1-24-1920

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1920-01-24, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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Dearest Dada,

My handwriting by this time indeed must look unfamiliar to you as I have been using the typewriter lately in writing you. But as the family are all in bed by now, I do not dare to use the Corona, and as I feel I have to write you tonight, I am resorting to my pen!

Well, I just want to tell you that the two books you sent me just came today, and I am so eager to get at them. I have had several very tantalizing peeps within their pages, but have not really had the chance to become better acquainted with them. Tomorrow seems a long way off when I want to read now, but as I have to get up to study Chinese in the morning, I think I aught to go to bed now since it is already late.

I do not know when I have been so enthusiastic about books as I am now with my new possession. I have read quite a good many criticisms on “The Oxford Stamp” in the magazines, but so varied were the comments of the critics that I shall read and enjoy the book with all the fresh keenness of an unprejudiced plus a comprehensive outline of the general outlook of what the author had in mind when he wrote the book.

Seeing Miss Pendleton and Miss Conant made Wellesley and America come back with such great vividness, and I am feeling once more the zest for things intellectual.
One of the saddest things in the process of getting a more practical grasp of things in days after college, is the gradual diminishing of intellectual unrest; and the passive state of mind which is more or less an unresisting acknowledgment of the greater importance of material welfare as against the elusive and less tangible intellectual yearnings.

Talking about new books reminds me of a little poem I read the other day by Annie Fellows Johnston. She described her sensations in opening the covers of a new book as being similar to those she experienced in entering homes where she never had visited before. I was quite pleased with this analogy, because altho I have felt the truth of this in a vague and unworded haze, I never had seen it expressed.

But it is late, and I must go to bed. I shall write you of my impressions of the new books after I had digested them. This reminds me that I have not thanked you for them; -- this really ought to be the most satisfactory sort of thanks, because you can see that I appreciate them so much, and am so excited over them that I have quite forgotten my manners.

Did you make those adorable little hankies for me? They are very sweet, and I am sure that I shall think of you each time I open my purse, for you know I am superstitious enough to carry one of those in my handbag as a good luck talisman.

With loads of love-
Daughter.

P.S. I sent some gifts to you by a friend Percy Kwok who is sailing
for America on the 8th. I took the things over to him last week, and had expected him to sail last week, but on account of some delay in his passport, he will not sail until the 8th. Please mail the package marked "Miss Margie Burks" to Miss Burks, and please put the package in a box or have some pasteboard around it, as it contains among other things, a parasol.

M.
30 Keynes Rd.
24 January, '20

Dear Dad,

Two

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must look unfamiliar to you as I have been
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But it is late, and I must go. I shall write you of my impressions later. I have returned all of my impressions after I had digested of the new books after I had digested of the new books after I had digested of the new books. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them. This reminds me that I have to thank you for them.

I have quite forgotten my manners. Did you make these adorable little handkerchiefs for me? They are very, very sweet, and I am sure that I shall think of you each time I open my purse, for you know I have superstitions enough to carry my old coins in my hand bag as a good
with loads of love —

Daisy

I paid some gifts to you by a friend Lucy Kevok who is sailing for America on the 8th. I took the things over to him last week, and he handed them to sail last week, but on account of some delay in his passport, he will not sail on the 8th. Please wait the package marked "Miss Margaret Banks" to Miss Banks, and please put the package in a box or have some pasteboard around it, as it contains among other things, a parasol.

Mr.