of danger all of the time and I am here at home the best home that I have known, never so very safe, with these dreaded heathen Inn! the darkends in comparison to Australia or Canada but all ways home to me, and you all there hungry for my letters, I don't think much of your choice, I am such a dreadful correspondent, but nevertheless I aught to do the best I can for your sake though I don't, it doesn't look like.

Oh! I hate this business

of only letter-writing all of the time, I don't mean that I don't like to write to you, Oh! I love you but I feel so envious for love where the lovers are able to see each other once in a while. I just love to get your letters but I should love so much more to see you

Is there any possibility of your coming to China ever. If so, when? When do you expect to have leave and return to Australia? Will you at all before the end of the war? I'd love just dieing to know.

You see it is coming to a place where your "little wife to be" will have to know a few things. Do you think it would be possible for you to come over to China, via Siberia on a train, you know, and then go on to Australia as we did via Hong Kong, Manila and so on? It seems too wonderful to be true but after you have put me to so much thinking lately with all of your questions I don't know what to!

Oh! My Ken, would it

it all be a dream come true if this should happen? It would be my dreams coming true, and some of my wishes.

Yes, life is all very uncertain, but as you say, nothing is very much more uncertain than another, this I think is less uncertain. Now, Ken dear, you are my ideal of a "Lover" and my ideal of my husband, there is no other husband for me in the world. As you say "Ken a lot can happen in two years" so I say "though our minds are

sure now if we should just see each other once again it would settle it all. I feel that God has chosen for both you and for me. I pray every day that it is His will that I should be His choice for you and His choice for me, but if not I am sure you, and I know I would not like to go against His will, do you understand me? I hope so. Oh! How I love you Ken. I have a kiss and a hug on every ripple and wave on the ocean reading

from here to you.
This shows you some what my thoughts about the matter, I hope.
You ask what my ideas are about kissing I feel that true love needs kisses but not until there is real true love and mutual true love. See? I've regreted for a long time now that I didn't allow that kiss when you asked it that night, but I am proud that I stood as I did then now see I did n't really understand

you then, not as I do now. Do you understand? Yes, I often think of our meeting again, and of our "first kiss of love." You know what I think do you?

All that I didn't allow while we were together, though I know now if I had it to live through again I would trust you and love you and Oh! you know, but it has made me love you more since, it has made me true to you when I have known, walked

and talked with other men, see?

I have never allowed any thing of any sort with other men as I did with you I haven't even let any one hold my hand as you did, do you remember? I believe in true love, and true love only exists <u>once</u>. Some girls I know are wasting their love on men whom they would never think of marrying, they just think they will have a good time here and a good there, but it isn't a good time, it wont

ever pay, when it comes to real love it can't because the "Red Rose" is crushed and withering and the stem is bent and drooping and the scent gone. I believe that Raquel wants to reserve herself and when she is honored with love when the time comes that she wants to have a newly blooming rose for her hero, not all full blown crushed one all loosing its petals.

I hope to have the best Rose in the

garden of Love which God has permitted you and I to enter, the most beautiful Scarlet Rose which has ever bloomed if it is His will, for you.

Please remember that I am yours for time and eternity, if it is His will.

Your little Scarlet Rose Budding in Yanking China.

I have a lot of Photos ready but I am afraid this will be too much as it is but I'll send them in my next except this with was taken in 1910.

Nanking, China.,

January 28th 1917.

My Own Dear, True, Pure Hearted Ken,

Here I am again writing, after a long neglect. How ashamed I am of myself although it may not seem so to you.

It was about a month since I had written you and about six weeks since I had heard from you when, on the day after Christmas, your package came. You can't imagine how very welcome your letters were and I certainly appreciate the sachet, cards and poetry. Thank you ever so much. You are so thoughtful and good. Oh! how I love you.

I am not going to try to apologize for my neglect in writing for I really have no excuse. I have simply neglected that's all. Now please don't think, though, that my neglect for writing is that I ever forget you, not at all, never, I could not.

Heaps of things have happened since I last wrote. You know better than I do when I did write last, over two months. Away last year.

