5-25-1921

Letter from May-ling Soong Chiang, 1921-05-25, Shanghai, China, to Emma Mills

May-ling Soong Chiang

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30 Seymour Road,  
Shanghai,  
25 May, 1921  

Dearest Dada:  

I arrived home  
three days ago from Hong-Kong, and still feel greatly  
dazed, as though I were  
still in a dream. When I  
came home, I found  
a mountain load of letters  
awaiting me, as my mail  
was not forwarded as [page break]  
Mother expected me home any moment.  
You know, she telegraphed me three  
times to come home, and probably  
I would not be home now were  
it not for the fact that my  
brother went down South, and  
literally dragged me home.  

I found your letters which  
I opened first of all. So glad  
to hear from you again! Almost  
like seeing you. By the way, I  
surely do appreciate your sending  
me Wells’ Outline of History, for  
I read the excellent review in  
the "Nation", and I just had the  
Chance to catch a glimpse of  
the book itself when I was in  
Canton as my brother-in-law  
received a copy a few days before  
I left. When I went to the Post [page break]  
Office to get my copy, however, the  
P. Master told me that they had  
returned it to the sender as they  
sent me a notice, and I never  
went to get it. The truth is I
never received the notice, perhaps
because the servant mislaid it
while I was in Canton. Anyway,
I am so awfully disappointed
for that is the one book I wanted
to read. Do you suppose, Dada, [page break]
you would send the book to
me again? You see, I do
wish I had it!

I wrote a letter of introd-
uction to you for a very
good friend of mine, a
Mr. [Birmeil]. I want to tell
you a secret, -- I like
him tremendously, and he
does me too. I only met
him the night before I sailed
from Hong Kong at a friend's
house, and altho we were
on board ship together only [page break]
three days, we became very good
friends. The day we arrived in
Shanghai was his birthday; and
so in spite of the fact that I
had been away from home these
months, I spent the day with him
as the boat sailed that afternoon.
We had a beautiful time together,
and I am so glad I was so rash
for once in my life. Needless
to say, the family was furious
with me, and was scandalized
especially as ever since I came
home, I have been wrapped
tight in cotton-wool chaperonage.
They were also furious because
he is a foreigner. They literally
accused me of "picking" him up
on board ship which of course
is not true. Since he left
Saturday afternoon, I have received
two wireless messages from him [page break]
saying how much he misses me. The
family tried to keep the wireless
away from me, but did not succeed. He will return in six
months' time as he is only away on a business trip.

I like him awfully well, in some ways better than any man I ever met, and perhaps better than the man whom I may be engaged to in the near future. He has certain qualities which are exceedingly rare anywhere; but in all probability on my part the affair will not go further than friendship. In a way, I am glad he is not here, for I do not know how his presence might affect me. And you know our family is so conservative and puffed up with family pride over keeping "pure" the family blood that they would rather see me dead than marry a foreigner. Ordinarily I would too! -- but---

Now I am thinking seriously of accepting another man. I like him; he is one of the most brilliant younger men; has excellent family, morals, education etc. But I am still debating the question. You know lots of time, one may be reasonably convinced and yet not emotionally convinced about a certain course of action as being advisable. See? But do not tell any one, please, because I have to work this out myself. In the meanwhile when Mr. Birmeil comes to call, be awfully nice to him; but do not let on that I have told you anything at all. I asked him to bring you something, but
forgot to give it to him at the last moment. Shall send it by the next person who is coming to America. Love,

Daughter
30 Seymour Road
Shanghai
25 May, 1921.

Dear Dada:

I arrived home three days ago from Hong Kong, and she feels greatly disadvantaged, as though she's been left in a dream when she came home. I found a mountain load of letters awaiting me, as they were not forwarded as
Brother expected we come any moment.

You know, the telegraphed me three times to come home, and probably

I went not to home now more

it not for the fact that my

brother went down South, and

literally dragged me home.

I found your letter which

I opened right at once. So glad
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the book itself when I was in

Canton as the brother-in-law

received a copy a few days before

I left. When I went to the port
30 Seymour Road

Shanghai.

25 May, 1921.

Dear Dada:

I arrived home three days ago from Hong Kong, and I feel greatly elated, as though lucky. I shall be home. I found a mountain load of letters awaiting me, as they must have been sent to me. I shall send a note to you as soon as I have time.
I am writing to keep the promise I made you would send the book to me again? You see, I do wish I had it!

I wrote a letter of introduction to you for a kind friend of mine, Mr. Binney. I want to tell you a secret, I like him tremendously, and he does me too. I only met him the night before I sailed from Hong Kong at a friend's house, and this is the very only
those days we became very good friends. The day we arrived in Shanghai was his birthday; and so it spoiled the fact that I had been away from him three months. I spent the day with him as the boat sailed that afternoon. We had a beautiful time together, and I am glad I was so rash for once in my life. Needless to say, the family was furious with me, and was scandalized especially as ever since I came home, I have been wrapped tight in cotton-wool chaperonage. They were also furious because he is a foreigner. They literally accused me of "picking him up on board ship which of course is not true. Since he left Saturday afternoon, I have received two wireless messages from him.
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me again? You see, I do
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tion to you for a very
good friend of mine, to
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you a secret — I like
him tremendously, and he
Does me too. I only met
him the night before I sailed
from Hong Kong at a friend's
house, and asked me on
board ship together only

I was taken away from
him by the ship, and
never met him
again.
Farewell, Son. I pray that you will enjoy this happy moment that you have spent with your friends in America. I hope you will be happy there, and I pray that your future will be successful. I know that you have certain qualities which are not easily found anywhere, but in all probability your affairs will not go further than your friendship. In a way, I am glad he is not there, for I do not know how his presence might affect me. And you know, our family is so close, and your decision to live with us is very comforting.
"fear" the family, and that they would rather see me dead than many a foreigner. Ordinarily I would too; but now I am thinking several of accepting a certain man. I like him; he is one of the most brilliant younger men; has excellent family, morals, education etc. But I am still debating the question. You know better than I do, and may be reasonably convinced and yet not emotionally convinced about a certain course of action as being advisable. But do not tell any one, please. But do not tell any one, please. I have to work this out myself. In the meanwhile when Mr. Barnes comes to call,
he will write to him. But do not let him think that you will give any thing as all. I asked him to bring you something, but forgot to say that he must bring it to the next person who is coming to America. Yours, Daughter.