Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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No. 99

Bretton, China

May 2, 1928

Dear Mother:

Back into the dizzy whirl of work! Or rather that is the way it seems to me--though this last week I've hardly done anything at all in the line of studying. I've let my teacher go on translating history outlines which I shall need in the fall. I have studied some but rested a good many times when I felt like it. Then I've been busy arranging my music books. I had them before at one o'clock but Dr. Everhart says I must take an after-dinner rest as regularly as I eat my meals. That is law. If anything happens important enough to make me miss my dinner it might be considered important enough to make me miss my afternoon rest--otherwise not. Well--I am glad of that law because generally
I was tried enough so that a rest feels good even when I've been doing nothing.
My schedule at present is something like this:

Chapel 8.30 - 8.45
Study 8.45 - 11.45
(with two raw eggs somewhere in between!)

The above, daily.
In the p.m. as follows:

Monday - 2 music lessons
1 Class song rehearsal - (graduation)

Tuesday -
2 music lessons

Wednesday -
5 music lessons.

Thursday -
1 Class rehearsal (for graduation)

Friday -
1 music lesson in the evening!
2 raw eggs in the evening.
I shall probably have another music lesson soon - making 11 in all. Then in between those I have to copy records from Isabelle's...
books and do all sorts of other things— and oh— how my letters are piling up!

That makes me think to tell you that I had an interesting mail yesterday.

One letter from you—in which you tell of I de lala's letter to you, and the typewriters— wasn't it lovely of them? I thought saving machine as soon as I read it— but that would cost too much and wouldn't appeal to them in the same way. I'm sure I don't know what to say— and any way— they may have decided that if I have the typewriters they will use the money for some other good purpose.

Another letter from Miss Brigham asking questions about the work— and telling me that a class in New Haven Ch. was going to pay for my 'personal assistant— meaning teacher— another letter from the nuns.
of the New Haven class (old ladies' class) telling me about it - asking in my picture and saying that she happened to be telling Charlotte F....

Charlotte exclaimed: "Hey - she's my missionary!" Then I told them why - isn't the world small?

Another letter - from Mabel Borell - in the hospital at Shanklin. She had to have another operation on her breast - but doesn't want me to tell anybody - not even Dr. Everham - in she does hate to have it talked about. Also a letter written the day before, by Frances Thorsolf who is nursing her - she is getting along very well - and wish she will be well enough to go back soon. I do pity her for the dread she must have of the trip back! Don't I wish I could see her!

Another crockage - an Easter card from Mrs. Burlingham. He doesn't sign her name, but writes
only a little sick" on the back of a sheet which bears "Warrant Burlington, Worcester, Mass." printed on the top. She means that she is sick — but she might mean that he was sick. And she adds, "unsealed envelopes." Isn't she funny?

And then last of all — a card of Easter greetings — in an unsealed envelope — the same as he sent to all his parishioners I suppose — from Chester T. Hood.

I nearly fell out of my chair —

I wrote Mrs. Groseclose thanking her for mothering me and telling her that I knew my mother would bless her for being as good to me — I'm enclosing the reply — some of which may not interest you but most of which doubtless will. She is not a gushing sort at all. Do you think she nice to me? I do hope you can meet her sometime —
Your letters keep bringing shocking news — so many deaths — that I fear to open each letter almost not only yours, but everybody's letters. Of course, I want to know about them, though!

I'm ashamed that my letters have piled up so — but I haven't the courage to think of them even — I've written none in the last weeks save to you & Mabel Borell —

I am so relieved, though, to have my exams over that I know I'm resting all the time — in about a month from now Mabel goes, though, and then — graduation still ahead of me — I don't think of the autumn yet for I know there is the summer between — and I shall get good and rested then —

In the meantime, my physical ailments are disappearing — the
breast was bound up has had the bandage loosened — and the pain, also the congestion is practically gone — I am still having slight digestive troubles once in a while — The daily oil doesn't seem to be always sufficient to straighten things out —

But I am better than I was a week ago — and am going to keep on getting better —

With love,

Abbie

P.S. Sometimes I wonder whether it is right for me to write about when my big toe is stubbed and when my nose itches and — when the corners of my mouth turn down! I know you want me to — but I am not sure that I ought always to stop over every little thing!
Swatoo, China
May 9, 1928

Dearest [Name] -

Another tale of woe! Don’t you get tired of hearing me talk of them? It’s nothing new, except that I was in bed three days this week with nothing the matter with me except indigestion, as far as they can tell. But those three days (and yesterday too), things I was dressed all day. I had only soup and dried bread and fruit — and about a dozen medicines. Nourishment every two hours — doesn’t that sound like an infant invalid? But I’m all right today — went to Ch. & S. School — am going for a little walk with the girls — and eating meat (a little) again.
more than ever—I guess I'm telling you this to show you that it is I and not she that is the cause of her effect on me—I guess—so I can't explain it otherwise.

Did I tell you she asked me one night before Ruth Sperry whether I would call her "Liz" if she asked me— I said "No, certainly not" and explained that she was too nice & pretty etc. to be called that. She was absolutely to the point of tears, and got up and left the room saying that none had any regard for her feelings—And yet just the other day she said she wouldn't lead a prayer meeting if she didn't want
- and wouldn't think it necessary to give any reason except that she didn't want to.

We haven't spoken of "Liz" since the night it occurred - except until today when she brought it up. I said something about her saying "I don't want to" was sufficient excuse for not doing anything - she answered "Oh, but I had told you that I would do anything you asked me to." And that was the first thing I ever asked you to do. And I don't want you to call me Liz - never - but I wanted more than anything else that night to have you say you would "! What do you make of that?"

Love Abbie
Swarow, China
May 17, 1920

Dearest One:

What do you suppose I've just been doing? The scandalous fancy of playing the piano at three o'clock in afternoon on a Monday! I always feel better somehow, when I've had the chance to play a little on the piano when I know no one is listening. I can play as hard and as soft as I want to, and if I think I'm getting some meaning into it — then it doesn't matter whether anybody else might think it sounded ugly — if nobody
heard me play it. See? But I wasn't playing for my own amusement, though. I was beginning to practice up a little for the graduation march which I played last year but will have to play on the big organ this year (since the Sunday School and Church together have recently purchased an organ).

And here's something to tell the nice organist lady who sent me "My Task." We have translated it and the class this year will use it as their graduation song. Miss Culley taught them the notes—then handed them over to me for expression etc., and to get used to the organ accompaniment. They will do it very well, I think. It makes a
splendid song for them, for they haven't strong enough or sure enough voices to sing different parts; they sing it all in unison.

I have never said that my typewriter has but one paper guide, where there are supposed to be two. (A little round thick nickel plated steel disk to slide on a rod.) Could you write to the place where the typewriter was ordered and get one, with directions about adjusting it? It is a minor detail but if it can be fixed it would be nice.

I haven't had much opportunity to use it because I have been too tired to concentrate on letters to any body but you and not much to you, as perhaps you have noticed.
I'm just looking forward with eagerness to my summer vacation. So although they say Kuling is not the best place to study and rest at the same time, I'm not going to study much and if there are too many things going on at once, I shall let 'em go. And I'll be away from the people I live with the year round and shall be meeting folks I've never seen before. Well, I'm counting on it, and playing tennis, I may make me fat in a hurry. And I'm just crazy to dig on that typewriter and learn how to use it correctly.

My 'tummy' is getting all right again but I'm having to be rather careful of what I eat. Love, Abby.
No 181

Swatow China
May 18, 1920

Dear Mother:

Just sent off a letter & 

you folks this morning, but I have

received two from you this afternoon —

and I'm going to take a few minutes

now to write about some more things

that I think of, while I think of

them.

I'm not sure I've mentioned at all

how glad I am to get the Priscillas

that you sent — we get new patterns

for the girls to make — in every

number. Which reminds me that

I haven't told you about flannel

for nightgowns. I'm not very well

satisfied with pajamas after all —
at least not with the ones I can manufacture for myself out here so I've decided to have just plain ordinary nightgowns. Will you please use some of Mr. Giberson's money to get enough pink or white or something like it - outing flannel for about 3 nightgowns I would get them ready made only I know they wouldn't be big enough - and will you please get a copy of the latest number of "Fashionable Dress" from The Fashionable Dress Publishing Co., 170 Fifth Ave., N.Y. City. It's 25 cents rather expensive but I'd ever so much like a summer number of it. Helen had some last winter and they were splendid. And if you order it sent (though I suppose you would have to pay extra postage) or if you send any things during the summer, that would reach me
Before the last of August, will you please send it direct to me at Cottage 81, Nanking, Via Foochow, China. Letters just send as usual, for they will be sent up regularly and without much delay, but these other things would be harder to get.

Oh yes - there is one more thing I am very anxious to get - and that is a copy of the Revised Edition Rational Typewriting, [Gregg Publishing Company, New York City]. I don't know the address but will get it before this letter goes off if I can. It will cost a dollar, I think - but out here I would have to pay $3.75 so I think it would be better for you to get it.

But - use my money - not yours please! I shall write to thank.
Mr. & Mrs. Rimball— as soon as I get ambition— before that, maybe! Wasn't it lovely of them to send it!

Please be comforted by the fact that I am always glad to have you tell me all about everything that happens— I know I should feel that something was being kept back, if it was! I am much happier thinking that you will tell me all that happens.

Very much love to you—

Abbie.

P.S. Just New York— for the Gregg Publishing Company
Dear [Name],

One of the brightest girls in our first year high school class very suddenly died this morning and we are all upset. The trouble was triple malaria, and it reached her lungs in something that was like pneumonia. As I looked at her this morning with her poor swollen lips and frothing mouth and dreadful breathing I could see nothing but the face of Charlie Barnes as I saw him in his coffin. The circumstances are so nearly the same — In a few weeks more she would have completed her 1st year of high school — and an education.
as high as that is out of the ordinary here. Popular, beautiful girl - fine Christian -
treas. of the missionary society, a leader in many ways. Last Friday night she
took the part again of Haman in the scene of the Book of Esther (They
did it two years ago - the first thing the girls act). She hadn't been very well on
Friday but went through with it. Saturday she went to bed. Tuesday was taken to
the hospital - but even yesterday Marguerite was not worried about her - This
morning at four she was suddenly worse and they knew she could not live.
It is awful - we cannot believe it. About
ten minutes before she died, Emily and
I took several girls who were weeping
at the hospital steps, back to school.
All the high school girls were there
and Mrs. Lim (who was Miss Culley's teacher)
but is now mine) prayed - then one of the
girls began - but while we were there
a girl came running to call 203 9th St (Lois) who is 20^th (the dead girl's) older sister - so she said that she was dead - so she went - but I kept the girls for a moment for another short prayer that we might all be willing to trust and not feel rebellious - I don't know what I said, but I'm afraid it may not have been grammatical - then I just told them in a sentence that we must do all we could to help 203 9th and her little sister Hsi Pi (Phoebe) and not make them feel worse than they do but comfort them all we can - make it easier for them - They have been wonderfully quiet - Usually there is such a loud wailing for that is Chinese custom - but they have been remarkably quiet.

This afternoon the smaller girls are having classes the same - and the
older ones are busy helping. Emily and Matelle just now are down in the room where the dead girlie is. And Ruth and I are over at school just to be here in case anything comes up. The girls will probably study until three o'clock, then begin to get ready for the flowers. The funeral will be early tomorrow morning.

The thing that hurts me most is that her mother, a bible woman, is out on a trip and though they have sent for her she doesn’t know the girlie is sick. They are hoping she will get here on the evening train from Chaskow in.

And I can see now the mother—and those three girls only last fall, in our downstairs hall, weeping bitterly for their father, a pastor, who had just been taken off by the plague. Now there are left—including poor old Aunt Golden Peace—one of the oldest bible woman in the world (her grandmother) are sorrowing for this little girl (about 17 or 18 yrs).
Monday A. M.

I'm may imagine that I had no time on Saturday to write — and yesterday I rested a good deal.

The funeral service was especially hard — one reason that the cemetery is up on a hilltop. And a Swanton hilltop from 9 o'clock on of a May morning is not the coolest thing to be imagined. We had the little service down on the lawn below the hospital at 8.30 — then the procession wound up the hill side in the hot sun. After the short hymn and prayer the most of the school girls and the rest of the company went down again. About a dozen girls, four or five teachers, Miss Tollman, Miss Culley and I
stayed up with the mother and the sisters until the grave was filled. The thing we minded was the pounding. Do they do that in America? I have never seen a cemetery service before in my life — you know — well — I won't bother you with more details such as having to tear poor Loji away from the coffin with my own strength — etc.

There were a few, very few dry spots on my outside blouse when I got back — and on my inside things not one. I took them off and got into the coolest nightie I own — then sipped slowly about two quarts of water to take the place of what I had perspired out! Then lay down and slept a little. Since I was going to have my
hair washed right after dinner - I decided not to use my strength by dressing for dinner and undressing again. So I had dinner up in my room in my khimona. Then the a-sim came and washed my hair - and I let her dry it. I had no sewing ready for her, so I thought she might as well spend her time that way and save my strength.

(Now here is good news for you.) One reason I rested "so hard" was because Dr. Everham wanted me to go with her to Dr. White, the English Presbyterian doctor in Swatow to have my lungs examined by X-Ray - He gave me even more thorough examination than she had done, and came to the same conclusion that she had before arrived at; that they are perfectly sound, and that what I need is
a good summer's rest. He advised me to get away as early as possible and stay as long as I could—so my conscience won't smite me about staying longer than 6 weeks. Even though I am not studying—well—isn't that encouraging? I feel heaps better about it than I did the day she told me she wanted me to have the X Ray on my lungs!

Next thing they will examine is excretions—(!!) Don't say a word—yesterday I went to church (Chur) once—and just hung around most of the rest of the day. This morning we had the girls over for Emily's birthday breakfast (May 24) (she is 29) and it was all lovely. Love to you both—

Abbie
May 31, 1920

Swatow, China

Dears,

Did you ever know of such a crazy, absent-minded, forgetful person as I? I hope Father's little birthday gift has arrived by now—but I'm sure Mother will not get there in time for a Fourth of July present. I thought I had sent the little filet collar—which is made by hand from fine cloth (all but the edging, which is hand-woven filet lace) and then I had my exams—and then I was no good—and the envelope with the collars in it lay all addressed and stamped at the bottom of a pile of books, for I don't know how many weeks.

My birthday was a splendid one. The enclosed letter to Gladys Lyman will tell you a little about it. Wasn't it lovely of her to send me the quilt? It is "100% new wool" filling—and the cover is a fine silk-like cloth, yellows and greens and a little brown in a big flower pattern; quilted probably on one of those big, quilting machines in the top floor of the mill. It is lovely—as you can cross off the down quilt.

