

Ch'ung T'ê School
June 9, 1918.

Dearest Mother:

I let last Sunday slip by without writing and since then I have had a good attack of malaria, - so have not felt like writing.

Deaconess Stewart left us one week ago last Tuesday, - the following Friday Ellen Miller arrived to spend some time with me. You remember she came out from America with me, and is one of the foreign nurses in St. Luke's hospital, Shanghai. This is her vacation month and she wanted to spend it up here, - so I am to spend it with her.

So when I had this attack of malaria I had two nurses and a doctor in the house with me, and they have more than looked after me. My head is buzzing with quinine. I have taken all of mine up and it is so expensive to get out here it is almost out of sight. I wish I had filled my bag with it. I see why the Board was dubious when they heard of my susceptibility to malaria. You are likely to have it anywhere out here. The mosquitoes & all kinds of insects infest the air. We are sleeping under our nets very

carefully.

Ellen is such a jolly kid and a great deal of pleasure to have with us, but she quite shocks the compound by her noisiness sometimes. The Chinese don't understand that you know. Miss Dexter quite approves of such a type of girl waiting several yrs. before they come to the field. It would certainly do no harm, and help the work much more.

I heard some real good music for the 1st time since I landed in China last Wednesday night. Three Russian players - a trio - making their way to America gave us a concert on their way. It was such a treat!! I had to pay \$2 for a ticket, but it was worth it.

The night after Ellen arrived Bishop Norris wrote inviting us for dinner on Sunday evening. He is an old Bachelor of about 50 yrs. and as jolly as can be. He invited 2 of his younger bachelor friends and one of the workers (women) of the Anglican mission. So we had a nice dinner party.

Ellen and I were the only Americans present, and didn't they enjoy teasing us! Ellen is so fiery, she will stand up for a thing she likes whether it is true or not. They had many good "rises" out of her.

Well, our school closes Thursday! Examinations began yesterday and I couldn't be present. I'll have a difficult time making it up with others

coming on at the same time. This is the first time I've been ill since I've been in China and I certainly selected an inconvenient time to try it out.

After school closes I shall stay up here with Ellen until the last of June, resting and sewing! The first of July I hope to begin studying again. I dread the change of dialect, but by pegging away at it all summer I hope to be able to do some work in Chinese next fall.

I have to have a mattress and mosquito net made before I go down, also a yupo, a noiled cloth to wrap bedding in. Speak of moving with a bath tub as a scrupulously clean person, - we have to move with bed and all everywhere we go. No summer resort furnishes bedding. I have just paid for my rug for the sitting room and with these things and a trip to Hankow in view, I see my next month's salary gone already.

We had such a sad death in Peking last Wednesday. A man from the Congregational Board died with typhus fever, which he contracted or rather got from working this spring in the plague districts. He and his family had started on their 1st furlough home together when he was taken ill. They came back to Peking and ever since they has been hovering at death's door.

His wife is not going home now, but is going to stay right on in the field and work. She's a bright

Numbers of "Digests" came in this week and I've been so busy I haven't read one of them. Loads of Musical Americas also came and the music from Jeannette, - and a fairy cross.

Will you please tell her that I received them and thank her for me. I wonder what she is going to do next year. (?)

It is growing so dark I can hardly see to write. I'm supposed to be in bed. The Anglicans invited us out on a picnic for the P. M. so I am left entirely alone, - as the only disabled member of the family. I've been up ever since they left having a glorious time, but I'll have to be in bed when they get back.

I have read several books on the war since I've been thus disabled. I hope you are enjoying some of them. "The Glory of the Trenches" by Dawson is a very good short vision. Do keep up with this wonderful thought pervading the book and others of its kind. Without it our nation will be lost. With much love,
Venetia.