Through December I was busy in school at the close of that term before the holidays. Then the few little Christmas preparations. Then the holidays. We had heaps of fun at the time of them (the holidays), but only just fun for the time being, as it were, for it all seems now

a waste of good time. Perhaps you dont know what I mean? I say that if I had sat down a short time instead of putting it off all the time to have written to you how much better I would have enjoyed it in the end. See?

On the eighteenth of December Muriel Holland, of whom I have spoken I think, was married to Mr. Paul Jernigan a business man here, but now in Kingsport a week's journey from here.

It was a beautiful wedding and one of the many interesting features was, as later was written of in the news papers, that "The Brides Boquet thrown from the stairs was caught by Miss Dorothy Hankins."

We had a very happy

Christmas although very plain and simple. I received lovely gifts but I gave very few.

All day Christmas I thought of you and how I wished that you could have been with us here. Not that I don't often wish the same things. Oh! How dear I think of you all the time and how I wish you could come and make all right. I dream of you often, but often so discouragingly. How I do love you. As the same words "I love you" in in Chinese, are, (我愛你 I love you)

I answered your Mother's and Father's letters. Shall I copy about what I wrote? I wrote ages ago and have sent it out I am keeping the first draught.

I started and continued

thus.

"Ken's dear Mother and Father,

Yours letters came several weeks ago and although I have not overlooked them I have been kept from writing by the school work at the end of the term and then the holidays coming with many things to do which added to my neglect to answer them.

The letters were not a surprise to me for Ken had mentioned of his writing to you and asking you to write. I was glad to hear from you.

I feel just what Mr. Saxby says, that our love is idealistic rather than realistic. Yes, our acquaintance in Sydney was brief but I feel that God has blessed us together so bountifully in the very different ways we have

travelled that we can trust and have faith that He will continue His blessing on us. And if in any way He ceases to bless us as He has I feel it is not His will for things we dream about now to come to pass.

Ken is young in years but oh! so manly and matured in so many ways and things. And as for me I am indeed young. I am only seventeen and a half now.

If it is all His will there are several years for all to be right, for after this cruel war (Oh! I pray God the end of it may be soon,) Ken will have to finish his University course in which he had such a good start.

When I heard Ken had enlisted I was very sorrowful

but how proud of him I was that it was not for killing but for saving and helping humanity.

Ken writes such beautiful letters and his pure, clean character shines through them all. There is nothing finer in a man or woman than a real Christian character and just how nearly perfect Ken has it makes me rejoice above all else in him. But I fall so short of the ideal of this in my own life. I feel that our love is so tempered by this dreadful war, our youth and the years ahead of Ken in his university course but with the Christianity and the cleanness of his character and his faithfulness and faith in Him he will win in the end.

I want you to understand that my love for Ken is true but that I am not engaged to him now will be until the permits us to meet again. I want our affection to grow together and for him and if it is this will. The will permit us to meet again.

Thank you very much for your kind invitation to visit New South Wales again. I should like to very much but I shall stay at home with my parents as long as I am permitted and I hope that they come here to visit me.

As I write, all outside is covered with snow, but the sun is trying its best to shine supreme.

Our holiday ends to-morrow (January 2nd) and we shall be at hard work until Easter vacation then until our summer months.

I will be thinking of you in hot weather while we are here at about freezing point then when the weather here gets hot you will be having that delightful weather which we sampled while in Sydney.

I am afraid I have no good photos to send you however I should like to very much.

I should like very much to hear from you at any time and from Jean of whom you spoke.

Now I must close. Please
excuse me for taking
so long time in an-
swering for I know
you will not do the same.
With love, yours,
Dorothy D. Hasklin."
Now Ken dear as you see
I quote word for word
as near as I have copied
it so. That is as near
as I can remember for
in copying the letter
to send to your folks
I think I changed a
bit in the phrasing
but this will show how
I stand with them now.
Do you understand me?
My Ken dear how I love
you. Perhaps it seems so
unfaithful to you for me
to go on like this in my

letters and then neglect so to write but OH! why is it but I just get so miserable to see you, that I can't hardly live and I just sort of dream for days then I come back to my self and find that weeks have passed and I have still not written. OH! I am so ashamed of myself. I can't write letters and then, how can I write them, when such perfect ones come from you. You know so perfectly how to express yourself but I can't in plain words let alone in letter writting, you just will have to come & get to know how I love you then, I guess, my eyes and my lips, not in words but, you know, will tell you

