the box of the Bridgewater Baptist. I wonder if you have seen it before — it has acquainted me a little bit with the minister — and I think I'd like him better at a distance than near to.

It was meant to mark things as I have — but couldn't resist the temptation! Very much love to my dear —

P.S. I read of the serious illness of C. M. of Stoughton St. Church, deaconess — I trust you all send me any news of her.

P.P.S. Miss Culley is as good as gold since I came back — except that she brought some girls in & asked me if they might go to Sweater — and they weren't nice when I said no — and it made the neuralgic pains come back. But of course she couldn't know that — I mean she hasn't acted or said things in a way to make me feel like an awful sinner!
Enclosed notes or letters for
1. Miss Ufford
2. Mrs. Reynolds
3. Mrs. Webb
4. Fairfax C. E.
5. Mrs. Benjamin Burlington
   Charlton, Mass.
6. Mrs. N. H. A.ammer
   Easton, Me.
7. Miss Martha Mix
   111 Knox St. Rumford, Me.
   (1 picture)
8. Mrs. Henry J. Lamb
   North Bennington, Vt.
9. Ruth Whitman
   357 Bird Ave.
   Buffalo, N. Y.
10. Mrs. L. H. Shaw
    Highland Ave.
    Norwalk, N.Y.
11. Mrs. W. B. Crowell
    Bridgewater, Me.

I have twenty pictures for you
and Mrs. Crowell's letters for you
to read — also Jessie Davis

Yours 86
Arthur J. Cherrson
Dear Euso -

What are you going to do to me if I continue to treat you this way - sending you other people's letters and not writing to you yourselves? But you will have to forgive me, I guess.

I knew you would want to see Mr. Jefferson last week - and certainly Uncle George this week. I still have to write to Idella - and Mrs. Gale, and R. E. P. (in thanks for photo) to N. E. district, & Alice Shaw. Mabel Borrell, Fannie Northcutt, Mrs. Cho. Niles - and did I write to Cousin Harriet or not? I can't for the life of me remember - of course I didn't write it down - I have a feeling that I did, however.

Isn't it awful?

Yours in a hurry -

Abbie
June 3, 1919

Jan 5, 1920

Dear Sue,-

Time for my teacher to be here now 9:30 A. M. But he is not here yet - so I'll write what I forgot to put in my last letter - and that is, that the box of chalk (in fine condition) and the pencils, sheet music, notebook, the typewriter catalogue, have all arrived - three packages - and I'm very glad to have them. You must have guessed from Uncle George's letter that I had received something from his letter, also, you learned how glad I am about the double shift on the typewriter. Mary Egg is going to lend me a typewriter, "touch method," that she had until I get one of my own. I think I can get it in Shanghai. Of course, I don't expect to be an expert; and I probably shall never master the touch method very rapidly - but I shall use some of my spare time next summer getting
used to my typewriter. It seems as though I can’t wait to get it. Not possibly! And I could wait all right if I weren’t going to have it at all, I guess!

Later—

I’ve been doing some reading about Egypt, connected with my studying, Myers General History, and I am simply fascinated. There is one book “On the Borders of the Nile” by John Sodd—that tells only enough history to correlate it with the things of the past that are still to be seen in Egypt today, as with conditions which certain phases I have brought to Egypt. It is a wonderful book for travelers in Egypt. I know—and it makes me want to go there some day.

I never had much desire for any places except London, Italy, and Palestine, before. Now Egypt is added to my list. Fortunately, isn’t it that it is right on the way? Maybe I’ll come home
that way sometime... That's my only hope of getting there, of course. Traveling through or past a place isn't a very good substitute for visiting it, but it is better than nothing at all. Besides and moreover, thinking about wishing to see a place is a pretty poor substitute for going somewhere near it, but it is much better, to my mind than never having known there was such a place. Do you agree with me?

Lates.

"My Jack" is the tune that I know, and I have never owned a copy. I am delighted with it. Makell and most of the other girls have not heard it before and think it sweet and beautiful. I have always loved it, myself, and love to sing it.

These are troublous days. Miss Ang is determined not to stay on in the school. She is not very well - she never has been, of course.
The boy & girl on a dock wonder on a horse.

A cow in the pasture.

The monkey swings from a tree of flower.

Your face in the photo frame.

And woman behind a fence, a horse, and a bicycle.

Your love, then gone.

A flower cup, a broken glass.

And this year also for some time.
Then her brother-in-law sent a note in to her and when she heard it was from him she made struggles to open her eyes and had a great fuss about but she read it and gave the answer orally to one of the girls. Now I have seen her have these spells before and they have scared me but this one instead of frightening me made me mad. I think she was faking—I'm sure she was. She has been spoiled and waited on all her life and if she felt bad she could flop over and be carried. She's a splendid girl but I think she lacks will power and I don't know but she is a little bit crazy some times too—Mabelle would pos-pos all this—but I'm
not sure it is true just the same. Miss Pow, who was preceptress last year - isn't satisfied to work with Miss Culley - and she is leaving this new year - did I tell you? and now Miss Ang says she is going to leave too. Dr. Everham has said she must have two hours rest daily, and she thinks she can't have it at school. I don't know whether she can be persuaded to stay or not. It leaves me in an extremely awkward position. Miss Ang suggested the arrangement of my being preceptress and her doing the work - and nobody else would take that position - if they had the work of preceptress, they would also want the name of it, which I think is right. I'm pretty much discouraged about it. To tell the truth -
If I am left by myself to decide something and do something, that is one thing; if I am to have somebody stand over me and tell me how to do it and what not to do, that is a quite different thing and ten to one I will get all fussed up over it and not do it right at all — I don’t know just why I am writing this, but I do know that I shall feel rather queer however things turn out. Or maybe I’m too blue about it — I don’t know.

