My dear Sada:

This week’s mail brought your 23rd letter along with your “New Republic”’s, two literary magazines, 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 Charles. What with studying Chinese, music, teaching Joe and going out, can I do?

The slip under the hat has the mumps; a heartily stupid disease to have, is it not? If one has to be ill, ought it to be a picturesque illness, 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 hospital. However I always felt that for the stage she was a trifle too stiff, and had too much “soup-round” for the artistic temperament. Judy Adams will be a much greater success.

Hope you got off the Xmas Box to Nella. But hells,—did you? By the way Margaret Woodlawn wrote me a letter; rather a surprise to me, as she in just about as “scribblingly” lazy as I am.

Your letter telling all about the 17 crowd in New York just made me ache with
"college sickness"; yet if you were to keep silent on that subject, it would make me feel worse. Do not write for me. 

Juan Bolte's address. I have never answered her long letter of last summer, and feel like a chump. Yet, her appendicitis was caused by an over-indulgence of Turkish cigarettes. She was moderately fond of them.

Well, she is in Shanghai now, I can't bear to see her. Mother doesn't want me to marry her, and as I am indifferent on the subject, I acquiesce to her wish. By the way, I told you about the Milliénaire 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 that I am a fool."

I may tell you one thing, though, in these last six months one of college has 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 again want instant money at the same time I shall keep a certain sum I that I shall never marry for money. Consider.

Oh, does you think a brother was going to take the 30. Watch examination,
did fail? Well, he passed in English, but flunked miserably in Chinese. Consequently, he can't get in! Rotten luck, for I'd have to teach him another six months as we live so far away from any good day school.

I wish you were here. Don't be homesick for me - you must come to visit me. And remember that all sheet you in for your love and private consumption.

With love,

[Signature]