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CHINESE

CHIMES

"THE BEST FUNNY PAPER IN THE WORLD"

THE CHINESE CHIMES.

Tientsingfu, China
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Entered at the post office as a matter of course.

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OUR NEW EPIGRAPH.

Of course you noticed that the epigraph on the front cover of this issue was in quotation marks. Did you smile when you saw it? We don't for a minute suppose that you "ha-ha-ed" out loud, neither is it likely that you even chuckled. Perhaps you did feel a little tightening of the muscles around the corners of your mouth, but even if the "burnt cork, lip-stick", or what ever you choose to call our new "make-up", caused you to smile inwardly, without any apparent physical reaction, we are satisfied. If so, we have added to the sum total of smiles in the world and that is all we expected, or hoped, to do.

We had been longing for a suitable camouflage for our colorless leaflet when a letter from a good friend brought us this one. It came as a result of his having read the last number of the

Chimes. Of course we think he is much funnier than we had ever hoped to be, else he could not have coined such a "perfect tribute." He didn't know what a service he was rendering us but we are sure he will smile when he sees himself quoted in this manner. Since the Chicago Tribune poses as "The Greatest Newspaper in the World" and the New York Times publishes "All the News That's Fit to Print" we were decidedly stumped to match these famous "contemporaries" but so far as we know this is the first time in all history that our new motto has appeared on the front page of any news sheet any where in the world, and since it is not, so far as we know, copyrighted we make bold to claim it as our own.

OUR PURPOSE IN SO DOING.

Did you ever hear of anyone trying to play a "humresque" on the chimes? Probably not, and perhaps it can't be done, but if so then that is a good reason for us to undertake it. From our limited, and, perhaps warped view point it seems to us that a good rollicking laugh would do the old world about as much good as anything that could happen to her. May it not be that one of our ailments is that we have been taking ourselves and our times so seriously that our diaphragms are becoming atrophied from disuse?

We were pleased a few weeks ago to have our good friend, John Scotford, call attention to the fact that Erasmus made a name for himself, and greatly benefitted the church, by remaining in that institution and making fun of it. We have no lack of those who, both within and without the church, who take her faults very "seriously" but we haven't seen many who have yet discovered that there is any humor in the situation. So it is with the whole world. We have the words "serious, critical, strained, tense, danger" and other synonyms flared in our faces so often by the modern newspapers that only a fool proof clown can be expected to see anything to make us laugh in the present world situation. Some day, perhaps, some simpleton will awake to the fact that there is an element of humor around us all the time if we but have the eyes with which to see it. We are not quite sure that one gets his sense of humor tickled thru

the eyes but we let it stand. Of course it has often been said that "were it not so serious it would be funny" (We learned the other day of a missionary lady who fled from her interior station with her guitar in her hand as her most precious possession), but isn't it just in those critical and serious times that we need most to make use of that God-given sense of humor which is supposed to distinguish us from other animals and which has saved many a critical situation when it has utilized?

Do you get what we mean? Probably not. We really didn't try to be funny in our last issue and along came the unexpected compliment(?) - we are not sure but he was trying to make fun of us but we are considering it otherwise - and using it as our epigraph. Now if we try to produce a jovial note in this selection on the Chimes you probably will wonder where it is and listen for it in vain. But it certainly is a "funny" world, isn't it? If we are agreed on this point we haven't another word to say. We knew you knew it all the time, just the same as we did, but it seemed to us that it might not be out of place at this o'clock of the world to re-iterate this truism, the validity of which we all admit, when once we stop "seriously" to consider it.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

To turn from the sublime to the ridiculous let us state next that in our humble opinion there is a very vital connection between humor and faith. As we get short in one we lose the other. In accordance with this opinion we exercised our faith the other day by investing in some high-blooded nanny goats which won't be giving us milk till two years hence. The goats we now have are very important members of our family, or should I say "staff"? They come from rather plebian stock, however, and for some time we have wished that we could get a more aristocratic brand. Consequently, when a letter from Peking recently told us that there were two thorbred nannies for sale we held a staff meeting to

consider whether we should invest any of our profit from the Chimes in that kind of "stock". We confess that there was not an altogether unanimous opinion that we should be so bold as to assume that we would be using milk in China by the spring of 1929 but our gambling spirit got the better of us and we took the leap. Now we are waiting for "Elopsy and Mopsy" to arrive with Hugh Hubbard when he returns from the Metropolis at the end of this week. Of course if our friends who are ready to pack up and leave China at a minute's notice get what they are looking for the laugh may be on us - unless, like the lady with the guitar, we take our "kids" as well as our "kidlies" along with us as our most valuable possessions. If we should thereby create a "funny spectacle" our act of faith might prove of value after all.

