4-25-1918

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1918-04-25, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang
Dearest Dada:

Your 32nd just came. Oh, well, for one thing Father is in the Hospital. He was so ill that we thought he was going to die: but now he seems much better. We were worn out trying to nurse him, and finally decided that the hospital is the only place for him, for due to his disease, he gets more irritable every day. Someone of us is with him all day long, Mother is there now, and I am watching the servants in house-cleaning. My dear, we have the most beautiful carved Blackwood furniture: but - heavens, it is almost impossible to keep them clean. I am having an awful time making the servants dust them, because the carvings are so bothersome. Every picture is being taken down, and everything washed, wiped, and put in some kind of aid to bring out the luster of the varnish. The carpets are all taken up, and will be sent to the cleaners. As I know nothing about how to go at house-cleaning, I am more or less at the mercy of the servants as Mother is away.

I am sorry, Dada, that my letters have been unhappy. To tell you the truth, money will never make me happy. I lie awake nights thinking that I am getting no-where. Do you understand what I mean? At college, there was always the work, but here at home, I am busy all day yet I don’t seem to get anywhere. My little brother goes to school now, and that ought to give me more time: but somehow I am just as busy as ever. Since
Father has been so ill, I have given up practicing on the piano. I was working on Grieg and the Opera of William Tell. Dada mine, you always underestimated your own ability. Before you know it, you will be a regular "talent."

Well, HK had an awful fuss with his father over some personal matter. I am so glad I broke with him before the quarrel, otherwise of course his father would blame it on me.

I do hope your poems will be accepted! I’ll try to write something for publication: only at present I am very much confused! I might as well tell you that if I ever marry, it will not be for love, for I have had the misfortune to care about a man who is already married. For the past few months, we both have been too miserable for words, for his wife was forced on him by his parents soon after he returned from America some years ago. And you know how my family feels towards divorce, and besides there is nothing the matter with his wife except that he does not care for her. It has been pretty rigid discipline for us both, for of course neither one of us would do what is not honorable - Only we both care more than words can tell, - and oh, it is terrible to care so much. I never knew before what it means. And the worst is that I never woke up until too late, and as for him, he said that he would go through hell to be free. But everything is hopeless. I am trying to make him leave Shanghai for several months, for I certainly cannot leave Father. You need not worry about me, for I shall do the right thing, never fear. And yet I cannot bring myself to
marry anyone else. With love

Daughter
Dear Uncle:

Your 32nd just came. All well, for one thing Father is in the hospital. He was so ill that we thought he was going to die but now he seems much better. We were very old and trying to nurse him. and we were old and trying to nurse him. We finally decided that the hospital is the only place for him. The doctors say, every day, keep him in bed. The doctor says, every day, keep him in bed. The doctors say, every day, keep him in bed. But everything is hopeless. I am trying to make him clean things for several months. I cannot clean things. You need not worry about me, I work in the right thing. I do not see. And yes I cannot bring myself to many any me else. With love.

[Signature]
you know it, you will be a regular talent."

Well, N.K. had an awful fuss with his father over some personal matter. I am so glad I broke with him before the quarrel, otherwise of course his father would blame it on me.

I do hope your poems will be accepted. I'll try to write something for publication; only as fast as I am very much confused in teaching as well. I tell you dad, if I ever marry, it will not be for love, for I have had too much fortune to care about a man who is already married. For the past few months, we both have been too busy all day, yet I don't seem to get anywhere. My little brother goes to school now, and that ought to give me more time, but sometimes I get just as busy as ever. Since Jack has been so ill, I have given up practicing on the piano. I was working on Grieg and the opera of Borlum.

Tell Baba mine, you always under-
you know it, you will be a regular talent."

Well, N. K. had an awful fuss with his father over some personal matter. I am so glad I broke with him before the quarrel, otherwise of course his father would blame it on me.

I do hope your poems will be accepted! I'll try to write something for publication, only at present I am very much confused. I taught as well, but I tell you the truth, that was not as work, for I have had too much fortune to care about a man who is already married. For the past few months, we have been two years ago, and just after he returned from America, some friend of his parents called on him by his parents some years ago. And you know how my family feels towards divorce, and besides, are taken up, and will be sold to the cleaners. As I knew nothing about how to go at home-cleaning, I am more or less at the mercy of the servants as Mother is away.

Dear papa, that my letters have been unhappy. So far you the truth, I can't make you happy. I lie awake nights thinking that I can't get anywhere. Do you understand what I mean? At college, I was always the work, but here at home, I am busy all day, and I don't seem to get anywhere. My little brother goes to school now, and that ought to give me more time, but sometimes I feel just as busy as ever. Since Jack has been so ill, than given up practicing on the French horn, was working on Grieg and the opera of Lillie. Papa mine, you always underestimate your own ability. Before
25th.

Dearest Dada:

Your 32nd birthday came so well, for one thing, Father is in the hospital. He was so ill that we thought he was going to die, but now he seems much better. We have been and trying to nurse him, and he finally decided that the hospital is the only place for him. We have been working at home clearing. My dear, the servants in home cleaning. I am thinking the rooms will be clean. I am helping the servants dust them. Today making the servants dust them, and we are doing the things washed, wiped, and put in order every day. We have the most beautiful family, the Blackwood furniture. We are having an awful clean. I am telling the servants to dust them, and they are doing it. The furniture is being taken down, and every picture washed, wiped, and put in order. The wood kind of antique to bring out the best. The varnish looks good.