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May 3, 1926

Dear Mrs. Page,

Another Sunday gone by without writing to you. And without receiving from you the letter in which I always long, especially, I think, on Sunday—But I was busy all day yesterday, pretty much.

The Waters have their 25th wedding anniversary next Friday night and they have asked us four girls (Edna, Delva, Claire, and me) to plan for their entertainment. We are to have a musical program first, then Mrs. Waters is planning entertainment—including if we can, the “Old Maids’ Machine”—a “Fountain of Youth” paraphernalia in which three or four of us go into a machine and come out surprisingly metamorphosed.

Then the Carman’s leave for America tomorrow.

My sewing room is now pressing a dress for Mildred—I went over this morning before school is— and I’m going over with it to help her with it—and I’m going over with it—

I wish you could see my columbines. When—
I got here from America. I planted the seeds that I bought from Sutton. I didn't think they would ever come up, or amount to anything, but it seems that they did, after more than a year of nothing but a few leaves. I have seven pots of them, including white, blue, and two shades of pink. I didn't know that you had so many colors of them. Everybody just loves them, for we haven't had any out here. The next thing I want is some dahlias—we have some new roses from Mr. Page. He has given us a good many, but we will use the money to send for some more new beautiful kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds and when he gets them started with kinds, we shall have to give some of those to you. It is the the babies of getting them started the risk of having them die on our hands that beset and besiege us.

In the meantime we face the danger of the Southern Rights. Living so close school. The Southern Rights School is closed. They were ordered to Shool in Canton is closed. They couldn't do it as quickly as we'd like, as had to close. Love Abbie
No 73.

Swatow, China
May 9, 1926

Dear Ones,

Sunday night here - and way over there you're just getting ready to wake up. Sunday morning and go to church and all the rest of the rest of the things that you do on Sunday.

I've so many things to write about that I don't know where to begin. Edna Smith has to begin. She is much better now, diphtheria. She is much better now. She is to sail pretty hard for her. She is to sail pretty hard for her. She is to sail pretty hard for her. She is to sail pretty hard for her.

Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Waters celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Mrs. W. had asked Velva and Edna & Elsie & me to be the
committee to arrange a musical program. Elsie was quarantined with Edna —
and Velva found bugs in her throat — so that left me alone on the
committee — it also deprived us of
a member for solo, duet, trio, etc. —
and the one who was to play for them.

The day of the affair Mr. Capew was
laid up with laryngitis — as that
cut us out of another duet.

We had to cut out the Old Maid
stunt we had planned and Madelle
and I furnished the music! Mrs.
Cashmore read an original poem
composed for the occasion and
presented the couple with 50 dollars ($25 gold) (twenty-five Mex. of
which they gave themselves). —
I helped Uncle George decorate in the
P.M. The affair was really a
very nice one, only Mrs. Cashmore
got peeved because we didn’t
call for the poem when the
The rest of the program was going on. I thought that Jack had better wait until after the cake and come just before we went home. However, she has forgiven me, and said that when I was standing up there singing she wished so hard that I had been her daughter-in-law. "Nothing at all against Ethel," but I do like you," said she! I wore the dress that Carrie Ward gave me - everybody admires it. Marguerite said I looked like a fairy! Big one, eh? Well, I like it myself.

Yesterday afternoon our girls held the formal opening of their student government society. It was a fine program - Singing, good speech, solo (by me), play, folk dance, song - but Mrs.
Rhonoe and Mrs. Waters didn't approve of the dancing and said so — it was beautiful and modest — far more so than many of the Colby Day's song day dances — but I guess the ribbons dangling from their waists made it seem wicked — something! We know it is O.K. but it isn't very nice to be disapproved of.

Last night came the news of Charles Tappin's death — and also of the death of my dear Ruth Whitman — I'm glad neither one had to suffer longer but it's hard for the dear ones who are left. Ruth was in bed ten weeks — Edith Milkes — her best friend — who took me driving while I was there — wrote to me — Ruth died Mar. 21.
just a week before I wrote my last letter to her — I had written 3, 5, though — she did hear from me — no — she probably didn't get that one either — and the one before that was long ago — your letters 72 & 73 arrived last night.

How are you going to "pay yourself back" the $21 when my next check is $10, being supposed to reach you, said $710 being supposed to apply on insurance — are you getting cheated? Thank you for sending it.

I'm afraid that the gift was lost — it was a package of Jasmine Chinese tea — was Flora's dress rayon? It's very pretty — Ethel Peterson may send some money for tatting and if so, keep it for books etc — I'll send you some more tatting soon.

Wasn't the stationery company good? They know what is good business, all right.
Oh, my dear — I wonder if you know
how I enjoy your letters! Last night
Mother, I was so blue and down hearted
and when your letters came they
did me so much good — It was
almost like having a talk with you.

The same mail brought a letter
from Lena Greene saying that they
were sending me a birthday box
containing 8 balls crochet cotton, 3 doz
thread — 2 sets boxes of
talls of thread — 10 lb. boxes of
chocolates & a tin of ginger snaps,
and patchwork pieces, and a
money order to pay the duty!

This m' birthday —

Well, me loves — I must
go to bed — sure —

Yours own & only

Abigail

The mosquitoes are fierce — I do hope we
can get our screens in soon!
No. 74.

Swatow, China

May 14, 1926

My dear ones,

In the midst of a diphtheria epidemic! I have had my throat scraped three times (that sounds awful—but all it is is scraping a little place with a wire hook to get mucus) but they didn't find any bugs. Nearly half the girls in our school, however, have throats which show the germs—and it was thought wise for both Mabel and me to be "shot" with the anti-toxin. She had the hypo yesterday and—I had it today.

Que-ting, the cook, had it yesterday and Mai Che, my sewing woman, had it two days before yesterday—and
she is going to lay off for two or three days. I don't really believe she has diphtheria but I think she has malaria - and we are dosing her with quinine.

Thursday and yesterday it was rather appalling to see the girls dropping out of classes. As each class was examined, a number more were found with bugs and they were not allowed to come to class. What we shall do on Monday, I don't know, for only a few of the higher girls are free from the germs. Have classes, I guess, and keep the one or two well ones out!

Tomorrow the girls are not going to church - no S.S. or any meeting outside of.
the school—

There are not many real cases of diphtheria — only 6 in 8 — but with so many precautions a real epidemic ought to be averted — let us hope so —

When the first girls were told that they had the germs, they were pretty forlorn — and more than one wept. But after a while it got to be rather a lark —

Miss Eng, the teacher who has charge of the kitchen, is not finding it much of a lark to arrange the separate eating places and sleeping places for the infected girls and the non-infected ones. She is a splendid manager, but she is almost at her wits' end to know how to arrange this business. The kitchen women
have the germs too, which complicates matters. But we are trusting that everything will come out all right.

Edna is much better; she was propped up on three pillows today and it didn't seem to hurt her at all. and no other foreigners is sick in bed, though Mr. Capen and Mr. Page both have been.

Velva herself is very tired, but she told me today that she thinks they have the thing pretty well under control.

love—love—love—

Next day—About 10:30 last night we went out on the Point to see a blaze which proved to be near the launch landing in Lewtow. It was a huge fire—more than a hundred buildings burned. 10 people mining!
Swatow, China
May 16, 1926

Dearest Mother & Father,

I wrote you a letter just yesterday (I realize now that I dated it May 14) but I feel like writing to you tonight so I am going to begin another letter. I have eight letters ready to mail, two of them are to Mrs. Ladd and two of them are to Mr. Streeter. I am afraid Mr. Streeter will be too late to receive him in America, or isn't he leaving until fall? Do you know? Another of my letters is to Mrs. Ladd. She sent for a little talking and I've sent it, with this as the accompanying letter. I told her I hoped she had passed on my thanks to Lucius Cianuska for the thread from his mill sent by her — and then asked her — or said I was tempted to ask her to send my letter to her one in him to see — I wonder whether that was wise?
I wrote in my letter to her about our voluntary Bible classes, about our recent political conditions, hypothermia, etc. Things which he might be interested to hear about but which would be hard for me to put in a letter to him. Then too, he won't have to answer my letter to her. Aren't I silly? But I dread most terrifically the thought of trying to write to him.

I wish I had a letter from you — tonight! — but since I haven't in reading over your letters since January I think there are a number of questions which I haven't yet answered. Did I tell you that Mr. Lippard was here in Princeton just two days ago and that while I was cooped up with my knee? Perhaps that explains why I didn't write about his being here. It makes me sure I tried to have folks come...
all the way out here and hope to learn two or three books' worth of stuff in two or three days! Of course, we were glad to have him here, but he didn't see all sides of many of our questions. Maybe he saw more than I think he did, and realizes that you have to be optimistic in print; I dunno!

And I think Joe explained that we feared an Anti-xmas demonstration at xmas time, but none came, A speech of Have I told you that Emily sent me a beautiful big sileace cloth to fit her table. She wrote me afterwards expecting to enjoy for she map expecting to enjoy for she is not to live in this house if she does come out - and I don't know whether she'll want it or not. The Bakers have
one of their own but not a nice one like this. Ah me!

Regarding accounts: I certainly do have more than my own money to attend to and I don't relish it very much. When Emily went home I tried hard to get Mabel not to give me any part of the school account. But she thinks I ought to have the job of paying the teachers (I detest it) and of taking the tuition myself) and of taking the tuition and kitchen accounts from Miss Eng. and kitchen accounts from Miss Eng.

It seems to me that what I do doesn't help very much and just means another handling of the funds. But I was made to feel that I'd be shirking if I didn't do it so that's that!

My account for the half year ending Apr. 30 is all finished and all straight in Miss Hands' hands — and all straight. I also have some of the girls' missionary money for them and the money in the Intermediate Department of
3) the Sunday School — and those accounts are all straight. My own personal is always the hardest for me to keep for the reason, I suppose, that no one makes me keep it. But it began again now and the thing has balanced every time so far!

I wonder if my letters are straight yet? My record runs thus: no 60, Feb 21; no 61, Feb 28; 62, Mar 3; 63, Mar 6; 64, Mar 15; 65, Mar 21; 66, Mar 23; 67, Mar 28; 68, Apr 5; 69, Apr 15; 70, Apr 16; 71, Apr 19; 72, May 4; 73, May 9; 74, May 14; 75, May 16. Have you received them all — and a little remembrance in each of your birthdays?

In sort of out of sorts knight I guess, and wonder what's the use of trying to be good anyway? You struggle along and try to be nice to everybody and not do so say things that will make hard feelings — and treat you neck to be nice, almost. Then
somebody else comes along and flares up and blazes out — and things go the way she wants-em to.

