On the Ferryboat

I always enjoy myself when I go on a ferryboat. As I sit watching passengers pass by, I can imagine myself in a miniature of the world in which all sorts of life go on.

The ferryboat was overcrowded with people. Most of them were going home from their offices; others were making their way to other parts of the city. Some were talking to each other, others were laughing or singing. A few were just standing and looking around, seemingly lost in thought.

I sat next to a man who was reading a newspaper. He seemed to be enjoying himself. A little girl stood beside him, holding a doll. She was pointing at something and smiling.

Just then, a group of schoolgirls ran past us. They were laughing and chatting, and seemed to be having a great time.

Christina Song (Sacred Heart School)

My Dislike

In truth, I really dislike and even hate my desk. I do not know why everybody should have a desk, and I have never liked the idea. My desk is a very tidy and well-organized one, but I do not like it because it is too small. It does not have enough space for my books and papers. As a matter of fact, I would like to have a desk as big as this one.

Do you hear how a piercing sound is made? It is the sound of my books and papers. I have tried to keep them clean, but I cannot do it. Every time I open a book, it seems to make a noise. Even when I close the book, it still seems to make a noise.

Really, desk like this is a talkative and annoying person. Do you like such a person? I do not like it.

A Chinese Historical Story Retold

How To Weigh The Elephant?

At the time of the Han Dynasty, when Cho-cho was the prime minister, an elephant was offered to China from a foreign country.

When Cho-cho and other officials were told that an elephant was being sent, Cho-cho suddenly said, "I must see this elephant. Who knows what it will be good for? Nobody can say what it will be used for." Cho-cho then asked, "Is it a large elephant?" It is said that the elephant came from a large country.

Bring the elephant to the river, and make a mark where the place where the river reaches the same mark. Then weigh the stone on one side. The load weight is the true weight of the animal.

Cho was very satisfied with that answer. Do you know who this boy was? He was Cho-cheng, the son of Cho-cho.

Breakfast for two

JOHN: Can you tell the abbreviations of the months of the year?

JOHN: Yes, you are.

K. W. P. (St. Joseph's College)

PARK: Jim, who is the winner of the football match?

JIM: My father.

PARK: Your father? What does he do?

JIM: He writes stories.

N. Kang (Queen's College)

TOURIST: Any big man born around here?

NATIVE: No, only babies are born here. Different in the city, I suppose.

D. Low (Wah Yung College)

JOAN: George, can you make a sentence with the name of a country?

GEORGE: I always love you (1-4-19)

F. Y. Yung

Tea in the Argentine

Before many years have passed, Argentina may become a formidable rival to Ceylon as the world's leading exporter of tea.

In the last two years, the number of Argentine tea planters has increased from 800 to over 11,000, and last year they had 166 million bushels under cultivation compared with about six million in 1930. Exports from India have shown that the climate in the province of Misiones is better for growing tea than in either India or Ceylon. The Argentine annual consumption of tea is 3000 tons — once all imported. By 1932 she expects to produce as much as this, plus a surplus of 15,000 tons of tea for export.

A Night Promenade At Ch'eng-tien

On the twelfth night of the tenth moon of the sixth year of Yung-chien, I had undressed and was going to bed, when the moonlight entered my door, and I got up, happy of heart. I thought there was no place in the world where I could be happier than here. I walked over to the 25th Temple to look for Huang-li. He had not yet come to bed. So we walked about in the yard. The yard looked like a transparent pool with the shadows of water-glass in it, but they were really the shadows of bamboo and pine-trees cast by the moonlight. Isn't there a moon on every night? And aren't there bamboo and pine-trees everywhere? Only there are few carefree people like the two of us.

From "The Country and My People" by Liu Yung