There are such heaps of things to tell you. I guess I am just talking with you as you said to. I have read your letters over and over again but I don't know why I have neglected to answer properly Oh! Ken I am not worthy of you. You are far too good for me. Do you understand me? I am afraid I have gone quite forward. You see when you asked me that special question I did not realize it at the time and I answered rather abruptly but Ken dear I do love you and I hope some day that we may get married and live together but it is such a long time and we are so young and there are such a lot of things

might happen before then so I think that the final decision should wait until we see each other again and can say "yes" face to face looking into each others eyes but you know my answer to "you" is "yes" if all turns out as we wish and if it is our Heavenly Fathers will. Let's leave it and love it as Vera and George did when we were in Sydney. See?

You are the only one for me. I do so love you. I feel that our Father has been so good to us both that I have faith that He will permit us to meet again. "Oh! How dear why don't you love me." So my constant wish and question.

I now owe you three letters. The lovely long one you wrote,

The shorter one but also a lovely one which I had to wait a whole week to read. Did wait too but it was terribly hard. and the other lovely long one, in which you mention a ring, have come. As for the ring it would never do for you to get one now, and it would never do for me to have one before we are formally engaged. Then as for kissing, I don't much like the idea of having to kiss paper it seems so absurd and such a dead sort of body. Lets not be so silly. I have never kissed one of your photos yet even. I don't believe in it. and no matter how much I want to see you and kiss you I have no thought

or wish to kiss paper or a photo even if your Dad kissed the spot. I realize that most of the snaps I have sent you are absolutely dreadful. However I have sent the best I have had. I am just dying to have a photo taken. You have sent me such good ones. I feel so horrible at never sending one yet. I think I shall beg Mother to let me have one taken won't that be nice?

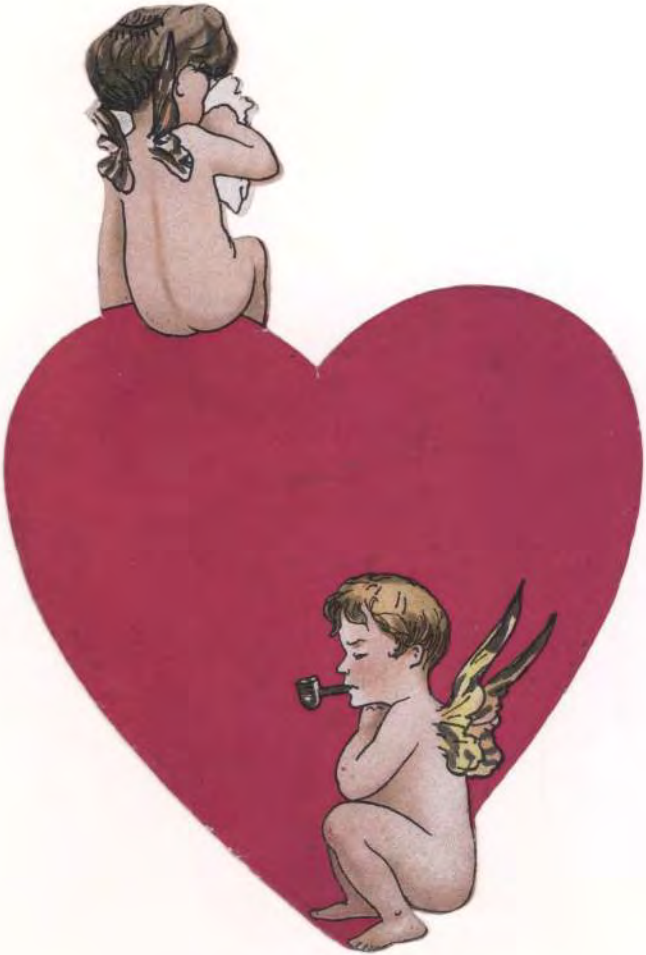
How grand to think of going to London. It is too bad that you could not for Christmas but I do hope that you will have a lovely - lovely time. Don't think that the letter written in France and mailed from London has come by the 26th of Jan. for it is to-day the 4th of Feb.

