12-7-1917

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1917-12-07, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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7 December, 1917

Dearest Dada:

Three letters from you, one from Ruth Tuthill & one from Reed! Of your three letters, I didn't know which to open first: so I said "Eni, meeni, mini mo," and [hegora]? They came out just as they ought to!

Your letters are God-sends! Let me tell you that I am ill in bed with temperature of 103 yesterday: but since then I have come down to 101. In my last letter to you,

I told you how ill Father was. You know he has Bright's Disease, and cannot eat anything but vegetables. Well, he gets so tired of that; [page break] but whenever he takes meat, his whole body swells. Then Mother got the grippe, and now I have it! Then too recently Dad has had big business losses, which cuts off his income several thousands interest per year. All together, everything seems pretty dismal.

I told you of the awful time I have had with my face. Well, it is still not well, but I have decided to go out
as though nothing is the matter, for I have found that the closer I stick at home, the more uncertain my temper becomes. Since I have shut myself up at home, life has become dull - dull, dull! I am seized with such unreasonable and unreasonable fits of temper that sometimes I think I am going insane.

About the S.S. school class. Well, for the last ten weeks, I have not been there as my face has been so blotched up! I am sorry your prayers have been so wasted! But now I am going whether I get well or not.

There has been so much sickness in China. And with the awful, awful Tientsin flood, so much misery is everywhere! Sometimes, when I look at the dirty, ragged swarming humanity in our slums, I feel the sense of bitter futility in hoping for a great and a new China, and the sense of my own smallness. Dada, you cannot conceive how useless one feels in such surroundings. The percentage of poor here is greater than any you could conceive of in America.

You say that sugar is scarce. Well, I am sending you, - or rather Grandad some Chinese candy - packed
in two. I don't think there
will be any duty to pay on
it. The cost of living on
account of the war has
gone up too - even here.
Coal is $32.00 a ton! I
feel absolutely wicked that
we have three large stoves
going all day long: but
as Mother said, it is cheap-
er to buy coal than to
pay doctor's bills.

Well, let me tell you an
adventure I had the other day.
On the way home from the
doctor's where I had gone to
fetch him for Mother, I
had the chauffeur to drop
me at the Pathe office
where I had to attend [page break]
a censorship committee
meeting. When I went in
there, I was told that the
Committee would meet
at 439 Ning Po Road. I
went to Ning Po Road, and
found only dark narrow
filthy alleyways, and
no 439 anywhere. I
looked and I looked, but
couldn't find any go-down
at all. In the meanwhile,
it had gotten dark, and
I was all alone walking
to and fro, and the
motor had gone with the
doctor. Finally, as I
could not understand the
rickshaw coolies (for they
spoke a sort of cockney [page break]
Shanghai dialect) and as
they all looked so menacing
in the half darkness, I
did not know what to do.
You see, I did not dare
to get in a rickshaw, not
knowing where he would lead me. Finally I kept on walking, and found myself lost in the maze of narrow streets. And terribly cold and frightened. Just then a carriage passed me, and in it I saw a foreigner about 40. I hailed him, and never was I so glad to hear English spoken. He put me in the carriage with him, and after an hour of hunting, he found the place for me. It seemed that the number 439 was numbered according to the Chinese method, and hence is not 439 at all. The gentleman was very nice, although he seemed greatly surprised that I should be wandering around that part of town at that hour. I explained to him the circumstances, and he told me that he would come back for me to take me to where I told the chauffeur to return for me. So after the meeting, he took me back to the Pathe office, where the car was awaiting me. It seems very funny that I should find the greatest comfort in the English language in China, isn't it? I don't know who the gentleman is, although I should like to know very much. Well, wandering around the street half frozen and scared to death have landed me in bed now!
Every week, I go to
censor pictures - moving
pictures. On the whole
they are very good, and
we pass most of them.
The Pathe and the Victoria
pictures are the best. Most
of them have too much mushy
love-making, and rolling
around of eyes.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen's nephew
was killed by a bomb
in the Whangpoo river.
As the Doctor was ill in
bed, Mrs. Sun had to
see to the body. She
found that the head
was swollen three times
the normal size, the
mouth and the eyes
all bloody. She is
now ill from the
effects of attending
to the ceremonies.

As you know, the
Peking Gazette has been
suppressed. The
Editor-in-chief Mr.
Chen is ill in Shanghai. [page break]
The Tuan cabinet has
fallen. Chinese politics
is impossible: one never
knows what next is
going to happen, and
one never knows
when one's head is
going to be the next
to be chopped off.

It is more than
kind of you to send us
The New Republic! I
shall enjoy reading
and discussing it with
you. By the way, has
Ling Ling sent you the money for the magazine subscriptions? And how does our account stand now?