Your letter of Apr. 9 was marked 101—and the next one, Apr. 23—marked no. 2. So there is one missing. I think this last came on the Empress boat—also that the beautiful butter spreader wrapped in Modern Priscilla. But the Empress doesn't take bigger parcels than magazines.
as I'll have to wait for the other package —

you should see my array of birthday presents! From

Mabelle, three pewter finger bowls just like those she
gave Emily — so we have the set between us — They
are just like hers which we have used every day
which she has now packed to take home. From

Emily, a fine pewter chocolate pot which I shall
use for a water pitcher, and ten little salt dishes
(as to match my green jap. dishes. From Ruth Sperry a
beautiful Kang Tau Porcelain ware ginger jar — Splendid
for ginger or raisins or candy etc. From Miss Sullivan
another pretty Cantonese plate. From Margaret a
wonderful little carved teakwood tray. From Peggy a
dainty little carved teakwood tray. From

and painted feathers fan with ivory sticks. From

Miss Johnson a crocheted teapot holder with pink
crepe de chine lining. Pretty flowers from other folks
from Jwladys Ashton — was here at my birthday
breakfast; by the way — a pretty Kitgang fan and
lovely flower basket. From Clara Lush a fine

Pedmenese (copper wire) cloisonné napkin ring — and it
is the first real napkin ring I've had since I came

is China! I've just neglected getting it, that's all.

And what else, do you suppose? A fine box

of chocolates from Emily Miller's mother. Emily

of chocolates from Emily Miller's mother. Emily

had always wanted a

heard me say that I had always wanted a

"Whitman's Sampler" box of chocolates — but I had

never had one. As she said, "I'll have to get

mother to send you one from the store." But
of course I never thought of such a thing - and was overwhelmed. How shall I thank her? Oh yes... Edith
Leaves sent a very pretty Wallace Nutting picture. I'm afraid I shall not be so thoughtful of people's birthdays when
I have gone home on furlough.

An extract from Kathie H. Collins letter written last January: (did I tell you before?)

"There is nobody like the Sandersons for me, and believe me they are really scattering that are
like that old saint of a mother of yours, and we all have found it out! - How will you be good?!

A short note from Gladys Paul saying that she & Stella are planning to room together at Commencement
(Centennial Celebration) this year - For written letters with a weird hope that they may get them! Though I
don't suppose they really can.

Heaps of love to you

Abbie"
Dearest Ones —

The seventh of June already yet — and all's well with the world —! I'm not getting fat yet — noticeably(!) but I don't think I'm losing any more pounds — and I certainly have got my internal apparatus straightened out a great deal. But in spite of my fear that I would have to begin soon to reckon how long it might be before my bony structure would rise up in protest and strike for thicker cushions — I was bold enough to dare have...
my picture taken. The New Haven folks wanted it - and Mrs. Adams wanted it for the sixtieth Anniversary book - and as forth & so on! So I went and did it - and here is the result - or here are the results - I'm sending you folks two - and while I really think it won't make so very much difference which one either of you chooses - still I want to know which one each of you chooses - and whether you think either of them looks like any body besides me!

Emily has been having malaria. She has been putting up a good
fight - and hasn’t been sick enough to be in bed yet - she is taking 10 grains of quinine every day now - and is better.

I told you I’d be sorry if I wrote things about her - and I am - but just the same - I’m awfully glad that the 20th of June comes pretty soon! Then I come back in the fall I shall want her to hug me all the time. Maybe! But I don’t know - and I can’t make myself - and that is all there is to it - I’m afraid she will make the other girls hate me - by saying too many nice things about me - She wouldn’t go to Double Island the
other day if I couldn't go - and told Ruth, "Abbie is half the fun of going and I don't care about going if she isn't there." I call that slightly "tackless," don't you?

We took the girls for a little walk over in East Hill yesterday P.M. and the girls sang and told Scripture verses and Miss Bulley said a few words of goodbye to them. A beautiful little service.

Very much much love to you.

Abbie
Swatow, China
June 7, 1928

Dear Arthur & Gladys —

You don't know how glad I was to get your letter the other day. Please do write often and just take me into your home for a little visit, will you? I promise I won't be any trouble — at least not much, and I'd love to help out with the sweeping and dusting and scrubbing and washing and ironing — and sewing! I'm rather out of practice doing these things but if I jogged my memory hard enough perhaps I could remember something about them. Besides — suppose I should happen
To get serious thoughts into my fast-graying pate about getting married - I'd wish anyway that I hadn't let my knowledge of housekeeping all go by the board, wouldn't I?

But don't begin to worry very hard about that - yet! The people out here would say - "Have to go some to find a man, I guess." And harsh as that sounds - the meaning isn't really so bad - that is - it might not mean that everybody was wondering how in the world a skinny lank being like me could ever hope to get a husband - For ever pretty Peggy Hollwood - fair as a lily and just as sweet - can't
find a man to say three sentences to — much less one to be considered in the husband business. As you've heard me say before, Artius: "There ain't no such animal" — out here in any shape or form — scarcely!

But in fear you might worry a little about my matrimonial inclination, I'm sending you my latest hallucany hint or suspicions of fears along that line — for you see that my youthful beauty is fast fading. (Sh — Artius don't give me away — you know Gladys has never seen me as perhaps I could make her think I used to be beautiful.)

Well —! I'm leaving for
Ruling the thirtieth of this month, with Mr. Everham and Peggy Wellwood - I shall be glad enough & get out of the heat and away from my work!

Mail should always be sent to Swarth just the same - It won't take much longer - and I don't know yet just how early in September I'll be coming down.

Love to you both.

Abbie
July 7, 1920

My dearest one,

What must you think of me for not writing to you for a solid month? I hope I shall never again let such a long time go by — I simply am not going to — that is all. But when you hear the story of some things that I have done in this one month — you'll forgive me, I think.

The day of the that I wrote you last was Monday of the week when Miss Culley left on Saturday. It was certainly a hectic one; every spare minute sometimes until 12 o'clock at night — I sat with my notebook — getting down things that I would need to know later. I'm sure glad for most of the things I jotted — but only wish she had told me heaps of other things. A good many of the important ones it seems as though she failed to tell me — however, that can't be helped now.

She left on Saturday — the day when Emily took her exam — was terribly nervous — and so scared that she lost her breakfast, and nearly fainted in the middle of her exam — but came off with flying colors — I'm so glad the first one is over — and that she did well — I was afraid she might not, for she worried so, and wouldn't study with her teacher so much. I thought secretly she ought — that proves that people are not built the same way, I guess."

The afternoon of course was spent entirely in seeing Mamelle out & the steamer. In the evening we went into her room and sorted out things for the hospital, for the Domas
and decided the rest among ourselves - Ruth, Emily & I - as M. had previously directed. I never imagined a person could have so many things. The must have brought a whole drug store when she came out, for many of the things had not been opened and you should see the variety of medicines, headache cures, toilet water - aromatic ammonia, for medicine & for baths, perfume (exquisites, some of it) enough for each of us twice around - witch hazel - camphor - soap of all kinds - heaps of things. We are going to pay for some thing for the school or for herself if she wants it, but I know she won't for all these luxuries showered upon us. Since I have begun to use the lavender ammonia that fell to my lot, I feel as though I couldn't possibly get along without it. I could, though, of course!

Sunday I went to church (Chinese) but was just about all in. I had begun to get deathly tired before that - and the going was a kind of let down that let me know how really tired I was. Monday A.M. the boys cleaned Mr's room, and by Monday night Ruth had moved and was comfortably settled.

Wednesday the final examinations began - the very first week.

Monday morning brought a peck of trouble - the most of the time I was in another room taking daily averages. I had asked Miss Johnson to help little Miss Fairy - who was giving several arithmetic examinations in the big assembly room. Miss Johnson is so conscientious etc. that I felt perfectly all right about doing that - I've found since, too, that nobody expected me to be there myself either - At the end of the period Miss Fairy came to me all excited - or rather, I was walking down one of the aisles when she spoke to me - pointing to two slates told me that Re-Dale had
had this extra slate on her desk and must have been cheating.
I was sorry — but it didn’t occur to me that there was anything
I should examine then — I thought this had happened some
time before — and that she was telling me of it. I thought
she had seen the older sister put the slate on her desk —
and all the rest — It came out later that the habit was
anything at all.
In a minute or so she came again — and said —
“This bunch of girls — they have all cheated — they have
the same answers and they are all wrong — I knew they
were cheating, but couldn’t catch them because I had
to write questions. And Miss Johnson read a book or
corrected papers and never looked at them — She sat
off at one side — I won’t correct these exams — they will
have to take another."
So I called the girls together and gave them a
round scolding — to blame them if I could — they were
the graduating class. Then in the A.M. they took their
exam over.
I’m forgetting to tell you that A.E. Bick’s Jr. (Jr.
love’s true love) the twins who committed the crime
supposedly (they call them older younger sisters even though
they are twins) are own nieces of Miss Any. The
teachers whom we have always been so anxious to keep
she hasn’t been well a good deal of the time and to see
is much going on in school has bothered her past the
endurance point more than once.
When Miss Any heard about the twins she said
they ought to be expelled from school — I know she wanted
to be so just that no one could say she was partial.
I called a teachers' meeting -- the three men -- Mrs. Lim, my personal teacher (who also has 2 classes in the school), Mrs. Water and all the others except Miss Ang were there. Well, I can't tell you all about it -- it would take too long. Miss Ang told her side of it -- she talked & discussed & decided to cut off the girls' department and make them zeros for that exam.

That evening Miss Ang came and said that as far as she was concerned, she thought girls' who were suspected of cheating ought to be expelled -- but that if we did show them up as a bad example, their mother was coming after us for a proof. Then it came out that Miss Ang had merely suspected -- and hadn't seen anything, no had examined the plates -- the next morning I had a note from their mother saying that we would do well to get rid of one of our teachers if she was going to make trouble all the time. So I didn't tell the school that M. & I had planned, but took Mrs. Lim down with me to the village to see the mother -- I went down once again before the affair was over to make a long story short -- I convinced the mother that we had to do something to punish such carelessness -- and we finally did as I was first decided in the teachers' meeting. But in the meantime I learned a lot of things.

Little Miss Ang has been conducting a class in Biology. She has had one recitation only, the whole term long. One of the pupils said that in this final exam she called them all together, told them to open their books -- asked them what was the subject of a certain chapter. They answered in chorus -- then she said -- "all right -- everybody..."
The ranks she gave to me, however, were 72, 85, 64.5, 93.2, all down & the fractions! And that’s all there was to that exam — And each one of the other teachers had something bad to say of her

It is very rare that a man teacher will say anything about any of the women — but all three of them—gravely asserted, that this one was not fit to be a teacher — and that she ought to be driven out.

In the midst of this Miss Bag said definitely that she would not stay on — and that she would not only leave the dormitory but would leave the school entirely. In a very beautiful talk that Friday A.M. she told the girls that although she had tried to be a faithful gardener in this garden (school), she had not been able to make the plants respond to her care — and so she must go—hoping that another gardener would be better able to bring out the possibilities in the garden & each plant in the garden & grow beautiful and strong — fragrant — Everybody wept — for they all love her — She told me — that we must not do anything to send Miss Bag away — for it would come back on their family — and they would be blamed for it. I had unfortunately not asked Miss Sollwans advice about the cheating matter. Little Miss Bag went to her — and when I didn’t tell the school that money I said so in as uncertain terms. Afterwards, when she had heard what I had to say — she meant to have —
It is awfully hard to know always what to do. I didn’t bother her with this affair, partly because I knew that she was busy — very busy with her own school — and partly because on general principle it is wisest to keep a系 comprehensive view of the school. Miss Waters is a teacher in our school — and has been here longer than Miss Sullivan. But Miss S. likes to be consulted about things — and liked to have her advice followed — and cannot bear not to be in the center of everything. That she’s not in the center of things she won’t have anything to do with! So — next time I’m going to ask her. (In fact there has been a next time, already — I have asked her!) Well—me finally got that settled, and I made my speech to the girls. (Which was like pulling teeth & preparing even with the help of two teachers — and was almost harder than that & say when the time came.) Their graduation was upon us — and we had no time to talk about Miss Ting—except that every day something new that she had done was brought home — was brought to my attention. The day before graduation was the day when the fifth year class was to decorate. Miss Ting was to assist — and Miss Sperry. Miss Ting wanted to wait until 2 P.M. I said they couldn’t be that for we had marathons singing & other rehearsals in the chapel beginning at three. I spoke to her about it myself — she said alright — but never went near — and was heard to remark that if I was calling them to decorate in the A.M. they could do it themselves — she wasn’t going
even until 2 P.M. So Ruth labored along with her very limited Chinese—and the girls collected moss, flowers, made numerals, draped the flags etc. Then after dinner Miss Tai went over to finish up. And when I went over at three she was sitting there with a smile on her face, as though she did it—she did it up from on time. Although you thought I couldn't. But all the same, that wasn't really the point; I depended on her to do something. When I asked her to—and she didn't, and caused a lot of worry—and even hard feeling. I'm afraid. So Ruth didn't feel a bit right about being hurled off into that job where she couldn't talk and didn't have anybody to interpret for her!

Well graduation came and what I had to make two speeches in Chinese that day. But I forgot to say that on Sunday in the midst of all the other trouble came the letter saying that the Cantonese gentleman who was to give our graduation address had been elected to a convention—and therefore could not come! Thank off the fact 2 persuasive powers that neither we were; however, and prevailed upon Mr. Tai, a very brilliant young teacher in the Boys Academy to step into the place. We had the grammar school graduation in the morning and the primary in the afternoon. I gave diplomas in both cases. My speech in the A.M. was very short and in the P.M. not very long. I gave them the verse: *This will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee* and showed that through
peace comes happiness and true power— and wished that they might have the true peace which comes from trusting in God so that nothing they might meet could overthrow them or disturb their happiness or take from them the strength that comes from deep, lasting peace.

It wasn't much—but Mrs. Lin helped me to get it the way I wanted it—and a great many people told me they understood perfectly—and that it was good. I'm glad if it was.

That was Wednesday—Thursday we had the big & little village primary exam—I went in & listened at one of them—and then paid the teachers & many assistants down to the cat that catches rats down in the primary school! (paid for her feed, not salary.) Miss Yang wanted to go home (as Swatow) on Friday—but when I asked her to stay over another day (because the older Miss Yang (a sister of Mrs. Lin—not any relation to little Miss Yang) and Miss Yang were going out to examine a country school in Tat-a-pan—one of the places I visited with Miss Sollman) she very cheerfully said she would—and seemed to be very happy about it.