BALANCING BOOKS AND STUDYING STATISTICS.

Since last we went to press we have celebrated two New Years, one foreign and one Chinese. The former brought with it a bulk of work for the Pretending Editor in the form of annual and semi-annual accounts, reports, statistics and estimates; the latter, fortunately, provided a period of leisure for the performance of these tasks which Father Time had poured in the book-keeper-statistician's lap. Schools close, churches vacated and business stands still at Chinese New Year and for those reasons, if for no others, we join with our Chinese friends in a hearty welcome to this their holiday season of the year. It gives us a good chance to catch up with many things that travel at a faster pace than we are able to follow.

The Pretender would have been hopelessly buried in an avalanche this year had it not been for this Chinese New Year vacation. Taking over accounts and other duties as he did in the middle of the year and having to report for the whole year's work means a busy time at the end of a year for one who is as green as a cucumber at this kind of work. Fortunately we did not have to bear the burden of facing a deficit at the end of the year. In both our men's and women's work, for we are still divided thus on the account books, in spite of having the work all controlled by one general committee, we were able to close the year with a balance in hand.

Neither did we have to retrench in our estimates for 1927. With funds which are reasonably certain of materializing we were able to raise the salaries of some of our Chinese workers and add a few new ones to our staff. We even hope to do a little building at the boys' school and at Shih Chia Chuang where we have a little hospital in a very unsatisfactory rented building. However, the building hinges on our ability to convince the mission property committee that this is not necessarily the time to sit tight on such kind of work. Our statistics show that during the year of 1926 we received by baptism into the church 570 as compared to 373 the year before. In Chinese contributions there were decided gains in both educational and evangelistic work over the amounts given during 1925.

Altho statistics and finances are not the most valuable criteria for judging mission work they seem to be a necessary nuisance and somebody must give much time and thought to them. The Pretender was so relieved when his accounts were finally settled that he broke forth into, - what? Well here it is and he has called it:

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S PSALM.

Sing praises unto Calculus,
Sing praises unto Trigonometry,
Sing praises unto Geometry,
Sing praises unto Algebra.-
But sing most loudly, O My Soul,
To the simple laws of Arithmetic, Cross Entries and Trial
Balances
Who speak the comforting word "Well Done" to my Tired Brain.
(Did I say "simple laws"? Better to have said "awful", since
they inspire awe).
Thou, most Awful Laws, art exceedingly powerful;
Thou hast captured, commanded and imprisoned my attention
Till He hath produced the solution to this "Cross Entry Puzzle".
Only he who knows what an Unruly Tyrant this Vagabond Member of
my Faculty is
Can appreciate Thy Great Power, Most Awful Laws.

Now that Thou hast held in subjection so successfully this
Lazy Fellow
I close, not my eyes, but my books, prostrating myself in Thy
Presence.
And rest in Peace.
Selah.

A FACULTY FEAST.

Some weeks ago the military governor of this province, Ch'u YU P'u, appeared at the Government University where the Pretender teaches English six hours a week and announced that he had "consented" to act as president of the institution. He was about to leave Paochingfu to drive the "Reds" out of Central China but he said he was leaving the University in charge of one of his able generals, named Wang. The latter made a speech in which he said he didn't know much about education but realized that we would need money and he would see that we got it. In spite of the fact that the governor himself is an ex-bandit and has had practically no "schooling" we preferred him with his money to much better educated men who hadn't the wherewithal to keep the University going.

Last Sunday the acting president, Wang, invited the faculty, officials and clerks of the University, to a feast. There were about 130 all told and before we ate we had a group picture taken. The dinner was a \$2. a plate affair, which is rather high as Chinese prices go. We had birds' nest soup, sharks fins, bamboo sprouts, lotus seeds and many other dishes which the Pretender could not name but best of all was the opportunity to get better acquainted with some of the members of the faculty. Most of the American returned students who were on the faculty have left but there are still some fine fellows there and the privilege of a common life with them is one that is highly valued.