I feel like a regular invalid with my bed full of magazines that have just come by the same mail in your letter. Reno said Bob was married on Thanksgiving. With much love, and write soon. Tell me if you like the Chinese candy. With love

Daughter.

Hurrah for the new cook!
with the awful, awful
Territorial flood, so much
misery is everywhere!
Sometimes when I look at
the dirty, ragged, swarming
humanity in our slums,
I feel the sense of utter
futility in hoping for a great
and new China, and the
sense of my own smallness.
Dada, you cannot con-
ceive how useless I feel
in such surroundings. The
percentage of poor here is
greater than any you
come across in America.
You say that sugar is
scarce. Well, I am sending
you, or rather Grandad,
some Chinese Candy—packed

7 December, 1917.

Dear Dada:
The letters from
you are from Ruth, further or
from Renee? Of your three
letters, I didn't know which
to open first, so I read
"Ene, mean you, mine me", and
begone! They came out just
as they ought to!
your letters are good news!
your letter on God sends!
you tell me that I am
ill in bed with temperature
of 103 yesterday, but none
of 101. In my last letter to you,
101. I told you how ill father
was. You know he has
Bright's Disease, and cannot
eat anything but vegetables.
well, he gets too tired of that;
I have shut myself up at home, life has become dull—dull, dull! I am seget with such unreasonable and unreasonable fits of temper that sometimes I think I am going to same about the S.S. school class.

Well, for the last few weeks, I have not been as my face has been so bled up! I am sorry your prayers have helped so wasted! But now I am going whether I get well or not.

There has been so much sickness in China. And but whenever he takes meat, his whole body swells. Then mother got the grippe, and now I have it! Then too recently dad has lost big business losses, which cut off his income several thousands interest per year. All together, everything seems pretty dismal.

I told you I was awful thin. I have had a illness, it is my face. Well, it is still not well, but I have decided to go out as though nothing is the matter, for I have found that the closer I stick at home, the more uncertain my temper becomes.
I have shut myself up at home, life has become dull — dull, dull! I am seized with such unreasonable and unreasonable fits of temper that sometimes I think I am going to some about the S.S. school class.

Well, for the last ten weeks, I have not been as my face has been so blemished up! I am sorry your prayers have been so wasted! But now I am going whether I get well or not.

There has been so much sickness in China. And but whenever he takes meat, his whole body swells. Then mother got the grippe, and now I have it too. Recently dad has lost big business leases, which cut off his income several thousands interest per year. All together, everything seems pretty dismal.

I told you I was awful thin. I have had unwell, it is my face. Well, I have decided to go out as though nothing is the matter, for I have found that the closer I stick at home, the more uncertain my temper becomes. Since
with the awful, awful Fountein flood, so much misery is everywhere! Sometimes when I look at the dirty, ragged swarming humanity in our slums, I feel the sense of utter futility in hoping for a great and a new China, and the sense of my own smallness.

Dada, you cannot conceive how useless I feel in such surroundings. The percentage of poor here is greater than any you could conceive in America.

You say that sugar is scarce. Well, I am sending you, or rather Grandma, some Chinese Candy — packed

7 December, 1917.

Dear Dada:

This letter from you is from Ruth's birthday or from Rome! Of your three letters, I didn't know which to open first, so I read "Emi, meni, mina mema," and begora! They came out just as they ought to!