Well—I don't know that there was anything the matter with me except plain "wore out." But that day in the country was evidently too strenuous too much. On the way over in the little boat the two teachers helped me to get ready the arithmetic questions for the five classes. I had given four of the exams—and corrected them—and was in the fifth—when I felt faint—I went over...
a little bottle of ointment of ammonia which I happened to bring with me and that helped me along for about 10 minutes but it wasn't enough and so I flopped. I didn't go under at first though not quite. They helped me into a bedroom and although I stumbled up against the wall hard I didn't faint clear away until I got to the bed. They gave me some hot soup from my Thermos and that revived me. After a while I sat up ate some more dinner then finished the fight exam then we went home. I lay flat on the bottom of the boat all the way feeling pretty weak & feeble. After a while I felt worse then they said I must not walk up the hill even but must take a chair. Whether it made me feel bad just to think I wasn't fit to walk or whether I was just plain weak I don't know - but I got to weeping I couldn't stop. They got a chair and I got home and went to bed. Marguerite came and found me with a considerable bit of fever - I was in bed all of the next two days. My digestion was upset again and I had to feed on soft milk mostly. Hell, the next thing that I found out was that little Miss Vang had broken faith again and had gone down to Swatoo just the same. Monday afternoon I asked Miss Kilman and Miss Waters to come and help me decide what to do about little Miss T. Instead of meeting me as she had promised she showed up and said she didn't know what to do.
After we had talked everything over—(They both knew already what a dreadful influence she was in school) we decided that I should tell her services were no longer needed, and that I wouldn’t need anything except the last two instances that I myself had seen and known. On Tuesday A.M. I sent Mrs. Kim over to her house with a letter asking her to come and see me on important business. Perhaps that wasn’t another hard thing to do—in Chinese, too! I’ll say it was! But instead of running—as she did once or twice before—she begged to be allowed one more trial. I told her that Miss Culley had not been satisfied with her, and asked her if she had ever told her so (I knew she had). “Seldom” was her answer. “Well,” I said, “Once ought to have been enough.” I don’t need to tell you all I said,” she said. “But I stuck to it, of course.” She said, “But what is the reason—such little things as this?” “You say they’re small,” I said, “but I say they are big—t that is the difference.” I told her she might have the privilege of resigning if she wished—that might be easier for her. And then I reminded her that if these two instances had been all she had ever done—one might talk at once—but she knew of a good many things she had done that were contrary to Miss Culley’s mob—
and that things couldn’t go on this way any longer. She asked me why I was so stubborn about it. Then I asked her what she thought other people would do in my circumstances. Miss Boldman, for instance? Would she stand for one instance of treating mead — to say nothing of two — besides other things? Then she had been unwilling to do as Miss Bulley asked, etc.? Then she found I could not be moved when she said she would resign — and be “pleased to the limit” to do so — she hated being in the girls school. She almost said she was tickled to death to be separated from me but caught her breath just in time!

I haven’t told you any of the things about her. Luckily she was jealous of Miss Ivy — and probably that’s why she picked out Ai Si and Ji Si for the victims. She loves flattering — and gives 95 + 101 to some ridiculously stupid girls just because they stick around her — and wash clothes for her — and mend her things etc. She gave out to the class 10 question or so that she said would be their exam questions — then secretly gave others to the girls she likes. On exam day the second set was given and the girls who didn’t know were all at sea.

There are two kinds of deception — to give questions ahead of time to deceiving the school. To change them and not tell some of the girls is deceiving those girls. Then she told stories in class until some of the pupils said right out “aren’t we going to study?” Then that pupil got a low mark and departed, etc.

She walked after dark with the young man she wants to marry — and that is unpardonable in China.
And so I might continue—but what is the use?

And during these two days, Monday and Tuesday, when I wasn't talking about school affairs and stringing all these things—I tried to pack up—Emily helped me some—and I managed to be ready with my steamer trunk, three bags, and my suitcase, at ten o'clock Wednesday afternoon. We went out to the boat, Peggy Dr. Everham's. I with the Sherwin hagglow cook & the and our Lina Sim to houseboy—the Tai Khim Che—Miss Le has resigned from the girls' school last February, on account of things she heard that Miss Calley had said about her. She has been used as a language teacher ever since, and this summer is to be Peggy's teacher. Dr. Everham has arranged for a medical student to be her teacher. He is studying in Toehow and met us at Pagoda Endou urge when the steamer stops. I don't have a teacher but I can borrow Peggy's or Marguerite's to help me get the history ready after I have rested a few weeks. For see: I have finished the two-year course, as what I do now is for my work—not for requirements of the language committee.

Well—we arrived at Pagoda Endou urge (just outside Fuzhou).

Friday morning about noon. We found that a kaukboat had been ordered for us to take us to our things up at "yellow fort." The nearest place where chairs may be taken is

Some of the people went by steam launch into Fuzhou city and took chairs for Kuling from there (a longer trip by chair). I've hit the wind and the tide just wrong; however, and would have had to be in the boat all night had the not hired a steam launch to take us upriver for an hour. That cost me 8.50. There was nothing to eat on the boat except tea and condensed milk and a box of crackers. I bought a little rice of the bazaar.
and Emil Chin. She contributed some eggs. A woman in a another houseboat gave us a chunk of chocolate — and the cook — although he had been seasick and wasn't feeling decent — made the cocoa, fixed the rice, and boiled the eggs for us. I ate an egg, and drank the cocoa out of the egg shell — I couldn't cut much of the rice, however — for there was not a particle of salt and it tasted horridly bitter.

About 3.30 we arrived at Yellow Foot — and the chairbearers and burden bearers were waiting for us — he had ordered two for burden bearers for us, however — as there was an hour's delay before we started. This ride is much farther than going up & Thai long — and much steeper — and I nearly had my brains joggled out of my head. I had to get out and walk a little upstairs after a while. We arrived at the top of the mountain about 3 o'clock — after dark. He found that the house had not been opened nor cleaned nor anything done to it and it was in a almighty condition. He had lamped but no oil — and a dish was to be found.

The two nearest neighbors took pity on us and gave us a beautiful supper and the other took us in for the night and gave us a fine breakfast. The next day, of course, the folks got busy and cleaned the house. The man who had it in charge was sick — and the caretakers was in jail! So that explained our very plight

We got all settled on Saturday and rested Sunday — until 6 o'clock when we went to church — and met a good many people. The cottage is the nicest little place — just room for three — and if Miss Tallman comes up late I don't know what she will do — but I don't really think she will come, after all.

I must stop now and mail this — More later —

Love to you both —

Abbie
Dearly Beloved,

Neaps of things I haven’t told you yet— I brought my typewriter with me, and the day we came up the mountain was the first day in ten days that it hadn’t rained. Wasn’t I fortunate? I’m afraid that it might have got wet with all the rain and flood in spite of careful packing and many coverings. I have practiced on it a little, but haven’t got down to real business yet. I have been busy resting and giving the tailor a few things to do— it seems a man that never in my life have I known to shew it for all clothes. But winter and summer. My evening dress is all but gone to pieces. So is my dark blue taffeta. I really can’t wear it any more. I thought it up to give the tailor for a pattern for something else, maybe. I have on my blue voile dress— which is pulled and mended and split and spread so that I am ashamed to put it on. I hang on & it is for its lovely color I guess.

Then I have my black dress, which still gets mildewed and has to be sponged and pressed every other thing— but can do well. Though I’m as slim as I can be, I think people must laugh at things I wear. Did I tell you that the day before I came up here I was weighed— and I tip the scales, if you please, at exactly 111? Isn’t that corpulent?

I have the blue serge dress that I made from my suit. It isn’t. I don’t wear it well. I’m afraid I can’t wear it much because it is already worn a good deal—and I’m rather afraid it will come through even— do you remember that? The back of the coat had a yoke, and beneath the yoke a double box plaited arrangement? That is where
I got my front panels for that dress. Then to take its place in back. I used the skirt of the coat in front of the pockets. The side panel pieces are made up of the back about of the coat cut into two. They don't go all the way around. Then the yoke of the original skirt is fused into two wide belt arrangements one over the other for the back. Doesn't look very corrections from this picture maybe but it does all right.

My dress that I made from an old red mandarin jacket is all right as a style but rather a failure otherwise. It was too old and too faded and stained. I should have known better than to try it. So I have that dress to wear evenings only.

The lace, white dress I have dyed a pretty pale green. The lace at neck and sleeves took off, put back on, and it looks prettier than ever. But it is broken, mended in many places, very fragile. The belt I wear with that is too high cut, but I like the fit of my green velvet dress. I have plenty of warts - the white dotted muslin one is of course the first one to go. I liked it better than the others and have worn it constantly. The permination has rotted it. I suppose I split it out beyond repair.

Day before yesterday playing tennis, I did have one dress made up for graduating - a dress that I bought all ready embroidered. I'm wearing it in these pictures which Emily took of me and Jimy, her new Pekinese pup - on graduation day. It is made surprise - with square embroidered collar hanging from shoulder nearly to waist in back floating panels at side. Embroidery on front of waist is very little - and the skirt panels have wide hemstitched lower...
and little flowers embroidered down near the hem - I paid seven dollars for it - all hand embroidered - fifty cents new for scalloping around the sleeves. For the embroidery on sleeves was intended for front of waist; I also adapted the original sleeves to make the front of my waist. My Eva Poit wedding dress is still presentable - but the lace is needed and keeps stretching - and is very fragile - in fact I have all these things - but they are going as fast that I can't tell what minutes they will be gone. I'm so glad to have my lavender dress - and it is very pretty. I think I wore it to the tailor as soon as I got it. A three piece suit - with pretty tatting around the two upper parts. I feel that I have something new. So I have got my raincoat at last - too - I fear it will be awfully heavy but it is the cost I can do - and like it. I had it made on the pattern of the old black one - only longer. I have yet a hat to go with it. The tailor brought the samples of cloth - and I am paying 25c for cloth, market buttons, & buttons $2.50. It is a dull dark tan, nearly brighter and darker than 0.8. than anything else - only 0.8. He asked 2.4 at first, for the coat alone - and finally came down to 2.8. for both - it seemed like a big catalogue I see only one raincoat less than 2.5. 75 and that a rubberized. I kind that I could not use out here if I don't know what my cloth is called, but I'll send a sample. My lavender flowered dress he charged $2.00 for making and it is well made - and pretty.
You see I'm taking a regular vacation from girls' school work - and having a space on clothes - a bit of grass hanky - and when I have I shall give that to him to make up to be worn - and the Chinese love to have us wear it.

A letter from Emily tells me that she had had to change plans for the school (for this summer, I all around) since I left Hakelich. The older Miss Fing had vowed she would not stay in the school - asked the other teachers. But after I came away, she still stayed on and several of the girls with her. Then she said that her home is crowded and that she would like to live in school. So Emily let her after talking with Mrs. Solomon and Mrs. Waters. Isn't it funny? Sometimes they will not tell you what they really want to do - Oh it is so lovely & cool up here - I'm glad I'm living once more.

I'm enjoying the hat you sent. I have put a gold-tissue ribbon with tiny lavender & green flowers in it - on the hat and am having that for best. It is just my style all right - and fits perfectly - I cover up the mildewed place with white elbow-destroying! Letters July! I've been out for tennis four or five times since I was here - and weight a pound more - I'm sure - than when I came up. I'm trying not to worry about school affairs - though I really don't know what we are going to do for teachers - But the time you get this I will just be in the midst of the fray - and then is when I shall be needing your special prayers more than ever. Pray that the right people may be found that the High School girls may do their part willingly and not be overbearing toward the younger girls - and that a good spirit may be developed in the school and among the teachers - And, that I may be given wisdom and tact, and judgement and real goodness of soul.

Lovingly, your Adele
July 30, 1911

[Handwritten text]

[Paragraph begins]

In the end, I was glad to hear from you, love? But truly it was so much more than that you had reached home that I did not care. And I have been a little breathless, I think, with the news of the accident. I think I will write you a letter. I think I will write you a letter just to tell you all the things that I have been thinking about you. I think I will write you a letter just to tell you all the things that I have been thinking about you.
struggling for the study. It is interesting to note that I seldom go over once a week to see myself. I am getting used to the climate of this country. I've been told that I am not as sick as I was at first, but it's a waste of time. I'm writing about fifty new and every day I add two more. This morning I got up to two hundred. I like to keep my writing around all so I would forget foolishly.

But I don't mean about the detail about it. It is a hard thing to live in a small city, but I have written you about it. I am busy with this letter and to write a bit about the atmospheres that I have lived in - and of course I know nothing about them.

The night before I left Canada, Mrs. Lucy, my teacher came over to see Mrs. Lucy, Mrs. C. She had been trying to persuade me to take the position as head of the school in the dominion, and I accepted it. But it turned out that I was ill and Mrs. Lucy came back to her own home.

She could not get the eye of the inspector to come to her own home - and she asked me for that reason. It would make it so much rougher for me if I knew it. I am still in the dominion, and I can write letters over and ask for the help of the arrangement that I have made. Mrs. Lucy's letter was very bad at all, and it might kill me.

The girls did not want to go. I am sure that Mrs. Lucy considers it as well, and it makes me feel sick to think of it. She has been kind and I never do anything to make her sad, and I am in the dominion and I have corresponded with her. I have been writing letters to her, and I must write to her now. She had written to me about the arrangements that we have made.

I have been thinking about the arrangements that we have made, and I must write to her. She had written to me about the arrangements that we have made, and I must write to her. She had written to me about the arrangements that we have made, and I must write to her. She had written to me about the arrangements that we have made, and I must write to her.
tired of my profession as an es.

But what I started to say in the first place was that I should be able to do anything else.

it will be because God gave me strength to control myself right. I don't mean a moral control, but control my emotional life.

I thought about my opening fame of my feet, but I can clearly see that it will mean getting lost and fighting my way back - and a big part of the thing that needs to find me is in myself.

Dear Buddy - just let me know what conclusions you came to when you have analyzed this rule. Will you notice a little, scented when you talk about money? I mean that object first? Do money mean it? Money depend one it more than the rest? I bring you this advice: don't live the best life that you will ever live. I leave you with this advice: don't live the best life that you will ever live. I leave you with this advice: don't live the best life that you will ever live. I leave you with this advice: don't live the best life that you will ever live.