Yesterday Emily Miller and I went to Dratow shopping — in the morning we did several errands, but we forgot completely and absolutely the principal thing we were going to buy, a wedding present for a friend who has announced that he is to be married on the 11th of February — this next week — so we decided we had better go right back in the afternoon and get it. We have bought two gay, pink, and white bedspreads. The Chinese are not satisfied with wedding presents unless they are in pairs — so we got back a little before five in the afternoon.

And that is the way I spent yesterday sewing. I have told the girls how scandalized you would be at the idea of my going through the winter until the first of February without a decent woolen dress. Not one! The only woolen thing I have to my name is my sailor middy and the skirt which doesn’t quite match it. For weeks I have had the blue dress manufactured from my Housten suit — on the way, but I cannot get time to finish it. I also have the red dress made from the
dollar mandarin coat - on the way - but that is all - I can't even get time to get things ready for the woman to sew on them. I am going to take an hour off at least three days this week, to do a little sewing. It will be vacation for everybody else after Wednesday - at least part of the time - as I am going for Sat. night Jan 14th. We have planned a party. It is Edith Travers' birthday - and since she and Alaska are going home, we thought it especially fitting to have a celebration. We have also invited Mary Epp from Chiaoyang, Ruth Sperry (just arrived from America) - and from Chungchow, and Clara & Goldey and Emma from Kiangyang. We don't know how many of them will come - but that is a surprise for the Shewmin bungalow girls, and we hope they will all come. It seems to me I didn't tell you about Miss Sperry's coming. She was to have come with Miss Johnson, who is the new worker for the women's school here. We went out to the steamer (about 2 wks. ago) and Miss Sperry was there - but Miss Johnson had been taken to the hospital in San Francisco - and didn't sail. Word has been received since that Miss Johnson is en route, but we do not know the steamer, nor the date.

That same day, Miss Friedman, another worker on the committee with Josephine Ramsay, was here bound for Soochow. She
Spent the day with us - She knows I is a very dear friend of Frederica Mead, who was our delegation leader at Silver Bay - Smith, 1911! And Frederica Mead is teaching in Pinling College, Nanjing - where our Miss Pocis is studying. Wouldn't it be fine if I could see her sometime?

Sunday - Today I played the organ at Chinese Church, then went down to English service - where Mr. Gamble preached the finest sermon I have heard for a long, long time. He took the text, "If any man come unto me and hate not his father, mother, and wife - etc."
He said - looked at in this light how many of us are Christians? Could we stand such a test as this? Then he said, "What we can do alone, is nothing. What we can do with people, is the marvel. Christ and William Carey and India's heart turned a bit from its filth and gloom toward the light! Christ and Morrison and the great land of China shined in her sleep as the breath of God touched her. Christ and David Livingstone, and the throbbing agony of Africa first felt the healing spirit of Christ himself. Christ and Booth - and the wayward wanderers turned toward a forgiving Savior. Christ and you - nay,
Christ and thou, and who knows what new earth would open before our very eyes—? I can’t quite put it all—but it was missionary and beautiful. I could hardly breathe, and hardly dared to, during those closing words—"I am not saved by cross-bearing. I am saved if I am saved at all, by one splendid cross. God did not tell us to sit down and count the cost of discipleship; he wants us to cast out all care and thought of the cost. He is the one who does the counting. Shall he trust in you, and forever be—"
confounded? I can not soon forget that thought!

It is getting late now, though - and I must get to bed. I have been losing up scraps of paper - though I don't need to tell you that I guess!

Give Arthur my special love and tell him I'm going to write to him soon.

Your own affectionate daughter

Addie
Swatow, China, Feb. 18, 1920.

Dear Tat and Mother:

This is my experience week, I guess.

On Monday came the news that Miss Te, another of our teachers, is resigning from school work with us. Miss Culley has talked about her, she says, to the High School girls — and told them that she is only a temporary fixture, and that when they graduate, they may come to teach in the school, and she will send Miss Te out into the country to teach a little school. Miss Culley says she never said it — and I don’t believe she did. Any way, the girl has resigned; Miss Ong says she can’t stay, and Miss Ong was leaving any way.

When Miss Culley told us this at supper time, she began by saying, “What would you think if we should close down the lower grades and have only the High School for the next two years?” I laughed because I didn’t dream she meant it — and when I found she did mean it, I guess I sat with my mouth open. Emily didn’t see why she would close the lower ones and keep on the higher ones — there are 14 in High School and a hundred in the lower grades — I couldn’t believe she meant it. But she did, and she had me go over and talk with Miss Collman about it. I said before I went that I knew Miss Collman wouldn’t approve of the plan. Miss Culley wanted to decide then and there to close it — and then give the girls notice.
next day — Miss Tollman did most strenuously object as I knew she would. That talk was a difficult one to report to Miss Culley for there was a good deal told me which was uncomplimentarily to Miss Culley. Miss S. says there must be a reason for everybody’s disliking to work for Mabelle and that she believes the Chinese who find fault with her have a good deal of truth on their side and much more that I have neither time nor heart to repeat.

One thing Miss Culley said made me think less of her that I did. She said that if she closed the high school and used these girls for teachers that it would save Miss Tollman’s face for choosing such poor girls as she did to send away in their education. If I closed school and —

The fact that we couldn’t get teachers of the right kind to carry on the work then Miss S. would lose face — (and it let us do what would Miss S. lose face?) Well she talked with Mrs. Haters about it and Mrs. W. said not close with Mrs. Haters about it — and Mrs. W. said not close with any of it — and she would try to think about some of it — and she would try to think about some of it — and she asked me to come in and substitute — Mrs. Adams one of the women to come in and substitute — I went over there to tell her — and she asked me to stay to dinner — so I did — and

had a lovely time — Mrs. A. thinks it very presumptuous of me to think of such a thing as closing the school without consulting the reference committee. Well she didn’t close it — and on Tuesday night at prayer meeting she announced that
school would open as usual - and that the exam
would take place (for new entering students) the day
before school really opens. So that crisis is
really over - and it doesn’t seem to sound like anything
as I write of it. But truly, it was awful - that
day while it lasted. Emily and I thought it wouldn’t
be fair to us to close it now - for we should want to reopen
in the fall. Well. The long and the short of it is that
when she found out everyone was opposed to it, she
gave it up. I think it would have been a calamity.