Your letters are God sends! Let me tell you that I am ill in bed with temperature of 103 yesterday; but now I have come down to 101. In my last letter to you, I told you how ill Father was. You know he has Bright's Disease, and cannot eat anything but vegetables. Well, he gets so tired of that;
how y hunting, he found the place for me. It seemed that the number 439 was the number according to the cinema method, and hence it is not 439 at all. The gentleman was very nice, although he seemed quite surprised that I should be wandering around that part of town at that hour. I explained to him the circumstances, and he told me that he would come back for me to take me to where I tossed the chauffeur to where I was to return for me. So after the meeting, he took me back to the Pathé office, where the car was awaiting me in this. I don’t think there was any duty to stay on it. The cost of living on account of the war has gone up too—enough here. Coal is $3.20 a ton! I feel absolutely wicked that we have three large stoves, but going all day long: but as Mother said, it is cheaper to buy coal than to pay doctor’s bills. You are well. Let me see you another day. I had the other day adventure on the way home from the office. I had gone to doctor’s when I had gone to doctor’s where I had gone to doctor’s, when I had been for Mother’s; she has the chauffeur so she drove me at the Pathé office where I had to attend.
Shanghai dialect) and as they all looked so menacing in the half darkness, I did not know what to do. You see, I did not dare to get in a 'rickshaw,' not knowing where he would lead me. Finally, I kept on walking, and found myself lost in the maze of narrow streets. And terribly cold and frightened. Just then a carriage passed me, and in it I saw a foreigner about 40. I hailed him and never was I so glad to hear English spoken. He put me in the carriage with him, and after an a censorship committee meeting. When I went to there, I was told that the Committee would meet at 439 Ning Po Road. I went to Ning Po Road, and found only dark narrow alley ways, and no 439 anywhere. I looked and looked, but could not find any go-down at all. In the meanwhile, it had gotten dark, and I was all alone walking to and fro, and the motor had some with the doctor. Finally, as I tuned not understand the 'rickshaw' cooked (for they spoke a sort of cockney
Shanghai dialect) and as they all looked so mean when I entered in the half darkness, I did not know what to do. You see, I did not dare to get in a rickshaw, not knowing where he would land me. Finally, I kept on walking, and found myself lost in the maze of narrow streets. And terribly cold and frightened. Just then a carriage passed me, and in it I saw a foreman about 40. I hailed him and never was I so glad to hear English spoken. He put me in the carriage with him, and after an a censorship committee meeting. When I went there, I was told that the Committee would meet at 439 King's Road. I went to King's Road, and found only dark narrow alley ways, and no 439 anywhere. I looked and I looked, but could not find my go-down at all. In the meanwhile, it had gotten dark, and I was all alone walking to and fro, and the motor had some with the doctor. Finally, as I timed not understand the rickshaw cooker's (for they spoke a sort of cockney
how y hunting, he found the place for me. It seemed that the number 439 was not a number according to the cinema method, and hence is not 439 at all. The gentleman was very nice, although he seemed greatly surprised that I should be wandering around that part of town at that hour. I explained to him the circumstances, and he told me that he would come back for me to take me to where I used the chauffeur to where I used to return for me. So after the meeting, he took me back to the Pathé office, where the car was awaiting me.

in this. I don't think there was be any duty to stay on it. The cost of living, in accounting the war has gone up too—enough here. Coal is $32.00 a ton. I feel absolutely wicked that we have other large stores going all day long. But as mother said, it is cheaper to buy coal than to pay doctors' bills.

adventure. I had the other day.

On the way home from the office, when I had gone to doctor's where I had gone to doctor's, I began him for mother to help the chauffeur take me at the Pathé office where I had to attend.
Stand now?

I feel like a regular in vaudeville with my head full of magazines that have just come by the same mail as your letter. News said Bob was married in Thanksgiving with much love, and soon. Does he, if you like the Chinese candy — with love.

Daughter

It seems very funny that I should find the greatest comfort in the English language in China. Must it? I don't know who the gentleman is, although I should like to know very much. Well, wondering around the street, half frozen and ready to die, have landed me in hell now!

Every week, I go to Censor pictures — moving pictures. On the whole, they are very good, and we pass most of them. The Lathes and the Victoria pictures are the best. Most of them have too much mushy
The Yuan cabinet has fallen. Chinese politics is impossible. One never knows what will happen, and one never knows when one's head is going to be the next to be chopped off.

It is more than kind of you to send me The New Republic! I shall enjoy reading and discussing it with you. By the way, has Dr. Sun sent you the money for the magazine subscriptions? And how does our account

love-making, and rolling around of eyes.

Dr. Sun is now in bed. Mrs. Sun was killed by a bomb in the Whang Poo River. As the doctor was in bed, Mrs. Sun had to see to the body. The news that the body was swollen three times the normal size, the mouth and the eyes all bloody. She is now in bed from the effects of attending to the ceremonies.

As you know, the Peiping Gazette has been suppressed. The editor-in-chief, Chen, is ill in Shanghai.
The Yuan cabinet has fallen. Chinese politics is impossible; no one knows what will happen, and no one knows when one's head is going to be the next to be chopped off.

It is now three weeks since you kind of you to read me your "New Republican!" I shall enjoy reading and discussing it with you. By the way, has Dr. Sun sent you the money for the magazine subscriptions? And how does our account stand now? Have you heard anything of Dr. Sun? He was killed by a bomb in the Whangpo river. As the doctor was killed in bed, Mrs. Sun had to take to the body. She found that the head was swollen three times the normal size, the mouth and the eyes all bloody. She is now ill from the effects of attending to the ceremony.

As you know, the Peking Gazette has been suppressed. The editor-in-chief, Chen, is ill in Shanghai.
Stand now? I feel like a regular news vendor with my bag of magazines that have just come by the same mail as your letter. News said Bob was married in Thanksgiving with much love, and we all went. Dear me if you like the Chinese candy — with love, Daughter.

Huh for the new look!