This is low-down tattling, I know. But I feel that way. I've begun my turn at keeping house and because a door slammed tonight the toy got blown sky high — but it would never do for me to lose my temper — and yet I'm just a ramby, pamby and people walk all over me, if I don't — Thebbe so!

I know what is the real trouble with me — I'm just plain peaved. I have been examined three times and had diphtheria germs any time, yet Mabelle arranged to have me take the anti-toxin. They came home and told me Velva said I was to have it! I just found that out to-day, and it riles me every
try think about it, the reason why
it should — for my arm hasn't troubled
me a particle. I have forgotten I had it the rest of the time — Mabel
was probably right in arranging for it.
She asked me if I didn't want to
have it, the day before — and I said
no — that the doctors had told me
I didn't need it and better not
take it unless I did need it. And
then after that — oh well, what's
the use of worrying, it never was
worth while — so I better pack up my
things and move on to other things like that.
But, I hate to have things like that
managed so patently opposite to what
I have planned — you know, I know
how wicked I am — but it's true.

We had a little service all by
ourselves today, in the girls who are
ourselves — you know — and all
well and not suspected — that
Miss P. had already said we
wouldn't have any — but we
had a good meeting.
Miss Law read Scripture—the whole story of Samson—I wondered what lesson there might be in it for me—and the verse that gripped me as being fraught with a great sorrow was Judges 16:26, the last part of the verse: “And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.” I don’t remember having read that verse before.

Sleepy-time! I meant to write to Dr. Mann tonight but I didn’t get it done.

Love—in then I’m more visit.

Yours
Abbie

P.S. Do you think I’m awful wicked?
Dear One,

Thirty-five years ago yesterday—something happened, if I remember correctly (!). Well—I'm very glad it happened for that was the event that gave me the father and mother dearer than any other father or mother could possibly be to me. All this because I feel that way and want to say it, not simply because I'm trying to think of something appropriate to the occasion in several thousand miles late in saying it, anyway. It's Friday night and I'm in the mood to write and tell...
you about some of the things that we are meeting these days. It's hot (oh I forgot I swore off of saying "it's hot" yesterday.) and I haven't said it all day today.) but it wouldn't be as hot as it is if I didn't have the doors and windows all shut tight to keep out the white ants. It is raining and that really makes it cooler than it was this morning. My feet and knees are all wrapped up in an old couch cover to keep off the mosquitoes. They'd be cooler if they weren't. I'd also be several degrees cooler if I could see the mite in the dark, instead of using this nice how-many? candle power Rochester lamp, which gives
I off a great deal of heat as well as light—all of which serves as a big relief after not having said once to anybody all day today. "It's hot"—not in English nor in Chinese either. But I have thought it several times—I guess that enough of that subject.

Did I tell you that at conference time I was elected on the Executive Committee of the Reference Committee—a brand new one, just "borned"? It was supposed to be created to handle emergencies etc—but the first thing it has had to do has been to take over the Staying Case—The college buildings up there have been usurped—and what does is a big problem—
Dr. Greenberg, M. Page & I spent a good part of one morning not long ago deciding that we couldn't do much that would be satisfactory unless what we decided was decided when Mr. Giffen (by saying) was here. So we telegraphed him to come down. He has been here this week, and a part of two or more mornings has been spent in consultation and discussion. We cannot take definite steps to regain any property we think there is not a too part of one per cent of a ghost of a chance to get back the property while the present government is in power. Which, M. Page says, is a
3) Pretty thin ghost! So the Consul will take measures such as are necessary not to let the case go by default. That is, we don't press the case now — but protest against the action, and leave it in condition so that we can again take up our case if the government changes. But I don't know that any amount of effort will get us anywhere — Things look now as though it will be very easy for any property left in South China to slip through our hands.

The truth is that the Bolshevists are trying to get possession of everything in sight while there has been a big plan on foot.
get hold of all the decent school & hospital buildings — The Anglo-Chinese College (Eng. Presbyt.) in Swatow was first on the list, Naying College was second, and our Boys’ Academy here in Nankin is the next on the list. Agitators are doing everything to try to break up that school.

Mr. Page said the other day that he could see no advantage in keeping school there just now except as a means of holding the buildings — if we don’t have school in them the government will grab them in a hurry.

A new movement is on foot — a Sun Yat Sen Memorial College — They had an enthusiasm meeting for it the other day — Our girls
I were asked to give a dance on the program - but did not accept! (They have been having folk-dances in their gym and people have heard about it.)

Well, at that meeting the question was asked: "Where is this new college to be located?"
The answer was: "We don't know yet. Either in Chaochowfu or Nakchial."
The only place they could have it in Nakchial would be the Boys Academy building - our Girls' School Building is only half-finished. I wonder if they would serve pani宗教 that? The college is to be anti-foreign.

Yesterday our school received notice that all schools are to have a memorial service an hour long every Monday for Sun Yat Sen. His picture
is to be hung in a prominent place and bowed to three times (the regular ceremonial worship). Moreover, government representatives propose to come over this coming Monday and give a talk to our girls. On what subject, we know not. We are daring to tell them they must not come, but we don’t know what will happen. It may be just a threat and nothing will happen — ! But we might even have to close our school.

We are facing another question. Helen Pue has received notice that she has been elected a Barbour Scholar at the University of Michigan — and she has opportunity to enter there as a graduate.
student this fall. She hates to miss an opportunity like that—$800 a year provided, and her college fees—We don't see what we can do without her.—It all seems like a blank wall. Yet I don't feel that it will do any good to urge her to stay now for she will think we want to keep her back from having advantages such as we had. I'm not sure but that it is right for her to go, although it leaves us so in the dark as to how to carry on the school.

The day is past when a foreigner, like me, can run a school with only two Chinese women teachers, neither of high school grade, to help. The principal must be a Chinese and should be a College grad. Well—yes, may be sure we
are praying a good deal about that.

Diphtheria continues under pretty good control—although the doctors are now despairing by the lives of two small babies who have the disease. Our girls come to school—but those who were found to have diphtheria germs sit on one side of the room, while the “clean” girls sit on the other side. It does not seem to be a very dangerous disease here to the Chinese so far.

I forgot to say that the Lung Yee (one of the finest) hospital in Canton has been seized by the Reds—and it is now rife and tuck as to whether they will get control.
of Canton Christian College - All of these things are pure sobbey - but it is the present Chinese method of expressing their disapproval of all this foreign imperialism -

Next morning.

It is still raining, raining, and I am afraid I have chosen a poor day to wash my hair. Still, the wind is east, which is much drier than a south wind.

I have been re-making up dresses and making ones. I have shortened many of my dresses six inches. Thirteen inches off the floor is a very comfortable length. Don't be shocked, please. The Chinese quite approve of short skirts, although theirs are pretty long just now - I must put in little sketches of mine - My yellow linen that Mrs. - cut out and you made up - in narrow...
and adjusting at the waist (not narrowing the skirt!) so that I can wear it without a belt — the 3 strips serve as waistline and trimming both. When I get a hat or two fixed up I shall feel quite rich — I'm going to cut out a pink voile dress for Edna as soon as my hair gets dry. She is getting better fast but is worried over her preparations to go home — Poor youngster, I don't blame her — It's tough luck to be sick in bed just when you want and need to do so many things!

With ever so much love

Abbie

My love and best wishes to Sutton friends — to whichever ones you think would appreciate it!
Swatow, China
May 31, 1926

Dear ones,

It is time for me to go to bed. But I didn't get a letter off to you yesterday and I hate to let this month close without telling you what a happy birthday I had. It was uneventful, but happy. When I got out to breakfast in the morning, I found a beautiful tatted collar waiting for me. Before breakfast was over, I had lovely roses from the Capens and a Bible Cross and Puzzle Book from Marquintio - who gave this birthday gift to Mabelle and me jointly. We have already done one of them. At noon, I found waiting for me two bottles of perfumed
Bath salts, from Elsie, and a 
regret from Edna that she 
couldn't yet send me anything. 
In the afternoon, I had notes 
of greeting from Mrs. waters and 
Mrs. Page, and a call from 
Mrs. Ashmore, who meant to 
remember my birthday, forgot 
it, and wrote such an apology 
letter! (I'll enclose it). Then I just 
had time to run over and peek 
at Edna and see how Elsie's 
bad cold was getting along before 
I had to come back for our 
dinner guests. Mrs. Dooley and 
Mrs. Staves. They brought me a 
beautiful embroidered centerpiece 
(about 24 in.) The only surprise 
part of the dinner was the 
birthday cake - a handsome one. 
White, adorned with a pink-
dainty flower basket and 
saying in artistic Chinese that
Flower basket was & with the
long Ronnie happiness, congratulations
and blessing on her birthday. It
was adorned with one candle
which Mabeline admitted was all
she had. But she thought it
might stand for first year
on Reference Committee!

After dinner I passed around
a box of Page and Shaw's chocolates,
which had arrived the Monday
before, along with another box of
chocolates, a can of delicious,
crisp, tiny ginger snaps, and
a nice box of thread and
patch work pieces (and $3 in
pay duty with, had there been
any) from — guess whom?
Can't you guess? Try hard —
Well, it helped to make me glad
I was born — although I've been
glad of that many times — and
glad also that I happened to be born
Greenville, N.H. The cookies were from Dora Laurence — and I took them around to all the people on the compound for a taste. While they were nice and fresh, I'm glad I did, for they began to get soft the very next day.

One box of chocolates from the Ladies Miss Smith and the others from the president, Lena Greene. The $3 was from Mrs. Greene, and it brought $5! I've got to hurry up and write that thank you letter. Sure, mother.

The samples of your hat came. I think they are lovely — but I think you'd better keep the trimm — put on a dress — it surely would make a scrummy-empting costume — hat & dress to match! So — you'd better keep it yourself instead of sending it to me — do you hear?
3. Let me see—where was I? After birthday dinner I was called downstairs by one of the teachers who (little Miss Jones) who had brought me a pretty orange feather hand-painted fan. She ought not to—but I don't know how to keep her from doing it!

The next day Velva sent over a dear little silver bonbon spoon and I received a nice birthday letter from Clara— I guess all the letters don't disclose some of these little bits; don't put them in the waste basket— you'll enjoy them, I think.

The writing paper hasn't arrived but I'm looking forward to it, and the anticipation is a pleasure.

Love, love

Abbé
May 27, 1926

Abbie Darlin’!

I’m not sure I remember the correct colors of the bath suit, so they are subject to change if you prefer rose or green!

Love, love, love to you, precious girl & a wonderfully blessed birthday, the beginning of a thrice blessed, victorious & glorious year.