And now, we don’t know where to look for other
teachers. We are hoping, and praying - and everybody is
thinking hard, but it is a big, big problem.

I had a long talk with Miss Dug. She knows Miss
Culley better than the other teachers do - and understands
her better. Of course I didn’t solicit anything that
she said - but in the course of talking about the
situation it came out naturally. She says that
Miss Dugan is about the best one out here for being able
to make everybody happy that she works for. She has
a warm heart - and more besides - she has the faculty
of letting it out, and letting people know it. "Miss
Culley, on the other hand," she went on, "has a real heart,
but you have to know her for a long time to understand
her." She says all the teachers hate like sin to have
to make for her - and they all plan to get away from
her just as soon as they can. They feel that she
doesn't treat them as equals when she gets them to do things. And they feel like refusing everything she tells them to do—because it is a command and a grudge rather than an invitation to help her. And much more like that. She also says that the girls at school have the reputation of being "too stiff"—without any manner of doing things. That includes me, I suppose, so I shall make a special effort to be polite and palaverous and so forth and so on. Of course, I can't speak Chinese very well, but I certainly have tried to be pleasing in my manner all the time. I shall have to work against the Girls' School Reputation, though, it seems! Well, one thing Miss Gollman said the other night (which I didn't report to anyone) was this: "I would say, unhesitatingly, that you have the language already far better than Miss Curley has—well, I don't suppose that is true—and I'm sure I haven't the confidence yet to get up before the whole girls' school and talk and pray as she does—They say—thay is beside the question!

(As I write this, Sunday, P.M.) Miss Curley is out in the dining room with Mr. Ashmore, having a long talk. I am afraid she will hear some straight talk from him!)

Tuesday night Helen wasn't going to prayer-meeting for she said she hadn't the strength to go through with it. But I knew they were planning to give her a blue silk bouquet embroidered in white— and so I stayed after the two girls had gone over, and persuaded her to go. She wept and wept, and I felt bad too, but she finally went— And then they didn't give it to her after all!
But waited until we had come home and then a delegation of eight (one from each class) came and presented it to her. I'm glad I made her go, though, and she is glad, too, for if she had stayed at home she would have gone to bed.

She and Edith are sailing for Hong Kong either Monday or Tuesday - so we invited all the boys - in the mission to a supper last night. Miss Egg came, and Miss Sperry. Dr. Leach went through on Wednesday - on her way to a medical conference in Peking - so she couldn't come. And then it was very rainy yesterday morning, so the other Peking girls didn't come after all - we had a very nice Valentine's supper, however. Four red ribbons with graduated sizes of red hearts - string from the chandelier to the four corners of the table. Red hearts scattered all over the tablecloth. Red candles at each place - and candles with Valentine candle shades, in the center. A jolly gay time - with jokes, conundrums and good fun.

But - I had a heart which kept popping up into my throat all the time - because on the night before I had received a letter which I wrote on January 4. The last one before that was written Dec. 8. So I didn't get any of the preliminaries - and practically the only thing
I can think of nowadays is that my only own baby brother is married to a girl whose name I never heard before! Isn't that rather a shocking thing? I seem to remember that some letter said something about a Miss Gladys Fair—but I have read every one since June and can't find even that. So I don't know why he decided to get married, nor whether you knew about it. The day he was married even I guess that you did—his letter didn't give a sense of surprise.

I had a letter slip with 10¢ postage due—and I thought I couldn't wait to get it, because I felt sure it was from Arthur. It was a Xmas card from River side Farm. However! You can imagine that I am nearly insane to know more than that one letter tells me. Doubtless the letters in between were on the "China," which went on the rocks off Nagasaki, this last trip. They say that the mail was all saved but two or three more weeks I shall want you to write me again about the whole affair. I know it is a shock to you; however the case may be—imagine that it is well—high unendurable to have no way of finding out anything more for months!!

Most lovingly your, daughter,

Abbie.
Dear mother,

That I have another thing for you to cross off my list — that is piano. Would you believe it? One of the community people goes away next month, and Emily Miller has ready cash enough to pay for it. So she is going to buy it with the understanding that later on, as I can, I will buy my share of it. It is a Robinson, splendid piano — made out here — especially for this climate, and we feel that we are getting a great bargain for $200.

Of course, I'm very happy that we are going to have it.

The invoice for my typewriter has come and I notice $16.51 here.
been charged for insurance, etc.
I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to
take that out of my $50. for it
is not convenient for me to pay from
this end. It makes it expensive.
I want something, don't it? And I
wonder how much duty I shall have
to pay. Oh, I do hope it will arrive
in good condition!

Emily Miller likes me very much.
That sounds egotistical but it is the
truth. I'm very glad - in Mrs. Henderson's
note to me before she arrived that
I would find her different from
most girls, and that she had very
strong likes and dislikes and would
do anything for anyone who needed
it, or whom she liked - but she
resented being bossed. Well - she is
a sensitive girl - but I've found out
that she is true blue and that I like her
a lot. I hope I won't do anything
to change her opinion. As things are
now I see no reason why we can't
work together beautifully.
Don't you suppose I was surprised
when she showed me this last night.
and then told me it was one she had written herself. Is her mother? I couldn't do anything like that if I tried a thousand years.

"As you watch the sun sink down in the west while the glowing colors flood the sky, do you think that perhaps across the sea the first bright rays have wakened me? Then I watch the sun and so do you. It shines on us both for a minute or two. And the miles of sea twist you and me. Seems very small."

"But all the day and the long night too. When skies are blue or clouds hang gray, there is never a moment when God above is not watching us with tender love; and I look to Him and you do too. He cares for us both the long years through. And the miles of sea twist you and me. Seems none at all."

