

The YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

DECEMBER
1940

30 Centavos

AP 201
y 6
v. 6
No. 12



Announcement to All Writers:

We Will Pay You

for writing articles of merit for publication in
THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

We want interesting children's stories from 200 to 500 words in length; also games, reading devices, articles of historical interest, elementary science and health articles, puzzles, jokes, and playlets. We also wish to buy several good serial stories. Interesting stories less than 200 words in length are desired for Little People. You can add to your income by writing for us.

Primary Teachers:

We especially desire various kinds of interesting material suitable for

First, Second, and Third Grade Pupils.

We will pay teachers and others for material which we can use.

Each article should be written in clear, easy, correct English, on one side of the paper, typewritten if possible, or written by hand neatly and legibly.

The article should be submitted with a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise the publishers will not return it to the writer in case it cannot be used.

Address all communications to:

The Managing Editor
The Young Citizen
Care of Community Publishers, Inc.
P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

This Magazine Is Approved by the Bureau of Education
VOLUME 6

NUMBER 12

DECEMBER • 1940

• For First Graders

Christmas Numbers	444
A Christmas Page for a Good Reader	445

• For Second Graders

Drawing Santa and his Children	446
Coloring Santa and his Children	447

• For Third Graders

A Great Filipino	448
The First Nowell	449

• Stories

The Madonna of the Chair	451
When Rizal Was a Boy— <i>Carlos Agatep</i>	452
Christmas Gold	453
My Boyhood Christmas— <i>Ramon D. Bucu</i>	454
The Christmas Spirit (A Playlet)— <i>Pancita Flores</i>	456

• Poems

How Do I Know It's Christmas?— <i>Selected</i>	443
The Christmas Star— <i>Antonio M. Manoag</i>	459
Three Wise Men— <i>Selected</i>	459
Gifts— <i>Selected</i>	459
Christmas Everywhere— <i>Angel V. Campoy</i>	459
Bright Star of Christmas— <i>Selected</i>	459

• Character and Citizenship

The Meaning of Christmas— <i>Dr. I. Panlasigui</i>	442
--	-----

• Elementary Science

Mother Camel and her Baby	450
The Ship of the Desert	464

• History

The Early Days of Rizal	466
The Wife of Rizal— <i>Catalino G. Garingalao, Jr.</i>	468

• Music Appreciation

When Good Old Kris Comes 'Round— <i>Harry C. Eldridge</i>	460
Brahms, Intellectual Composer— <i>Bert Paul Osbon</i>	462
Writing a Christmas Song	470

• Work and Play

A Puppet Theater for Christmas	471
Making Candies	473
A Visit to Dapitan— <i>Josefina F. Alvarez</i>	475
Our Christmas Club— <i>Bonifacio Yulo</i>	475
Practicing My Piano Lesson— <i>Naty Jose</i>	475
The Funny Page	478
Chats with the Editor	480

Published monthly by the Community Publishers, Inc., 122 Crystal Arcade, Escalita, Manila, Philippines. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Manila Post Office on May 16, 1936. Editorial Director: *José E. Romero*; Managing Editor: *Bert Paul Osbon*; Contributing Editors: *Dr. I. Panlasigui* and *Quirico A. Cruz*; Staff Artist: *Pedro Faguia*; Business Manager: *Emiliana Garcia Rosales*.

Subscription Price: P3.00 for one year of 12 issues; \$2.00 in the United States and foreign countries. Single copy, 30 centavos.

Subscriptions are to be paid to Community Publishers, Inc.



THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

This is December. It is the happiest month of the year.

December means Christmas. In December everybody feels the Christmas spirit. The stores have Christmas decorations.

Christmas is the season for gifts.

Everybody likes to give gifts. Children like to receive Christmas gifts. To them Christmas means receiving gifts.

The first Christmas took place many years ago. It was the birthday of Jesus, the Son of God.

Jesus was the gift of God to all men. Jesus taught people how to live happily with themselves and with other peoples. He taught us how to love our fellow men. He taught us how to be kind.