I had a nice card picked out for you but that typhoid of a Marguerite sent me back to bed yesterday morning!
She's keeping me there today again. With tomorrow's uncertainty. Nothing wrong but a little cold. A little malaria. If Selva hadn't nagged me about the cold so much I'd still be up doing my bit. I really don't feel sick. I feel quite guilty over staying in bed. For more she's helping Edna. Still very tired and around today as we're still taken.
Poor Velva was up with Sue Lim's baby all night. Such a life!
Your Matilda must not worry about us; we're really all right.

How I want to be with you on your birthday! But I'm loving you.

Again Happy birthday from Bob & Edna & me. She's so sorry she can't send her remembrance in more tangible form but the love is there.

Much love, Edna
Dear Abbie:

I approach you on bended knee with my firehead on the cold ground. A mw! It is ten parts dreadful. When I read your name in the Remembrance book I thought—must go right up and see what to do for her birthday and then—I just forget. When I went over to call that day no doubt you thought she is coming to congratulate me on my
birthday" I never said a word. How can you believe me when I say I love you.-deeds are more telling than words. Well it does look black for me - but you will just have to forgive a doddering old woman who lets the Chinese get on her nerves.

We are going over to see the Consul to sign a paper at 9.30. If you want to come, come and go with us. Nevertheless I love you. your old friend

Lida S. Robinson.
Thursday, May 27th.

Dear Abbie:

The little Book of Remembrance tells us that today is your Birthday. We want to add our heartiest congratulations to those of many others.
who are remembering you to-day. We love you and our hearts are full of good wishes for you. May you spend many birthdays with us!

Sincerely yours,

Mary S. Waters.
Abbie dear - don't take offense at the box. It is no hint that you need paints. And the contents is not what I would like to give you. For I love you a lot. 

Selva
With more love than my delay would indicate, and here's hoping your next birthday will come at a more auspicious time!
I sent my photo for her birthday.

Dear Aunt Abbie,

How could you give me anything more lovely than this beautiful picture?
your own dear Mercis self.

C. Y. K. with a great big loving thank you

Margaret
A very happy Birthday

A s each rose that doth unfold
Seemeth fairer than the last,
So may every Birthday hold
Something sweeter than the past

C.M. Griffiths
Dear, dear Abbie,

Yes, and not only the Birthday, but the year following, too.
And may it be full of greater deeper joy than ever, as His strength is manifested in and through you to others.

With more love (in degrees) than there are little stitches in the collar from your co-worker for Viva! Mabelle
Swatow, China
June 6, 1926

Dearest,

It never rains but it pours! A number of our girls were still in quarantine from the diphtheria germs—though none of them had the real thing—when along comes another germ and knocks down a lot more folks. Fully half our upper class girls are down—27 in all as far. They first thought it was flu, but now think it is dengue—a head-achey, bone-achey business, too. Poor Velva and Marguerite are just worn to frazzles—they’ve had so much to do. The assembly room looks almost bare with such depleted numbers—so many sick, and a number more out taking care of the sick ones.

I think I told you that Helen and her scholarship to study in the University of Michigan next year and longer, I guess. She has definitely resigned and says that even if she does not go to America she will not stay here. She is weary of all the problems,
I know—well, it falls back on Miss Culley when she goes—and no foreigner ought to have to try to be the principal of a high school in this day and degeneration, I nearly said. But here in China. They demand a college education, or its equivalent. Mabelle has had the equivalent of course, but they also demand that the principal be a Chinese. There is no other woman college graduate available for the place. Tang Tek Suan, in the Woman's School, is the only other one (Christian) in this district—so I don't know what we are coming to, I'm sure.

Oh, I can't help feeling wicked—Mabelle is so distressed about this whole thing; has "asked for guidance" and can't see anything but a blank wall ahead of her. Oh, I don't suppose it really can be a punishment for being so obstinate about not letting Emily come back here—Three of the other teachers have resigned—and Mabelle has just lost heart about the whole thing. She doesn't see how we can carry on—and doesn't feel equal to the task. She has
worked so hard to build the school up to high school grade and now to have it slump - it just makes her feel that the bottom has dropped out of everything - I know I'm probably very wicked I she has asked for guidance - I well so have some of the rest of us sometimes - but God doesn't always reveal to us just how he is going to lead us - and I don't think we can always expect him to; especially it seems to me if we have judged folks harshly as she certainly did when she said she would leave if Emily came back to this school. It seems to me the least we can do is to bear and forbear a little. Of course she also stood a lot and can't stand any more. That's what she would say - but I don't know. If the people felt as they did, they ought to write and tell Emily so - but not let her think all the time she would be allowed to come back and then...
suddenly sit on her and tell her she is not wanted; she must stay at home. That's what it would have been, if Mrs. Hildreth hadn't asked for her to come to Charchoof.

Oh dear— I guess I'm depressed— I need another letter from you—

You got the reading prize— Hooray to Sutton! I'm proud enough to burst— a most! I know whose work done that, all right! And you got along with your quota in spite of the Curchies, didn't you? Go ahead and shake 'em, why don't you? Just give 'em a jolt or so!

Three weeks from last Friday is our graduation. Between now and then I have oh my program, in addition to review and examinations, a choir social, girls missionary meeting, woman's missionary meeting, Reference Committee, and maybe woman's committee. Mabelle and I ought to entertain the teachers, and the three graduating classes— but we haven't much heart for it this year.

Love

Abbie
June 13, 1926

Dearest Ones,

How do I look in dark blue or white? Pretty spiffy, eh? But you needn’t think I’m going to waste very much of it on you folks! Just enough to say thank you and to let you know how it looks – I certainly do like it a lot. I like it, too – just with my name and Quatow China on it. Emily had some with Girls’ School on it, once, and she never liked it very well. I’m sure I like this better. I wondered if it could be
this way, before it arrived, and hoped it would be. The printing is so fine, too, and clear.

Well - I broke my good health record by getting a fever which sent me to bed last Wednesday, and my temperature, though never higher than 101 or a little over, has not been normal until today. I've been loafing and letting other folks give my exams, and so on. I'm sitting up a good bit today, and shall go out to one exam to-morrow, and maybe a Bible class, if I feel as fine as I do today. The doctors have been having their hands full with an epidemic of
Abbie G. Sanderson
Swatow, China

the same thing that I have had, and they called it dengue. Well - I was not very comfortable - but I wasn't sick. The way I was when I had dengue in 1922. And now they have decided it is a form of the flu - wheeziness in the chest - and a terrific cough make that sound quite plausible to me - I know Dr. never had anything just like this before.

Well - I've been raving about my flu so hard that I forgot to tell you we have had a cable saying that the Board approves Emily's coming to Chashowfu - I didn't
really believe they would do it but I'm so glad! For I feel confident that E. will do as well she will mighty surprise some people who think she is bound to make a failure of things. She had her sailing all booked and her mother is coming with her to Seattle and it would have been pretty late to change—and pretty hard.

Her birthday present to me just arrived—a handsome pen seal under arm purse—twas very extravagant of her—but of course, it's lovely. (But I like yours better!)

Heaps of love, Addie
June 19, 1926

Swatow, China

Dear Mother and Dad,

Before I forget it any longer, I want to speak of the story, "Curlicue," and how much I have enjoyed reading it. After I finished it I gave it to Mabelle and I'm planning now to put it in a steamer letter for Edna Smith when she sails. It's a good one!

Before I forget, too, I want to tell you to say thank you to Mr. & Mrs. Chapman for the attractive and welcome birthday card, which came while I was fretting miserably in bed with the flu fever. Tell them it helped me to get better soon.

 Gladys Paul asked me to send her some baby things for her, which I did — to the value of $8.00.
payment she sends me $30 - and tells me to keep the rest for a birthday present. What do you know about that?

About Mrs. Gray's yokes and tailing. I haven't any coarse tailing like what she wants but will have some made this summer as near what she wants as I can like the heading. As to yokes the girl who promised to do them has been married and has a baby so I guess I'll have to get someone else to do them! But when they send orders I wish they would send a sample - I'm keeping a book by numbers now a thing I should have begun long ago - The pieces I sent you were Nos. 2, 7, 1, 5, 12, 15, 17, 14 - and they may be ordered by those numbers but if you want to be sure of the exact match better send a sample -
Sunday afternoon - I have been lazily loafing all this afternoon. This morning we had our promotion exercises at Sunday School. Then regular church service - and then we went down to a baptismal service, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen anywhere. Three of our girls, and a boy, were baptized. Mr. Capen did the baptizing and he knows how to do it. The last service before this was a travesty on the ordinance. The feet came up, and of all the splatters and grab you ever saw, with laughs, of course, from the crowd, that was about the worst I ever saw. But this beautiful service made up for the other one - except that I am sorry.
for the ones who were baptized the other time.

Well, what do you suppose I am going to do now? It is not ten parts certain but the plan has been suggested that I take Edna to Hong Kong next week and get her started on her homeward journey. If I go, it means my expenses paid etc. Of course I shall not stay a moment longer than I have to, but the doctors have decided that Edna needs to have someone go with her to get her started. She is dreadfully nervous cries at the least little thing and just is not fit to start off by herself. She was planning to go up the coast to Shanghai but she didn't want to go alone there and where the doctors suggested her having some body go to Hong Kong with
Her she simply broke down and cried with the relief—She had been dreading it so—They are going to bring it up to the Reference Committee and get a vote about it, and of course some other plan may be found. But at present it looks as though it would be going with her. School will be out, and I'm not on the Committee of Eighty which will be meeting at the time of the Chinese Convention—(though I expect to be back for that, surely—July 20). Reference Committee meets this week and then that will be over. Then this thing was suggested to me last night and they asked me if I would consider...
going - I came home and looked over my wardrobe to see what I had to wear - I fear my dresses are not particularly suitable for a trip like this yet they might be worse - Underclothes are always a problem when you are traveling in the summer time. If I have long enough I am going to have some silk ones sometime that can be washed out in a wash tub and will dry overnight - in steamer hotel or wherever. But I guess I can manage. I am going to try to hang on to my money but it will be a hard job - I must think if I'm going off later with Clara up north? And that trip has been planned for over a year - So I guess I can't give that up unless I have to.
And I've just come from Miss Sacey that we have reservations to Pei-ta-ho on a boat from Shanghai July 30—Shant I be the busy globe trotter, though, if I go to Hong Kong and then to Shanghai Pei-ta ho—maybe Peking, and back down to Shanghai in time to meet Emily, and then back to Shanghai in time for the opening of school. I guess I shall have to stay put until furlough time, after I get back this summer.