Mr. Seabury and Mr. Thomas would have tasted life on a mere picture of their old age (and grand old men are not pictures). They live in the world of luxury in which they were comfortably and happily. They were only earning money and not developing yet own one's strongest self. Can the money object in your mind need to punish your own thinking? Is it common to live on a little, live in a little, live with fine clothes, eat, live, etc. Money more than for with all fun can afford - - well think seriously about it before you make a change. If you get the money too you have your freedom! Do you realize when you don't have the freedom? If you are convinced of that - and so on the subject? -

I spoke of your latest letter... I should have seen you next to the other - but there is another letter, and you have evidently felt your reconsideration. I think any sense of lack of words in the letter, but it seems to I think that you are considering more than the commercial words. I have no doubt that you would have a bad, plain scene set before you, and I am surprised at your concern with me. I am not sure what I mean by a - you speak is your own dry, noble attempts at delusion - not necessary, of course. I read your last letter this morning - seen the stream letters and not a marked one, no change in one. A few of these to show you that I was sure at times but reclusive? They very last letter is the friend yet - and still for a great deal that is encouraging is it? You may be sure I know that both of me is urged to make something of himself, and I know too that he is it in these is too. But it is difficult to get on the right road sometimes.

Potentials are wonderful things - yet temple of the earth? I just guess when I think sometimes of what you and I may be going to accomplish in this world - and still I wonder if think of what other failures we might be! And failure for me, not for me. Would mean a mere squandering of time and
dthes could have been a hundred perfect hours. And when you pray for me to have perfect consecration I remember that the side you each to pray for is too.

And just as much a prayer that I will be able to hold to your memory and my jumps in difficult situations and be able to duty.

The scene of reckoning is crazy. On July 9 I read - by the very last letter I read...
Dear Father mine:

Your letter containing the excellent advice about how to spend my summer vacation (or perhaps how not to spend it) came just the day before I received one from Mrs. Ashmore giving me the same kind of counsel precisely. I guess from the number of letters you people have received from me this time up here at the hills you will be prepared to believe that I have not written 40,000 letters to as many people yet! I simply must begin soon to do something about my letters, however. If I can get started, it won’t be so hard, for as you know, I really do love to write letters if I once get at it. But I have been resting just as hard as I know how so far this summer. I try to forget what I shall do about Myer’s General History and the other bugbears when I go back in the fall, for I know that if I am not fit to begin work then, I shall not last the year out as well as I did yesterday—I mean, as well as I did THIS YEAR! And I am bound and determined to show these folks out here that I can stand the work as well as some other people. I have found that I simply cannot go at it in the strenuous way that Miss Culley does, so I am not going to try to be Miss Culley nor to fill her place. Do think, however, that the Lord must certainly have a place for me out here, and I think I’m in that place, too, or He wouldn’t have so wonderfully led me at certain critical times and so richly blessed at all times. I have decided that if I can’t do the work that He has for me to do, it will be I who is largely to blame. In that case it is clearly up to me to train myself to discriminate between what I can do and what I cannot. Anybody out here who lays out this sort of a program for himself lays himself open to severe criticism, but that is another thing that I cannot help. I may be wrong in deciding this, and probably I shall not be able to adhere strictly to my rule; perhaps I should endeavor to follow in the footsteps of all the clever, brilliant, physical, intellectual and spiritual giants who have gone before me and have set the pace, but when you are perfectly aware that said pace is beyond your limitations, why vainly try to follow it? This may sound as though I am jealous of those folks who can do so much more than I can, and perhaps I am—I don’t know! So, I pray that I may be able to do well something, if not as much as some others can do, and not worry when I have to stop short of what I would like to do. It is the worrying that would send me home from the foreign field if anything did. However, I am not proposing that a single thing shall send me home before furlough time!
I'm sure I haven't showed you very well how much I appreciate this typewriter. I am afraid that because I haven't written to you on it that you have thought I haven't liked, as well as I thought I was going to, or something like that. I do like it even more than I expected I could, I'd rather have the noiseless than any other kind I have ever heard about or seen, and it is a wonderful help to me already. The reason I haven't written to you on it is because I haven't had time to get used to it and to use it with any degree of rapidity at all. Even now I cannot use it as rapidly as I want to. I can write a little bit faster than I can go on the machine, and I have had these weeks of practice at that. The time that I save now is mostly when I want to make several copies of something at once. You see if I can write six or seven letters in less than the time it would otherwise take me to write two, I have saved a good deal. Oh, it is such a comfort to have it. I am ashamed to have such a beautiful thing, the when I think of the dollars' worth of sacrifice that certain folks put into it. I hope I shall be able to prove to your satisfaction though, after a while, that it is worth the big price. I can't tell you in words. You see my technique has improved a little since I began; then I simply pounded with whichever finger was nearest at that particular minute, — this today is all done according to the fingering prescribed in Mary Ogg's book. I haven't yet arrived at the place where I can do very much without looking on. That is what I hope to do later, of course, and that will be the time when I can write letters with seven-league boots, so to speak.

Do tell me what Judy Taylor meant when he used to say 'Scoping there'. Is that your way of spelling his way of saying his word of dismissal to the class? I can't seem to remember hearing anything that sounded like that.

Pa,— I do hope you will use all the influence you have with that mother of mine to hurry up and have something fixed for herself to wear. I had to smile at your distressful wish that I was there 'to make your mother buy things for herself'. I know something of what a dilemma you are in, though, when you want to make her do just that thing! I know just how hard it is to make her do that thing when she sees a need somewhere else, — and she always does see one or a dozen Somewhere else! But you tell her she had just better hurry up and manage by hook or crook to make up that 'Veil' I sent her into a waist and even have a suit to go with it. You may warn her that I am going to send her some more things for dresses before very long. In fact I am going to send her cloth for another dress by next Christmas if not before. It will not be so nice as
either the waist or the dress, but I think she will like it and you make her hurry up and fix it if you can. You may also tell her that I am not sending it because of anything that you wrote, but I was keeping it to see which I would send to her. After my nice dark blue silk dress went to pieces I decided to have another dark blue silk dress or at least a dark blue one of some kind even if it couldn't be silk. I was able to get Chinese goods of various kinds until I suddenly found that I had cloth for a dress, a skirt, and a kimono. I brought all three up here with me to see what this tailor could do with them. Two of them were old Chinese gowns and the other was a whole new piece of goods. The new piece of goods cost more of course, even though it wasn't as good cloth. This new cloth in fact cost 57¢ a yard, and the cloth in the old Chinese satin jacket you couldn't buy nowadays for less than $4.00 a yard. Well, the first minute I ever saw this new goods I wanted Mother to have it, because I knew it is exactly the color that I would love to see her wear. And yet I thought I would have to have something for a dress for myself. But I find this little tailor is a regular wizard and can make a beautiful dress out of the old jacket I had planned for the kimono, and still another out of the satin jacket I thought would make a pretty skirt. And I have dyed a Chinese made dress that I had that first summer that I went to Thai-liong to make a kimono. (I have dyed it a deep RED!) So you see, since I already have one dark blue dress (the one I made out of my old suit, and am going to have these two more, I couldn't very well need another one. (To tell the truth, I think I should have sent this to Mother under any circumstances, because to me it looks like her!) It isn't very nice and maybe she won't like it, but I think it ought to make a useful dress, anyway. And tell her she must not be afraid to cut into it! For that is the thing it needs first of all. And you needn't get jealous if I don't send you a lot of silk waists and pongee and grass cloth dresses, either! I'm not very scared that you will get jealous, but since this country seems to have more in the way of cloth for dresses than it does for black broadcloths, pulpitz suits or gray business ones, any additions that I might want to make to your wardrobe will have to be taken out in wanting, as you used to say. I could get you any number of silver or gold cuff-links or black lacquer walking sticks or silver umbrella handles or cigarette cases or flower-wood picture frames or watch charms or brass paper knives or even a jade ring; any time you have a need for any of these things or anything else that you think I might be able to get just write and say what is on your heart and it will help me to
know better what I would like to send you from out here in China-land! There are about seven and a half yards of this new goods I have been telling you about and while that is not a large pattern for Mother yet I am quite sure she can get a dress out of it, if she makes it simply and not too wide. That is one thing I knew she would like about the embroidered pongee, though, the good ample width of the skirt. I don't know just when I shall send it but I rather think I shall not wait until Christmas.

I have been doing a few things up here; first, eating; second, eating; third, EATING. These are the principal things I have been doing; on the side, I have slept a moderate proportion of every day; I have played tennis a bit, have interviewed the little tailor to my heart's content (more or less!) and have begun to sing with a lot of folks in a big cantata they are going to give instead of the literary program on a Saturday evening three weeks from yesterday. We are giving the Crucifixion, by Stainer. I just love it and am perfectly delighted to be able to sing something fine with a lot of folks again. That is one of the things I enjoyed more than anything else while I was in Charlton and Worcester. We have a very fine director anyone who doesn’t hesitate to call a person down if he is off key or drags or flats or something else equally horrible (I haven't been called yet! - knock on wood). Last Sunday night we had a fine sing down at Mrs. Coole's, a near neighbor of ours. About twenty people were there, and anyone who wanted to, called for hymns. After a hymn or so Mrs. Veenschoten, a very plump Dutch lady with a very fine soprano voice sang a beautiful solo and then we sang again. Then a lady who sat beside me spoke right out in meetin' instead of keeping still and asked your miserable daughter if she wouldn't please sing to them, and she said it with a lot of soft soap about a rich alto voice! But yours truly remembered how she always gets scared out of her seven senses if she tries to sing alone and anyway her mouse-like voice would have sounded like a comic echo of Mrs. V.'s fine strong one. So your wretched offspring made answer after this manner. She said she just sang with other folks. So the suggestion promptly came from someone else that Miss Watson, the girl who had been the soprano soloist at church that day, should sing with the afore-mentioned alto voice, and that they should sing "O Love that Will Not Let me Go". I hope she enjoyed singing it as much as I did, - and when I got home what do you suppose one of my housemates said - "Your singing with Miss Watson made her voice sound better!"

Well, goodbye for now. This will let you know that I am well and happy and
Please return after reading. You will see if it is not a letter that can be passed around.

C.M.B.
Dear ones;

On my post-card I said that I was ashamed that I hadn't written for so long and I am, but I don't know how else to say it so I'm just going ahead and tell you all about everything that has happened. That won't explain how I could neglect writing to you for so long but it may explain how my time and attention has been occupied at least.

A chorus of nearly sixty of us have been practicing twice and three times a week and finally gave the oratorio "The Crucifixion" in the church last Saturday night. It didn't mean so much to the folks who lived nearer the church but for me it meant going down this long hill and back every time. And the rules of the performance were that you couldn't sing in the final production if you missed two of the rehearsals. I enjoyed every minute of the singing and couldn't afford to miss any of it anyway if I wanted to sing well for there are a goodly number of fine singers here this year, the majority of them from Amoy. I sang alto, of course but didn't suppose anybody could hear my little mouse-squeak so was greatly surprised, somewhat flattered, and decidedly scared when Mr. Irving Lacy, the musical director, called me to stay and see him one day and asked me to take one of the bass parts which they were dividing among several people because it was too much for one bass soloist to take unless he be an exceptionally good singer. We did have a fine tenor, Mr. Odell from Foochow and he took all the tenor parts. My part was a very tiny one and that is why I dared take it I guess. But it was a beautiful thing and I loved singing it. And the best of it was that I managed to do it pretty well, enough so that Mr. Lacy thanked me very profusely and told his sister that he wished he had given me more to sing. It was only a recitative, the one verse "And when they were come to the place called Calvary, there they crucified Him, they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right, and the other on the left." It didn't go very high and it didn't go very low, and it just suited my voice, and it was just difficult enough to make people think you could sing a little bit if you got it just right and didn't flat, and sang it with expression. All of which I was able to do, according to a number of witnesses. And when you have heard your singing voice deteriorate just as fast as it could for two whole years it is encouraging to be able to sing again a little bit.

We have been fussing all summer long about living in this house so far away from the center of things, but there has been one thing we have been near, and that is the Sunday evening sings at Mrs. Coole's. I told you about the first one
and how somebody behind me heard me singing and how I sang a duet with Miss Watson. The next Sunday evening I sang a duet with a tenor whom I never saw before and haven't seen since. The time after that I sang alto in a quartet with the wonderful Mrs. Veenschoten. Her husband sang the tenor and Mr. Todd of Andy, who had just come up the mountain, sang bass. The following Sunday they called for the quartet again. Last Sunday night I sang a duet with Mrs. West (I had sung with her one other Sunday night too). These song services were informal ones; anyone could call for a number, and we sang and sang. The solos, quartets, etc. were only a sort of interspersed for variety. They called on me to sing in something special every time that they had the singers— which was every Sunday evening except when we were having the ends of typhoon. The different things I have helped sing are these: 'O Love that will not let me go; The your sins be as scarlet; When the mists have rolled away; Holy Ghost with light divine (tune, Last Hope); Some day t'll all be over; Some day the silver cord will break.

And now let me tell you about how we—all unwittingly— set the town by the one ears up here. Would you think that every in the hall need to gasp and gape if two young ladies should go to an entertainment accompanied each by a young man, when every one of them has done the same—or wanted to!—herself? Well, when Peggy received a note from Mr. Kenneth Parker, otherwise known as Fuzzy, who is teaching English and History in Foochow University, inviting her to go to the moving pictures with him (these are the very first moving pictures ever brought to Kuliang and they are the best of what comes out from America, of course) she hesitated a little, but not very much, because she had planned to go with me and didn't want to make me feel bad by leaving me out. Dr. Everham hasn't been very well this summer and she didn't think she had better go. So I didn't want to keep her from accepting her invitation, and I said I guessed the week was full enough for me anyway and perhaps I'd better not go. But I wasn't counting on what happened. For Mr. Todd didn't look as though he were the kind who would think of such a thing as coming within ten feet of a girl; and I think it must have taken a deal of courage to write that note asking me to go with him. I really thought at first that I wouldn't, but Peggy said she would be awful mad if I didn't, and then somehow it seemed something like home to have a man invite you to go somewhere again, so I said I would. My stars! If we had known what a hullabaloo it would set up we never would have had courage. I think they were just as impolite as they could be; they whispered all over the hall and then set up a half-suppressed giggle which I was quick enough
to know was about us. And then a little later when Fuzzy's arm happened to be on the back of the seat behind Peggy, (Mr.T. and I were sitting right behind them) Mrs.Henry Lacy leaned over and said to me that her sister-in-law wanted to know if I couldn't do any better job at chaperoning than that. That made me mad for two reasons. It showed that they were all staring their eyes out to see what they could see. They couldn't see anything about Mr.T. and me, so they tried to be nasty by calling me a chaperone! Then, too, there really wasn't a thing out of the way with anything that the other folks were doing. Of course Fuzzy has a real case on Peggy and doubtless he was willing to be as near her as he could be and maybe it was a little careless of him to have his arm across the back of her seat. But there was nothing anyone need have taken any notice of. Well they have teased the life out of poor Fuzzy. At one party since, they have spoken about his dislocated arm (got it out of place at the pictures the other night!) Peggy has just had to say no to everything he asked her to do, and she is mad as a hornet because folks gossip so about nothing. Mr. Todd has a fine bass voice and sang splendidly at a concert here. He hadn't been up at Kulungh before and when he got up to sing that night there was a regular murmur "Mr.Todd? who's he?" I didn't feel called upon to explain that he was an evangelistic and educational worker at Sio-khiai, inland from Amoy and that I had already met him at a sing at Mrs.Veenschoten's Sunday morning and that he had come home with me from cantata rehearsal the very night before!