Jesus was the gift of God to men on the first Christmas Day. From that time on people have been giving gifts to one another.

We feel happy when we receive gifts. We should also be happy when we give gifts.

Maria has many friends.

She prepared gifts for every one of her friends. She said to herself: "I'm going to give Christmas presents to all my friends. Then, I hope every one of them will also give me Christmas presents."

Before Christmas Maria gave her Christmas presents to all her friends. Her friends were very happy. They said, "Maria is very good to us. She gave us Christmas presents."

When Christmas came Maria did not receive a single Christmas present from her friends.

Suppose you were Maria, how would you feel? Would you enjoy the Christmas spirit?

What is the meaning of Christmas to you?

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

HOW DO I KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS?

How do I know it's Christmas?
 Someone asked me today,
 So I am going to tell you
 Of the signs along the way.

I hear the merry, merry bells
 Ring out in accents clear,
 That tell to all the waiting
 earth
 Glad Christmas time is here.

I see the stars that brightly
 gleam
 In skies so blue above,
 And then I think of one that
 shone
 To tell us of God's love.

I hear the children's voices
 sing
 Sweet carols once again,
 And so I think how angels sang
 Of peace, good will to men.

I see the candles gleaming now
 From windows far and near;
 They, too, bear us the message
 That Christmas time is here.

How do I know it's Christmas?
 Christmas is in the air;
 I feel its presence all around—
 'Tis Christmas ev'rywhere.



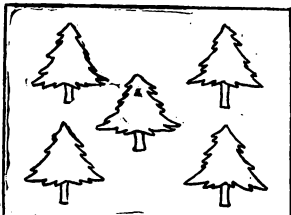
—Selected.

FOR FIRST GRADERS**CHRISTMAS NUMBERS**

How many lovely Christmas trees are
in the first picture? _____

How many dear old Santas are
in the second picture? _____

How many Christmas trees and Santas
are there together? _____



How many bright stars are there
in the third picture? _____

How many pretty Christmas wreaths
are there in the fourth picture? _____

How many stars and wreaths are
there together? _____

How many Christmas trees and stars
are there together? _____

How many Santas and Christmas
wreaths are there together? _____



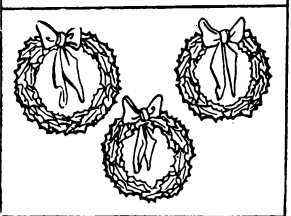
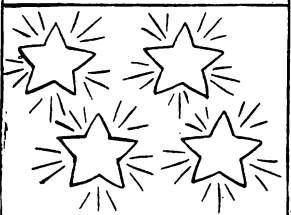
How many more trees than Santas
are there? _____

How many more stars than wreaths
are there? _____

Can you draw 2 Christmas trees?

Can you draw one Santa?

Can you draw 6 stars?



FOR FIRST GRADERS

A CHRISTMAS PAGE FOR A GOOD READER

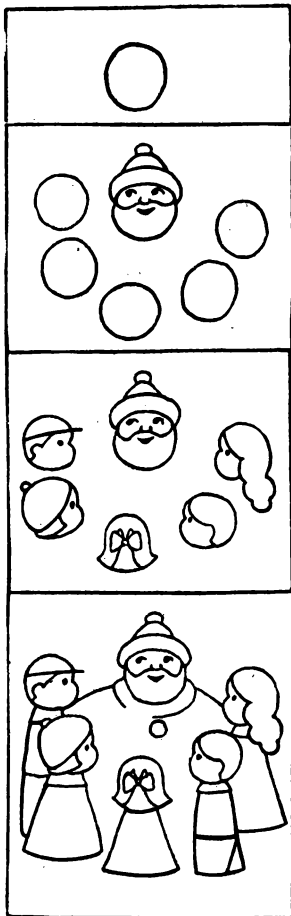
I like Christmas.
I am very happy then.
Santa brings me toys.
He puts toys for me
 on the Christmas tree.

On Christmas Eve
 I go to church.
I go with Mother.
There is a big star
 in the church.
It looks pretty.