The trip to H. K. won't be all a lark, however. For Edna really is not well. Her heart is bad, and I shall be worried about her until
she is safely settled on the boat for America. There will be her baggage to attend to, and it is getting near, we shall probably have to cable from there to Shanghai about tickets, etc. Well—it will be quite different from the routine of school work, any way.

I have one more examination to-morrow morning. Then I get that done and corrected, and those grades done, my work for the term will be about finished. My accounts are up to date, and I have to have one more reckoning and one more payment to the teachers—their salaries. Then a rest from that for a little while.

With all this gadding do you wonder that I need any extra that may be coming from farming? etc. Please give my love to father, etc.
June 27, 1926

Dear Oma,

This is an experiment - to save paper. This is a bit from a roll of five inch black ribbon that was sent out for hair ribbon to the girls - they don't use black ribbons here - so I used some of the ribbon to make a hat - which was not particularly successful, I may say! But this is the paper that came off, and I hated to waste it.

Well, Reference Committee is over, and graduation is over - At the former, they like to have someone who is a stenographer do the work of recording secretary. But Elsie has been sick and is now out, will be taking care of Edna, and has been six weeks from her language study besides. So the language committee said she must not be asked to do it this time. Velva is the other one who can do such work - and she is into the medical work, and feels open head just now - so we met without a stenog. and when it came to appointing a recording sec. they appointed me!

It was a short, easy session, however, and I had no difficulty in getting...
It was a short, easy session, however, and I had no difficulty in getting things down on paper after a fashion. Mr. Page, the Corresponding Secretary, also presented all the business, but at the same table and was very good about helping with the wording of difficult motions. I don't think what he thinks of the minutes, now that he has taken them to go over, but it got done anyway!

I learned some things at this session—not all of which were complimentary about certain co-workers of mine, and while I therefore will not repeat—I found out also that when I think I have anything to say it is hard for me to remember that I'm only a young green thing, and keep still and let the older ones talk!

Among other things we voted to recommend a Conference of the sending out of a committee to electing of an Executive Secretary, whose full time shall be given to the routine and executive part of the work. Two years ago I think it very doubtful whether our reference Committee would have passed such a recommendation, but it was passed unanimously this time. Not all the members of the minority will agree. But I haven't much doubt that it will go through, and that at the next conference.

Another thing they did was vote that the Treasurer forward money for my expenses to Hong Kong with
Another thing they did was that they sent the Treasurer forward money for my expenses to Hong Kong with Edna. It will all go on her travel account, I suppose. Her ship, the S.S. President Pier, sails from Hong Kong a week from today, and we are probably leaving here Tuesday. I feel very small rushed - but I'm just going to do what I can to make and let the rest go. Of course, graduation was very pretty this year. I had almost nothing to do with it. I had expected to be in Ref. Com. all of Tuesday and Wednesday - but we were finished in three sessions - Monday, and 8 A.M. - 10 P.M. (7-28-19).

But late Wednesday, they came after me to help them out with letters. They had a plaque covered with pine needles, and the graduating classes 1926 and 1928 - they did some plain block letters 1926 - they had some small sheets to put on them like the ones we used to put on tatters and fixed them up in a puffy. The poor girls had been
working all day on them and were
tired to pieces

(just then I tipped over the ink-

bottle - or rather - I tipped it
over after I had written about two
feet more about graduation -)

I just can't write it over, because it
is now time to go to bed and I
have heaps to do tomorrow -)

To continue: Friday night we
were invited over to have a last
supper (Chinese) with the women-
teachers, and had a fine time.

Saturday Clara came down from Kitty
and nine of us went to look for Clara
for a swim and picnic supper.
We went with Beatie Cowles and
Naneta Hobart, whom we never
saw before - and saw the Stockers, who
live there all the time - went down
skiing in about half an hour,
and came back in about an hour,
by beautiful moonlight. It was
so restful.

This afternoon about 4:30 I had been visiting to you,

Penna came down from Eaines -

we had invited Edna, Eliza, Nellie

and Clara (who is staying with Helbr)

to supper tonight (last chance to have

Edna) and of course it was great
to have. Penna got here just in
time for that.

I don't believe I ever told you

that after the folks got back up
time for that.
I don’t believe I ever told you that after the folks got back up to Nanyang they found conditions to be very greatly improved that by letter and telegraph they were able to persuade our consul to let them stay on instead of leaving—so Anna didn’t have to close her school after all, and she’s back down here again on her way to—where do you suppose? Pei-to-loon, to be with Helen and Jay—who have just decided that that is where they are going. Of course Clara and I are tickled pink. Tonight at supper I asked Clara to ask the blessing. Right afterwards I told her that Anna was going to be at Pei-to-loon, and she said, “Well, if I’d known that before I asked the blessing I’d have been thankful for one thing more.” Both Anna and Clara send you their warm love, Mother. Anna says, “Your mother is so nice, Abbi! I say, say I,” ‘Yes, I think so too!’ —
Well, since the damaged things are all well as is paper and
Well, since I've damaged things up pretty well as to paper and ink, I guess I'd betterquit. This is my second spill tonight. I wonder what the third will be? The first was knocking my glass dessert dish (this kind) off into my lap after I had finished. It didn't break - I had on my grey voile with black lace, and I guess it is not much damaged - and I didn't spill the ink in my lap! Didn't get any on my dress at all, but spoiled the second of my six green ten cent desk blotters!

Heaps of love

Abbie
Dear Ones,

I am almost too sleepy to write but I do want to get a line off to you tonight if I can.

I left Swatow with Edna last Wednesday. We got here Thursday morning after a very comfortable trip and found we could get in here at the Helena May Institute—which is practically a Y. W. C. A.

I expected to go back to Swatow on today's boat, but it sailed just when Edna was leaving. I needed me up to the last
The day we got here was a holiday (Bank Holiday) so we couldn't get Edna's baggage attended to, nor see about tickets, nor anything, until the next day. That train took us the whole of Friday morning, just about. Then Edna had other errands to -- she couldn't rush, just had to go slow -- and she dissolved in tears (though she tried not to) when she thought of trying to go anywhere alone, or stay here alone, even. When she was buying things her head went all dizzy in a whirlwind.
she didn't know anything she said. So I decided that I couldn't very well run around and do my own errands, and other people's commissions and let Edna get hysterical and mom out in the meantime — and also that I couldn't leave her in the condition she is in until her boat had sailed. So — my boat has gone, and I am to be here another week probably — at the Board's expense. On Thursday afternoon we went down to the Swatow drawn work shops and got there to telephone to Mr. Huang — the one who used to be
the principal of our Brotons Boys
Academy—whose wife used to teach
in our school. Her sister, Miss Lanchhip
Hui, is one of our teachers.) He
immediately invited us to Mainman's
restaurant for afternoon tea at four
Friday. They brought the children,
and we had a lovely time.

Today Edna and I started out just
at nine in a taxi, with a coolie.
He went down to the ferry—and
then, coolie and all, across to the
other side and aboard the
steamer. Edna's boxes and trunks
were all there and so she could
rest easy about that. Mr. Henry
was there at the same time, and he
took us out to the college there.
he is president - a sort of private school. They served us tea, and we had a nice talk all together before we came back to the boat. Edua sailed just at noon - I do hope she gets home O.K.

I tried to do all I could for her, of course - and what do you suppose she did? gave me for my birthday present a beautiful camphor wood box! It is about 37" x 17" x 18". I was getting two boxes for Edith Traven - and so we got the three all together much cheaper than usual - Edith expected me to have to pay $15 or $18 apiece and we
got these for $11 each - I protested at Edna's doing this for me - but she said I had done so many things for her (I hadn't really - I just made one dress for her) and then took the time & came downtown, etc. - Well, I think it is a pretty nice present, anyway!

When I got home this noon I was dead tired - it has been something of a strain, I realize now, to see that everything was done - and to see that Edna didn't oversize - and all the rest.

But of course it has all been this noon from the boat lovely - When I got back, I found a

When I got back, I found a newcomer at my table - an inland girl from the "Assemblies of God" mission - premillennialist, but who needs companionship - Lore Abbée
No. 83

ABBI G. SANDERSON
SWATOW, CHINA

Hong Kong
July 5, 1926

Dear Father,

What is your interpretation, please, of the parable of the new patch on the old garment in Luke 9: 38 and is it the same as the parable of the new wine in old wine skins? I can't seem to get a satisfactory explanation of those or of verse 39.

A Mrs. Clarke, missionary under the Assemblies of God mission - who is staying here for a few weeks prior to vacation - is sitting at my table - and she tried to convince me that the premillenialist view of religion is
the only right, sane, cheerful, joyful, reverent way to look at the Bible.

"Why," said she, "the post-millennialists have no scripture back of their plan. I, not in as charitable a spirit as I might have had, I suppose, "That's because you are a pre-millennialist"!"

She excuses me, however, on the ground that she has had a better chance to study about the second coming of Christ than I.

She is a Moody Institute girl—and knows Hattie Bailey, the girl who sailed with me on my first trip.

Well—I got all riled up inside as it were—for I thought that if this lady took it upon herself to convert me morning, noon, and night the rest of the time, I am here, that
I shouldn't get quite the rest that I hope for. So I came upstairs and sat me down to my New Testament. I was too sleepy so I went at it for about an hour before breakfast this morning.

After much reading and meditating (in the midst of which I came upon the above mentioned parables) I decided that this girl is in great need of companionship—and has been taught to look upon all pleasures as wicked. It occurred to me that perhaps during this coming week I can do something for her in the way of being friendly and companionable. She has
mannerisms that fret me to pieces, and she seems affected, nervous, embarrassed, etc. But I decided I'd better not judge. And then I decided that probably her spiritual life is deeper, or at least, far more conscious than mine, that I'd better not be so Pharisical in my thinking. I was so much better off than she! Perhaps she will do me a lot of good—what I need—and in the meantime—I guess I'd better be as kind to her as I can.

Tonight after dinner a girl whose name I have not learned French, I think, accosted me in a
Whisper, asking if I were an inland girl - and would I therefore (?) like to purchase from her a piece of red voile which belongs to a girl whose mother has just died. She took me to her room to show the cloth to me, and closed her door - speaking all the time in a furtive whisper and while in a furtive whisper and covering the cloth with a paper at every little noise - very eagerly trying to get me to buy it - which of course I wouldn't do.

I wonder!

I did quite a bit of shopping in Swatow folks this morning, and rested all this P.M.