I have taken a long time writing this but we have been having our mid-year exams and I have been dreadfully busy. I have passed in all but not very grandly.

Would you mind me writing a little as I get dances at about andrea as? I think in that way I can send you a letter every week. I shall have to write a lot to make up the other number of letters you have sent me. I have 22 now. But I shall never be able to make up in quality. Well here is the end of paper so I shall say good-bye My dear loving Hubby-to-be I hope.

from your little wife-to-be.

Dorothy.



meant to paint some valentines here
but found the paper not good enough. See?
I am sending a make-shift one, not
very good.

Nanking, China.,
February 15th. 1915

Ken, My Own Valentine,

Yesterday was St. Valentine's Day of which I spoke.
We had a very successful day. Our
plans came through very nicely.
As we had planned we hung
red hearts, long strings of them dia-
gonally across the two largest
rooms of the school. That is
Charlies room, as well as Louises
and mine. Then we pasted
larger and smaller hearts here
and there throughout all the
rooms.

It really cooked lovely. In the morning they had a letter-box that is they had a basket where all could deposit there Valentines for each other then just before Recess I acted as Post master and there were two mail-men. who distributed the valentines. I received one, from two boys, Julian Price and Louis Wilkinson together. The verse it had on it was;

"There was a young maiden so fair
Dorothy Hopkins the name she did bear,
Long letters she would write
Way into the night
To the young man so tender
and rare."

Quite a verse isn't it. For fear you don't celebrate St. Valentine's day; I will explains what it is. You see it has come down through the ages I suppose that this is a day free for letters of

love and such to be sent and soon. Of course it is just fun among young folks. I did not send one.

Then about yesterday, Mother sent up cakes and ~~biscuits~~ and things and we had quite a party. It was heaps of fun, changing the regular run of school days.

From my Valentine you can see what the kids about here know. Of course they tease me all the time, but I don't mind at all, I am proud to be teased about one that is worth while.

It may seem strange for me to send my letter like this but St. Valentines day is a day for the giving and taking of love and as it says in the dictionary that a Valentine is a sweetheart or lover taken on that day; then that is that you are my lover chosen

was not only on that day but for
every day. See? Oh! Ken dear how
I do love you.

I have not been very well
lately. Having neuralgia all
the time either in my hands
or now it is in my knee.
For the last couple of days I have
been quite lame. Yesterday
I could not walk so had to
use crutches and as a result
of doing so neuralgia has
set into my lame shoulders.
Father says it is because I am
over doing in school and
such work that I am run
down, that I am not taking
enough of exercise and out
door work as horse back
riding and walks.
Please don't get too worried
for I am talking of dropping

one of my subjects as I can get ~~to~~ bed earlier and be able ~~to~~ get up earlier and so on. On the whole I will be greatly benefited if I can. The subject I shall drop will be American History which is the driest ~~was~~ most monotonous stuff I ever tackled.

Had I told you about our sewing, cooking and sewing classes taught by Mother assisted by others? Well on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons we have them sewing on Tuesday and cooking on Thursday.

Friday the 16th. ~~Yesterday afternoon~~ we had cooking class. We made two kinds of biscuits, peanut and lemon. They were terribly good.

We also made gelatine deserts. One kind variated, making five kinds in all. They also were good. I am learning a heap of knibly nee things as well as neeful things. We have learned to make bread and Oh! heaps of things I hope some day you may be neeft by the things I am learning. See?

On Monday noon I had lunch at the school house. Just after all had left the house and I was left there alone, except for the old Chinese caretaker, a large stemple, just back of a large play ground behind the school house, caught on fire. I ran out to see it, it was

perfectly terrible. It came up so suddenly. It looked like a first noticed it like a very great smoke stack. The smoke was so black and towered so high. At first no flames could be seen. Then from out of the front door there could be seen the red flames. It was about the only real fire I had ever seen. But I can say it was dreadful. I watched it from the school house for some time then ran to the temple. When I got there there were about five or six people there. There were only two people staying in the temple although it was large, for it was an old place. Just the old priest and a small boy-priest about

ten years old. No one knows how it caught fire. But the small priest at seeing it ran to the sick-bed of the old one calling him to get up and run out. But he would not, saying that, he would be all right and if the house should burn down he would burn with it because that was all he had and after he would be a beggar. At this the little chap ran out in time to see this terrible smoke rack, as it were, take place.