We have a good dinner
 on Christmas Day.
We all eat very much.
After dinner we play
 with our new toys.
We sing Christmas songs,
 too.

Mother tells us the story
 of Jesus.
It is a nice story.
Christmas is the best day
 of the year.



FOR SECOND GRADERS**DRAWING SANTA
AND HIS CHILDREN**

Ask Mother or Teacher to read this to you and help you.

First, draw a ring for Santa's head, just as you see in the top picture.

Then draw 5 more rings for the children's heads. Place them as you see in the second picture. Next, draw Santa's face and cap.

Now draw the children's heads. Draw hair, eyes, caps, and hair ribbon just as you see in the third picture. Next, draw Santa's shoulders. Place a collar and a big button on his coat.

Then draw the dress on the girl in the center, and clothes on the other children. Next, draw arms and legs and shoes. Put a sash on the dress of the girl at the right. Now you have Santa and his children.

FOR SECOND GRADERS

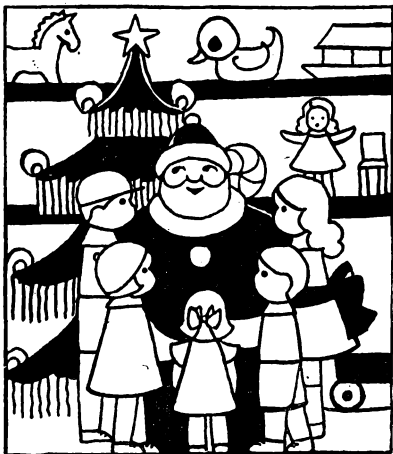
COLORING SANTA AND HIS CHILDREN

Again ask Mother or Teacher to read this to you and help you.

Of course you will want to color your picture of Santa and his children.

But first draw a background for the picture or for two pictures. In one have two toys; in the other a toy-shop.

Color the toys yellow. Color Santa's clothes red. Color the top of his cap red, too. Make black or brown spots or stripes on the clothes of three of the children. Color the Christmas tree green, and the shelves of the toy-shop blue.



FOR THIRD GRADERS**A GREAT FILIPINO**

WHEN Jose Rizal was very small, he wanted to read. His mother was his teacher when he was three years old.

When he was older, he went to a school. He worked hard at his lessons.

He was a good boy. He grew up to be a good man.

He loved the Philippines and tried hard to make this a great country. He died for his country.

Jose Rizal was a great Filipino.



SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

DID YOU ever mail a letter? Did you stick a two-centavo stamp on your letter? Whose picture is on a two-peso bill? Whose picture is on a two-centavo stamp?

Have you ever seen "paper money"? Why is Rizal's picture on a Philippine postage stamp? Why is his picture on Philippine "paper money"? Have you seen a two-peso bill?

JOSE RIZAL

Oh, Rizal! Oh, Rizal!
Today we sing of you.
Oh, Rizal! Oh, Rizal!
So noble, good, and true.

Oh, Rizal! Oh, Rizal!
We want to be like you.
Oh, Rizal! Oh, Rizal!
We love our country too.

FOR THIRD GRADERS**THE FIRST NOWELL ***

THE first Nowell the angel
 did say
 Was to certain poor shepherds
 in fields as they lay
 They looked up and saw a star
 Shining in the east, beyond
 them far
 And by the light of that same
 star
 Three wise men came from
 country far;
 To seek for a King was their
 intent,
 And to follow the star where
 ever it went.



* *Noel* is a French word meaning Christmas. Songs for Christmas were known as *Noels* or *Nowells*; in English they were called *carols*.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

WHEN we keep Christmas we honor the birthday of Jesus. We give presents to each other, because Jesus was a great Gift to the world.

Do you always think of Jesus when you give or receive a Christmas present?

Or have you forgotten why we all keep Christmas?

Let us remember that Christmas is a holy day.