Love Abbie
Mother dear,

If I lived in Hong Kong all the time I think I should try to follow the steamers more closely. When I know an Admiral or an Empress boat is leaving the next day, there's quite an incentive to get just one more message off to you—somehow—ever though it may not be worth the ten cents it takes to send it. I wonder how many of my letters give you that feeling—as though you wonder why
I thought that scrap was worth sending! Well—yours never do—I tell you—but I'm afraid I don't write you very many good "missionary" letters.

Mrs. Claus is a good missionary—much better, I'm sure, than I am—so she considers things that I don't wicked lots of movies, etc—but we are getting along pretty well. She goes shopping and about everywhere I go—and of course it is much nicer not to have to go alone—I helped her to pick out a pretty blue and white flowered georgette crepe—and when she thought about
taking it to the tailor. I said, why didn't you get a pattern? I'd help her cut it out and sew it up! Well, we did—and I'm beginning to wish I hadn't. I quite such a big bit—off. She can sew more proudly. I must go shopping tomorrow morning and pack either tomorrow P.M. or Sat. pack either tomorrow or P.M. I don't know just when. A.M.—and I don't know just when. The dress will get finished! I saw Mrs. Nance (who used to live in Swatow) yesterday on the street—and she has invited me to her house (upon the Peak) for
Lunch Saturday noon and if they can have the Company's lunch, we are to have a lunch picnic that afternoon. Don't that be nice? And yet I'd enjoy it much better if Edna or Emily or another one of "us" were or another? I rather dread going social affairs with the Community people if I have to go alone! To return to Miss Clause she really is a whole lot better yesterday I had the dazlings in my eyes and I was afraid I was going to be sick. I guess she was too! She went down to her room and prayed.
In me, because she didn't want to get sick - my only comment is - I got better right away, and went downtown shopping with her!

It's getting late - so I'll close with lots of love to both for dear ones - and affectionate remembrance to all "inquiring friends!"

Yours ever

Abbie
Dear Pa,

To come straight to the point first thing. Of course I’ll be glad to buy your shares if you find it is necessary. When that time comes, i.e., when you find it necessary to use the money, Mother can pay you $200 from my bank account, if there is that amount there. As I said before, I’d be willing to go to the Boston bank if necessary, but not if unnecessary. — Is this O.K.?

I got back from my trip to Hong Kong with Edna Smith last
Monday morning, I did a good deal of running around in Hong Kong and it wasn't a very restful time. I helped Mrs. Ramsay to do shopping and to make a dress. Saturday I went with Mrs. Hance to lunch and afterward she took me with her on a launch picnic. Mrs. Hance, a Mr. Ramsay who lives here in Swatow, and another man and a woman, met three others at the party. We went to Big Wave Bay and had a swim (I didn't go in for I had no suit) then had a substantial tea on the way back. When I got back here Monday morning it was hot hotter hottest.
A preacher's institute began on Thursday but I didn't go - didn't dream I was supposed to. At noon a distressed word came from Mrs., a distresed word came from Mrs. wondering why none of us were there. It turns out that it is a Preacher - Teacher Institute - a Retreat - Preacher-Teacher Institute - a Retreat - Preacher-Teacher Institute - a Retreat - Preacher-Teacher Institute - a Retreat - Preacher-Teacher Institute - a Retreat. Thursday and Friday I went. It really is a very lively meeting, in which they are discussing a good many of the problems which will have to be thrashed out at the Convention meetings next week. But not as I have been all week - and busy; going to these meetings I had planned on, and
trying to get a little sewing done in between times, let me tell you I am having a real rest, cool, and delightful right now. This A.M. (Sat.) at 5:03 I started off and came over here to Chaozay. A wind has blown up so that it is cooler — and I had a two hour sleep right after dinner — Mrs. Grosebeck has shown me her quilts (she has priced so many beautiful ones) and now she sits here reading, while I am writing to you —

Dr. Grosebeck has been at the meeting. He came home last night but has been away all day — and he is expected back any moment now —

Dr. Proctor of East China is now
down here observing - He came to the Institute and now he is getting interested and thinks he'll stay through the Convention.

I had such a nice note from Mrs. Grosebeck just as I was leaving for Hongkong. She asked me when I was coming over here to stay a week. Well, since I'm leaving for the north the last of next week or maybe before, I decided my visit here would have to be this weekend. I didn't see how I could come but I just wanted to so badly that I had to pick up and come anyway.
Mrs. J. is just the same dear beloved lady that she always was and well restsful is the word that fits.

When I go back Monday morning I shall be a new woman I believe.

Then Monday and Tuesday I shall rush to get odds and ends of sewing done and my packing and then Tuesday night the big Chinese convention begins.

I shall want to be there for every session if possible, I hope our boat won’t leave for Shanghai before the thing is over.

Sunday P.M. Dr. Grovebeck got home.

By the stime last night a good-sized wind had developed and all day today we have...
been in the grip of a near-typhoon.
Mrs. Grosebeck hates it so, and she
is so lonely in the children—well,
I'm very glad I came, anyway.
If it has cheered her up at all, I'm
glad, and as for myself, I'm certainly
having a rest. I may not get
back tomorrow morning this. Shall
have to wait and see how much
it is blowing when tomorrow gets
here.
I'm eating like a pig. I always do
when I come over here—Mrs. G.
is a genius for having nice things to
eat.
I have been reading a book of
Dr. Grosebeck's which I should like...
It is Dr. Griswold's "Never Man Is Speake." I think I might be able to use it in a Bible Study class. How would you like to get it, read it yourself, and then send it on to me? We have no talking money that Mother has—if she has any.

Some day I should also like to have the book "The Master and the Twelve," by J. G. W. Hard (George H. Doran Co.). I received the book that Mother sent "Sunshine and Shadows." Thanks.

I wrote for—

You may be sure I shall be thinking of you in all the problems that you have ahead of you—and shall be praying that they may all be solved easily and wisely—and happily. God bless you as you meet and struggle with them. Love to my dear ones.
Dear Ones,

Everyone is enjoying a cool breeze that has just sprung up, at six o'clock in the evening after a long hot enervating day. I thought surely that by this time I should have a number of good long letters written — but I have actually done nothing but eat and sleep all today and all yesterday afternoon.

The Chinese Convention is the big thing that is filling our minds just now. After the explosion of last summer we have all been on tiptoe to see what kind of meetings would take place this year. I am supposed to report the Convention.
The missionaries and I haven't yet collected my thoughts. I'd better report it off in a natural way to you first, I suppose, and then call what should be put into print from that.

The Convention was preceded by a Retreat for Christian workers—a series of meetings in which the inspirational and the devotional were supplemented by frank, helpful discussions of certain problems which were to be up for discussion at the big convention. Each morning at ten one of the Christian leaders presented an important subject. The meeting then divided into four groups for discussion, after which the women being in one group by themselves, and then the findings of the group discussions were presented to the whole body for further discussion.
Some subjects discussed were
"How may we
improve
the development
for better
Chinese
leaders"

"How
to
raise
the
standard
of
Education?
Has
the
time
got
come
for
the
Chinese
to
take
over
mission
property?"

"The
important
spirtual
role
in
the
development
of
the
Mia
Jang
churches.
We
did
not
divide
into
groups
in
the
discussion
of
Education.
If
this
Retreat
did
nothing
else,
it
gave
the
leaders
opportunity
to
put
into
expression
its
ideas,
and
hear
the
ideas
of
others.
Some
of
the
bothering
problems
were
partly
thoroughly
settled
ahead
of
time,
instead
of
coming
up
all
of
a
sudden
and
having
to
be
decided
when
no
one
had
a
chance
to
think
things
out
clearly.
I
hope
they
will
have
such
meetings
every
you should have heard the way the women expressed their opinions in the separate groups; in regard to some questions they dared to be far more outspoken than did the men! at same time.

The Convention itself began the evening of July 20th. Seldom in a meeting anywhere have I been more gripped than I was by the message brought that evening by Principal Ina of the Senator Academy. The theme was 'Rebirth.' Again and again during his address the call rang out "Ye must be born again!" Born again! Born again! Born again! Silent Prayer had large place that evening. Mr. felt led thoughts and the audience which filled on
Kachchh chapel sat silent with bowed heads, in earnest desire that every heart might have the right preparation for this important Convention that all selfish desires and motives should be taken away and that first place be given to our Lord Christ. Truly it was a wonderful opening for the Convention. Following that came the election of Convention officers: Dr. Tai Kwen was elected chairman, and Mr. Lo Siah keu, last year's presiding officer, vice chairman. Later on the meeting a second vice chairman was elected, Miss Alice Chen.
principal of the Romanic School. Mr. Heng Tsh Kien, Swatow Christian Institute was made the Secretary.

On Wednesday morning after the devotional half-hour, came an inspirational address by Dr. Tai. Again Christ was made the center of our attention. Whatever effort is made, it must all be with the aim of preaching Christ's saving power, else it is useless. Dr. Tai gave a general outline of the work of the Tung Convention but the emphasis was laid upon the need of spiritual gifts if any real good was to be accomplished.

At the business session which followed, and as at the other sessions Dr. Tai proved his ability as a tactful, patient, wise chairman.
The various committees were elected quick to understand the various points of view and fair to all who wished to speak. It is amazing to see how this Convention Body has literally come from darkness into light. A few short years ago a meeting were held which were called conventions but many of the missionaries were not in attendance, and few of the Chinese were very deeply interested. Now what a difference! Nothing dead about these meetings!

Aug 4—Shall I tell you what I have found ambition to finish this letter long ago? Well—I'm a pill, and I know it. I just de manage to do about the big.
amount of nothing aboard ship! I haven't even told you yet about our exciting get-away from Swatow. We found that the only boat coming late enough to let us stay there for the Conv., and soon enough to get us to Shai on the 30th—(day our boat was scheduled to leave Shai) was a British boat. That meant no Chinese sampans would be allowed to take us and our things out of it. So Mr. Capers went to see the American Consul and he agreed to lend us his gig and his gigman for the occasion. They came over at 9 on Friday the 29th and waited there in the Sharking all day for the boat which didn't come in! My trunk and even my two bags were down in the boat and it was hot, and we didn't go to all the meetings, but the ones we did go to were not able to hold more than half our
attention because we had to have one eye out for the boat all the time and we had to be ready to go at any minute. At 6 P.M. (when the port is closed) we gave up hope, hired men to carry our luggage back up the hill and had our not expected to-be-slept-in beds made up again and went to the last section of the Convention. The Woman Vice-Chair presided in a very happy, dignified manner and it happened that the question of more vital interest to women than any other of the Committee came up and brought out the most heated remarks of the whole meeting. We were really glad to be there!