Isn't that beautiful? I love it. And she did it on her way out. I can't stop to say more about her now - but will later.
Dear Ones —

Just a line this time, and yet there is a leap to say!

It is after midnight and we go to Chaochow for tomorrow morning for Mrs. Baker's houseparty. I wasn't planning to go at first but the women's school has opened and as these girls can't go I'm going up tomorrow and coming down Wednesday.

Miss Johnson and the Carmans arrived from America on Wednesday. Miss Johnson was first appointed an evangelistic worker — then her health was not good enough so just before she sailed she received word from the Board that that appointment had been cancelled, and she had been appointed to the English work in the Girls School on a three-year contract. She isn't very well. Mrs. Miley has to have an operation so cannot come back this spring to help Miss Sullivan. No one has
been found to take Helen's place yet except Miss Johnson - who is very much disappointed to be transferred from educational to evangelistic work. She dreads working with the girls - thinks she would get along much better with the women, etc.

But Thursday, the Ref. Com. voted that she should spend this term teaching in the Girls' School. Emily and I are going to continue our plan of teaching an hour a day each - so that will leave two hours - in the P.M. for Miss J. to study. The Ref. Com. had thought perhaps she would teach for her to study one. This later arrangement of ours of course pleases her better. She seems very nice - and I'm terribly sorry that she has to teach in our school when she doesn't want to. She is nice about it though. I cannot understand how it ever happened - this makes 4 foreigners giving part time to the Girls' School, and Miss Tollman herself along (Peggy helps a little) in the Woman's School. And Miss Tollman is on the Reference Committee. I can't help believing that she doesn't care particularly for Miss J. - and
would be willing for us & have her — for the things she wants generally go through, as perhaps you've heard. No Chinese teachers found yet — not for certain — we are still hunting.

Emily and I went to a beautiful Chinese wedding in Sroaton on Thursday — I must write that in some of my letters to folks — but I can't stop now. So sorry the typewriter bill was such a huge one. I can't imagine why it was so much — can you?

I'm also sorry not to tell you the dates of arrival of boxes — letters & parcels. I have down 1 box Dec. 4. & wrote down — I don't know which one. I'll begin to record parcels as well as letters. I didn't send seven silver rings in any box did I? I've lost or misplaced them if I didn't by mistake send them to you.

Always lovingly yours,

Addie

P.S. Enclosed a letter to Mrs. Char. Tyler, 3 Green St. Boston, Me. Thanks for forwarding.
Dear One:

This has been a truly strenuous week - and I'm not sure I have the ambition to begin a heavy schedule that will come this next week (the week before my face - as the Chinese say). We went to Chashowfu on Monday and went sightseeing all day Tuesday. Sightseeing is about as restful for me as it is for you - so you can imagine how glad I was the next day that we couldn't go shopping an account of the rain. We came home Wednesday night in the pouring rain, and I broke my glasses getting into a covered ricksha. Glad I had some others to wear, because I really find it very hard to study without them.

Thursday all day, and Friday A.M. I studied with my new teacher, who speaks a good deal of English, but much more brokenly than the university graduate who has been my teacher for the last month. We will be able to help me on the history outline, I'm sure. I have to translate it (the outline) into Chinese - easy. Bundle for the girls to write, and local dialect for my own use in the classroom. Then I have to go over the English, history, and be sure that I can translate that into my own use. Then compare it with the Chinese, so that they are sure to tally. I shall not going over all the Chinese characters, if I can.
I have found out that I will have but one class in English; i.e., the highest one — 2nd year High School. That is one hour a day. But Miss Ang has consented to come back and try in spite of her health, if I will take over more of the work — and if she may send the girls to me to discuss all their little affairs — etc. etc. There is no other way but I am willing to try — though I don’t know how much it will involve. I am scared when I think of it, and my examination too.

Yesterday I went over to school myself and superintended straightening the beds of one dormitory and the desks and chairs of all the class rooms. The plasterers and painters have been at work so the rooms were all upset. Friday P.M., I was with Mabel, straightening up the office which has had a ceiling put on.

Sat P.M. Emily Emma Simmon (who is down for a little visit) and I went for a long walk. We took a cooky in our pockets and climbed a mountain — the highest point on this stretch. I left about 3:30 and got back about six 30. We have had Ruth Sperry over to supper tonight, and the Carnans came around dressed in their wedding clothes — because tonight is their first anniversary.

I’m so glad Dr. Mildred is back, because she will help Dr. Everham in the hospital — and thus give her a chance to get a little studying done. I’m too sleepy to write any more.

Love, Abbie
Swatow, China.
Mar. 17, 1920

My dearest ones,

It is 10:35 P.M. this minute but I have simply got to begin a letter to you without further delay. The reason I didn't write last week and was because I had so much to do that I simply had to plug away at it; so I wouldn't have got it done - I've had two difficult things to do this week and since I have just this minute finished the second of the two - I feel so relieved that I want to take deep sighs one after another as fast as I can.

One of the difficult things was leading chapel in Chinese for the first time. When I faced those girls - over a hundred of them - yesterday morning, I wasn't frightened, though I had been frightened beforehand thinking of it - but I was ashamed because there is so much that they need - and so little that I can give to them. My talk was a little over ten minutes long - and my theme...
"Speak a good word for Jesus Christ!" using the verse Acts 22:15 and the incident from Ian Maclaren's story "His Mother's Sermon." You must know it.

Just after chapel, I found that a little girl had just returned, whose leather mother had died two days before. That's one reason why the girls were so sober while I was talking. Mabelle nearly upset me for she wept all the time. I was as sorry for the little girl—but afterwards when I thought it over, I was glad I hadn't known—fr. I'd have had to lead chapel just the same—and wouldn't have known what to say—fr it took me a long time to prepare it with my teacher—word fr word.