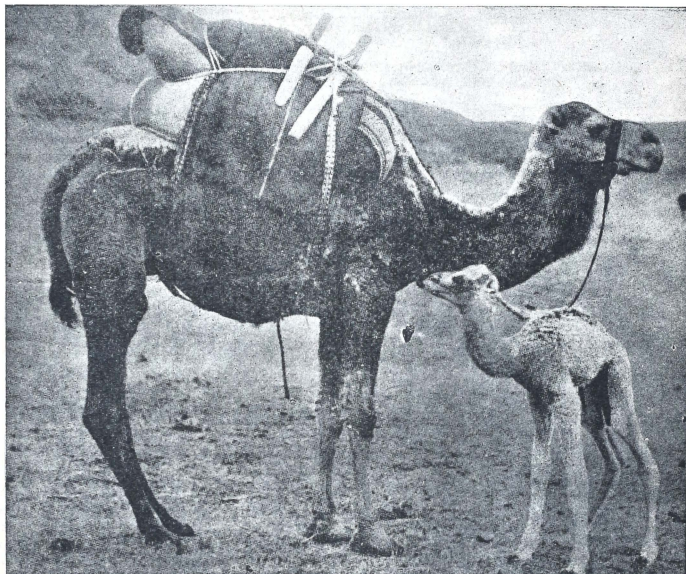
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

How can I help the poor and the needy at Christmas time?

Do I just want to get many presents at Christmas, or does it make me happier to give than to receive?

How can I make some boy or girl or grown-up happy at Christmas?

What is the meaning of Christmas?

MOTHER CAMEL AND HER BABY

THE BABY CAMEL in this picture is only five hours old. He can stand on his four legs and hold his head up. It will take five years for him to grow up. When he is grown he will have a hump like his mother. The hump is made of fat. This hump helps to feed the camel when he can get no other food. At the end of a long journey the hump will be nearly gone.

Camels have pads on their feet. These pads keep them from sinking in the sand of the desert. They have long eyelashes which keep the blowing sand out of their eyes.

The camel can go a long time without water. They have a place in their stomachs to store water.

Camel's milk is used for food.

The camel with one hump, like the one shown in the picture, is called a dromedary.

Camels live in warm countries. They are used to travel. We are told that each of the three Wise Men who went to see the Baby Jesus soon after He was born in Bethlehem rode on a camel. So we often see pictures of camels at Christmas time.

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR**

MANY YEARS AGO there was a great artist who painted many wonderful pictures. His name was Raphael Santi.

One of the famous pictures which Raphael painted is shown on this page. It is a picture of the Christ Child whose birthday we celebrate at Christmas time. He is not shown as a tiny baby in this picture, but as a little fellow who has learned to crawl and to walk. He is listening very quietly while His mother, Mary, tells Him of the time the shepherds left their flocks and came to see Him, of the star that shone over the manger where He lay, and of the song that the angels sang.

This picture is called "*The Madonna of the Chair*," and this is the very delightful story about it: Long ago, in a doorway of a simple cottage in Italy, the young artist, Raphael, saw a mother holding her baby son, while beside her a young child looked up in love and wonder.

This made the artist think of the holy Madonna—Mary, the mother of Jesus—with the Christ Child and His young cousin John. Quickly the artist made a charcoal sketch upon the top of a barrel. When he reached his studio he finished it with glowing colors. And that is the story of the picture which you see repro-

duced on this page.

In the picture which Raphael painted there is an Italian scarf with its lovely design draped beautifully over Mary's shoulders. On her head she wears another. Her blue robe looks very pleasing beside the golden dress of the young Jesus. And our eyes are carried right to the place of greatest interest in the picture—the faces of Mary and Jesus.

Perhaps some day you can see the original painting of the *Madonna of the Chair* just as Raphael painted it.



The Madonna of the Chair

**SOMETHING TO
THINK ABOUT**

1. Has the artist Raphael helped you to feel that Jesus was once a little child just like you?

2. Do you think it was a beautiful idea to have used a real mother with her baby as the subjects for the Madonna

and the Christ Child?

3. Can you tell why you like to celebrate the Christ Child's birthday and what you believe is the most beautiful way that you can do it?

4. Do you know of any other paintings which are suitable for Christmas and which were made by famous artists? What are the pictures? Who were the artists?