So, most folks didn't know him and didn't know that I knew him and were shocked out of their seven senses to think that such a staid and stolid old maid would condescend to appear in public with a bachelor by her side. They expected it of Peggy but they couldn't be satisfied about me until they had figured it all out that it was a cooked up plan for me to go along with Peggy. And at first I thought that I resented being called a chaperone but maybe that is what saved my life after all. Mr.T. continued to come home with me from rehearsals until the thing was over. You see people couldn't say very much because he lived on our hill up here, in the house with the Veenschoten's, right next door to me; and I was the only one from our house to be in the cantata. He wouldn't have been very polite if he hadn't noticed whether I had anyone to accompany me home. He had several solos, but the very day of the production he received word from his station that bandits had broken into the school and made off with the school furniture and everything was in a terrible turmoil. He hustled around and got Mr. Jones to take his solos but then at the very last minute he couldn't get burden-bearers and was here to sing. So he walked up with me again that night again, though I
had had a note from him saying that he probably wouldn’t see me again and
couldn’t come for me that night because he expected to be off in a few minutes.
To continue: the Mr. Jones whom I just mentioned has arrived lately. He
is rather a celebrated bass singer and if he had practiced would go far ahead
of Mr.T., good tho’ the latter’s voice is. He sat where Mr.T. would have sat in
the cantata had Mr. J. not come— viz.: on the very front row with the other
members of a fine quartet— Mr.Odell, Mrs.V., Mrs.Bradshaw, the other three; and
right beside your humble servant, who is a trifle taller than he even in tennis
shoes. Mr.T. is taller than he; just my height when I have ordinarily high a
heels on. Mrs V. and Mrs.B. had coloc, and the only other two women who had
any were Hester Cartwright and myself. She sat in the front row too, on the other
side of the quartet beside Mr.Odell. That made the soloists sit all together.
Don’t you think I felt big and important sitting up there along with the high
and reverend seigniors? And I started once to say that Mr.J. is a bachelor
of over forty, I suppose, very refined, comes from New England. He is the preaident
of the Foochow University and a confirmed woman hater. I’ll say this for
him, though; if they always gossip about about everything the way they have this
year I wouldn’t blame him for hating the sight of a woman. They are the positive
limit up here I think.

Well, it may be that people are just generally stirred up this year because
unexpected things are happening. There has been a wedding, in fact we were at
dinner at the Reuman’s that night and they took us all along with them to
serenade the couple after the ceremony. Dick Vanderberg, the physical director
at the American school in Shanghai, was a leading spirit in the serenade. MH
rather odd, since his engagement to Hester Cartwright (a stenographer in the
Methodist Mission) was announced yesterday— less than a week later! If I keep
on, you will form an opinion of the Lacy’s, I guess, for I shall always be saying
something about what disgusting or sarcastic thing some one of them has said. There is a very large family of them. Father and Mother, and four sons
three of whom are here with their wives and families this year, and a daughter
Alice just my age, who went to school with Joy Tatum in Shanghai years ago.

Yesterday we went to Kushan Monastery, the most famous place around here.
I want to tell something of that later but just now I am thinking along another
line and want to finish my train of thought. We were invited to the announce-
ment party “over the coffee cups” yesterday morning but couldn’t go as we had
promised to go to Kushan. Pearl Mason knew what the party was for, though and
was delegated to pass the news on to the rest of us. When Alice Lacy heard it
she said,"They hardly need to announce it, did they?" When we said why not, she said, "Oh, the way they acted in church Sunday." But none of us understood what she meant then. We had sat directly behind Hester and Dick on Sunday and we didn't notice a thing that would make us think anything was up. We all get to notice the tiniest things out here, too. "Well," said she,"his sitting with and then getting up to let her out and in when she sang her solo, and then coming way down front again to sit with her after he had gone back to turn on the lights"!

I must have somehow expressed my amazement and disgust that such a little nothing should be construed to mean so much( later in private to Pearl Mason, I mean). Pearl says that it is a lacy characteristic to make nasty little remarks like that and she explained Alice's saying that by the fact that she never had a beau herself in all her life hardly and when a young man in Shanghai did begin to take her around a little bit last year when she visited there, her mother and father made so much of it that it was really very embarrassing when the young man went up to Kuling and married another girl! Ah! Such small talk and fussiness! I guess you are wishing that I would forget it and begin my letter over again, aren't you now?

But I have reckoned a little reckoning all in my own mind. I didn't think any one else would have such an idea so I kept it all to myself; but one day Dr.Everham came out with it, something like this: That it was pretty hard lines on those girls who have been here a long time, all their lives some of them, to have aliens from another country come over and steal a march on them even tho it be only so much as getting a man to take them to the pictures! And when there are only about three bachelors on the mountain (there are more now but there were but two when we arrived) at that! Enough of this slush!

Now you are wondering who Pearl Mason is, aren't you? She is from Worcester, and has been out through Charlton many times but doesn't know anyone out there. She was sick in the hospital with malaria the first few weeks we were so I didn't get to know her very soon; but as soon as I did lay eyes on her I knew that I wanted to get acquainted with her. She evidently felt the same way and we have found out since that each of us was afraid that the other wasn't so keen on getting acquainted as she! So we lost some perfectly good time and are sorry for it now. She is a splendid girl and I don't see what she sees in me. She has done a perfectly marvelous amount of work since she came out a about three years ago. She went right in to take charge of a girl's school nearly twice as large as ours when she had been here only a few months, and
she has had no language study at all since then. I think she is nothing short of wonderful. She was originally a Baptist but when she was at school in New York got switched off into Methodist church work and so she joined the Methodist and is out under their board now, in Sien-yu, near Hing-hua. Her helper, Miss Nicholaisson, is back from a long furlough in America now so Pearl is going to take a little trip up north. She takes a girl up to Shanghai to college and then goes on to visit some of the other stations of their mission, to see how things are done in other parts of the country. Isn't that a good idea? She has never been down south and is thinking seriously of coming to Swatow to see me next Chinese New Year vacation. I haven't figured out yet where she gets all her money to do so much running around, but I think it is probably her father who sends it to her. He is in a big clothing business or something like that in Worcester. I think it is lovely she is allowed to and can't imagine what Mrs. Waters would say if any of us started gadding around the country.

Mrs. W., you know, was in Swatow five whole years before she ever went as far as Hongkong or Shanghai and she was rather shocked when Peggy went to Shanghai her first summer out here!

I haven't used my typewriter very much yet except for practice, but I have improved a whole lot already; enough so that it is a joy to write to you on it instead of by hand. I thought at first that I could never get to write with it as fast as I can use a pen, but I am a little past that stage even now. Is it worth it? I should say rather! And the paper you sent is all fine. The cheaper kind is what I shall use to write to you on a good deal, I think, and this that I am using now is good enough for any purpose under the sun. Which makes me think that on last night's mail I received a letter from I.K. containing a money order for forty-five dollars, from Grace, Lucy, Edith, Eva Macomber, Edie, and Eva Pratt, Gladys Paul, Aldine Gilman, Ruth Hamilton, and Lena Cushing. They didn't specify how I should use it but said a lot about using it to pay a girl's way in school. I haven't made up my mind yet just where to put it bit it will fit beautifully into any one of a dozen places.

I didn't say much, either about the box I received from you. I have meant, of course, to write to Bessie Goodsell and thank her for being so dear as to send me that lovely collection of cards and things. I shall have to worry brains a bit to know how to use every bit of what she sent and I must hurry up and find time to write and tell her so. I am discouraged about my letter writing this summer. Here it is the end of the season and I haven't begun to write
a thing yet. I can't think how it has happened. I do know that everyone has been cordial and we have been invited to teas and picnics and "coffees" and breakfasts and dinners and suppers and parties on the rocks at any time of day and I have felt my soul expanding as I have met all these different people and have heard about their work and how they have difficulties too and surmount them and so forth. It has done me just heaps of good but it has taken all the time there is and now I find there is precious little left to write letters in!

You know I am always glad to have corn plasters. I don't use them regularly myself but once in a while I have a toe that gets refractory and then I proceed to make an application which tides me over for a long while. Poor Emma Simonsen has terrible trouble with her feet and I have been so glad that I have been able to help her a few times. And of course the toothbrush I don't need to tell whether I am glad to have or not. You know about that already. But oh! those darling butterknives! I was so afraid that you weren't going to send them after all, when the thought had occurred to you that I might have bought Helen's. I had bought some from her and so I could really have managed to get along. But I bought from her only four brass ones (silver washed, I presume) which she had purchased in a ten cent store. Anyway, Marguerite wants to buy them from me for she hasn't a sign of any. I have been wondering whether it mustn't seem as though I am getting "notions" when I say that individual butter spreaders is is not merely a want but a need? If you were here though, I know you would see how that may be. When everybody else has them and you have to borrow from them when it is your turn at housekeeping (for they don't want to go without what they are used to just because it is your turn to keep house). And then it is one of the standards and you know how much that means. and so, perhaps you can see how I didn't want to be without butter spreaders any more than I could want to be without soupspoons. You can see, can't you? But that is a foolish question because you sent them to me anyway! The patterns I haven't used yet but I am thinking that Mrs. Shomar will be very glad to have them and maybe I shall have something made myself from the picture of the whole dress. I am happy to have them.

And now for those last things that you have sent me. They all arrived in splendid condition; the shoes, the typewriter book, and one Priscilla, on Aug. 10, the very day after a Priscilla and Fashionable dress had arrived (the 1st). Still another Priscilla came on the 12th and your card telling that you were planning to send them got here the 8th. This isn't told in chronological order
but if you get the facts that is what you want, is it not so? Then about the
shoes. I hate awfully to tell you that they are really too big for me. You
packed them so well and they arrived in perfect condition, and they are nice
looking shoes, exactly the kind I need most for general wear for every day.
But they are E width and my foot slips around in them. I could wear them any-
way but for one reason, and that is that my left arch gives me trouble every
time I walk any distance in a shoe that does not give the ball of my foot
good support. My sneakers are too wide for me and after I had walked down to
the tennis courts once I spent two painful days and was afraid I would have
to quit playing tennis and walking this summer too. But I have been careful
to wear my proper shoes ever since and to wear my sneakers only when I was
actually playing, and not walking to and fro. And I have had no more trouble.
I am not worried about the shoes, however, for both Lucille Withers and Edith
Traver have large feet and I feel sure I can sell them shoes to come one up
here or down in Swatow. I can wear 7C, but experience has proved that 7 1/2B
is a still better size for me. The shoes you sent me before have been so fine
and satisfactory in every way that I am convinced that is the size I will do
well to stick to for the most part. And now I am going to ask you to get me
a pair of Black pumps, please. Perhaps you still have the number that I gave
you before, but in case you haven't, here it is: "Luxura" 275 54255T Style 743
and the place where you got them was R.H. White's, wasn't it? And in ordering
perhaps it would be well to say as near this style as possible in a trifle
lower heel and with the toe a trifle less pointed. The ones you sent last
year are fine, but some day (a good distance in the future, I hope) I shall
have to use them for every day instead of dress up, and so I decided that it
might be better to try for something that will be absolutely sensible for
every day after a while as well as nice looking for best when I first have them.
You remember the pumps I mean, don't you? I can't tell you what they are made
of. It is a rather heavy leather, I'm calf, perhaps; I think it is not kid.
I have found the most useful winter shoes I have, and have worn them far
more than high ones. The soles had just gone when I got up here and so I gave
them to one of the many cobblers who daily haunt our doors and you should see
the soles he put on! Talk about your clod-hoppers! They are not quite a half
inch thick, maybe, but not far from it and the sound they make when I
travel across a floor—well it makes me want to get down on all fours and
see if I can do any better that way!
Dear me, there are so many things that I want to say and I can't say them all in this letter for it must go off on today's mail. It has been a long enough time since you had a letter of any length from me without your waiting any longer. I do want to say, though, that I do very much like the sample of outling that you sent but I wish you would make something for yourself rather than to fuss over my things. I can't tell you how glad I shall be to see those things coming, whether they are made up or not.

You asked me in one letter whether we had any place for dandelion seeds and I can't for the life of me remember whether I told you or not,- that we most certainly have, and would be tickled enough to have anything of that sort that you might happen to think of sending.

Must, must stop for now. The teacher is waiting for my letter so I'm sending it along without even reading it over.

Very much love to you dears from your own affectionate

Abbe
Dearly Beloveds:

It's a cruel bother to get this paper into the machine but I made up my mind that I would use it thus and get rid of it. Anything Japanese is under a terrible ban out here you and I have developed a dislike to see anything Japanese when writing to most of my friends. You can't see the Japs in their true light until you have lived in China for a while. Of course the Japs that I knew in America were all that anyone could ask but they were very far from having any of the spirit of autocracy that possibly was the body of Japanese statesmen, I started to say; political leaders would be correct, for none of them deserves that honorable name, statesmen.

