

there is a strain of childishness in the Chinese which comes out even in their wrath. If they have a grievance against a foreigner they will often write him an anonymous letter in which the (usually imaginary) offence is magnified out of all proportion, and the culprit is informed that the wrath of heaven will fall upon him, whilst the powers of justice will first punish him in this world; if he goes by train he will be smashed up; if by boat he will meet with a watery grave. In the same way the young student spirit comes out in the Peking papers published in English. They ignore the present state of China with its rampant corruption and its brigandage. And, posing as the representatives of a state endowed with all the virtues, they censure the foreigner for his cupidity and double-dealing.

Chinese boys are, Pereira says, a curious product of humanity. Like all Chinese they are born schemers. If he caught his boy out in some offence the boy would try to point out that he—Pereira—was in the wrong, for which the blame really rested with Pereira. If he was late it would be Pereira's watch which was wrong. However, on the road, when difficulties had to be overcome, he always rose to the occasion. He was an autocrat among the coolies and an excellent organiser.

The Chinese, with the oldest civilisation in the world and plenty of intelligence and capacity for hard work, ought to have gone ahead of all other nations. But for some inexplicable reason they have dropped behind the nations of Europe and run to seed. This is partly on account of their