

the historian of the common people. He tells the history of the the great men of times gone by, the deeds of heroism, and the revolutions of the various dynasties.

Many Chinese cannot read the books that contain these so the storyteller supplies this lack of learning. Due to him the past lives in the thought and imagination of the men of today, and they are fired by these accounts of their forefathers.

He comes out every afternoon when the weather is favorable and puts his stool in a public resort, usually in front of some popular temple. The crowds gather to listen and hang on his words.

One of the most useful man on the street is the professional letter writer. On a round stool beside a rickety table he sits---this figure in wellworn clothes. Spread before him are letter paper, envelopes, and a box of ink (a solid mass, black in color and rectangular in shape.) Handling his brush-like pen with a scholarly air, he proceeds to do his work.

A woman may come to have him write a letter to her son in a distant province. He writes as she talks. Too, a father may have a letter from a daughter in Soochow which he cannot read so the scholar at the table will help him. There are always people around to listen in and make suggestions.

A short distance from Nanking Road are the crooked streets and alleys where the open front shops sell everything that a Chinese person would require. Along side them are the noisy workshops where things are manufactured before the eyes of the passersby.

Chinese groceries are of special interest. Fresh vegetables are usually sold on the street early in the morning but