Tonight was the other hard thing—my turn at the missionaries prayer meeting. But I did it and all's well with the world—and I am tired—But your letters today were such a joy—Two of them telling so
much of what I wanted to know
and all about Arthur & Gladys
how they are getting along.
I nearly wept when I read about
your loaning the poor girl the
furs! Please give them to her
with my love, unless you are
planning to do something else
with them - They will be ever
so much more good to her now
than they would be to me three
or four years hence - and if
there is anything else that I left
that would be of use to her that
you don't need - towels etc
I'd give them to her and tell
her that I'm very happy to have
her have them.

I haven't written to her
separately yet, though I have
written to Arthur - and asked
them both to write to me -

Enclosed a belated birthday
present for you, daddy dear!

It is late in starting - but if
it is useful to you I tell me.
and I'll send you another just like it. Do you suppose Arthur would like one, too?

Typewriters not yet come, but I'm eagerly looking for it.

Mabelle wants me to take some music pupils, so I don't know whether I ought to try too much—until after my exam is over. However!!

Love to my sweethearts,

From theirs,

Robbie.
Ms. 94.

Swatow, China

Mar. 28, 1919

My dear Beloveds:

Such a long, long time it seems since I have written for a real long letter. Do that so? Or is it because heaps of things happen all the time—and then when extra things added on to the regular ones, happen, it just upsets my scale of measuring days? The latter might well be the case just now.

I doubt if I can begin at the beginning and go right straight through without deviating, but I'll try.

In the first place were my two prayer meetings that I told you about,
And then on Thursday the pianos came — and I haven't had a minute when I wasn't crazy to be playing it. But there have been precious few minutes when I've had time to play it. Well, it is pretty exciting to get a piano in your house — don't you think so? But more exciting things than that can happen, so I will proceed to prove it you.

Friday night, about 1:30 A.M. I was very suddenly startled out of sleep by the ringing of a bell and by Mabel's shouting "Better get up, thieves!" "Well, thieves" in China is a word to strike terror to your heart any way — and I must admit I was frightened for a moment. After several attempts I managed to call to Emily, who is sleeping out on the porch where I was
before Helen went. We got up and prowled around in our t-shirts—
we could hear yelling—and thought
some of of it was from the girls' school—but couldn't tell. We sent
Tui Nive over to school & he brought
back the report that everything seemed
all right.
Robbers had broken into a house—
right near the school—just over the
wall from it, in fact — and one—woman injured — and her money
some jewelry stolen. Four women
were alone in the house — and the
robbers were in there for a good long
time. Nobody came to help them —
The policemen were having their
midnight meal — & heard some
things going on — but that didn't
Better there and none of them appeared on the scene until nearly an hour later. Mr. and Mrs. Waters got up and went down; then they went for the doctor. Then Mr. Waters came over and asked if anyone was frightened here. He had been over to the girls' school and said that the reason the girls were so frightened and screamed so was that a dog had been locked inside the gate and was pawing and pawing to get out and barking. Mabelle and Emily left me to watch the house; they went over to school. Some of the girls were hysterical and all badly frightened. Mabelle stayed on the rest of the night and Emily came back with me. There is a good deal of talk now.
about more protection from thieves. and we wish we had a revolver — an inexpensive one that will shoot 5 or 6 times without reloading — I hate the thought of having such a thing in my possession, but maybe we shall have to get one.

We thought we had had quite shock enough to last us for some time — but things come all at once here, I've found!

The next morning news came that Ruth Sperry, the new young woman worker at Chascohonf, has announced her engagement and the fact that she is to be here in China only two years. In view of that, it was thought best for
her to stop language study immediately and go to teaching English. She will teach in the girls' school, probably, then releasing Miss Johnson for full-time language study, in preparation for work in the Romanic School. She came out, however, under a three-year contract herself, and while she said at first that she would be disappointed to have to teach English she wished she might study all the time – yet now she says she wants to keep her English classes, and feel free to go home at the end of three years if she wants to. Well it is a mess, any how – Miss Pollinaw is practically alone in the Romanic School.
there, of course, but only in the
Kindergarten training work - And
we have Mabelle (full time) Emily
and I teach a class) Mrs. Raters (1 class)
and now here comes Ruth Sperry
to be in our work too - Mrs. Page
& Mr. Carman want Miss Sperry
to go over & teach a class or so in
the Academy's release Mr. Carman
for that much more language study.
Miss Sollman & Miss Culley &
Mrs. Raters think that a Roman
worker, sent out by the Roman's
Board should do Roman's work -
not General Board work - Emily
Thobles agrees with Mr. Carman that
it have such a feeling of distinction
& aloofness is despicable & mean,
and small, and unthinkable, generally.
"It isn't the Roman's fault, it isn't the General Board's fault," says she, "it is the
Kingdom's fault and I think we ought to be willing to cooperate." She said
that—and a lot more. She isn't slow to say what she thinks about a
thing and she and Mabelle had an argument about the thing last night.
Pretty hot and heavy. I didn't say
much—because when people's tempers are high it is hard to say anything.
I simply said, "I do think that it
would be wrong for a Roman's worker to leave Roman's work out here that
is needing her—for which she was sent out—to go help the others out except
in a very special case. Otherwise that is if she were not needed—it would be
wrong for her not to help." Then later
When she said good night to me I told her straight out that I wasn't sure it would be the wisest thing in this case. There is past history in this thing. The women have worked again and again to help out the general work - I was glad to but just about every time that anything came up on the other side of the question - the men would raise the question of pay - pay for it! And you can't just lie down to be put upon all the time - well she saw my point - and decided, I guess, that you can't say right off what should be and what shouldn't be until she has heard more of the question than simply one side of it.

I did deviate from what I was telling, didn't I? I started to tell about Ruth.
Sperry announcing her engagement. Owing to misunderstandings she and Mr. Black did not know that they both loved each other until they got to San Francisco, where he joined her. They became engaged, and she sailed, just the same, writing to the Board from Honolulu that she would stay two years if they were willing to use her services for that length of time only. She kept her affirmative secret until she received the answer from the Board, then immediately divulged it, and day before yesterday she arrived. She has a room at Mrs. Waters' house, and boards here with us. The things haven't all been decided—but I haven't much doubt that Ruth Sperry will put in all her time at the girls' school.
and that Enid Johnson will study the language.