It was only a few moments before the roof began to fall in and also before crowds of Chinese from far and near swarmed to the temple.

Later in the afternoon, after school began the fire went out

ward was put out and after school
the some of the Kids went to see
if they had found the body
of the old priest, which they
had found, after hacking half the house
off of him. They said that
he was all black and Oh! so
terrible. I am glad that I didn't
see him. It was terribly
exciting about there, not in
a good sense however but
it certainly was. Of course
not as bad as it might
have been, the temple only
being one storied. See?

Continued March 2nd Heaps of things have
happened since writing the above. For one
Mother went to Shanghai last Monday
week. staying there from Monday evening
to Friday morning. She was asked to
go for the representative of our mission

on the board meeting of the Shanghai american school, to which we are going next year. While there she talked over and made arrangements for Louise and me.

For another we had a Holiday last Thursday week for George Washington, His birthday; the first President of the United States You see we are about the only Britishers in the school all the others being Americans so that is why they gave the Holiday. Of course I didnot object to having it.

Another thing which has happened is, that I have had my photo taken, at last, The pub speaks [illegible] and they are quite good, although they could be better, except it does not say so. The centainly don't look beautiful because the original

is not, but they are better than any you have now. I shall have them finished as soon as possible and send them right away.

Had I ever written of a Miss Ackermann who stayed at our house for several days in December on her way to Pekin? Well she has returned. She came yesterday and is staying till next Wednesday. She has been all over the world, in Australia several times, lived in Ashfield, spoken several times at "Normanhurst", you know, where Louise and I went to school, and she is really very nice. Quite old over sixty I think and she is terribly well known and prominent every where she goes.

To-night is the Banking association meeting at which she is the speaker for the evening. Her address is to be, "World Movement" or something of the sort. Of course I shall be going.

Then to-morrow night there is to be a "Kipling Evening" by a Mr. Henry Rebbee of Shanghai. He is considered very fine. I am helping to sell the tickets. They are fifty cents apiece, (about 1/3 I think). I started with 100 tickets and I have 25 left. I am doing well don't you think so. The proceeds are to go to the "War Dressings Fund" of the "British Women's Work association, Banking Branch"

I sold two tickets to "Leo" (Mr. Owen of whom I spoke) and as he took them he said, "I think some one might go with me don't you?" To which I replied I didn't know unless it was Miss Elsie Kriegsack (a young lady very beautiful, who lives here.) "No", he said, "I mean, wouldn't you go with me?" So you see I have been asked to go to the Recital to-morrow night. Do you mind. Oh! Ken dear, if you were here we would go every where to-gether. How I long for that day to come.

I have left off dietary as I said I might and I am taking music lessons again, not from Mrs. Settlemeyer however, she is unable to teach any more, but

from Mrs. Roys, of whom I have spoken and also of her children she is just lovely, you know, and she is a terribly good teacher. Quite different to Mrs. Settlemyer, particular in different things of which I think are most essential, too.

Kathleen Holland has gone to Shanghai to get her trousseau, she went yesterday and while there she is expecting to buy my dress, at least the goods, my slippers and my gloves. These girls is going me, don't you think it is good of her? I am so excited about it all! How I wish you could be here, and oh! wouldn't it be a dream come true, though, if it was to be our wedding!!

Oh! but I must be patient or if I start wishing and dreaming there is no end to it.

Have you ever heard that song,
"Honey, sit beside me,
Put your hand in mine,
Lay your head upon my should,
Let your dear eyes look in mine,
Honey, stop you crying,
Wipe the tears away
For #, you know, I love you dearly,
Can't you hear me say,
Honey, don't you mind it if
the world goes wrong
I love you
Honey, don't you mind it if
the years seem long
I'll be true
Honey, don't you mind the trouble
life is only just a bubble
If all is right." ?

