Dear Girls:

I've had the Round Robin an interminable while—or at any rate what seems to me endless, but there was no help for it—that week has been one wild mad rush. I pray your forgiveness. Perhaps if I explain in detail you'll understand just how it was—and be more lenient. To begin with, the weather has been horrid cold, and Robin's wings got so chilled he couldn't fly. Added to that, I've been taking intensive training in Robert's Rules of Order as seen by the Chinese—with the result that all my other powers have atrophied. This experience probably hasn't been peculiar to me, however. I can picture Josie, Alzina, and Adelle all doing the same thing. Isn't it funny, though? Not only funny peculiar—but also funny ha! ha! The way some of these old country deacons ramble on about their affairs—and they, at any rate, are utterly unconscious of being either peculiar or "ha! ha!" And the things they put into a church report! One man's chief emphasis was the need of a new roof on the toilet! But it was an excellent chance to get acquainted not only with conditions but also with people, and I feel as though all I had previously learned in China wouldn't weigh heavier than the experience of this single week. My pleasure in it was somewhat alloyed by the fact of my being English Secretary of Chung Hui for it required constant concentration for so many hours in the day that it absolutely wore me out. Sheng Hui was somewhat of a relief because of fewer people—not to mention that the problems of a district are naturally less harrowing than the problems of any one station. Do tell me your experiences. I've been very greedy to know if the problem of being a missionary has suddenly appealed to you as being very serious business.

I'd not be surprised to hear that the most serious business in Shansi lately has been Ruth's wedding. We're all perishing with curiosity—but not a word about it has come as yet.

Alzina's sister has been here this week with the Lintsing delegates and we have talked often of Shansi and the folks there. It's been so good to have all these nice women in our house—we're absolutely full now—the same being quite a change after my six weeks here all alone. Alice has forsaken the Miles and come to us—and it's quite like old times again. Callie hasn't attended meetings of course—so she's had to entertain herself for the most part, but she's taken to it very kindly. Am sorry I haven't gotten to see more of her—but maybe I'll have a better chance to know her when I go to Lintsing. As I hope to in a month hence. I took the liberty of reading Alzina's letter about the wedding in the village aloud to our guests—and they all enjoyed it very much.
I'm still wondering whether both of Maude's daughter's had diphtheria. Please rest my mind on this subject. I note Maude says she enjoys her teaching so much she wishes she had more. She's to be congratulated. I don't. Have I told you about my first teaching in Chinese? It's Bacteriology. Only once a week—Monday, 10-12 A.M.—but I just nearly perish off the face of the earth every Monday morning.

I'm encouraged to tell you about our many guests by seeing how the Lintsing people enjoyed them. We consider ourselves in the backwoods—but to think of having seen only 4 outsiders all winter is more than we can imagine! Let's see who they all were? Dr. Emma entertained the Heiningers at the same time that Miss A. was here—and we all enjoyed "them-all." Then Miss Bement of the U.C.A. School came down with the children and we had a glimpse of her. Dr. Pike and Susan Helen were here, both on their way to Lintsing, and on their way back. On the return trip they came with Miss Huggins, returning to her own station—also Misses Long, Morse and Tallmon, delegates to Sheng I Hui. Mr. Ellis came by cart. Which implies of course that the ladies came by boat. Speaking of boats did you see in Mission Studies that the flood was so frightful that the escaping Missionaries went all the 70 miles to Lintsing by boat? As Dr. Smith says "The miseries of the flood are not all told yet!"

One of the most distinguished, as well as most pleasant visitors, was Mr. Chandler of Ahmednegar, India, who is returning to America to do some sort of work for the center board rooms. He and Mr. McEachron went to Lintsing on horseback, and as they were not experienced riders, they walked most of the way back.

Dr. Strong, Miss Rider, and Mr. and Mrs. Reasoner, all of the London Mission, were here over night on their way to Hsiao Chang—and now there is a Mr. Train of the YMCA Shanghai here on his way north. Incidentally his wife is the daughter of Mr. Lucius O. Lee of Chicago, so we of the W.B.M.I. have a special interest in him.

When the tide of guests was at its height we had a compound supper to which we also invited Mr. and Mrs. Herman of the Standard Oil—and also Mr. Strickler, who is to replace them—for they will soon go to Kalgan.

The children are just having Sunday School—and it certainly is pleasant to hear their young voices singing the hymns in English, come floating across the compound. It's the first day we've been able to have the windows open—for it's been so cloudy and rainy and cold ever since March 23rd, that we've almost despaired of having any summer. My much love to you all—Amy