Lately I want to say — I’ve given up having morning chapel talks at school in Chinese — because they were a worry; because they took a considerable amount of time from my language study, and because the language committee advised it. When I told Mabello that I was worrying about it — she said I ought to consider my self lucky not to be doing more. If she had done so Dr. Balmer suggested I would be teaching more than I am. On Sunday, when we were discussing Miss Brady’s coming with Dr. A. & Mrs. Brant, Emily took occasion to ask point blank whether Dr. A. had said that and he said no, it was farthest from his mind. The thing that had troubled him was that I had been given too much responsibility in the school while I was still at my language work.
Late that evening, when I told Mabel what I wasn't going to take the chapel any more just now - she was very sorry, she said. She was provoked to tears and very much wanted me to do it. But Dr. A. had insisted on it. She had insisted, too, and put it in writing even if in the course of my conversation with her, it came out that what she had referred to was this: She had asked Dr. Ashmore which of the two, Emily or I, Dr. Ashmore which of the two, Emily or I, I told him afterwards but longer. I told him afterwards but longer. I thought that was a slim basis for her statement.

Emily is a dear, in spite of her opinions, her sensitiveness and her what I call contrarian. She apparently likes me very much - and thinks I like her equally well. I do like her - and I haven't been trained any way to make it very plain to people that I don't like them. That isn't my strong point. anyhow - I do like her. But I'm tired of being on the alert all the time, if you know what I mean?
Dear Ones,

Just see what happened to me to-day! Don't you think that I have a pretty good right to be the happiest lady in the land to-night?

The notice that it had arrived in port came yesterday afternoon, a full half-hour after the Customs offices were closed for the day. Perhaps I wasn't crazy! I told the cook that he would have to go over the very first thing this morning. He wanted to wait until this P.M., but I said nothing doing, so he cheerfully arose early and got not only breakfast but also dinner ready before we were downstairs this morning. As soon as prayers he was off to Swatow—before half-past 8, I should say. He was right when he said that it would take a long time to get it through the Customs. At 12 o'clock when I came in to dinner, he had just got back with it. The houseboy had fried and heated &c., the things that Sui-kim had got ready, (tickled to death to think that he was having a chance to show off, I'm sure).

Well, you needn't think that I was the only one that was interested in seeing what the new typewriter looked like! The cook, and the houseboy, and the coolie all helped, and even Beauty, the cat, pricked up his ears and took notice when the nails and screws and things began to get pounded out! The people who packed it certainly know their business. When Mary Ogg's machine arrived it was all out of kilter and she couldn't use it, all until it was taken to Hong Kong to be fixed. So you see I have worried a little bit about this, and was very fearful that something might happen to it during its long journey. It could have danced a jig standing on my head when I got it all unpacked and set up on the table and found that it is in perfect condition and all that I could possibly desire in the way of a typewriter. Oh, I do think I'm the very luckiest girl that ever was born! I must write and tell Uncle George without delay.
Of course I had to pay duty on this—the very first article that has required it. They tell me that $8.00 was very reasonable for such a valuable machine. I got word from Mr. Stafford two or three days ago that $10.00 had been received at Boston to be sent to me for my typewriter fund—from guess whom? Free Baptist Missionary circle at Houlton. Isn't that just fine? I shall tell them that it came just in time to pay the duty. I shall have to write them a letter in a hurry, too. Dear me, I don't know what I shall use for an excuse now, for not being more prompt in my correspondence! I certainly can't say any more,"If I only had a typewriter, &c., &c., &c.,!"

How do you like my typewriting? I'm really quite proud of it, myself, though there are mistakes enough, I'll admit. Mary Ogg has loaned me a perfectly fine practice book, but I have had no time yet to use it. I still follow the Peck & Hammer Method. Do you know it?

This is some of the cheaper paper that came with the machine. Don't you think it does pretty well? And it takes the carbon very well, too. You see, I am making two copies of this first letter of mine, and will send one to you and one to my other Vermont folks.

Let me say right here and now that I think you all have done altogether too much towards this beautiful present of mine, and yet there isn't a thing I can do to stop you when you will do things like this! I can just say "Thank-you-pretty" and hope you understand how much I love it.

Ruth Sperry has begun to teach English in the Girls' School and that means that I have given up my one English class. Enid Johnson has still kept some of her classes and Ruth is to have one class in the Boys' Academy, in spite of the fact that we never dreamed Miss Sollman would stand for a Woman's worker to do General Board work! My day seems still to be pretty full, however. I go over to chapel at half-past 8 come back at 9 and study steadily until 11.45, then go back to school
for nothing in particular and most everything in general. I fuss over there doing something or other until 12 or after, then come home for dinner. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday I study from 1:30 to 4:00, and on Wednesday and Friday I have music pupils from 1 to 2, then come home and study from 2 to 4. On Saturday I have music pupils from 1 to 3:30. I have elaborated to you before about the different prayer-meetings that scatter themselves through the week, — Tuesday eve., Wednesday eve., and Thursday afternoon, to say nothing of all day Sunday both Chinese and English services.

So! I guess I shall need all the typewriters and any other help that I can get if I am going to get any of my numerous letters answered before people begin to think I must have expired or vanished or some equally stupid thing.

The very next thing for me to do right off quick, however, if I want to have a particle of sense in my noodle to-morrow, and if I don't wish to spoil this grand machine right while it is brand-span new, — — is to quit this spiel and hike my sleepy self to bed as fast as ever I get there!

So good night, and sweet dreams to you!

Yours with dearest love,

Abbie
Dear Ones,

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So good night, and sweet dreams to you!