The Comité had loaned us his boat for the day, and we hated to ask him for it again but it was the only thing to do — and the lot fell to me to write the note.
The boy told it open to him but he was out to dinner that night. The boy waited for him until 12 o'clock, then went off somewhere to sleep and came back early the next morning. In the meantime we were on pins and needles to know whether we could have the boat or not. The gig-man had been rather pleased to have to stay out there all day in the hot sun and we didn't know whether they would be pleased about coming out again. So we didn't know until a half hour before we left the house whether we were to have the correct boat or whether we'd have to find a boat from some where and row it ourselves.

As a matter of fact, the gigman had already started out before...
our bay got an answer from the consul to my note so that was that. The boat was a big fine one, far better than all of the Chinese boats running to Shanghai, and we had a wonderful trip, only 2 days and six hours. The trip ordinarily took three full days by coast steamer and Maynir and I were six days on the way last fall.

The next morning we went directly to the office to find out about steamers. The news was that she might sail Aug 1 or 2 instead of July 30. We kept going to the office to ask every day or so - and the boat kept being postponed. Finally we have got away and we shall be glad when we get to the end of this journey.

They say there is one wave...
Aug. 5, A.M.

We are eleven passengers, not counting the little boy that belongs to a Jewish couple. One girl is the daughter of the ticket agent of the line—looks like a picture direct from a page of the August Ladies' Home Journal! Bohemian bob, no sleeves, skirts actually about her knees and not more than a yard around. Her mother came out on the tender with her and smoked a cigarette when the sun got too hot for comfort.

Very friendly with this young lady are a mother and daughter of similar type, also English—of Shanghai Society life. Both with sleeveless knee-length dresses. The mother's gray shingle bob is quite an
I attract one as I have seen anywhere. Marguerite says, "I don't like those skimpy dresses." I didn't say anything then. I do like some of them. "How would you like your mother in a dress like that?" I said. "Can you imagine her in one?" She said, "That shows you don't really approve of that kind of a dress!"

Another of our ship companions is the official American doctor of the port of Shanghai. He has the finest cabin on the boat, next to the captain's cabin. That isn't saying a great deal, but that isn't saying a great deal. The Jewish parents are adoring their one and only five-year-old son, and keep him securely tied every moment with a leather strap arrangement, for fear he'll fall overboard or somethin'. He is so nervous that he is just about frantic for thin'.
he has no chance at all for exercise! They call him nice and naughty by turns, and slap and lug him alternately. And his name is Arthur!

The other two passengers are ladies, and we haven't decided just who they are. Professional, perhaps, - nurses - one of them may be a missionary. But if so, she is trying pretty hard not to appear like one. These two do not with each other, and quite obviously make solicitous remarks about the other passengers, us included. I'm sure I wonder what they find to say about me?!

Alma and Marguerite and I are quite satisfied that we are missionaries instead of anybody else - yet I have noticed one thing that has made me stop and think. The cabins are awful.
cockroaches, etc. The food is not very good, the water nauseating, and the flies abominable—but it has been the missionaries who have puzzled the most about them. The others seem to be able to make the best of things as they are and not grouse as much as we do.

Naturally, since this thing has come to my attention, I've made a desperate effort not to be included in the above under "me." It surely is a good way to show off one's bad manners, and I'm glad I saw this lesson before anyone had to tell me! We all had army beds and slept on deck last night—even the doctor! Cabins would have been unbearable. The potholes are about eight inches across,
should say, and only one in a cabin. Now, at 10 in the morning - the other folks are all weary of sitting and have already stretched out on cots on the cool side of the deck.

Six are already down, and my cot in here waiting for me to lie down too. I'm sleepy, so I guess I'll obey that impulse.

Very lovingly yours, daughter,

Abbie.
Dear Ones,

My letter of last week has not yet been mailed to you—Isn't that dreadful? But I started to tell you about the Chinese Convention; they didn't want to send your letter off until I had copied from it certain parts in my report to missionaries.

And this week in Shanghai, it has been too hot to live, almost. I say nothing of...
Writing letters! I've had quite a bit of shopping to do here for other people and I have that almost finished.

We were to have sailed yesterday for Chin wantan, the nearest port to Pei ta her boat has been put off but the nearest port has been put off to next Tuesday -- and post to next Tuesday -- and in the meantime we have it in hotter weather. It is far hotter here now than it was last year.

Helen Clark arrived yesterday from Mokanshan en her way.
To Rita Forsyth — We were afraid because she hadn’t written to us for so long that she might be prevented because she wouldn’t go to London. But she is not with her. She has just been terribly busy since Mrs. Doubling left. It was good to see her again.

The “Madison” leaves this 1:00 A.M. so I’ll not stop to write more. This note will tell you at least that I’m well and happy, enjoying seeing a number.
of people here whom I know as well as new ones — I have also discovered through the guest book that a Mr. & Mrs. C. F. Wood of West China were guests here last March — on their way home, I suppose — Much, much the

(Mrs 87) Abbie
Mother dear -

Your letter of June 24 just reached me an hour ago. It was a very happy surprise, for I did not think I would be here long enough for mail to reach me, so ordered it sent to the Missionary Home where I can get it when I go back through Shanghai. This is one that escaped the Post Office somehow, and got over to Mabel, who sent it here.

What a horseful you must have had with Arthur's family all there! I suppose the next letter will tell how long they stayed, and whether there was anything left of you when they went. I am very curious, of course, to know what Evelyn's letters said. Lucius sent a big box of thread, enough thread, all in skeins, therefore solid thread, to fill half the shirt waist box in the front chamber—perhaps more. There were no numbers on the skeins, but we can use them just the same, for the expert girls can tell by rolling the thread in their fingers what size it is.

But I told you, didn't I, that I never knew for months that it came from Cunningham's.

I wish you could have stayed longer in Hopkinton. Now you must have wanted to sit on Bud for being so insistant on going ahead! I know just how you must have felt.

Well! If only you could have beheld your first-born child yesterday. Whether you would have dreamed
I'm not felt like doing so, so felt disinclined for a while, I know not. But at least you would have had your visions seriously affected. Of that I am sure.

Clara and I went with John and Helen Tate, and three young women workers from Changsha to visit the Great Wall of China at Shan-hai-kwan, the point where the wall runs down into the sea.

We arose at 5, got a snatch of breakfast and a package of lunch from the kitchen and caught the 6:10 train. The Tates and the other folks had to come about 4 miles by ricksha, and they were so late that we were afraid they weren't going to get there. But they did, and we really had a wonderful trip.

We rode about a half hour, from Peitain's Beach to Peitain's Junction, where we change and get the through train from Peking to Mukden, and go as far as train from Peking to Mukden. The trains have been rather late. Since people have had to wait and thus were obliged at the Junction until noon to stay over until the night train and didn't get back until 11:30 P.M. We didn't want to do that.

When we pulled into the junction, I said behold our train was waiting for us! The conductor asked a conductor if we were on the night train, 12 1/2 hours late.
2) Weren't we lucky? The train we planned to come on was several hours late. When we got to Shanghai, a mob of ricksha men and donkey men, each with his own vehicle of transportation in tow, swarmed upon us, and would have swamped us, had not the police beaten them back with clubs. As it was, we had pretty hard work to get a donkey for each of us, and get on him! We did it finally, and started off. Of course my stirrups were too short, and when I tried to lengthen them they were more uncomfortable than ever. I had on a middy with black and white plaid voile skirt, white bloomers underneath, and I think I should enjoy riding again. I shall have some proper knickers, as the others had. But I really think I should enjoy the beasts are a real terror better than a donkey.

To cap the climax, my donkey-man was a talker. He held the party up for about 20 minutes, and my wrangling about another donkey for the trip; and we were in the city streets, or along the paths leading across the plain to the foot of the mountains, or in
the middle of a stream; all without warning he would set up his unholy bawling — It was a regular joke.

When we got to the foot of the mountain I wanted to get off and walk, but nobody else did. We rode until one of the girls fell off because her saddle slipped. At that I climbed down from the dock, and climbed up the rest of the mountain on my two legs. Coming across the plain we could see the remains of the old wall winding up and down the hills, just as the books tell about it, with the China side looking like earthen mounds, and the northern, or Manchurian side more like a stone or brick wall, with great square parapets every one in a while.

But we didn't get actually to it until we had climbed up beyond the monastery which is near the top of the mountain, and up a steep wooden path, past several little shrines — At the top of our mountain, I confess I had visions more than steep — and losing my footing and being hurled downwards over a precipice into the valley of Manchuria! I did step foot over into the other side once, just to say I had been in
Manchuria, but since looking at a map again we've decided that the Manchurian border of today lies north of the Wall, even at Shan hai kwan. But we looked across to the northern countries anyway.

When we got back to the monastery Jay and Helen were there waiting for us; they had gone up the Wall and come down the other way—a much easier thing to do I'm sure. Then we ate our sandwiches together, and had a jolly good time we had. The man brought us lemonade (pop) and pictures of the place—both of which we gladly bought.

One of the girls fell and her donkey fell down—the one next to him. She bruised her elbow so it bled—but otherwise sustained no injuries. Clara stumbled once, and bruised her knee, and I sat down pretty hard once. Some of the girls rode donkey part way down, but I waited till we got to the foot of the hill to mount. I didn't care to stumble off over my donkey's head! I didn't care to stumble off over my donkey's head! So I got home and am none the worse except for sore muscles all over.

We got back to Shan hai kwan station on time and the train was due at half past ten. Before train time we went back to a disreputable looking place called Station Hotel—and rested some more. They led us to a semi-respectable dining room, where we sprawled ourselves all over the place, ordered hot tea and mac pop—and rested some more. When we got back to the junction we found our P. J. H. Beach train already—but it had to wait for us.
the Tientsin train, and there was no sign of that. We were very weary by that time, and wanted to get home for supper, so we wondered what to do, we were about five miles from home. We went out to find out about trolleys, and had almost bargained with them. It was to take us when we got the information that the train would be in just about twenty minutes more. The result was that we got home just at seven o'clock, splashed our hands and faces, put on different dresses, and sprinted down to the dining room, about ten minutes late, but not too late for lima beans, fresh tomato, salad, ice cream etc. (we get that kind for $1.35 max., a day)

About nine we went down for a dip in the ocean. I think it is my last one, for I am planning to leave here Tuesday. We slept two sleep of the weary. I tell you! we were up this morning, got dressing, went to Prayer service at 7:30, directly after breakfast, went back to bed, and stayed there until almost noon! Now we were writing, letters, and stages. while others are resting. I forgot to say that Marguerite went over to East Cliff to stay with the children and we could go. It wasn’t that nice? She didn’t want to take the trip anyway, and I surely wouldn’t have been dead beat up it. It wasn’t particularly...
4, and it really makes me think there may still be quite a few more years of kick in this old spinster. I may be skinny but I stood that rough trip pretty well, I think.