I think these words are about right ~~but~~ they express so much I think for you and me, in my feelings. The tune is just beautiful too. Of course the song sung is much more beautiful. I love it.

Did you mention the "Garden of Roses" in one of your letters, I think I remember your doing so, but any way do you know. I think it is beautiful and I have it now at home, at least I have borrowed it from Kathleen for a time.

So you know "I love you Truly, Truly Dear" and "A Perfect Day" by Carrie Jacobs-Bond. I love them too. I have the latter but the other is also in the book from Kathleen.

We have several rag-time

pieces, "Get out and get under;" "On the Mississippi", "Tipperary" and such. We also have two My Aunt Daisy sent us from Canada. "We'll never let the old Flag fall" and "Khaki".

They are, at least the choruses are as follows; —

"We'll never let the old Flag fall
For we love it the best of all
We don't want to fight but by Jingo if we do
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too
We've got the best little army on sea or land
Now what more do you demand
And you can bet your life we'll never say die
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll never let the old Flag fall
For we love it the best of all
We don't want to fight to show
our might,
But when we start we'll fight,
fight, fight.
On peace or war you'll hear us
sing
God bless the Flag, God bless
the King.
At the end of the world
The Flag unfurled.
We'll never let the old Flag fall"

and

"Oh! the man whose dressed
in Khaki
is the man who fights the foe
and the man whose dressed
in Khaki
is the man we're proud to
know
for he fights to guard the
Empire
Our gallant soldier-lad
Let us cheer him along
With a rousing song
The man in the Khaki
lad."

The tunes to these are very beautiful too. just perfectly suited to the words.

Perhaps you will be seeing them some times.

Another song we are very fond of is "By order of the King"

We only have the chorus which is on the back of "We'll never let the old flag fall" but that is usually the only nice part in them, it is;—

"By order of the King
(God bless him)
We'll fight and win, or die.
"The Empire and the King" (God bless him)
Is the nations cry,
Our country's pride are fighting
"God bless them and victory bring"
For they are gladly dying just to keep
the old flag flying
By order of the King."

Well, my Ken dear, I have been so long in writing this I shall close and write soon again about to-night and to-morrow night, see?

I feel with all the best, but lonely, love from
dreadfully lonely your own,
to-day. Dorothy.

Nanking, China.
March 9th 1914.

"Ever my own Ken," My dear one, "I love you truly, truly dear,
Life with its sorrow, life with its tear,
Fades into dreams when I feel you are near,
For I love you truly, truly dear.

Ah love, 'tis something to feel your kind hand,
Ah yes, 'tis something by your side to stand;
Gone is the sorrow,
Gone doubt and fear,
For you love me truly, truly, dear."

This song by Carrie Jacobs-Bond

which I mentioned in my last I am running and singing half the time. I think it has beautiful words but they are so perfect with the tune. Ken dear, it makes me think and dream of you. How I long for you to come. I often feel 'tis all vain but oh! I have to just catch myself and hope don't I? It is so hard. Please write soon and tell me your plans if you have any. I am getting terribly anxious for word from you. None has come since the photo did and the one from London. How dreadful you must feel away off there when I don't write for I am simply frantic when very long a time elapses between your letters coming.

Oh! Ken dear please forget the past, that is for the way in which I have neglected my correspondence. I am, except for remembering to improve. See? I am so ashamed and have such a guilty feeling inside.

Louise and I have a bedroom together and we are at last again in it, after being moved out for ages, for guests. Our dressing table we share, Louise having the right side and I the left. I am explaining because your photo stands on the left hand side and does look so nice. All the rest of the photos are stuck about in the edge of the mirror and

also in the edge of the mirror over the fireplace. I feel so proud when the girls come up stairs to our room.
The handkerchief sachet is always full of my handkerchiefs and your letters, little scraps, postcards, the sailing-ribbon (do you remember?) and such so keep in a leather letter case which is almost full.
The photo of you and another chap taken in London is now standing on the the mantlepiece in our parlour. See?.

I am just back from "Watch Guard" which was at Mrs Gillett's, of the Y.M.C.A. here who teaches with mother in sewing class. She has two little daughters Alice, eight years old and Elizabeth five.