Yours with dearest love,

Abbie
Apr. 1922
Typewriter
Lamp study
prayer mtgs.
Dear Mother,

Does in Chao Yang, and on a Monday, too! What do you think I'm up to now? Well, if it is the truth, you know, I'd tell you. I'm not up to anything at all, at all, you don't believe it, and gone and done it, and it's all over — don't believe it. I'm relieved and happy that I don't know what is to do with myself. The facts in the case are that on Saturday morning I took my fourth and final examination. Since this exam was all in the Wemli (or Classical) Chinese, except for a 20 minute story which I had to tell in the local dialect, I could be on the life of me tell whether I was going to do very well or pretty well, as poorly or not even read. In fact, I had quite a headache that the result would be the case. So, you may imagine that I found the results which are written on the concealed paper and card, rather gratifying. We were sitting at dinner (just Emily and I) when the note came in, so I almost had to show it to her. She was just as awe-insom as I was not to know about it, but I had shown it to anyone else, not told about it, of course. But I'm pretty glad to have this result, just the same, for the simple reason that I can write it to you folks.

You can be proud of me in this one thing. You can be proud of me in this one thing. When you have a language to study, you have to do it with your own brain and heart, not with any body's else opinion or disposition. All the rest of the things I'll have to do all my life, so far as I can see, will be looked up very securely with other fellow opinions and dispositions. Not that, everybody's, suit, too — only mine seems especially so just now.
I must explain, however, that the tone is not depressing, most of the time. In fact, one is quite strikingly exhilarant most of the time. This is genuinely high praise and I am beginning to think that the poem took rather a risk when they went down. I don't feel it much, myself. Though I might go on from here and tell a little gossip about that important person. I've been getting pretty violent lately and have been having some digestive trouble. That drops to a leader—has been for several weeks, as I went to Marquise for examined weeks on end. She finds nothing in the breast, no hard lump or anything except a little congested condition. So, that she said she must hangry it now. There are some kind of clouds still over and had it before.

Some time ago I asked Marquise whether she thought my time was most possibly being due to worries. So this time she said she was going to give me that kind of medicine, on a guess. I don't really think I had anything, the doctor was not that kind or anything at all. A person unaware of persons others. Even.

Mrs. Wilson would tell tales on themselves, if they should (Mrs. did, before I told me) and someone as it is to think of it wasn't a disgrace to find theirs—so we would almost consider it at home! Go on with the search for the Anaridae! Would you like to know the result of our search? First case, Mr. Euboeic Pervante, taught 10½ in.

He was followed by his heir, Brother Jagg, later came another set of burn (7½ in.) Sadi and Jimmy. Sadi still the youngest plundered of all appeared whom I called Jeddisha. And I hope that in the end of the nematodes for me! There is a certain satisfaction in playing and living with me!
... Some time ago I asked Marguerite whether she thought my thinness might possibly be due to worms. At this time she said she was going to give me that kind of medicine. On a guess, I didn't really think I had anything of the sort, but that kind of thing attacks a person unaware of it and in no respect of persons settled. Even Dr. and Mrs. Peluse [Pelouse] would tell tales on themselves if they chose. (Mrs. did choose to tell me her scheme so it is to think of it isn't a disgrace to find them as we would almost consider it at home! So on with the search for the Ascarididae! Would you like to know the result of our search? First case, Mr. Emirene Sardaine. Length 10½ in. He was followed by his twin brother Jiggy. Later came another set of twins (7 in.) Laddy and Jimmy. Later with the youngest landlord of all appeared whom I called Jediah—and there is the end of the nematodes for me! There is a certain satisfaction in knowing that they are no longer with me...

Marguerite says I must not take on too much work this spring. I didn't think much of it when she first said it—but then she examined my lungs and took my blood—frequency and a lot more things—she scared me so I will be careful I guess. She didn't find anything wrong—but still I am willing to do what she says!

I told you this just at the start of my story because I wanted you to see the reason for my feeling rather melancholy and weary ever on the morning of my leave. I had followed the vermicide medicine by two envelopes of Portos on the 26th of January, 1893, and had been expelled with the other things.
Swatow, China
April 11, 1920

Dear Ones,-

Another anniversary yesterday; I've been here just two years! The time seems very very short,- out here; but it seems ages and ages since I last saw the home folks! Yesterday I was wishing so hard that I didn't have to have the worry of another exam. now, and just as though to pay me for my lazy wishes, in came a letter from Mabel Bovell. I was pretty much excited when I saw that it was postmarked Shanghai. What do you think has happened to that poor girl now? She and Frances Therolf were bitten by their pet puppy who suddenly turned vicious. They knew that he had been bitten a few days before by a Chinese dog, but didn't think seriously of it until he bit them. Two days later he died and his body was sent to Chentu for examination. In the meantime the two girls were administered treatments for rabies (the mission happened to own two treatments, the only two west of Shanghai, as far as they know). When word came back that examination showed hydrophobia, the mission thought they must take no risks. The treatments that the girls had been given were two months older than the guarantee, so they decided that they must go to Shanghai for sure treatment. Her letter to me was written the day after they arrived there. They had had two treatments already and were to have them for fifteen days in all. Mabel says she thinks they use the longest needle they can find for the purpose (hypodermic injections into the abdomen). Now wouldn't you think that nearly enough for one poor missionary girl? To cap the climax; they were encountered by robbers on the way down the river, and everything they had except the clothes on their backs was stolen. Oh, I think that girl is the bravest one I know. If I had had half the horrid experiences that she has had since she has been in China, my voice would be raised in loud wails of protestations, I know,- but her letters are all so quiet and without a breath of questioning in them. Well, it made me just ashamed of my fussing
about exam. I. For Mabel has had no end of interruptions, you know, ever since she came out. First it was taking care of so many sick people that winter, then being with Miss Cody through her terrible last sickness. Then she herself has developed chronic headache, and other people have been sick again and she has shared the burden always. She has had other hard things, too. Her father underwent a very serious operation which of course she couldn't know about until it had been over weeks and weeks; and when she got the first letter it said he was scarcely expected to live, so she had no way of knowing whether he was still living or not. The operation was successful and he is well again now but it was very hard for Mabel, you can see. And now just as she had gone to Suifu, the place where she expects to live, and had been there long enough to know that she would love it there, she has to go traipsing off over a month's journey to Shanghai. She will be there a half a month at least, and then it will take nearly two months, perhaps, for them to go up river. That will cost the mission a pretty penny in money alone, won't it? Oh, I am glad they didn't take any risks, though. Hydrophobia is so treacherous. It seemed yesterday as though I just could not stand it not to see her when she is so much nearer. There was a boat to Shanghai in the afternoon and I could have got my duds together just as easy as anything and sailed up there for a few days. I want to cheer her up and I think we would have a cheerful time if I could only see her. Not that she complains even the littlest bit; she doesn't: but I think I can guess how she must feel.

