6-4-1918

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1918-06-04, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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4 June, 1918

Dear Dada:

There is something really quite uncanny about your letters, for your 36th letter in which you asked me to help regain some of your faith in humanity at large just came when I was beginning to feel that the world is rather too rotten for me to care whether I am a part of it or not.

I am truly sorry that you had such a miserable experience in being disillusioned. Yet your case is not half so bad as it seems to you. I more than suspect that after a good rest, you will find that there are a lot of decent people in the world. And I am beginning to find out too that a whole lot depends on one’s own way of looking at life. Just set down that experience on the negative side of the ledger and take a look at the positive side. You will be surprised to see how the good overbalances the evil.

My experiences lately have made me wonder at times whether life is worth living because of the lack of standards with which the ordinary person views the values of life. For instance, I notice that while a person is preaching self sacrifice, public spiritedness, the evils of monetary influence, his hands are nightly busy grabbing the very things which apparently are opposite to his expressed
beliefs. And all of this has set me wondering whether real goodness does exist in the masses of humanity. That goodness does exist, - although at [page break] rare places, though, ought to make me want to be one of those who have real virtues: - yet considering all this, I am indifferent.

Every now and then, I neglect to try to do things for people around me just because I am sick of trying, but after an interval, I come to myself and view my negligence with something closely approaching self-reproach.

I cannot preach and tell you that you are suffering from over-confidence in people and that that is a sign of youth and inexperience for the pure and simple reason that I am suffering from the same symptoms - - symptoms I feel yet cannot diagnose or analyze.

I know you are feeling that you would like to go among the tree tops and not try to bother with people - I feel the same way! I suppose I could write you that the complexities of life, its illusions, disillusionments, tragedies, comedies, etc. [page break] are really the factors which make life worth living. But you knowing me so well will know that such a statement on my part would [savor] of [conting] and superficiality - the two sins unpardonable by either one of us. Is it not so, Dada?

So I am not going to write
anything of the sort. I am just going
to let you solve the question your-
self in your own way while I too
will try to solve it after my
haphazard fashion. But it is a
comfort, even though a little one,
to know that your daughter is in
exactly the same "submarine,"
won't it? You know a problem
always takes on an exciting aspect
when you feel that someone else
is also working on it. [page break]

I wish you were here with me.
I think you are in some ways about
the most congenial spirit I ever
happened to collide into: - yes
in many respects.

The family is so upset over the places
for the garage in the new house - They
are always making new drawing. Hope
some of them will materialize.

Love- Daughter
Taher at the sheet tone.

# January 1918
4 June, 1918.

22nd.

Dear Dada:

There is something really quite uncanny about your letter, for your 36th letter in which you asked me to help regain some of your faith in humanity at large—just came when I was beginning to feel that the world is rather too cold - for me to care whether I am a part of it or not.

I am truly sorry that you had such a miserable time in being disillusioned. Yet your case is not half so bad as it seems to you. Success than expected.
that after a good rest, you will find that there are a lot of decent people in the world. And I am beginning to find out too that a whole lot depends on one's own way of looking at life. Just set down the experiences on the negative side of the ledger and take a look at the positive side. You will be surprised to see how the good overbalances the evil.

My experiences lately have made me wonder at times whether life is worth living because of the lack of standards. The ordinary person views the values of life, for instance. Doctrine that while a person is preaching self-sacrifice, public spiritedness, etc. of most any influence, his hands are mighty busy grabbing the very things which apparently are opposite to his expressed beliefs. And all of this has set me wondering whether real goodness does exist in the masses of humanity. That goodness does exist, although at
rare places, though, ought to make us want to be one of them, who have real virtues; yet considering all this, I am indifferent. Every now and then, I reflect many years and years, I do not seem to try to be happy for people around me but after an interval, I come to myself and view my negligence with some sting. Closer approaching self-reproach I cannot preach and tell you that you are suffering from one
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trip hazard fashion. But it is a
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comfort, even though a little me,
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— to know that your daughter is in
the same "submarine"
— won't it? You know a problem
always takes on an exciting aspect
then you feel that someone else
is also working on it.
I wish you were here with me.

I think in some ways you are about the most impressionable spirit I ever happened to collide with; yes in many respects.

The family is so upset over the plans for the garage in the new house—they are always making new drawings that some of them will materialize.

Love, [Signature]