THE CUB-REPORTER GETS HIS FIRST STORY ACCEPTED.

The Cub-Reporter is getting dissatisfied with the limited circulation of this paper so he decided to fish for bigger game. He

baited his hook with an account of our boat trip last summer and cast it in the direction of the Junior Home Magazine. It was his own composition and his own handwriting, tho he may have had a little help with grammar and spelling. Fishing at such long range certainly requires much patience. It took two months to learn the result of his efforts so when after waiting so long a letter finally came from the Junior Home there was naturally great excitement for the young author. We watched his face to see what would happen when he opened the envelope and knew by the expression thereon, before he told us, that his fish had been landed. His "honorarium" was a six months' subscription to the Junior Home and now he is waiting for the appearance of his first story in print.

AN UNUSUAL WINTER.

North China winters are usually the dry season of the year. The fine loess soil gets drier and drier till by spring it is sometimes hard to tell where the soil leaves off and the atmosphere begins. Not so this spring. There were heavy rains late last fall and about the middle of January we were visited by the heaviest snow storm we have ever seen in China. It lasted for weeks and remnants can still be seen on the north side of houses and walls. The mud which followed this snow was a fright but we still contend that it is preferable to the filthy dust of ordinary years.

Our convenience, however, is of small consequence. The great blessing from this unusual winter comes to the Chinese farmer. He can now plant his spring crops and even if there is no rain for two or three months the ground is so damp as to assure a good harvest about the first of June. Winters of this sort are not frequent in this region but when they come they are of inestimable worth to the whole countryside.

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The Sports-Editor and Cub-Reporter have the elephants' child's "Satiabla curticosity" for stories, and recently they have

found an old Chinese tale which suits them exactly, for according to the Chinese ~~sm~~ it has no end. The characters in the story are household names and shops sell toys made in their images. The Busy-Manager heard so much of the tale that she became interested and asked her Chinese teacher to read it in Chinese. Sixteen volumes have been purchased and about half of the first volume has been read. For the benefit of other children she has written down each day's story and passed on the beginning of it to our readers. She makes no pretense at an exact translation. In Chinese literature this story is named "Lsi Yu Chi". It is weighted down with superstition and Buddhist mysteries, but relieved of these it has much of interest just as a story.

THE STORY.

Many ages ago, more than you can count, the world was made, -not by one act, and not in seven days, but gradually thru seven long periods of thousands of years each. When all was finished there were four great continents and on the eastern shore of one of these was a very beautiful mountain "Hua Kuo Shan" or the Mountain of Fruits and Flowers. Here were found the choicest fruits and beautiful flowers, and in the brilliant trees nestled birds of many colors and songs. On this mountain there were no rough winds, nor did the sun shine too hot. On the very summit was a wonderful stone 36 ft. high and 24 ft. around. The sides were steep and bare, but on the top of this stone grew the most beautiful of all flowers, the orchid. Now this stone was not like any other stone in the world. It lay peacefully in the sunshine, quietly enjoying the beauty by which it was surrounded until its heart was so full of joy that it burst "Beng" and from within there rolled a stone egg. There was a rush of wind, a rearing and whirring, and from this stone egg there stepped forth a stone monkey, perfect in form, with eyes more brilliant than the stars. The little fellow tried his legs - he could walk, and in his joy at being alive he made deep bows to the four corners of the world. So bright was the light from his eyes that it reached to the very Heaven and the Father of Heaven opened the south gate to send down a messenger to learn the cause of all this light. As the messenger returned to report that on the Mountain

of Fruits and Flowers there was a stone monkey whose eyes were more brilliant than the stars, the light faded and gradually disappeared. This stone monkey had begun to eat the food of mortals and had lost his gleam.

The little monkey was very happy in his new home. All the wild creatures of the mountain froliced and played with him and at night he slept in the cave which had been his home before he became a monkey. One day he was playing with the other monkey. They froliced and leaped, they shouted and sang. Growing hot and tired they decided to go to the river to bathe. After a short walk they came to a stream clear as crystal, cool and sparkling, and it sang merrily as it raced down the mountain. They were curious about its source and decided to follow it. Laughing and playing they ran until they came to a beautiful waterfall high and steep. They found the waterfall most fascinating and they clapped their hands in glee as the spray fell in showers about them. As they watched the water come tumbling down they noticed behind the veil a cave.