These days are certainly busy ones for me. Did I tell you that besides my daily five hours of study, I am having nine music pupils each week? I have been trying to get in a little exercise every day, too. I'm not getting any fatter these days and I've decided that I can't afford to let go any of my few precious remaining pounds! We still go down into the community once in a while. We went again yesterday to Miss Moorhead's for tennis. I didn't feel so foolish at all this time, for we have been practicing more lately and I am
getting back my old serve a little, I think. I still can't do anything at returning, but hope we shall have some good games this summer at Kuliang. There were some men present, too, this time. I wanted to shoot 'em when I saw 'em coming, but it couldn't be helped so I made the best of it and took my medicine like a good child. I do hate to be watched when I am trying to do anything that I can't do very well, tennis, for instance! I thought it was bad enough when I saw them coming to play with us; but mercy on us! Mr. Klubein, the young Dane, wouldn't play at all but just sat there and watched all the time! And I just know he and Mrs. Moorhead were having the time of their lives watching my long giraffe-elephant-cow leaps and antics and frolics all over that court! It certainly must be fun to watch me! I think it's nice I don't get mad but can enjoy the joke, too, don't you? Emily Miller and I are in wrong today, and all through no slightest intention on our part. I said when I first came out here that English church was one of the things I knew thought I should have to get along without out here for the most part. I knew that Miss Culley seldom went. She didn't always go to Chinese church either, for that matter. So I followed that a little bit. Then people began to ask me why I didn't ever go to English church, and blamed me because I didn't. So then I decided that I would go once in a while. It makes the day too terribly full, though, to go to the services in the morning; in fact, sometimes we have to leave Chinese church early in order not to be late at the other one. Since the service today was to be on this side of the bay, I decided that I would go. While I was dressing Mabelle spoke through the door into my bathroom and asked me if I would play the organ at church this morning. I told her that I was not planning to go to Chinese service and asked if she would try to get someone else. I think it is the very first time I have begged off when she has asked me to do it. I just hate to too because I make so many mistakes. I was writing to Mabel Bovell when Emily came down. She had been playing the piano, when Mabelle came out and said, "Aren't you going to church?! Well, somebody has got to go." So
although Mrs. Page had very willingly consented to play the organ, Mabelle put on her coat and marched over to church because neither of us was going. I didn't know that Emily was going to stay at home, too, but I don't feel that that makes any difference about its being right or wrong for me to stay at home or to go. I simply decided what I was going to do—how much I could do in one day, and nobody told me that I ought to or ought not. But I know of course from what Mabelle told Emily that she thought one of us ought to go. I think it was just as much of a duty to write to my poor "sin-twister" Mabel as it was to go to two church services today. Mabelle had her dinner in her room, and we didn't see her until 44 o'clock this afternoon. She hasn't said a word about it, and I don't know whether or not she thinks I set Emily a wrong example. The thing that worries Emily is that when she was telling me about it Mabelle came in through the next room very suddenly and we have no way of knowing whether she heard what was said. Oh dear, we do get so small and fussy about things out here, don't we? I know a thing is not worth the paper it takes to write it on. I wish you would just tell me what you think of my writing such trash, anyway! But it certainly does sink my heart way down into my boots to have even little fusses with anyone. I am sure that I hate it worse than anything else. It always takes a whole lot of strength out of me and I feel as limp as a rag.

You'll forgive me for all the misplaced capitals and various blunders, I'm sure. I certainly am having a grand time learning to run this machine. I planned to spend a little time every day getting the touch method; I've carried out my plan one day!

Very much love to you both, with a wish that everything happy and beautiful may come to you as the days go by.

Yours ever and only

Abbie
Dear Crow:

just an apology for a letter this time, with these two enclosed for you to read and send on to Dr. H. Farnum and Uncle George. I’m ashamed to send them truly, but am getting to the point where I am thankful to get anything written for anybody.

My exams should come next Saturday, but I am so far from ready; and I do so want to get it over. I shall certainly be plunged head first into things as soon as it is over—but I would rather get into the fire than stay in this frying pan any longer.

Another thing that worries me; however well I may have done in the exams before now—I know I can’t do it this time, so you may expect to get a “pretty fair” mark or “fairly good” or something like that.
this time - it will be the most I can hope for - my brain is not made to suck in all these Chinese characters - it is like a sponge - when it is full the slightest pressure will squeeze out a lot of the contents.

Mrs. Ashmore is better than she was but even now she doesn't get out to do anything - ours any worse. She said yesterday that she hoped sometime to write a letter to my "nice mother" so I hope you will hear from her some time.

I have a number of letters begun like the two enclosed - I don't know when I'll finish them.

Love to you both -

Abbie
Isn’t this nice?

My dear Gailie:

If you have not put on more clothes this morning, get right into some more. This is the kind of weather to get those awful colds that will me down so.

With all that is before you, you need every bit of nerve power without using it up in keeping you warm. A sweater is not enough. You ought to protect your legs too.

With the mother kind of love,

P.D.A.