4-15-1919

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1919-04-15, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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30 Seymour Road  
Shanghai, China. 
15 April, 1919

Dear Dada,

A few days ago I wrote you a letter and so this is only a note.  
I sent a draft to the Wellesley National Bank to open an account there so 
as to facilitate my business account with you hereafter. You see whenever  
I want you to buy anything for me all I have to do would be to draw a check.  
My check book has not yet come but when it does I shall be able to give you a  
check for whatever amount I owe you. Will you please subscribe the St.  
Nicholas magazine for two years for me. I wish to have it sent to Master T. A  
Soong, 30 Seymour Road, Shanghai, China. I am giving the subscription to him  
for his birthday present. He is a very clever little boy, has a most acquisi-  
tive mind as well as an inquisitive one. I think therefore some interesting  
and wholesome reading matter is what he needs. I believe that the subscription  
for the two years is five dollars gold.

Talking about blues and the futility of living! My dear, to me in  
my present mood the futility of mere existence is a direct and independent  
bore. Do you see what I mean? My idea of paradise is a place where as few  
people as possible ever step in there, and those few people would have to be  
quite careful to disappear occasionally so that I could be by myself.

But of course this is mere nonsense. The world tho would be a  
whole heap nicer place to live in if we were all either as flabby as jelly  
fishes, or as hard as ram rods. I know one type of person tho that I would  
rule out of my Utopia, and that is the sort that "gabs, gabs, day in and day  
out", the sort that is always right, the sort that is always giving other  
people advice, and free and freely. I am just stubborn enough to want to  
receive my own reactions without the medium of some one else's unsought for  
advice. I despise people that are always trying to make me think as they do.  
I prefer to be myself and not what some one else's idea of myself.

This is about the most rabidly defiant letter I have ever writt-  
en, and because I have had this outburst, I feel a whole lot better. Do not  
pay much attention to this, for it is but an outburst which has been threat-  
ening for a long time to break forth.
With love,
Daughter.
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With love,

[Signature]