But it is not my plan to rave on any more about the Japs and their insults and indignities to China; I have something nearer at hand to rave about. For we have been in the very teeth of a typhoon for four days. We planned to go down to Swatow this coming Thursday, leaving here on Tuesday afternoon. We were a little of Fookow before we take the boat. Miss Sullivan went down last Wednesday, planning to take last Thursday's boat. We heard once that the boat had not yet sailed, and then we heard again that it did sail but is hung up in Amoy harbor now until it is safe to proceed. Well the Sunday boat has not yet arrived, so we do nothing of sailing. If that is several days late we haven't an idea when our boat will come along. And Peggy is a regular little wild man about getting home. I think Marguerite or I suggested the plan of not waiting for the boat we had planned to take but take the first one that comes along if there is room for us. I think I should have been why about proposing anything had I known how she would hang on to that plan even though it proves entirely impracticable! For the plains below are already flooded beyond the impossible point; that is for men carrying burdens or chairs, and it is raining torrents all the time and thus becoming more and more impossible all the time. I want to get back as much as anybody does, for I cannot help being worried over the teaching situation in our school this fall. But on the other hand, I have not been able to make myself get into the mood for letter-writing this whole summer and so now I am somewhat up a stump. And yesterday I wrote three letters and am just now getting up steam for more. But you see under normal circumstances I would have to stop right off and go to packing. I think maybe I shall anyhow to keep peace in the family and to be ready in case some kind miracle should somehow open our way. It is now eight o'clock in the morning and none of the others are yet up. The wind was rattling the shutters so and threatening to tear the house down so that there was possibility of sleep any more for me. That is why I am getting this early.
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close... and yesterday I wrote three letters and am just now getting
to address for more. But you see, under normal circumstances I would
have to stop right off short and go to packing. I think maybe I shall
anyhow to keep pace in the family and to be ready in case some kind
miracle should somehow open our way. It is now eight o'clock in
the morning and none of the others are out yet. The wind was rattling
the shutters so and threatening to tear the house down so that there was
possibility of sleep any more for me. That is why I am getting this
epistle written so early in the morning. But my stomach is very very
empty now and I fear I must lie down a while and read, perhaps, until
someone shows a few signs of rousing!

It is now quarter of eleven and the rain is coming down just
as fast as it ever did.1 Alice Loney and two other girls have been
up here all the downpour, dressed in their swimming suits and b
raincoats. I mean raincoats, much as we used to rig up at Thai-longs.
They were as soaked as they could be, of course, and you should have
seen the boys face when he beheld the floor where they had been
standing! Don't you love this alignment? I doubt whether you
could improve on it much, Pa S., even with your Fox.

I must stop pretty soon now and begin to put damp, damp clothes
into damp, damp baskets or into my trunk which has already anywhere
under an inch of green mold all over the inside of it, tray and all.
What the trunk, baskets, clothes, unanswered letters, and my many
other various and sundry belongings will look like by the time I get
to Swatow is a matter of exceedingly dubious conjecture, to my
present way of thinking! And all my nice new clothes that I have
kept these little tailors busy fashioning for me out of old Chinese
jackets! They are lovely now, but if they all get dipped in the
waters of or from the Min River on the way down, pity my elaborate
wardrobe! I never did tell you yet all about the things I have
been buying, have I?

Well, I did mention a heavy dark blue satin dress to take the
place of my dark blue silk that I had new when I left home. That
is about the most expensive thing that I have had. It cost three
dollars for making and one of the jackets in it cost six dollars,
the other three. But you would love it if you saw it. Some of the
people out here object to having old coats that you could imagine
any kind of people wearing, made up into dresses for themselves.
But since they are all fumigated or washed or both, I don't have t
that kind of corruptions. And I'm fortunately not bothered a bit about
wearing something just because it is made over. (I wonder why?)

Then I have had a heavy yellow satin made to take the place of
my next evening dress, presumably, but it really will do much
more than that, for it is a more sensible dress, though it couldn't
be any prettier, I think. I didn't know what in the world I should
do for clothes. The satin was too heavy, and moreover, I had me d
|dores as to whether there would be enough. I had thought of sending
people put here object to having old coats that you could imagine any kind of people wearing, made up into dresses for themselves. But since they are all fumigated or washed or both, I don't have that kind of scruples. And I'm fortunately not bothered a bit about wearing something just because it is made over. (I wonder why?)

Then I have had a heavy yellow satin made to take the place of my pink evening dress, presumably, but in reality it will do much more than that, for it is a more serviceable dress—though it couldn't be my prettiest, I think. I didn't know what in the world I should do for sleeves. The satin was too heavy, and moreover, I had no idea as to whether there would be enough. I had thought of sending to Shanghai for all-over lace, but I knew before I sent that it would be beyond my pochettebook. Then I thought of using the pretty yellow crepe scarf that I bought on my way through Japan, for sleeves; but they are Japanese, and anyway, I don't want to wear that yellow scarf with that yellow dress (in spite of its being Jay). So I was delighted enough when along came a curio man with a plain yellow silk gauze jacket which I could see at a glance would go with it perfectly and make much more than elsewise. So I purchased it for $1.20 and immediately began to search for a pretty pattern. I found it, then got some pretty, old embroideries and gave the picture and the two jackets and the embroidery to the tailor. The entire cost something over or under a dollar, I can't remember exactly; and the satin cost was either three or four dollars. And I think it is a very lovely dress; so does everyone else. I have worn it three or four times right up here at College, and there has been only once when I could wear the pink silk. That was to the children's party and I wouldn't have thought of wearing it then had it been in good condition.

Then I had another, dark blue, a heavier gauze, made up with Chinese embroideries. It was a huge one to begin with—the biggest one I have ever seen, I think. It cost three dollars to begin with, a few dimes only for the trimming, and a little over two dollars for the making.

Then I had my old pink gingham made over with a light grade of white plique, and had my lovely lavender dress made over with very pretty netting, as I described to you before. Each cost me about $2.00 each for making. Then I had four white Chinese linen dresses made up for about $3.17, $2.00 each and two pineapple cloth dresses for about $2.40. I can't tell off hand just what these cost for I bought them at different times and some of the cloth was more and some less expensive. But I hope now to have enough clothes to wear on these days when I need to take a bath five or six times and change my clothes as often! I was often up against this spring; but that doesn't play, for it taxes a lot out of me to have to wash and iron thing a week if I have more important things waiting, and when I myself am dripping wet all the time when I am sitting perfectly still doing absolutely nothing. I didn't do o
dresses made up for about $2.50 each and two pineapple cloth dresses for about $2.40. I can't tell off hand just what these cost for I bought them at different times and some of the cloth was more and some less expensive. But I hope not to have enough clothes to wear on these days when I need to take a bath five or six times and change my clothes an as often! I was often up against it this spring; but that does not pay, for it takes a lot out of me to have to wash and iron things a move if I have more important things within, and when I myself am dripping wet all the time when I am sitting perfectly still doing absolutely nothing. I didn't do enough of that sort of thing to speak of it hardly, but I have discovered that it is a thing which I can't do, and so I am not going to attempt it. It seems perfectly dreadful from the stand point of extravagance to have so many clothes but they tell me it will surely prove an economy in the end and I guess they are right.

I had Mrs. Wortley's old raincoat (for which I paid $5.00 two years ago) made into a winter dress for two dollars and then I got material at a dollar a yard; a kind of moiré, dark green with a stripe effect, and the tailor made a one-piece dress and a coat to wear with it, for three dollars and a half. I was intending to have the dark green broadcloth made up with the help of the dark green crepe de chine waist but found that there was not enough cloth. was there any of that left over at home? There is almost enough and if there is any piece big enough for pocket or cuff or yoke and you haven't used or planned to use it for something else perhaps you could send it along when you are sending something to me sometime. I hadn't a dress to wear for everyday except the sailor blouse and skirt which is fading so that the skirt is darker than the waist and every day getting more so. (That is winter dresses of course) Then I had my pongee dress that the Swato tailor spoiled fixed up into a very respectable gown and had a sky blue silk Chinese coat that I got for a few dimes made into a kind of middy or smock to wear with my pongee skirt sometimes. I feel as though I shouldn't need any more clothes for five years but things have of wearing out fast out here! Oh yes and I have had some combinations- brassieres and drawers made for hot weather, too. And a silk waist of Canton crepe that I bought in Swato, to wear with my suit. I guess that is about all! Don't you think it ought to be? I feel wicked when I think of the way you folks get along in the matter of wearing apparel. When I come home, ma, I promise you I will bring you some old Chinese jackets for you if you want them. I think I shall bring them anyway for if you don't want them there will be plenty of people who will be glad to buy them! And anyway I know you will want them!

Well, I'll stop this craziness for a while, but I guess I will leave the paper in the machine and maybe I will have another thought and a bit more time to write before I send the letter on its way.
Glad to buy them. And, anyway I know you will want them!

Well, I'll stop this craziness for a while, but I guess I will leave the paper in the machine, and maybe I will have another thought and a bit more time to write before I send the letter on its way.

Next day

We go tomorrow, if nothing happens and I must take this out and get it ready to mail.

Yours with very much love

[Signature]
Monday Sept. 13, 1920
Swarat, China

Dear Ones:

Back again to the old domain - and it's glad I am to be here. I can tell you! Emily has been here over a week alone in the house - and she is glad to see me - I'm glad to see her, too, she is a dear, really - you would shudder to think of my getting rid of some more pounds. Had you seen me the last day at Xiling - for I was traveling up and down that hell
out in the sun and on my feet from about nine o'clock in the morning - rife until evening - you see the crows had been talking of strike all summer long - and yet they wanted, it seemed, until they got hold of someone who just had to get a boat, and then struck not only for more money - but they simply would not do it at all.

On account of the typhoon we could not know until late Sunday night whether our boat would be leaving Foochow on schedule.
time Thursday, or not. So they tried to get coolies. So many people were going down that day that we couldn't get anyone right off. I telegraphed to Foochow for them, and answer came back the day we were to start (early the next morning) that none were to be had. So I started out. I was out in the sun from soon after nine in the morning until 6 P.M. with only a few minutes out for dinner. Then we couldn't get chair bearers and had to walk down the mountain. Fuzzy Parker went with us and was just terribly nice about helping us, etc. At the foot of the mountain we did get chairs but had to pay double money.
even then. We got our baggage arranged for the boat—went to the Methodist girls school for a bit of supper, then caught the launch—which had waited 15 minutes for us. Then we found that our Chinese boys were not with us—So Fuzzy, with a sweater drawn-work man—went over to the other side of the city, where Maynez teachers was—and found the boys and sent them down post haste in a little boat. They came on board about one o'clock at night—(for the steamer was to leave at 6 A.M.). Well— it was one awful day—but we've had a splendid trip and already I am as busy as I can be—Much love to you dear—Bobie.
Dearest ones:

This has been busy week for me. I found upon my return to Swatow that two of our third year high school girls had gone to Shanghai to school. The other of one of them had written to me, but the other one had never said bool and it was a complete surprise to me. We had already arranged to have Hui-tes, another one of the five girls in that class, teach part time in the primary school here and study only part time. That leaves only two in the class and we need them to help us teach. So our plan for beginning a third year's work in high school has had to be abandoned for this year.

The two girls are coming back and will study English and some Chinese Literature, and earn a regular salary—a small one—for their teaching. They can take a good many classes in Arithmetic and in other things. I know Miss Cutler will feel badly to have that dropped but I simply cannot help it at all with no more teachers than we have.

I shall not teach the history after all, but shall have a class in Old Testament History and at least one in English and perhaps one in Arithmetic, besides all the music, of course. All of those except the English will be taught in Chinese and when I have all the managing of the school and supervision of the five or so country schools, according to whether we can keep them all open or not. Honestly and truly I have so many things that I could work about if I wanted to. But I have decided that if I am going to worry over things as much as I did the last of last year, for instance, I might as well give up right now. Do you think it will be within the realm of possibility for me to stop worrying because I have decided that it is wrong? Ordinarily I would laugh at a question like that because I would know that it simply could not be done.

But I led the missionaries' prayer meeting last night and my topic was abundance. Abundant life: Luke 16:10 (esp. 'rivers of pleasure')

Also Jn.15:11.

Abundant grace and mercy: 2 Cor. 9:8
Also Eph.2:1-10

Abundant grace: Philippians 4:19
Also Mal. 3:10.


After reading these wonderful passages and giving a 'preachment' on them, it would be hardly fair to worry over a little class in arithmetic, would it? Now I know that I myself cannot keep from worrying but still I am sure that I would be very flaky disobeying God's commands and absolutely disregarding His promises if I did it. How then? There is certainly but one way and that is by His doing it for me.
saying "it" it is possible; but even that is a big enough doubt to be wrong, I know. So that is the thing that perhaps most of all you need to remember just now while you are praying for me; that I can't get worried, or that I must!

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Keefe, the Standard Oil man who was my dinner partner last New Year's Eve invited us to go for a ride down to Double Island on Saturday afternoon and to have tea with We went and When Mrs. Ashmore asked me who was the chaperone I told her that I was, and she didn't say any more at all. Dear lady, she does like me pretty well and she knows that young folks like pretty well to have a little diversion once in a while. And she says that China is different now from what it was when she first came to China and that the Chinese are a great deal more sensible about things than they were then. At least that the Chinese here in Kakchiel are. They used to be shocked to see a woman married or unmarried walking along the road together; but nowadays the Chinese themselves have come to see that it can be a most natural and sensible thing for men and women to associate with each other. Of course, this does not apply to Chinese who have not known foreigners and learned their ways to a good extent. Well, as I started to say! We went and had a most enjoyable time, and now they have invited us again. I had as good a time as anybody, I suppose, and I think there was absolutely no harm in our going and no harm in our going without a chaperone, for we were too young for sugar. But, the girls want to take picnic supper this time and I hope it made my voice heard to the extent that I will not go if there is not a chaperone! Either not at any other time when we will be out after dark. I didn't say who went, did I ? Ruth Sperry, Emmy, Peggy and I, for girls; Mr. Keefe, Mr. Robinson (who likes Peggy very much, but for whom she gives not a rap) and a Mr. Mitchell, whom I had never seen before. I shall be interested to see whether we really do go again. If it's before school opens and everything is arranged in proper order, I shall go, for there will scarcely be another chance for a long time.

Miss Johnson was voted to work in the Woman's School and that would let us in the girl's school with several classes in English without a teacher. The question is up before the reference committee at the present time and we shall probably get Miss Johnson back for some of the work at least. Mrs. Page wants Ruth to continue some of her classes in the boys' academy and of course he can't have that if we haven't enough English teachers to do the work in our own girl's school. Miss Solliman, the one who ran it through the Reference Com. last July about Miss J.'s going into her work and I haven't much doubt that she will be very bitter about letting her come back to our girl's school work. But you see on account of health she was sent out for three years only and was designated for the English work in the girl's school! But because Ruth Sperry's plans were changed after she got out here, Miss S. thinks, or I spoke she thinks that it would be a crime not to have a worker more than we had, at least so soon as this. I'm not going to worry, though, as I said before!