"Come", called one, "who can jump into that cave and back again without getting hurt?"

Another called, "The one who can is a brave boy, him will we choose to be our king".

"I can", the stone monkey exclaimed, closed his eyes, and jumped.

When he opened his eyes the waterfall was gone, nor could he hear his friends. He found himself in a meadow more beautiful than his lovely mountain and he began to explore. Soon he stood upon an iron bridge in the middle of which he found a stone on which was carved the inscription "The Paradise behind this curtain of spray is the Flowery Mountain's Crystal Cave". Crossing the bridge he came to a stone house. He entered and found in the rooms many things used by people. The house was set in a beautiful garden and all about were tall pine trees. The little monkey was much pleased with his discovery and decided to share it with his friends. He recrossed the bridge, shut his eyes, and jumped and when he opened his eyes he was again surrounded by his companions, who began to ask him why he had disappeared, where he had gone, and why he

had stayed so long.

"I have found a home which is like Heaven itself", he exclaimed, and all the monkeys began to laugh and question him. As he described this wonderful place they grew eager to see it.

"What a fine home!", exclaimed one.

"There we would be quite safe from any wind or rain", said another.

Finally all the brave ones decided to take the leap, shut their eyes and jumped and they too landed in the cave. They ran across the bridge and into the house admiring everything. They tried the beds, they sat beside the tables, they lifted the pretty bowls carefully, and they whiffed the fragrance of the flowers. In the midst of their delight the little stone monkey reminded them of their promise to choose as their kind the one bold enough to leap and return uninjured. Immediately his friends crowned him as their leader and king, and he became Mei Hou Wang (Beautiful King Monkey).

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THE TREASURE'S REPORT.

The reports of our Treasure are not limited to the end of the year; neither do they keep her awake nights while preparing them. They come at unexpected times and we value them for their originality and spontaneity. Here is one of them! "Mother, you just have to put some lotion on my face. My cheeks is getting chappier and chaoppier". Another:

Treasure: "James, I bet I can make you say 'Yes', or 'Of course!'"

Sport-Editor: "Try it".

Treasure: "Me's a nice girl". Seeing thru her trick the Sport-Editor was more truthful than accomodating in his reply:

"Sometimes you are and sometimes you are not".

Recently the Treasure has been making reports on her biological discoveries. More than once her commanding voice to the rest of the "band" has rung out loudly and clearly, "Come quick! The old goat is borning a new baby."

THE AMERICAN BIBLE.

Perhaps you didn't know there is such a thing but stop and think. What is a bible? Isn't it that which one reads before, or at breakfast, spends much time with on Sundays and uses as a source from which he gets the ideas which he believes? If so, isn't the modern newspaper a bible? And really the "inspired writers" of this bible are to make one laugh. They must be inspired for much of their material doesn't come from any deity source. Wonderful is the imagination of these modern prophets. "All the Missionaries Have Been Ordered Out of China" said the bible not long ago and consequently we received letters from various mothers and friends wondering where we were and doubting ~~where we~~ if their letters would ever reach us. Yes, Wonderful! we repeat.

We recently asked a young educated Chinese friend what the newspapers of his own land had to say about the present situation. He is a wide-awake fellow and we hoped to get some first hand information, but he replied, "I haven't looked at a newspaper for several days. They report so much that isn't so that I know better what the truth is when I don't read the paper than when I do." We wonder how many Americans are heretical enough to dispense with their devotions for even a period of "several days".

Since the trouble at Foochow we have read three different accounts of the event. The first of course was in the bible and as soon as we read it we began to wonder what really happened. After a while we learned a letter came from George Newell who visited Pootingfu a couple of years ago. When we read his letter we remarked "What a pity that the reports that got into the paper are not written in such a spirit". For all the episode was "good material" for a newspaper story Newell pointed out that it didn't indicate that the friendly nature of the Chinese people had suddenly changed over night. He also revealed the fact that the only American Board Missionaries who had left Foochow were

three single ladies who were soon due for a furlough or were not in good health.

