On the Ferryboat

I always enjoy watching passengers on a ferryboat. It is a miniature of the world in which all walks of life are going on.

The ferryboat I was now in was crowded with people. Most of them were going home from their offices; it was then half past five. Some were yawning and looking very tired, both mentally and physically. Some were leaning against the gunwales for they had no seats to sit on. Some children sat impatiently and wanted to run about but were forbidden by their parents.

A young girl sitting next to me was a man about thirty; he was reading a newspaper absently. A pretty girl on my left was gazing at the sea; she seemed to be meditating. Two persons sat before me; they were discussing some business matter. Several schoolgirls sat behind me; they were chattering and laughing all the way.

Before the ferryboat had hardly reached the pier, the people rushed to the gangway. When it was finally lowered they dashed out like a torrent. They came and went so hurriedly. This, above all, interested me most.

Christina Soong (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, a very tidy and good one but not I. Is it because my face disarranges it?

As a matter of fact my desk is quite pretty, and I have tried my best to keep it clean. So you may feel it strange that I dislike it so deeply. But you will understand while I am opening my desk, it is true.

Do you hear? what a piercing sound it makes! It pricks my ears and my nerves. Everything I open is in "E" and "F" so noisily that even classmate looks at me. It seems as if it is taking delight in laughing at my unsanity.

Really my desk is like a talkative and annoying woman. Do you like a chatter-box? I don't like it.

Christopher (Pui Sun College)

A Chinese Historical Story Retold—

How To Weigh The Elephant?

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

When Cho-cho and other officials were weighing that elephant, Cho-cho suddenly said, "It is really a huge elephant but who knows what its weight is? Nobody could answer. Like me before Cho said, "It is quite easy. Bring the elephant to a ship in the river and make a mark where the water reaches the side of the ship. Drag the elephant ashore and then put stones into the ship till the water reaches the same mark. Then weigh the stones one by one. The total weight is the true weight of the animal."

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

B-8 (Wah Yan, H. K.)

Translation Model

A Night Promenade At Ch'eng'tien

On the twelfth night of the tenth moon of the sixth year of Yungching, I had undressed and was going to bed, when the moonlight entered my door, and I got up happy, pleased. I thought there was no one to share this happiness with me so I walked over to the Ch'engtien Temple to look for Huang. He, too, had not yet gone to bed. So we paced about in the yard. The yard looked like a transparent pool with the shadow of the moonlight, but there were not the usual shadows of bamboo and pines tossed by the moonlight. Every day there is an event on every night! And aren't there bamboo and pines everywhere? Only there are few carefree people like the two of us.

From "My country and My People" by Lin Yutang

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 few years, the number of Argentine tea planters has increased from 800 to over 11,000, and last year's crop was 166 million pounds under cultivation compared with about six million in 1936.

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 1936 it expects to produce as much as this, plus a surplus of 10,000 tons for export.