

40 Hwang Li Hsiang, Nanking, Sept. 16.

Dear Family:

This is a holiday, called in Chinese the 8th month festival, really a harvest moon festival. There are a special kind of "moon" cakes which are eaten at this time. They are not bad tasting but to my mind (or stomach) seem to be practically indigestible, and since one always gets presents of them from one's "admirers", you can see that it is an occasion not without its interest.

More important it is a holiday and I have resolved to stay home and observe it in proper manner. I have been writing letters, mostly urged on by the news that after October 1, postage will be doubled. Not that it matters for I seem to have no time anyhow to write, but it just gives me an additional excuse for not writing.

I suppose you will get tired of <sup>my</sup> beginning my recital of events by the statement "This has been a busy week." But this one, I mean really was. I keep hoping that next week will be better, but as I sat in church yesterday thinking of the things that urgently needed to get done within the next few days, I did not see any relief in sight. I hope that when I get things organized and really going that I can ease up a little.

We have what we call "Home" classes, i. e. classes for illiterate women which meet in neighborhood homes. They were closed for the summer and on Wednesday, I got the bright idea, that it would be well to start them off with a sort of bang by having what the Chinese call "Open-school ceremony." I gave Mrs. Yeh, the Bible woman some money to buy a little something to eat with tea, cakes and candy, etc. and announced that I would personally attend these opening exercises.

Nothing like food to get hungry people to attend. The two classes which we have had so far were well attended, one with sixteen and the other with thirteen members. I had to make a speech at each one, a very short one, but since it was in Chinese it entailed some preparation. Not as much as it needed. I think that the plan was quite successful in getting things started again.

Friday is a busy day anyhow, and to put this class in extra was almost the last straw, for there happened also to be the Mothers' club to meet with that day. We decided that since the festival was coming soon, we had better get out a relief grant to the poor in the church, and I had to go over the list with Mrs. Yeh. On Saturday morning, I gave out a special bonus to the teachers in the primary school, and then went to call on a high school girl who is sick with typhoid fever in the hospital.

The pastor has a new plan which is going to take some thought to work out. Because of our women's meeting in the middle of the week, the school which is held in the church is dismissed on that afternoon. He decided that we ought to have something of a specially religious nature for the students on that day. The idea is a good one, but the difficulty is that most of the building is in use with the women's classes, and he would need nearly as many <sup>rooms</sup> for the students. We are trying to work out a plan whereby we can have both. I am suggesting that we stagger them in together, one come early for classes, and then hold a worship service while the other is using the classroom. If we work it out, it will surely make an afternoon of work for all of us. Since I have responsibility in both groups, I can see that it is going to be a busy time.

You know, I'm afraid that I am getting a baby. Not in the usual way. I hasten to add. I just can't see any way out but to look after it. Or her, I guess the sex is. Fortunately she has a mother to assist. I really inherited her from Marie who told me about this Mrs. Ming who was going to have a baby in August and asked me to see that she was sent to the hospital. Her husband was much older than she and was very ill with tb. One Sunday about the first of August, she came to me and said that her husband had been ill for two weeks with dysentery and that she did not feel able to take care of him. So I sent him to the hospital, expecting that he would not come out alive. He died in three or four days. Somehow they managed to provide for his coffin and burial.

Because I knew I was going away for a week or two, I wrote out the blank to the hospital, assuming responsibility for her hospital bill. I thought that was all settled. She would stay in the hospital for two weeks or longer, and then we would have to plan something for her future. She is a rather unusual looking girl. Not exactly pretty, but somehow different. She went up the hospital one day and asked to be admitted and they decided that her time would not come for two or three days, so they told her to come back later. The hospital is dreadfully crowded. There are never empty beds. She went home that night and had the baby.

When I got back from Chinkiang, they told me about her. I sent some money to her. If I had known as much as I do now, I should have sent her to the hospital then. But because there was no one to take care of her, she got up herself on the third day. She had no clothes for the baby for we had thought we could wangle some baby clothes out of the hospital. She came to me this morning and said that she had no milk for the baby. I expect they have sold off everything they have. I tried to get them to take her into the hospital today to let her rest for a few days, hoping that the milk will start again. I gave her ricksha money and sent her up there today, but they would not take her in. It would be cheaper in the long run to pay the hospital bill than to buy milk for the baby.

I met her coming home from the hospital as I was coming home to dinner. I think she had been at my house. So I brought her back, and wrote a note to the hospital saying I would pay for the bottle and milk powder. I also gave her five dollars more and told her to go home and rest and ask somebody to prepare her food for her. I ought to go call on her and see just what her condition is. We are trying to get her to go back to her village home, but I don't know if that is practicable or not. We get hardened out here to need and suffering, but somehow she has especially touched ~~her~~.