WHEN RIZAL WAS A BOY

By CARLOS AGATEP

(10 YEARS OLD)

WHAT KIND of a boy was Jose Rizal? Let us see.

When Jose Rizal was yet a very small boy, he listened to his mother teaching his older sister. From them he learned his alphabet, so he could read, he said. Thus we know that from the time he was a very young child, he wanted to learn things.

We know that he was a kind boy, too. He owned a pony and a pet dog. He loved his pets very much, and always treated them well. He never beat them, but always saw that they had good food and a good place to sleep.

He liked to watch birds and animals. He did not hurt them, as some little boys do. He liked to draw pictures of birds and animals. Sometimes he made figures of animals out of wax or clay. So we know he was a nature lover and an artist.

Jose was not a strong boy, but he liked to take long walks with his dog. He enjoyed riding his pony. Sometimes on pleasant nights he used to sleep on a pile of straw in the rice fields, in order "to look at the stars."

He was nine years old when his father sent him to another town to go to school. After he had been there a few months, his teacher said, "Jose, go home and ask your parents to send you to Manila to school."

"You are very young to go to Manila," his father said when he asked him, but his parents finally permitted the boy to go to the big city.

It was a cool, rainy day when Jose left his home to go to Manila. There were no busses or automobiles then, and he travelled a long time before he reached the city. It seemed to him that he was going very far away from his father and mother. But he was not afraid, for he was a brave little boy.

So we see that when Jose Rizal was a little boy, he began to be like the man Jose Rizal. He started to be a great man when he was yet a boy.

CHOOSING THE RIGHT WORD

1. Jose Rizal listened to his _____ teaching his older sister.
2. He liked birds and _____.
3. He drew pictures of animals and _____ when he saw them.
4. He was _____ years old when he went to another town to go to school.
5. Later he went to school in _____.
6. "You are very _____ to go to Manila," his father said.
7. His _____ finally permitted him to go.
8. He was not _____, for he was a _____ little boy.
9. He started to be a great _____ when he was yet a little _____.

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

CHRISTMAS GOLD

A Story of Christmas Magic



The Christmas Fairy had turned the web into sparkling gold.

ONCE upon a time it was the night before Christmas, and the woman of the house had cleaned everything from top to bottom, making ready for that fair day. There was not a fleck of dust in crack or cranny. There was no smudge of ashes on pot or pan. There was neither bat in the attic nor beetle in the storehouse nor mouse in the pantry.

At midnight the Christmas Fairy was coming to bless the house, and there was not a thing anywhere that the good woman could scrub or mop or chase away. Except one! In the farthest corner of the big room where stood the Christmas tree was a little spider, who had somehow escaped the good woman's broom and brush.

"How clean and fine the room is tonight!" said the little spider to himself. "I don't believe I have ever seen it quite so fine before."

Little did he know that he himself was the only thing amiss in all the house!

"How glad I am to be here tonight!" continued the little spider. For a long time he hid in his corner without moving. Deeper and deeper grew the stillness of the house.

"I must run about and see what I can see!" he exclaimed at last, and in a second he was stepping quickly over the floor on his long legs.

The first thing he saw was the Christmas tree, standing beautiful and green and fragrant in the center of the room.

"How lovely!" said the little spider, and in an instant he was halfway up the tree.

"How big it is!" he exclaimed, as he circled the great tree. "How wide its spreading branches! And how sweet its strange perfume! Its top points high toward heaven! And how beautiful is that great star!"

Over the tree the little spider ran, over every branch of it, missing not the tiniest tip of the tiniest twig on the tree. Then back to his corner he scurried, and was fast asleep in a minute. Alas and alack! When he had gone the big tree was covered from top to bottom with an ugly web of gray—a spider web.

It was midnight, and into the house came the Christmas Fairy on her rosy feet. Her hands were like white lilies and her hair was yellow as honey.

(Please turn to page 474.)

MY BOYHOOD CHRISTMAS

By RAMON D. BUCU *



Our teacher said, "My heart shall be full of love for' you."