Just the other day Sam Leger's "Version" reached us and we feel we have come to the climax now. We have always admired Sam's intellect but it had hardly deared upon us that he was a humorist until this letter came. Sam was right in the excitement, Newall was in another part of the city and we suppose the "inspired writers" for the bible were in another part of the country. As we compare the three reports we feel like classifying them as follows:

Sam's - "Good", for it made us laugh

Newall's - "Fair" not that it was less than good but it seemed to present the Chinese side with "fairness".

The Inspired Writer - Well, just what you would expect.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Speaking of writers we are reminded of one who visited us a few weeks ago. Perhaps we ought to state that we recognize the fact that writers and missionaries have this in common! "They are not all alike". Our journalist guest was certainly not like many of his fellow tradesmen and we really greatly enjoyed his coming. He and his wife with a baby born in France, are travelling around the world making their living as they go. They have a book soon to appear on "Europe on Nothing" and when he was in Pootungia he was preparing an article on "Missionaries I Have Met" or some kindred subject. He has met about 2000, he said, and some of them had apparently made impressions on him comparable to impressions we have received from some journalists. We shall wait with interest the appearance of this article which will enable us to see ourselves as "Another (Journalist) Sees Us".

CHINA CALLS FOR A NEW DEAL.

Anyone who studies China's international relations for the past 80 years will see what we mean if we say that it has been a gamblers' game with the cards stacked against China. In spite of the reputation of the individual Chinese the nation as a whole has not had much luck in this international game. She has been a constant loser and has had to part with valuable portions of her former possessions. Loreo, Indo-China, Hongkong, Weiweiwei, and Tsingtau were taken outright. Foreign Concessions in Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow and Kiang, with Foreign Legations in Peking followed in their turn, and with them went Extraterritorial Rights and Tariff Autonomy. Now these are pretty big stakes for a country to lose and it takes a real gambler to stick by their game as China has done for more than three-quarters of a century. But it hasn't been a complete loss to China for out of her past experience she has gained considerable knowledge of the international game. She has now learned that there are times when it is legitimate to call for a new deal. Of course that doesn't sound nice to those who hold all the face cards but if they are the real sports they claim to be they'll grant the request before John kicks the table over and spills the cash. Some of the players think that John's methods of boycotts and mob violence are "ungentlemanly" and so thought John when his stakes were wrested from him with foreign gunboats and international intrigues and combinations.

Call it "ungentlemanly" if you like but it seems to us that some of China's recent activities deserve praise rather than condemnation: So far as we are able to learn not a single foreign life has been lost in the recapture to Chinese control of the British concessions at Hankow and Kui-kiang. Some foreign property was damaged and destroyed, one German was seriously injured and other foreigners underwent considerable inconvenience but the Nationalist Government has already turned over \$3,500 to the wounded German and has paid the British representatives \$40,000. to settle for damages done to British property. A commission composed of British and Chinese representatives is now working on plans whereby the British Concession in Tientsin will be given back to Chinese control. What is going to happen in Shanghai is still a mystery. Since the Southerners have captured Wuhu it looks as if they would likely get Nanking and when they have done that there is no need of fighting for Shanghai for they will have it already. If

there is no fighting in Shanghai what is the need of all these foreign gunboats and marines?

Perhaps those who caused them to be sent can answer that question but if they think that they are protecting "us missionaries" some of us would much prefer to get along without that kind of protection. We hope and pray that an excuse for taking them away may be found before some ignoramus drops a match in the powder magazing which the presence of these boats creates. We don't want gunboat protection, and we don't want "special privileges", even for propagating Christianity. To be sure missionaries had a hand in getting these special privileges into the treaties, and no doubt some missionaries still want them there but we don't belong to that bunch. We are looking for some way by which we can help undo what our predecessors helped to accomplish. We are not willing to go as far as some foreigners are reported to have done in Peking who have renounced their American citizenship and become naturalized citizens of China, but some of us have considered leaving China with the understanding that we would not come back till the treaties are changed and we are invited back, either by the Chinese government or some other Chinese representative body. We are retarded from this step, however, for fear that our leaving at this time would make a difficult situation for our Chinese Christian friends. We heartily approve of Washington's gesture of being ready to make a new treaty with China independent of other nations, but we wish something more than talk could be accomplished, and that right soon. But whatever is done don't send any more gunboats. That seems to us a very short-sighted, narrow-minded and fat-headed policy, too old fashioned to be of any use in Modern China.