Today was my busy day. I studied Chinese from a quarter past seven to a quarter past eight. At nine o'clock I went to the church for an hour which I have set aside for interviews. Beside this Mrs. Ming, there was a Mrs. Hu, who wanted me to buy books for her son who is in fifth grade and to buy some trousers for her daughter so that she could enter the half day school. I agreed to the books, but I balked at the trousers. I told her that I would have to think about that, but after talking with the bible woman, I also forked up five dollars to buy some cloth for a couple of suits of coarse cloth. Another woman had sore eyes and wanted me to help her get free treatment at the clinic. A third woman with a tb. son wanted me to write a letter to the hospital so that he could be examined (at my expense.) Then from ten to eleven we have a workers' prayer meeting, the pastor and biblewomen and missionaries, to discuss plans and problems. At eleven I had an English class. On the way home, I met Mrs. Ming and brought her back with me. I hunted up some old things to give her so that she could use them for the baby.

I ate my dinner and rested until about two and then got up to work on the speech that I have to make on Monday. At three o'clock, I went down to the church again to teach another class. Being early as their clock was slow, I stopped in at the kindergarten to see how it was going. After my class, I went to the primary school where there was a new teacher to introduce. He was an old fellow who had never taught school, a professional artist. Just how he will work out as a drawing teacher is a question, but Miss Chu decided to try him for a month.

Then I went over to Hwei Wen to tea. It was five o'clock by this time. Geneva Miller, a nurse going to Cheeloo University was the guest. It was six thirty by the time I got home.

But yesterday I had nothing to do. I planned to spend the day working on my speech for next Monday and this is how the day went. I studied Chinese until a quarter past eight. I just got nicely started on my speech at the point where ideas were beginning to loosen up a little, when the district supervisor came in. I'm suppose to be her advisor. She told me that Miss Lee, one of our Bible woman was ill because the house she had been living in had no fllow and the damp weather recently had made it very bad. She is a frail little woman anyhow. She thought she ought to go out to this village and bring the sick woman in, but first she had to arrange for some place for her to stay. She had written to her sister and as soon as she got a reply, she wanted to go and do whatever needed to be done. It was not an easy problem to settle, but finally we decided that if the Board repaired the pastor's house so that he could live there, that we would put more repairs into the Bible woman's house. In these times, you can't just lock the door and go away for if you do, your house won't be there when you get back. Anything that can be taken out will be gone. She had said that she would have to ~~hunknath~~ move the Bible woman's things to the other station, and try to get someone if possible to look after the house.

When she left, I had promised Miss Chu to go over to the primary School just to see if she needed any help, so I went over there. Things were going nicely there, but I had to go to the church to see the pastor about a drawing teacher, and buy some aspirins for one of the teachers who had a sick headache. I got back home a little after eleven to find Miss Tzo, the new Bible woman waiting for me with a girl whom she wanted me to help. Her father, Miss Tzo told me, was the mayor of the village where formerly Miss Tzo had a half day school. This girl was twenty-three years old and had not finished sixth grade, and now with prices so high, and her father out of work, (apparently there is no graft connected with being mayor) it was impossible for her to go on to school. She had cried all the morning on Miss Tzo's shoulder and finally in desperation she brought her over to me to see if I could help her. I promised to try to get her some work in the Chinking hospital.

Then they left and in a few minutes another girl came. I had given her fifteen dollars to pay her tuition and buy her books, but as she has not been in school for three years, she was a little scared at the prospect. She wanted to register as an "auditor" and see if she was able to take the examinations. I refused to consider the proposition. I told her she either had to register as a full time student, and do her best, or buy her own books.

But I had nothing to do in the afternoon but work on my speech. I did have about an hour in which to get it outlined, but then the kindergarten teacher came. She has a little boy about twelve who has tb. and she is very worried about him. She wanted me to try to help her rent a house where he would get more quiet and sunshine and fresh air.

Houses are very hard to get, and it would be a matter of finding any empty University or Mission house which could be rented for her. I promised her to do my best and sat down and wrote three letters to possible sources of houses. I tried to persuade her that the better plan would be to put the boy in the Wuhu hospital.

I worked a little longer on my speech and then went over to the primary school. While I was waiting for them to finish, I found Mrs. Yeh, the old Bible Woman and a young girl talking. The girl wanted to enter school. Marie had given her five dollars to pay her tuition, but if she entered as a day student, she would need clothes. After all five dollars is not very much. About thirty cents American money, and it made a lot of difference to toher.

I got rid of the school which I had charge of last year, turned it over to Mrs. Trimmer. That will ease my load a great deal as it is in the north part of the city and meant I had to spend a great deal of time on the road. That took the most of Tuesday and Wednesday morning. Wednesday afternoon was our regular woman's meeting. Monday schools opened, and I attended opening exercises for four of them and then went to a tea .

Tomorrow, (Saturday) There is the monthly Bible woman's meeting here at my house. It includes the B.W. from both churches, about ten in all. Some are retired. Also missionaries. I study Chinese from seven-thirty to nine (prepare my Monday speech) and then at nine-thirty this comes.

I hope next week is going to be easier. Things get busy when school opens but when one gets settled down to the routine, things go easier. Next week, I shall start my English classes for the teachers, I think.

Being the frivolous, cynical person that I am, when anyone asks me what I am doing, I replay " Riding in a ricksha." When I was in Chinkiang I read Alexander Woolcott's "While Rome Burns" in which he said that he thought a ricksha was his favorite means of conveyance. So if Alexander feels that way about it, I ought to consider myself fortunate, I suppose.

Hoping you are the same,

Lovingly, Jessie