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Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1918-01-31, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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31 January, 1918

My dear Dada:

This week's mail brought your 23rd 
letter along with four "New Republics", two Literary 
Digest, a Saturday Eve. Post, a "Ladies Home Journal," 
and an "Atlantic." I have been so busy that I 
haven't had time to dip into any of them: although 
I am just aching for the chance. What with 
studying Chinese, music, teaching Joe and 
going out, - can I do?

Ling Ling writes that she has the mumps: - 
a beastly stupid disease to have, is it not? 
If one has to be ill, it ought to be a picturesque 
illness, anyway - something exciting like 
scarlet fever - a dash of color, don't you 
know?

I am sorry to hear that Tracy has had 
to resort to the bank. However I always felt 
that for the stage she was a triple too stiff, 
and had too much "sangfroid" for the 
artistic temperament. Judy Adams will 
be a much greater success.

I hope you got the Xmas Box to 
Ruth Tuthill, - did you? By the way 
Margaret Woodbury wrote me a letter; rather 
a surprise to me, as she is just about 
as "scribblingly" lazy as I am.

Your letters talking all about the '17 
crowd in New York just make me ache with [page break] 
"college sickness": yet if you were to keep 
silent on that subject, - it would make me 
feel worse. Do find out for me 
Fran. Baltes' address - I have never 
answered her long letter of last summer,
and I feel like a chump! I bet, her appendicitis was caused by an over-indulgence of Turkish cigarettes. She was inordinately fond of them!

Well, H.K. is in Shanghai now, & came to see me. Mother doesn't want me to marry him, and as I am indifferent on the subject, I acquiesce to her wish. By the way, I told you about the millionaire here who wants to marry me, haven't I? Well, my relatives think I am a fool not to take him: however, I am such a fool that I can't realize I am a fool! I may tell you one thing, though, - these last six months out of college have opened my eyes to the value of money; at the same time they also have opened my eyes to the value of Self Respect! I shall never marry without money: at the same time equally certain am I that I shall never marry for money. [Comprency]?

Oh, I told you that my brother was going to take the St. John's examination, [page break] did I not? Well, he passed in English, but flunked miserably in Chinese. Consequently he can't get in! Rotten luck, for I'll have to teach him another six months, as we live so far away from any good day school!

Dada, I wish you were here. I am so homesick for you - you must come to visit me. And remember that all I tell you is for your lone and private consumption.

With love
Daughter

P.S.
Miss Kendall is in Shanghai from Peking for a few days. Shall see her Saturday.
My dear Dad:  

This week’s mail brought your 23rd letter along with your “New Republic’s”, two Jetson’s, a Saturday Eve. Post, a Ladies Home Journal, and an “Atlantic”. I have been so busy that I haven’t had time to dip into any of them, although I am just asking for the charade. What with studying Chinese, music, teaching Joe and going out, can I do—?

I beg you write that she has the mumps; — a heartily stupid disease to have, isn’t it? if one has to be ill, caught it be a picturesque illness, in any way — something exciting like scarlet fever — a dash of color, don’t you know?

I am sorry to hear that Tracy has had to resort to the balsam. However I always felt that for the stage she was a trifle too stuffy and had too much “soup void” for the artistic temperament. Judy Adamo will be a much greater success.

Hope you got off the X-mas Box to Uncle’s. By the way, Margaret Woodbury wrote me a letter. Rather a surprise to me, as she is just about as “scribblingly” lazy as I am.

Your letter telling all about the ’17 crowd in New York just make me ache with
"college sickness"; yet if you were to keep silent on that subject, it would make me feel worse. Do find out for me, Frank. Baltes' address. I have never answered her long letter of last summer, and feel like a dunce! That, her appendicitis was caused by an over-indulgence of Turkish cigarettes. She was moderately fond of them!

Well, N.K. is in Shanghai now, so can't see me. Mother doesn't want me to marry him, and as I am indifferent on the subject, I acquiesce to her wish. By the way, I told you about the Millennium hero who wants to marry me. Haven't I? Well, my relatives think I am a fool not to take him; however, I am such a fool that I can't realize being a fool.

I may tell you one thing, though, there! Last 14 months of college have opened my eyes to the value of money; at the same time they also have opened my eyes to the value of Self Respect. I shall never want instant money; at the same time regard certain - am I that I shall never want for money. Confusion?

Oh, how that exasperates me! I'm going to take the 5].
did [?]: we're, he passed in English, but flunked miserably in Chinese! Consequently, he can't get in! Rotten luck, for I'll have to teach him another six months as we live so far away from any good day school!

Dad, wish you were here. Don't think I'm homesick for you — you must come to visit me. And remember that all I tell you is for your close and private consumption.

With Love

[Signature]