You have seen the picture of Arthur and Gladys, I presume. I'm so glad to see it but I think it must have taken me about the same way my picture did you. You must feel kinda bad to see both your chilluns so thin and skinny. I do think Art has beaten even me in the getting skinny business! I do hate to see him so thin! Did you compare that picture of Arthur with the one of you in your wedding dress?
Dear Father and Mother:

Mother's letter of August 22nd (?) from Rollinsford just came last night. You don't know how glad I was to get it. There was a letter waiting when I got home the middle of September, and I haven't had one since (I think I'm right—but the days are so full now that I can't tell anything unless I look it up where I've written it down—and just now my correspondence book is downstairs).

I am so glad Mother had a chance to go down to Rollinsford and especially when Uncle Arthur and Uncle Cyrus were there and all those other folks too. It was a regular reunion. But wasn't that shoulder business perfectly horrid this? I do hope you were entirely over it, Mother—and that the jiggle, jiggle of...
the train trip back to Fairfax didn't bring it on again.

I'm writing upstairs in my room so that I will be near Emily in the next room. The reason this letter is so late in getting written -- as long since the last one, I mean, is because Emily has been sick -- and the few times when I haven't absolutely had to be over at school, I have spent with her helping take care of her - feeding her, giving her baths and doing the other necessities.

She has had a bad attack of what is probably Dengue Fever, I'm sure. I know what that is. Her temperature is normal now - but for days she couldn't lift her head from the pillow hardly and wasn't allowed to move out of bed at all. It was a great mercy that Lucile Killens, the trained nurse, came down from Changle on her way to America this week. Otherwise I don't know what we could have done.
Emily cried when I couldn't be with her all the time— and though she was glad when Lucille's coming was suggested— yet she cried when I said I was glad she could come because I wasn't able to do a lot of things that were needed. I was so busy at school! She thought that somehow I felt she was criticizing me for not doing enough— I didn't feel that way— of course.

As she said before, Emily is a dear— but she is whimsical— and especially so when she is sick— She is constantly embarrassing me before others telling me what a dear I am— and how good to her— and then turning over and weeping because her being sick is one more thing to bother me. The other night she gave me a good scare. She had been flat on her back for a week— so you may imagine me we were somewhat startled to hear this most agonized voice, about 11.30 at night— out in the living room, at the top of the stairs— crying "Ruth— where can Celbie be—"
and then between 9:00, "Don't you think we
better send somebody out to look for her? I
don't know where she is — oh, what do you
suppose has happened to Abbie?!" Ruth was
downstairs waiting for her beloved man — I was
in my own bed, sound asleep — there I had
been for about an hour — "Well!!! I was
up in a second, of course — and had her
back in bed in a jiffy — but it took more
than a jiffy to get her calmed down —
comforted. She knew that I was studying
in the early part of the evening — to prepare
for my class in Old Testament history —
and later when Ruth went up she asked
for me and I had gone out — I hadn't
said where I was going but it was to
a committee on Pageant for the 60th
South China jubilee. She knew I was in
it and guessed that was where I had
gone.

So she began to cry about my having
going to run so many things to do — and to worry for
fear I would get sick, she says.
Then she didn't hear me come in - and she got to crying more and imagining all sorts of things - that I had fallen into the sea, maybe! I don't know what she thought.

She has given me orders to come and say good night to her whenever she goes to bed first, no matter whether she is asleep or not. She would rather be wakened than to miss my saying good night to her! So she got up and came out - did all this when she might just as well have rung the bell and called it her. Then I asked her why the bell hadn't rung instead of getting up. "Well, that wouldn't have done any good," and then she said accusingly, "you didn't obey orders!" - So I told her how I've stood in her door and listened, and everything was dead still, so I wasn't going to waken her when she was sick - orders or no orders. Dr. Everhen told me not to waken her when she was asleep. - And Dr. E. says - "Get excited"
Because you didn't say goodnight to her.

She suspects, as I did, from the beginning that the fright about my being gone was just put on - I made up - she was hurt because I didn't come in - so I made up her mind to wake me anyway. I don't hear the bell always in my room - so she came to the door and called! Well, whichever it was, it was excited, and didn't sleep much the rest of the night.

The first night that she was very sick, I had a cot put down in her room, and stayed there. I was up nearly every hour to give her medicine and every two hours I fed her food. So I didn't sleep a great deal. That shouldn't have worn me out as it did to Marguerite, fearing another sick one would be on her hands, said I mustn't do that again until I got
rested. So Ruth—she herself has been sick with kidney trouble this summer but is all right now—slept with her the past three nights. Then she was moved up her, and Ruth sleeps on the porch outside my room; Emily has the bell to call us. She is not too sick when she needs us. She is not too sick now to call, and thus we all get more sleep than as things we slept in the room with her.

On Friday I was at school from eight in the morning until nearly seven at night with a little time off for dinner. It was a hard day, but things got started right, or pretty nearly so, I guess. The two girls who were to be in the third year high class to study a little and then teach the rest, informed me that they did not wish to study at all. If they are to go into the next year's class next year, they want to go in with the same kind of preparation that the others have, and that kind only. And they don't want to
have to teach them any more than the others do—well—that is easier to arrange, very much easier, and I certainly will not compel them to do a thing which makes it difficult for us all, and makes a hard feeling too. So I said all right—and proceeded to give them a few more things to teach. They will be perfectly satisfied, I think, to do that, and we shall be able to manage.

Friday A.M. at morning worship I introduced the two gentlemen who are coming over from the Academy to teach one class each—(Algebra & Arithmetic), also Dr. Dunn and the new preceptors, and the two girls who teach this year; who were students last year—was on needles and pins about it before hand but managed to get through it as one generally does! And the schedule seems to be working out pretty well, too. A few details haven’t been arranged—but if they can’t be, I shall not worry very much. We ought to have gymnastics.
And I am going to have some sort of physical exercise — any way — if we can arrange for regular gym, all right if not, we can't.

Oh — I tell you that there is a thrill, somehow — about having all these girls come back to us — and the fact that things are actually running along just the same, in spite of the fact that I am running the ship alone! And some day, I don't have the feeling at all that these girls are coming back to me — or that I am the one who is running the school — the girls have come back because they love the school and heaps of them said they would not come back when Miss Cully went home; are back again as big as life. I think we have a hundred and eight already — and that is even though only ten of the graduates have returned to high school. 

Hsing Sin sen is a jewel, and I truly don't know what I would do without her. She is a born manager — and she has been there before — she therefore knows a good many
of the ropes, and moreover — she makes
a living for herself and her two little girls
that are in our school, by being there.
They rent the house she lives in — and all.
The Sims, her husband,
live in the school. Being Simon, her husband,
teaches in the country, as he is not here —
she is older, and dependable, tactful, thoughtful,
foreseeing, is pleasing in her personality and
just fine in every way. Really —
she is one of the most beautiful Christians
she is one of the most beautiful Christians
I know. She had her trials teaching
women I know. She had her trials teaching
Emily, still she went to thosegray with
her, and has continued to be just as sweet
to her as though Emily had been her
easiest pupil to teach.
Of course, school is just beginning —
and you know that sometimes I do
spread myself to a good plunge leaving
about someone, and then have to take
a lot of it back. But she seems to
be taking hold first rate. Because she
was my teacher for so long, she got to
know me better, and feels free to talk.
everything over with me.

How lovely of Uncle Pittman to give me the ten dollars! I will write to him—don't know whether to tell him that I am saving the money for a steam locomotive or a sewing machine. I never said steam locomotive before, did I? Well—that is a need—and will be a greater one still later on, I think—when I get to having more work out in the country—do need it now for primary school and for crossing to Swalamo, etc! You'll hear more about that later.

Well—I'm too sleepy & write any more just now—I think my letter will be a "dis-cocommunity to the p-public if I don't stop it before I go to sleep entirely—!

Very much love,

Abbie
Dearest Beloveds;

Emily is better and up around the house and out again. I still worry about her somewhat (in spite of the fact that I had made up my mind not to worry any more!), because she simply will not be careful. It seems to be quite certain that the cause of her trouble was eating candied ginger in large quantities; but even now she will eat it when she wants it in spite of its nearly always giving her a bad pain.

I guess I'll try to tell you a few of the things that I have been doing these last few weeks. They have been hectic ones, I tell you. Just now I am taking the first opportunity that I have had for ages to sit down and dash off even a word to you. I sent a mealy postcard but that is all for about two weeks, isn't it? And I am afraid I shall forget what I have already learned about my typewriter if I don't find time to use it more.

Did I tell you that the 3rd year high school girls are teaching now and not doing any studying at all? I dread to get Miss Culley's answer to my letter telling her this news, for it was her dearest dream to have those girls keep on and be just ready to graduate when she comes back from furlough. But I did the best I could and would do the very same thing again under the circumstances. Things seem to be running pretty smoothly for a green hand and I am very grateful for the help of these girls who know the ropes of the school.

Last Saturday afternoon we had a tea to welcome Mrs. Worley who has just come back from furlough (We had one a week ago to welcome the Capen) then we went down to the house of the customs officer to see a Swatow-Kakchik tennis match. Of course the players were all community men; tho I don't see why they should be at all. Missionaries ought to be able to play tennis as well as anybody else. If Frank Foster had been he would have helped carry off the honors for this side, I know.

On Sunday we went to Chinese Church and then to English church. At the latter service *- after it I mean, I was accosted by Mr. Barracough, the big tall man who likes alto voices (remember?) and informed that on the Sundays when the morning church service is held in Swatow, there will be a Church of England Evensong service on this side at five or five thirty. My assistance was desired to help in the singing. I replied that I am very busy now and couldn't promise anything like regular attendance or anything. There would be a practice Thursday afternoon - could I come? I didn't know for sure. Well what made me so busy as all that, anyway? Why, Miss Culley had gone home and I have the school now. "O I say" was that the reason I had gone off in flesh so? Awful shame, that! Well, now! Mustn't work too hard you know! Well might they have my goodwill at least, about the services? Would I be willing to come when possible and lend my valuable assistance etc...etc... ETC.... ad infinitum. Surely, I would do what I could, and I was certainly glad that we were to have some church service on this side every Sunday, etc.

Well it happened the I could arrange to go on Thursday so I took Emily and Ruth and went down, and folks were very grateful, etc.
The next afternoon Miss Moorhead was up to our house for tea and tennis (the first tennis I have had since I came down from Kuling). We were walking home with her and met Mr. and the organist, Mr. Bloomfield who is a British-American Tobacco Co. man. They turned around and walked down with us and were most friendly and sociable, I can assure you. I laughed at Ruth; she said, "Mr. Barraclough amuses me; the way he elbows his way to Abbie in a crowd without speaking to anybody else" I said nonsense, that wasn't so and then she modified her statement by saying that perhaps the aforesaid man did speak, very briefly to other folks in passing but it was all the air of I'm going to talk with Miss Saunders and perhaps by and by there will be time to say a word to some one else but if there isn't it won't matter! Of course it isn't so really; it is just that he is so tall that they all notice every thing he does and says and whatever he does. But I shall endeavor to most discreet on all occasions, I assure you!

On Wednesday afternoon I went with the other girls to Mrs. Bloomfield's to tea. You will think I am doing a good deal of gadding about, but I haven't really. I have already refused two invitations to tea and tennis at Miss Moorhead's since I came down from Kuling; I have been so busy at school that I simply have not done another thing or been anywhere. Before school opened we went to Double Island with the three men. We were invited again but the men didn't bring a chaperone and anyway that was when Emily was sick so I couldn't have gone. I have been more tired than is comfortable and knew that if I could get away from school a little while each day it might freshen me up a bit. But there were so many things to be done that it almost seemed that I could not leave. But this week I did go, and I am glad I did, for it has been the very busiest week yet.

We have our big Sixtieth Anniversary Celebration next week and of course are busy getting ready. So besides my class every day in English and the one in Old Testament History in Chinese, with the preparations, of course, I have been having the girls from four to five every day practicing songs new and old for the Event; for the Girls' School has for its part in the anniversary, singing only. You see we have made our reputation at that and now are being called on for every occasion. We are to go to the church to sing once (I have taught them "We Shall See the King Some Day") and then when the guests make the tour of the schools, our part is to have a half hour of singing.

I just wish you might hear those blessed girls singing; all together, or only four of them, or half singing the first part of a song and the other half answering in the chorus; sometimes so softly that you can scarcely hear them and then swelling into a big crescendo. I love to hear them sing in parts, too, without the organ. This time they are to sing a Chinese welcome song, making their Chinese welcome bow; they are to sing "Sweeter as the days go by"; "Thou didst leave Thy throne Brighten the corner:" "Shine on me O Lord Jesus:" "My Task:" "Now the day is ever:" "Flee as a bird to your mountain" and some others. Today we have two hours of practice; from two to three as well as from four to five.

How did it happen that in my last letter I forgot to tell a big bit of news? We are terribly excited because we have had a raise in salary and are now (after Nov. 1st) to have $800.00 gold instead of $650.00. What do you think?
know about that? I am so happy about it. For one thing it will make it seem more possible to go away for the summer as I did this year. I think I shall not on any account go to Kuliang next year however. I do want to go the year before I go home, tho, to get some clothes made. By the way do you realize that it may be I have only two more summers out here before that little event takes place? I don't dare to think of it much, because the thought of seeing you again makes my heart turn a summersault! If the Reference Committee out here decides that I shall go home at the end of five years instead of five and a half, I shall be coming home early in the spring of 1923. If they think that is too soon then I shall probably wait another year, for I don't propose to go home in June as Miss Culley did, unless it is necessary. I shall doubtless be weary enough at the beginning of my journey and a trip across the country in the hot weather would finish me I know.

But that is what I would call rhapsodising and it is eleven o'clock this minute. I simply must go to bed.

With heaps of love, more than I can ever tell,

[Signature]
禮拜二

September 7

TUESDAY

7th Moon

25
Swatow, China
Oct. 24, 1920

Dearest Ones,

The Sixteenth Anniversary is a matter of history now! We surely did have one grand celebration — with a big parade in Swatow for a wind-up. Everything went off better than we had expected — and this some of our foreign guests could not come yet we had a grand occasion. I'll send you a program — but can't tell you how fine the speeches were, not at all about that, of course. Our girls sang beautifully — as I was sure they would — and the boys at the Academy had a grand exhibition of what they have been studying in the matter of social welfare and the promotion of healthful living conditions. They gave a little entertainment consisting of welcome speeches in
Chinese and English — and Chinese — and foreign music by their band —

The kindergarten kiddies had a very cute performance on the tennis lawn —
then the crowd was ushered into the girls' school grounds — there the girls were politely standing in the assembly room while the guests passed to the court beyond — they were packed in — like sardines — the girls then marched out into the one little space that was left for them and began their singing — after it was over the girls went out onto the new bridge over to East Hill where the new buildings will be, and had their pictures taken.

