CHINESE GIRLS ON TOAST

Editor, The China Critic.

Sir:—I have read Mr. Lin Yutang’s interesting letter both with gusto and surprise. First because his argumentation is clever and logical; second because I don’t think Mr. Lin Yutang—more than myself really believed in the existence of the mysterious Miss Fan who started the show! Until further notice, I think Miss Fan is the pseudonym of a humoristic confreure, who fired the first gun.

Mr. Lin Yutang cannot believe anyone says a good thing about China. He attributes Chinese girls’ anger to their inferiority complex. They would suspect any European of insulting them when he confesses his admiration! I like his explanation of the slave girl who having been ill treated all her life raises her little fist at the man from the West who dares pay her a compliment.

However, my answer to my distinguished friend Mr. Lin Yutang will be as clear as the water of the Fountain of Truth: although I may be stoned (if possible, with jade pearls and sticks of rouge, please) by the fair sex in China, I shall keep on admiring the grace, the figure, the poise, and harmonious gestures of Chinese ladies. Without any mockery, because my sense of beauty is satisfied in observing them either in a ball room or a salon. He says they are hungry for criticism? Let them wait until I write my impression of China. They will then discover that as a friend of China I am telling frankly what I like or dislike in their country.

But let us advise them not to dye their hair! The world is crowded with ten cents dolls, with platinum blondes turned out at the rate of 1,200 a day like Mr. Henry Ford’s cars. Chinese women have their own type and beauty and they would dream of being doll No. 3,748,032 at the World’s Beauty Bazaar? I hope they are intelligent enough to resist this temptation.

This reminded me of this Prince of the XVIIIth century who commanded a small army of his own in Central Europe. He once exclaimed with despair:

“The h.... with my soldiers! I have been giving them red, green, black and yellow uniforms successively... Could you believe they insist on running away from the battlefield!”

Chinese ladies need not change their color neither of their eyes nor of their hair to win their battles on the field of Love.

I am Sir, Your faithfully, Maurice Dekobra.

AN OVERSEA CHINESE PROTESTS

Editor, The China Critic.

Sir:—Your remarkable comments on Mr. Hu Han-min’s recent proposals published in your last issue reminds me of an unpleasant experience I had in Nanking last October.

I am an overseas Chinese who had the usual patriotism strong enough to urge me to leave dear ones behind to serve or try to serve the dear old country in my own small way in the interior. I have been back in China for two years, which have taught me a good deal. Anyhow that is quite enough in the way of introduction.

Well, last October the great National Athletic Meet was held and I invited a younger brother who loves sports to come to see the country at that time. On his arrival from Java I took him to Nanking, but found there that all the rooms in the few decent hotels were either booked or occupied. The China Travel Bureau, after seeing that we were overseas Chinese kindly advised us to go to the Oversea Chinese Hotel. I gladly took the advice and went right away. Now sir, what do you think I got when I arrived at my destination? Of course, I expected a warm ‘welcome home’ greeting from those who are paid (excuse me, they may be honoraryofficials!) to look after the inst. Special arrangements will be made to celebrate the inauguration of the service on Feb. 1.

ENFORCEMENT OF NEW SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Jan. 9.—In ministerial orders to the various organs under its direct jurisdiction, the Ministry of Finance instructs that in order to foster the nation-wide use of the new (metric) system of weights and measures, the various organs concerned—including the Customs—shall base their calculations on the new weights and measures as from Feb. 1, 1934.

interest of the overseas Chinese. Well, I did not get it. The gatekeeper who was anything could be, refused to let us in and also refused to bring in my card to any responsible person inside. Mind you sir, we did not look in the least suspicious, in fact quite well-dressed and as polite as overseas Chinese. I purposely raised my voice in argument with the hope that the noise made would draw somebody’s attention inside the building. I was glad that some one did come out and I thought that I would have a more friendly encounter. But alas! I found it was a man where a Chinese clerk informed us the whole building is open to Kuomintang members only. Thus I spent six beautiful dollars on which were these characters ¢$ $½ $½ (Republic of China) to learn that we do not belong to this ‘China’ or this country does not belong to us. Mind you, in Java I used to help collecting taxes and to sympathize for this what I thought was my own—my native land! Now to make my story complete; it took a foreigner to help us get a room in a foreign hotel just for that night and we had to leave for Shanghai the next day.

There sir, kinder for me go on with another subject. My brother had also come to see if there is a possibility of promoting Chinese trade in Java. He found, however, that with export tax to pay here and Import tax to pay there, it would be most difficult to do any business if not impossible. In his opinion as a business man the Japanese in the Netherlands, East Indies is bound to flourish because of the Japanese cheap goods, which are within the reach of every native, rich or poor.

Then there is another subject I like to touch upon. In the recent issue of The China Press sporting Pink, a reader greatly deplored that Mr. Hu Cheng-chi, the crowned tennis champion of China, should be connected with a Japanese sporting firm. I wonder if that same reader was here when Mr. Hsu had an exhibition match against Mr. Gordon Lum? Well, I saw him then. I was informed that he never knew anything of the match till he read the newspapers. Those who arranged the match did not even inform him of it! And I know that it was a kind Dutch gentleman who took Hsu in his car to the match. Hsu was a guest here, though in his own country, but neglected. Hsu is at home, though in Java, but well looked after by the Japs.

I don’t say sir, it should be much obliged if you Mr. Lin Yu would kindly inform the Oversea Chinese whether or not they have the privilege to own, as well as the duty to love, China. I had lived for 20