The Conference meetings have been somewhat of a disappointment— I must admit. Maybe it is because I'm bigoted and narrow-minded, but I don't think it is fair to take the attitude that some certain religious point of view is the only one that can be right. I've enjoyed this Pasion Pre-millennial in their view that I'm prejudiced I of

Dr. Jonathan Peiffer has been the speaker this year. He has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized everything from being weak and he has criticized 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start on the same day. I have said I would go whenever the crowd goes, but today along comes one with the insistent suggestion that we have to-morrow morning. I think she will back out altogether if she can't get us to go to-morrow. Well, that will be her loss, I should say! She seems to be the only one who wants to go to-morrow. She is a born leader, and used to having her own way. I wonder whether she will get it or not!

It's very lovely here — so quiet, except for the pounding of the waves on the beach. So many trees — and, since the heat of the first few days has broken, really much cooler than it is in Swatow. I presume we shall not be particularly cool in Peking, and they say it is still hot in Shanghai.

much love from your own

Abhi
Dear Ones,

I've written Peking on the outside of this envelope just because I wanted and intended to send you a letter from there, but I had so much to do there that I was unable to get any letter writing done while I was there. But I had a wonderful time.

The people I was with were mostly from Korea, and there were just nine of us. Some others went along in the train with us - about 15 in all. We went 3rd class, making the ticket cost $6.40 per instead of $7.75. We left at 9:30 in the morning and traveled pretty steadily until about 8:30 at night - for $3.25 gold! It was very sooty, of course, for there were no screens in the windows. At first we had a whole car to ourselves, but at Tianjin crowds of people got on and we no longer had a private car.

We had written ahead for rooms, and the Salvation Army man was there to meet us. It took about an hour to get our baggage straightened out for some wanted theirs checked and some wanted theirs to go with them. Then some more time was taken up bickering with the man because he had arranged to have us go in carriages, instead of in rickshaws. My opinion is that if you have a guide it is usually better to do as she has arranged if you want to save time, but some people just have to do what the other...
fellows don't want them to do! Suffice it to say that we got to the Salvation Army Hotel sometime after 11 P.M. and after a cup of tea and a wash we were ready to tumble into bed. The Hotel is a Chinese house, or set of buildings inside a wall, with courtyards in the center — and I wasn't particularly drawn to the small, low, musty-smelling rooms that first night. The sheets on the bed were gray and coarse, but after inspection I decided that the gray was just the gray of many Peking washing, and the coarseness merely lack of ironing, mere necessaries of a previous guest. It turned out to be very comfortable there, and the food was good, though plain. I paid $2 a week per day.

The next morning (Wed.) the others went shopping that I wanted to see if my girl would come to see me. Sure enough about ten along came Margaret Lee (the one I used to tell about sometimes in my "series of pictures" — Beautiful Pearl) who still has two more years to finish Yenching College. And with her came Chiang Kia, another of our girls, who is a young doctor graduated from Peking Union Medical College (Rockefeller Foundation, the biggest Medical outfit in China) — and she herself has
opened up a draw work shop there in Peking, where she carries Peking cross stitch, clairensse, trim, paper parasols, and a great many other things. They gave me a warm welcome and it really was great to have them there. I was washing out some stockings and handkerchiefs when they arrived and in spite of all I could do, Margaret took them right out of my hands, wet, took them home, washed and ironed them.

Margaret is a lovely girl, but I have never felt very close to her, and I prayed that I might know her better this time. My prayer was granted even beyond what I expected. She simply took me in charge, hired my rickshaw for me, and thus got them for cheaper than I could have done. I took her with me every time I went and I just hope I didn't wear her out by dragging her to so many different places. It was so good to have her there to tell me about places and to take me shopping, and so on. And through intimate talks with her I found out how she has grown and broadened since I knew her last.

Wed., P. M., the ten of us went to the Forbidden City and visited some of the buildings of the Ninth Palace, i.e., the Museum and the Phoenix Room. We looked and walked and looked until we were
ig-weary and eye-sore - but the crowd of things we saw in the Museum was beyond description. Priceless jade ornaments and articles, brass, bronze things. Artificial flowers made of all sorts of precious things, jewels, ivory, carnelian, etc. Old imperial garments, saddle trappings, bed hangings, banquet table garnishings, little Buddhas, old and very elaborate tripod stands and other matters of material that had been presented to the empress in forgotten days - and many other things far more than I can mention. The beautiful pictures and screens, many of them adorned with kingfisher feather were the chief attraction for me in the throne room.

That evening we dressed up in our best bit and tuckers and went out to view the town. It rained and we went no farther than our first stop - the American Presbyterian Mission Hospital, where we were shown around before we started home.

On Thursday we got two automobiles, took our lunch, and started out in the direction of the Summer Palace. We had been told that we couldn’t find it, as we said go there on account of the soldiers, but we said we would find out, anyway. We went out through the northwest gate, stopped of the Tartar City, and started out of the Eight Immortals for a moment, just outside. We went on to the
Temple of the Jade Cloud, where Sun Yat Sen's body is said to be reposing. We paid a small fee to get in, then another small fee to the keeper of a hall where there are five hundred statues, one of which is the statue of Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler who visited China in the 14th century. The old keeper had an interesting story to tell about each figure, and it was hard to tear ourselves away. Then we paid another fee to get in to see Sun Yat Sen's coffin. We saw through cracks in the papered windows two huge coffins loaded with great quantities of garlands of paper flowers, one of them the wooden coffin in which his body was brought to the temple, and the other the famous glass one patterned on that of Lenin, presented, so they say, by Russia to her friend China! The actual body, we were told, was higher up. So we climbed steps and more steps, and were confronted by a door fastened with chains and padlocks. The officials had come several months ago, we were told, had locked the door and taken the key but the soldiers, of whom swarms are crowding Peking and vicinity, should desecrate the sacred thing.

We had very little time to spare, soon we
I was fortunate to see the great sleeping Buddha, with the yellow cloth thrown over him as he slept, and the scores of pairs of shoes at one side, brought as presents, I suppose, by some devoted worshipper or other. I could see only one pair that would come anywhere near fitting!

Our next stop was the grounds of the Summer Palace. The Palaces here in China are not so big, but a number of buildings in which the royalty and all the royal retainers could be comfortably seated all the royal retainers could be comfortably seated. We walked along shores of lakes almost covered with huge green lotus leaves, the enormous pink and white blossoms looking like anemones, seen through a microscope, unbelievably beautiful, like a fairy tale. We went through courtyards where famous old bronze deer, turtles, and other creatures pranced spiritedly, viewed gracefully, or dozed meditatively in small rooms, or huge ones, at gorgeous old furniture.

It was here, stripped of all signs of furniture. It was here, stripped of all signs of furniture. It was here, stripped of all signs of furniture. It was here, stripped of all signs of furniture. It was here, stripped of all signs of furniture. It was here, stripped of all signs of furniture.

They didn’t want to go in because it meant 50 steps and a hard climb. So I said that since I had
Come this Jan I certainly went to see this place and the famous view it commanded over the lake - the Bridge of Eighteen Pillars and the Camel-Back Bridge. So I took Margaret and two of the "Korean" came with us.

It was a tough climb, but it was worth it. The further up we went, the more yellow-tiled roofs we could see, of the buildings we had come through - or rather, around or even way up.

And on the topmost veranda, looking down on one side at the Bronze Pavilion which is the sole remnant of the buildings in the time of a certain ancient Emperor, and beyond at the Renowned Marble Boat - we sat down and were served to lemonade pop and ginger ale!

When we got to the bottom the crowd was well rested and ready to go on, through the long corridors on every beam of which is painted a picture different from every other one. Then out the the Lotus Pond again and along the walk where we climbed aboard, and took some pictures. The Marble Boat is a curiosity of course, but nothing extraordinary.

We ate our lunch in the car in the way back, then stopped to see the new buildings at Yenching and to ride around through the...
grounds of Cheng Hua, the Indemnity College. He got home at about two-thirty, ready for a
rest if ever we were!

A little later Margaret took me out shopping and then, since I was too late for dinner, took
me over to the American Board School where she was staying and gave me noodles (of which
I am inordinately fond) and poached eggs. We spent the evening straightening out expenses
for some of us had had the right change and some of us hadn't, and we had paid as it happened to come handy. I had wanted always to pay for myself and Margaret, but in some cases someone insisted on paying for the crowd, and in two cases the others had asked me to pay for them. So, we had a grand mix-up, but finally managed to get ourselves extricated.

On Thursday morning Margaret came early and we were to go rug-hunting. Miss Samuel (about 60,
and eccentric) and Miss Bain (a Methodist who usually got what she wanted - though she was always more about it) went with us - through a misunderstanding Margaret took us outside the southern limits of the city to see the Temple of Heaven.
That is usually a trip that takes all day—and we couldn't do it in less than a whole morning. And the tragedy of it was that Miss S. and Miss B. had planned to go there with the crowd in the afternoon! Miss B. was lonely about it, but Miss S. was glum, and said some very rude things to Margaret which she rather resented, though she didn't show it much. That morning was spoilt, in a way, for me, but the Temple of Heaven was just as beautiful as though I had seen it under happier circumstances. Those incomparable circles of blue tiles, rising one above the other to the graceful spire that tops them—I kept seeing them all night long. We stood inside and looked up at the golden dragon, exactly in the center of the roof. We stood on the round marble slab beneath it at the center of that Temple of Heaven, built for the Son of Heaven, supposed to be the exact center there, of his kingdom—the Middle Kingdom (the name which China still bears today) which was the center of the earth.

Straight down from the entrance of the Temple we went—down a long, straight marble pavement, through one gate, another, around the edge of another circular temple which—
used to serve as a gate to the sacred Altar of Heaven where the Emperor used to pray every year for his people. The long vistas are picturesque beyond description—every ten feet along the way a new and beautiful picture.

Then we went across the way to the Temple of Agriculture, but we saw very little of interest there. The halls are closed, and we could only roam through the grounds and into one or two of the Pavilions which are now furnished with carvings and tables which had on them such dirty tablecloths that we couldn't bear to stay there in our contemplated soda-water!

In the afternoon Margaret and I went with Dr. and Mrs. Hor and baby (Chinese kia = Mrs.) to visit the Northern Sea in the Forbidden City, and have Chinese supper with them. Thousands of Chinese go there every day for an outing, and the White Dagoba is thoroughly commercialized. But up on the White Dagoba we could look across to Coal Hill which is the center of the city; and to North, South, East and West, in the distance, we could see the four greatest gates in the great walls of the great square city of Peking.