We have had Mr. and Mrs. Beatt and the baby here with us also Mary Egg and Emma Simonsen — and Friday morning in the middle of things, a Mrs. Darby from Philadelphia, who is traveling in China — appeared on the scene. She knows Emily's sister — and of course we were ever so glad.
she came just when she did so that she could get a glimpse of the Anniversary affairs. She has gone with Ruth & Chadlow for over Sunday now.

We got back from Swatara and the parade and everything about two yesterday afternoon. I did manage to eat some dinner but went right to bed and stayed until about 4 this afternoon. This thing has been an awful strain and I was simply very much relieved that it was all over. I had been needing a rest for a week and I'll be O.K. now that I've had it.

Oh yes—we had a tea for the community folks on Thursday. It was a grand success apparently though not a very large number of Community folks were here.
Mr. Barradough was here as by so talk
and stayed about an hour—that is
until he had succeeded in waylaying
me on my way in and out of the
busy throng, ministering to the wants
of the tea drinkers—and had got
me to sit down and tattle awhile—and
drink a cup of tea while he had
another—It wasn’t noticeable at
all—for Mr. Rodlick and Mr. Devenus
and Emily were all sitting at that
table. The tea was at Ashmeads.

He thanked me for singing—Oh by the
way I forgot to tell you that we did go
sitting in the choir last Sunday evening at
5:30—and Emily and I were the only
ones—besides Mrs. James who doesn’t know
the Episcopal service either. She was
terribly mad—I was disgusted & nervous—but about halfway through I saw the
funny side of it and was in a state
of giggles almost when Mr. B. made a
mistake and prayed for King Edward
instead of King George!
Mr. B. says he admires us for our courage as thanks as for our help. We are not going next time, we think - but will let the Church of England people go themselves and try it. If they wouldn't come up into the choir last Sunday for the reason that we were there first - let them have a chance & go first - no - that's what I say - but truly my real reason for staying away next time is because I don't think it wise for me to be so conspicuously a obviously assiduity Mr. B. in the service - I was the farthest one in the choir seats - he stood a kneaded right beside me throughout the service - I shall plan not to have that happen again if possible -
I didn't get around to telling you that there were over 1250 people in the parade—all Chinese—we watched them from Speicher's veranda. The boys from Choochow [?] and Chayang were here, and the boys and girls from Kitayang as well as all the schools in Swatow & Takuich—from the Kindergarten kiddies to the Theologos—and college students, too—for we have one year of junior college work started this year for the boys—

The Beatles are still here—but they will be leaving on Tuesday—probably—Tomorrow the school settles down into its regular routine work again. The girls are wanting—or rather, the teachers are wanting to change our—
missionary society with a Y. W. C. A. that we had suggested last year was a combination of Pathfinders and Camp Fire — Isabella told them about how I had been guardian etc. So when Henry Sincere hoisted the subject to me tonight, I unwillingly told her that I didn't know about the Y. W. C. A. I guess I forgot for the minute that I was president of one once! I don't know yet that we'll decide to do it. Of course — it is surely worth considering, though.

On Friday a Armenian man who has a very high position in the Customs came saying that he had a young girl whom he would like to put in school. He is not a Christian and this is a little girl who was bought a slave and —
was I have been a concubine — He has two sisters who are Christian — have graduated as doctors from the Sun-yi Hospital in Canton. One of them came to visit him and convinced him that it was wrong to have a slave girl thus — so he has decided to educate her — then let her teach or arrange a marriage for her or send her to her real parents or treat her as his own daughter — His wife is opposed to the plan for she still thinks it is all right to own slaves in this fashion. We have very few good high-class Chinese and this kid's fair to be a most interesting case —

Must go & bed now —

Love —

Abbie
Dear Arthur:

I haven't been neglecting you folks at all, have I? Well - I just hope you'll forgive me for not writing oftener, and please not punish me as I deserve - that is, by stopping the correspondence on that end of the line. I hear from you altogether too infrequently & suit me now - and I hope I don't have to tell you that I want you to write to me as often as you can, whether you've had a letter from me or not.

Now this sounds perhaps as though I were expecting to get a lot and give only a little - but such is not the get call. I couldn't believe it possible for one person's day to be so full out here - and yet my days aren't accomplishing as much as some other folks, for the simple reason that this body of mine has to have more rest than some other folk's body.
All this summer long I didn't get any letters written, and I am so ashamed of where I am in the matter of correspondence that I'm almost ashamed to write to anyone any more! The 31 churches that are in Aroostook county have had a pretty good chance to forget that there is such a person on the map as little Miss Gibson who so generously sends me that fine gift every year—haven't heard from me since last October—and Uncle George has had about one letter on that grand typewriter which he helped me to get so soon.

But I tell you—it is grand to have one's days so full—and I don't want anyone to think I'm complaining. I seem to keep getting thinner most of the time—but I'm beginning on malted milk now, twice a day—with Postum in the morning and milk and cocoa at night, and I expect I'll...
be a baby elephant before the winter is over. I shall if other peoples reports of what malted milk can do, works out as well for me as it has for them.

I wish you could imagine what a grand time we had at our Sixtieth Anniversary, and best of all, what a grand time the Chinese had. There were speeches from American guests and from missionaries in other parts of China. These were given in English of course, and translated into the Swatow dialect by some of our Chinese college graduates. Then some of our own missionaries gave addresses in Chinese, the subject matter of which they told briefly before the address. In the devotional services our missionaries and the Chinese pastors took turns. But two of the finest, most stirring talks we had were by two of our college
October 1922

The graduates. They seem to have a real grip on things, and a far vision of what the Chinese Church must do if progress in the future is to be rapid and real.

The crowd of delegates & visitors enjoyed a trip around the school on the compound. The Academy boys had an exhibition of the different things they study. They were very proud of a new telephone which connects the two school buildings, and had the notice "This is a telephone" printed on it and under it in English and in Chinese. They greeted us standing at attention: dressed in their uniforms, and we marched between double lines, in pompous procession - while the band played grand tunes. Not impressive.

They saw the kindergaater kids' performance on the lawn for them when they came and heard the girls sing - our girls. You don't know how I love to hear those girls sing. And they sang everything from "Flee as a....."
Swatow, China
Nov. 8, 1920

Dear ones;

Another interval that is much longer than I had meant it to be without writing to you. I have done several things since I wrote. One thing was to go to a funeral, no--don't get worried,--it wasn't one you knew. Just an old Chinese lady whom I saw last winter when I was out in the country. She was old enough and feeble enough to die long ago. Can you imagine how delighted(?), I was to receive an invitation for seventy of the girls to go to this funeral. I had no notion of letting any of them go at first, for the very idea is repulsive; but when I found that Miss Sollman was going to let the women go, I had to let the girls go. You see this funeral wasn't right here but was away out in Tat-hau-pou, and the people hired a big launch to take us over in the morning and back in the afternoon. We got up early and had our breakfast, then taking a thermos bottle of soup and some sandwiches and fruit we went down to the jetty. We had expected delays for we always have them out here, and sure enough at the last moment they found that the boiler had burst so they had to hire another launch which was smaller, and tow two small boats behind. We got started about quarter of nine instead of seven o'clock.

Arriving a little after ten, we were escorted to the other side of the city to the house, and we foreigners,--six of us, Mr. Waters and five girls,--were taken to a house rented especially for the occasion that is especially to entertain the foreign guests. The delegates from the Seminary, the Women's School, the Academy, the boys' grammar school and the girls, along with a goodly number of outside guests and one or two schools from Swatow, were seated in a place roofed over with bamboo matting for the occasion. It was grandly decorated and all I could think of was the canopy they have sometimes from the church door to the sidewalk to the street in a big church wedding. You see, the funeral is the one time in China to have a grand good time. I always knew that was true of heathen China, but did not think why it would still be so considered so after people had become Christians. And even though they told me, I couldn't understand it very well. I didn't really get the meaning of it until we were actually there on Saturday, a great long line of us marching through the streets of that huge, dirty heathen city, with the natives standing packed up so close to where we were walking that we could feel the wave of heat from human bodies,--and crowding in the doorways, perching on top of walls and even roofs, to see the Christian funeral go by. They had told me that it would be a good thing for the doctrine to have the people see that Christians do reverence the memory of the dead; they so often get the idea that we do not pay any attention to our dead. But it didn't sink in, until Saturday when the long line of marched through the streets singing simple gospel songs. Then, and not until then, was I glad that our girls were there. If those sweet voices didn't touch somebody's heart in all that vast crowd of people, I miss my guess. Another thing; our folks looked so nice and clean. You may remember my saying that Tat-hau-pou is one of the dirtiest, most ill-smelling places I know. The women we saw were a striking contrast to our women and girls, with their nice white jackets and smooth black braids or coils!
About eleven o'clock the program began and there were all the parts of any regular funeral service: singing, music, prayer, an address, and then we were led out into the street for parade. I was wishing we might not have to go all the way, for they said it was far, and was glad enough when they took the women and girls out of the procession after we had walked to what we thought was the other side of the city. It turned out that where we stopped was only a few steps from the house and we went there and sat down to wait. About half past one we Americans, and Mr. and Mrs. Lim (she is my personal helper and teaches in the school, he teaches in the Academy but has one class over here) sat down to a most wonderful feast. They evidently had prepared it with a knowledge of what foreigners like, for there was not a dish that was not delicious; everything from birds' nest pudding which came first, to a gorgeously decorated chocolate cake which came last and was eaten with forks! This latter was the only dish on the menu that was not strictly Chinese, except the soda water which was served before and after and in between times. When we had finished the feast we came back to the launch and were brought home, but we were not through with them until nearly three o'clock!

The following Friday:

Our minds are full of other things than feasts just now. The region around here has been in a state of upheaval for some time. If I haven't written, it was because there wasn't anything happening just then. The girls had a very hard time to get back to school, some of them, because the trains and boats were crowded with soldiers. I think I did write you that Swatow changed hands just before we came down from Kuliang. The former official ran off with a lot of money when he heard that the Amoy general was coming. Swatow was taken without a wound, they said. But the inland people were the ones to suffer. Well, I can't tell you all the details, for the situation changes every hour sometimes. You never can tell who is in authority from one day to the next. Now, this mess I am not a bit sure I have straightened out in my mind, but it is something like this:

The Fukien troops have been coming down this way but just now it is the Chekiang troops who are fighting in Swatow. They attacked first up inland above Chaoshanfu, then they took that city, then gradually came on down. The Southern forces are opposing them, as near as I can find out and they came into the railroad yards in Swatow last night, so the report goes. The soldiers who were guarding Swatow all ran over here last Monday, when they heard that there would be fighting in Swatow. The people in Swatow got into a panic and crowds of them took to their heels and ran for all they were worth. I was over in Swatow to see Mrs. Speicher yesterday, and her tales of the goings-on are graphic indeed. On Monday night after the soldiers had deserted there was an explosion in a munitions storage house. The explanation is that thieves were exploring to see what they could find, and were doubtless pounding a keg or something open to see what was inside. The explosion shook our houses way over here across the bay with such violence that we at once thought of an earthquake but immediately realized, of course, that it could not be. Over a hundred people were killed; many of them blown straight up into the air no one knows how many feet. The next day the scene was a most heart-rending one; bodies and parts of bodies laid out on the ground in a feeble semblance of order, for recognition, where recognition was possible.
It doesn't seem awful to people when they think that the larger number of the Chinese were killed were thieves— or at least people who had not been around that place. It is bad enough, though. Of course this has helped to make the people even more panic and yesterday when I was riding along in my ricksha I met streams of people moving out with their household goods and everything. The Ungkung and Kibyang bunches are anchored on our side of the bay and haven't been running for three days. This morning about two o'clock the heavy firing began and kept up until morning. During the day we have heard it intermittently but everything is quiet just now. The report is that they went $130,000.000 and if it is given to them they will stop the shooting. But that report is just like all the rest; you can't tell whether it is authentic. That the people are badly scared, is possible, but— that much is certain!

Last week I had a most difficult experience with the three girls who would have been in the third year High school class this year but are teaching instead. It seems that Miss Culley had arranged before she went home that one of the girls should have charge of the little primary school that is connected with our school. Of course she did not know that these girls would not be studying this year. She told that girl that she would have her board for doing the dormitory work down there, and indeed the girl who was there last year had the same arrangement. Well, that made her salary three dollars a month more than that of the other two, and they were greatly incensed about it. They threatened to leave if they were being discriminated against in such a fashion. Was her mark in school so much better than theirs that she could get a higher salary than theirs? Oh, they were positively insulting in the way they talked to me. Well, I just got to the point where I thought I could not stand it, when Heng Sin-nee came to the rescue and straightened matters out so that I have not heard another word on the subject from any of them. We arranged it so that the one in the primary school has less work to do in teaching, to make up for the work she has outside, and then I'll pay her the same money that the others get. They all seem satisfied with things and are doing good work and not complaining. So I did go and do what I said I wasn't going to do any more— worry. I couldn't help it somehow. I haven't been so discouraged since I came to China, I think, and I hope never to be so blue again. And it all comes out in the wash after all!! Oh well, maybe I'll learn sometime not to worry but I think it will be a gradual and not an instantaneous process!

I have a package of ginger all packed to send to you but do not know when I can send it. I could send it now, I suppose, but fear it might get lost before it got away from Swatow. I may try sending it by Japanese post but haven't yet made up my mind.

I'm enclosing a copy of my letter to the Aroostock churches, which I hope they will receive this year. I do not know whether they got it last year or not. I made all the copies on my typewriter and sent 32 or 33 copies to Mrs. Gammon with request that she send cut the North Aroostock ones and send the others either to Mrs. Shaw or Mrs. Speed. I'm so proud of my typewriter and so happy that this little chore is done at last. I never could have done it of course without the machine. Now I'll have to write and tell Uncle George so!

Very lovingly yours, Abbie
Oshamed?

Just received the lovely little letter from my precious little niece. How I should love to see her! I must write her soon.

I am wondering what her new name will be. I do hope it won't be Delilah or Pearl or Violet!

P.S. Later. I didn't say what I hoped her name would be, did I? Well, if I had my way in naming a little girl of my own, I think I know what it would be. Her middle name would begin with G—but it wouldn't be Gertrude. Her first name—well, you wouldn't have to go very far into the alphabet to find the initial. But I don't think I wanted this little girl to be named that. I—maybe I will get married some day, in spite of my Irish mouth and my 'keep you distance' air! If I should—I want that name all for myself! (Don't tell I said this.)

P.S. I do like the name Ruth—don't you. Tell me was she named for anyone?