A Chinese guest who was formerly with Feng Yu Hsiang had lunch with us the other day and he predicts that Feng's army will be in control of the area in which we are living within three months. We don't know about the exact time but it does look as if Chang Tso Lin's arrow is shot. Wu P'ei Fu is helpless in Honan and his leading general, Chin Yun Ao, whom Wu dismissed here in Pootingfu less than a year ago, is now giving orders to most of Wu's army. Chang's march thru Honan seems to have come to a stop and with Chin and Feng and the Southerners combined, against him it looks as if Chang might go the same way that his last year's partner, Wu, has gone. Just what will happen to our peaceful city when the present occupants retreat and another army comes

in we are not able to say but our common sense tells us that the radical wing of the Southern army will have less grounds for causing disturbance if our country is actually taking steps to make a new treaty than if she follows Britain's example and waits till she is forced to grant what China is demanding.

Since we began to write this section three items of interest have reached us, portions of which we would like to share with our readers. The first was from Arthur and Nettie Allen in their "Allen Family News". They are in the Y.M.C.A. at Nanchang and their lives of excitement make us feel that we live in a pretty tame town. When Nanchang was besieged last October Allen and another American missionary were asked by the City Fathers to undertake a trip to the enemy's camp to find out on what terms they would raise the siege. Taking their lives in their hands, along with the American and Red Cross flags, they were let down the outside of the city wall by rickety ladders tied together, and set out on their perilous journey into No-Man's-Land. Allen's account of dodging bullets and lying down among corpses like possums is the most exciting reading we have had for a long while. They reached their destination, peace terms were made and the siege was raised but not till many had been killed, who with those who died from cholera remained unburied till their decaying bodies filled the city with a stench that surpassed the usual smell of Chinese cities. Foreigners may have outlived their usefulness in China, along some lines, but there still are times when even non-Christians appreciate our presence and are glad to make use of us.

The second news item mentioned above was a letter which brought the good news that Miss Chapin's brother and his wife had reached Shanghai in safety from their mission station at Changte, Hunan. The last letter she had from them, written January 30, stated that they were practically prisoners because their own servants would not let them leave until they were paid the equivalent of three years' wages. They were forced to close their school sometime ago and as their servants went on a strike and they could not buy food they had to leave. Of course the servants had been coached, and no doubt forced by radical agitators who told them that they had been underpaid for years and therefore should make this demand to settle their just accounts. We don't know what agreement was finally made but it was a

great relief to Miss Chapin to learn that her brother and sister-in-law had arrived safely at Shanghai. It is certainly remarkable that with all the confusion there hasn't been one foreigner killed, so far as we know.

The third letter was from a city in the Yang-Tze Valley and contained a simile so apt that we hope the author will not take offence if we use it without first getting permission to quote. We don't know her name but she is a single lady missionary who said that after waiting all these months for the Nationalists to reach their city she was sure she now knows how it feels to wait for the birth of a baby. We have not been quite as anxious as that but sooner or later we do expect that we shall have to welcome the nationalists in Pootingfu.

If they do reach ^{Pootingfu}, and we are still here, we hope to be able to see the situation in as humorous a manner as our friend Sam Lager seems to have beheld the one at Foochow. In preparation for that day, and with apologies to Mr. Kipling, we make this prayer: "If we do lose our heads along with others around us who are losing theirs (and we are not at all thinking of those who have literally gone to the block) grant, O Lord, that we may not lose our sense of humor". Since it is not possible to lose anything that we do not have perhaps we should not assume too much but simply our request and breathe it thus: "Lord give us a sense of humor".

P.S. We are not as blue as some of these sheets might lead you to believe. Due to the fact that our efficient Chinese postoffice has had a slump during these last few months we were unable to get the proper ink and experimented with what was available in Pootingfu. We'll know better than to use it again and hope that the ink we ordered from Tientsin before Christmas will be available by the time we next go to print.

P.P.S.

Since we began to print this issue of the Chimes we have received a report part of which we wish to pass on as our closing remark. It is a quotation from the Chinese president of the Central China University, Dr. Francis Wei. He said, "The Chinese is idealistic, the westerner realistic. The Chinese is poetic, the westerner mathematical. My western friends should not take things too literally but should retain a sense of humor".