I'll have to stop here and put the rest into another letter. We have now been four days on this ship from天津— we have had awful winds and waves, and part of the time the Chief Engineer greeted us one with the Chief Engineer greeted me one with "First Reliable"! I hope he didn't dance an "Old Reliable."

Continued from the one before this:

My dear;

I got as far as Friday night, I believe. When we went, we crossed to the further side of the North Sea in an old-fashioned barge such as the Emperor used years ago. When we came back we came around the the sea (an artificial lake) about two miles, where we had a wonderful view of the pagoda we had climbed in the afternoon, with a thousand electric lights from the circular pavilion which surrounds it all reflected in the waters of the lake until the whole was a sort of glorified candelabra dripping crystal silver light. And true to Chinese art, a silver oval moon hung above it just at one side, completing the marvelous beauty of the picture.

Back to earth once more, we found that Margaret was too late to get into her boarding house, so I took her home with me, put her into my bed while I went into the room with Miss Bair. I explained to the proprietors first thing next morning, and they were not even any extra charge.

Saturday morning I knew I must get Mrs. Abeman's rug. She had given me one hundred dollars more, and wanted me to get a 7 x 9 and 3 1/2 x 3 - two rugs of all.
I found out when I looked the first day that the rugs in the first class shops were way beyond reach. The prices were 2.50, 2.80 and 3, per sq. ft. and moreover, there were 7x9 gray ones & he had. Early Friday P.M. we had looked and Sat. 8. M. we went back to a Chinese shop where they had said they would have a 7x9 the next day. It was颞, and it was 87.50 and there was a 2 1/2 x 4 one which went with it fairly well (both had butterflies and cats in them) and rose - rather indistinct. He let me have blues and rose - rather indistinct. I let me have blues and rose - rather indistinct. I hope she will like them. I think both for $98 and I got a basket for them for $2. Saturday P.M. Mr. & Mrs. Hart and Margaret and I got an automobile and went to some of the places.

I was especially not to miss the Temple of Punishments, the first outside the East Gate, the Temple of Eighteen Hells. I was especially not to miss the Temple of Punishments or "Temple of Eighteen Hells," where I was a little disappointed. Because I had read I was a little disappointed. I was a little disappointed. But many of the idols in most temples are fully as terrifying as the rest of them. The figures, one of the entrances, are for more menacing figures. Huge images of the Grandfather of Thunders and the Mother of Thunders, which we saw Thursday morning, glar...
we saw, wood, plaster, bronze — gold painted —
and we saw the laughing Buddha — and the little
Buddha dressed in a yellow gown. He is the
most sacred one in the whole place, and the huge
Buddha of the Resurrection, carved from a
single Himalayan cedar, and towering 75
feet high — or 70 elboons, as the Buddhists say
the height we shall all reach when we
attain perfection.

I wouldn’t have minded this place for
anything, yet I shouldn’t care to go there
many times. The place is inhabited by
dirty Mongol priests from Tibet, and much
of the writing is Tibetan character, which
looks more like Burmese than Chinese.

We went from there to the Confucian Temple.
Such a difference! Wide, dim, spacious hall,
carpeted with thick soft matting, no ornament,
no idols — everything draped with deep red,
and the tablets of the same color; the central
tablet is Confucius himself, and on either side
smaller ones to his four greatest pupils, and
in the back, eight tablets still smaller.
There were some beautiful incense burners,
some two or three feet high — some bronze,
some cloisonné — but as Margaret said
it seemed like walking in a holy place. The deep hush, the dim light, the chasteness and simplicity of it all were most impressive, and especially so when we had just come from the "unwholesome moral atmosphere" (as Juliet Bredon put it in her book "Peking") of the Lama Buddhist Temple. We saw also the Hall of Classics — with the tablets outside which are records of Chinese scholars of the older days, and also the big stone drums which date back to the Chou dynasty (1122 to 255 B.C.).

We visited the Altar of Earth, which has been turned into a playground and public park, and had tea and cookies there. The chief attraction was the lawn that was laid out in the form of the map of the world. In a space of ten minutes I had stepped on Swatow, Africa, London, India, New York, South America, and New England. Many of the larger cities were labeled, but I
didn’t find Sutton! The countries were represented by sand, and the seas by grass. It was not effective, and very instructive to the children.

We hastened on to the old Yellow Temple, some of the buildings of which were erected in 1652. We saw the ancient marble ‘stupa’ erected by Chien Lung in 1780 in memory of a Llama who died of small pox. The beautiful marble carvings have been defaced by foreign soldiers, but they couldn’t destroy the effect of its odd Oriental beauty. Most of the buildings here are falling into ruin.

The rest of our afternoon was a thrilling experience, though nothing happened. We went from the Yellow Temple, outside the city, directly west, in search of the Bell Temple. The roads were awful to start with, but they got worse and worse. Then we found that our driver did not know the way and had to stop to ask every ten rods. We were getting desperate (as was he!) and it was getting dark. When we came to a village where a man-volunteered to guide us, we were relieved, though we knew it would mean a few
extra dinner for his trouble. Well, I thought the road was just about as bad as it could be—-but we got into worse ones—first there were ruts, then it dwindled into a mere path between the corn fields! And the corn (kan liang, which looks like corn) got higher, the road got smaller, and the sun sank lower and lower. Poor Chiang Kiu with her baby got frightened and wanted to turn back a number of times, but we knew that the quickest way out was to keep on.

When we finally saw the circular tower, we came just ahead of us. We fetched a loom, just ahead of us. We didn't stop to see any sign of relief—we didn't stop to see any sign of relief. We didn't stop to see any sign of relief. We didn't stop to see any sign of relief. We didn't stop to see any sign of relief. We didn't stop to see any sign of relief. We didn't stop to see any sign of relief.

The Bell, which is the largest hanging bell in the world. It has a beautiful story which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving which I hope to tell you sometime, of the loving
We did not return by the same way we had come! After a short ride open a rather poor road we struck the main road from the Summer Palace to the north west Gate of the City. If we could get to the gate by eight P.M. we knew we were safe. It was truly exciting I tell you. My watch was a trifl I knew, so I set it back ten minutes. When we got to the the gate it lacked two minutes of eight, and the gate was open only a mere crack. It was as nearly closed, in fact that a mule team standing there had been unable to get through. But when the soldiers who were guarding the gate saw a motor car with a foreigner in it they simply asked for my card, then let us through without further question. The mule team pushed in behind us and got through too and then the gate closed with a click -- for the night. Chiang kia took us sight to her home where we had a supper of rice and vegetables, then we went home and to bed - well satisfied with our good fortune, thrills included.

On Sunday Margaret wanted me to go to see the Winter Palace in the Forbidden City.
that is, the Imperial dwelling itself. But it sounded too much like sightseeing for me—and I know the approved of my decision not to go. As it turned out, I did quite enough sightseeing for Sunday! In the morning, Margaret and Chiang tia took me over to the famous Astronomical Observatory, not far away, where we got a marvelous view of the whole city of Peking. It is built on the east wall of the city.

Then Margaret took me over to the P.U.M.C. (Peking Union Medical College) Chapel, where the foreigners usually have church service. We found there was no church service, but we sat and heard the organist practicing on that wonderful organ for about a half hour. Then we met Dr. Hour, and he took me over the whole institution. I cannot tell you how many miles we walked, nor how many times over I was impressed with the completeness and immensity of the plant. They even have their own glass-blower to make the instruments they need to use—a social service department for recovered patients who are out of work: animal pens
Where hundreds of animals are kept which are used in experimental and research work; and everything the hospital needs it seems can be made right on the spot. And the buildings on the outside greatly resemble the Imperial Palace Halls — true Chinese style — and true Chinese art.

Again I would have been late for dinner but again the Hongs insisted on my coming there and they served a dinner of a delicious Peking dumpling with spiced vegetables, rice and tea to follow. We topped off with ice-cream cones, which they evidently got just around the corner at a drug store.

I was glad of a little rest in the afternoon. I had thought of going to some church in the evening, since I missed in the morning but it was too much of a rush. So after supper, when my trunk was packed, I simply walked in the Yenching College grounds with Margaret then sat on the chapel steps and had a dear intimate talk with her. I do love her very much.

The next morning at six she came and got me and my baggage down to
the station in Puckeas. Then she bought my ticket, checked my baggage for me (of course I paid for these things) went out the last minute to get me a fan—and generally managed the whole thing for me. It was so good not to have to worry around in a place where I can't talk the language!

Soon after my train started, at 8.20, my worries began—a Frenchman who came and sat in the seat facing me wanted to get his feet nearer than I wished, and as a result I had either to sit with my feet out in the center aisle or make a scene, and I didn't wish to make a scene! When I got to Lieutenin I waited for the Chinese Inland Missioner to come and meet me, but I couldn't find him, so I directed the ricksha man as best I could and they took me to the Methodist Mission at the opposite end of the city. By the time I got to the C. I. M. they had given me up as not coming. But I didn't mind the extra ride, for I saw quite a bit of Lieutenin, and a remarkable Chinese funeral procession headed by two fine figures about 10 feet high
and followed by numerous little toys in red, purple, red and gold, banners and other feather white paper plumes as tall and graceful as bamboo trees.

Do you think I was weary? And do you think I appreciated that deep warm bath and cold sponges, and a long afternoon’s sleep? I hadn’t seen a bath tub for three weeks, and I felt as though I hadn’t slept for three nights! I found that my steamer left at 4 A.M. the next day so I had to go aboard that night.

My cabin mates were a young woman who was fearfully seasick, and her baby 20 months old who has had dysentery since June. He was sick too, and so was the cook, who was in the cabin a good deal. We had a fearfully rough trip — and I was the only wonder that didn’t sick. We got in Saturday morning — and I did nothing that next yesterday. It is now Sunday night — and I must get to bed — I have been to two services at the Union Church today — and heard two string helpfulness messages. I slept all the afternoon.

Emily is to get in on Tuesday — your letter 84 just reached me yesterday — I hope perhaps I’ll find another at the Mission.
Dreamers to morrow — you do write such encouraging things!

Your "challis" dress must be very pretty, I think — the lavender dress had a rather sad tale didn't it? But never mind — it will do some body some good.

When I saw the samples of Aunt Bio & Aunt G's dresses I immediately picked out the green one as Aunt Bio — it looked just like her.

So long for this time, and

Heaps of love to my dears —

Abbi