ABOUT fifteen years ago, I was a pupil in the fifth grade. The little barrio school where I finished my primary schooling was tidied up and decorated with palm leaves, red and green paper festoons, and lanterns of various shapes and with many kinds of decorations. All around there was the delightful noise of the Christmas season. It was the last day of school before the Christmas vacation. The children, arrayed in their new spick-and-span clothes, were in holiday mood.

That afternoon we were going to have a program. Our parents and neighbors were invited to see the most interesting event of the barrio—the annual Christmas program at the barrio school. There were to be Christmas carols, poems, a

drama of the Nativity, and inspiring messages by our teachers. When the time came for the program, everyone in the whole barrio was there.

One by one the numbers of the program were rendered with the noisy approval of the people who knew little of what we were talking about. I recited a poem. I was very nervous, but I saw my father pointing at me with pride to his open-mouthed friends.

Finally came the Christmas message of our teacher. I understood clearly everything he said. The gentleness, the goodwill, the warmth of his words found a place in my heart. "Children," he began, "you have good cause to rejoice on Christmas Day. Christ, our Lord, is born, and with His birth each one in this world receives a Gift whether he expects one or not."

Our teacher said, as he closed his message, these words which I cannot forget: "Boys and girls, I have not much to give you at this Christmas season. I am poor like many of you. But I freely give you the dearest of my treasures—my heart which shall always be full of love for you."

We all clapped our hands. The old folks shook hands with our teacher, for he was their idol. Afterwards we sang a Christmas hymn. Then followed the exchange of gifts. I was not interested in this, for I did not expect to receive any present and had none to give. I slipped away unnoticed while my classmates received their gifts.

I soon reached our *nipa* house. Everybody was gone. I sat down to think. I thought of several things. I thought of

* Teacher, T. Earnshaw Elementary School, Manila.

the great Gift, Jesus the Son of God, the Gift our teacher said everyone would receive. I thought, too, of my dear sick mother, who, three months before, had been taken by my sisters to a place where she could receive medical treatment. I missed her a great deal. The house had been lonely since she had left.

I got some cooking utensils and cooked our simple meal. Father had caught some mudfish. I cleaned them and cooked them over the red hot embers. When they were cooked, I put them on a plate and set them aside. The sun was going down and I could see the shadows of the bamboos lengthening. At dusk father came home on our one and only carabao.

I fixed our kerosene lamp. Then I arranged the table, and soon we were eating our supper. That night I said my usual prayer before I went to bed. Before long I was in the sweet sleep of childhood.

There were seven days left before Christmas Day. I watched them come and go. At last it was Christmas Eve. I recalled how mother had cooked *suman* the year before. I wanted mother. I wanted her very much.

The next morning—Christmas morning—our neighbors went to the church to hear the mass. After breakfast I got

myself ready to go to my godparents and relatives.

I had just gone down the bamboo stairs when I heard the voice of my sister calling on the other side of the nearby river. She shouted, "Father, father, bring us a *banca* so that we can cross." I ran as fast as I could to father.

Father borrowed a *banca* and paddled across the river. After a few minutes I saw my dear mother. She was no longer sick. She could walk very well now. I ran to her and kissed her hand. How

glad she was to see me!

We reached the house. Several of our neighbors were there to welcome mother. Everyone was glad to see her come back home. How happy I was! I was happier than anybody else, for I had received a very precious Christmas gift—the

return of my dear mother.



I had received a very precious gift—my mother.

SOME QUESTIONS

1. Why were the children in the barrio school excited perhaps?
2. Have you ever attended a barrio school?
3. Have you taken part in school programs like this one?
4. What did this teacher say to his pupils?

(Please turn to page 474.)

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

A Christmas Playlet

ADAPTED BY PANCITA FLORES

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

JUAN, twelve years old

PEDRO, age five or six

CRISTETA, age ten

ANA, nearly eight years old

CHRISTMAS SINGERS

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The children wear everyday clothes. The singers wear choir vestments of black gowns and white surplices. The Christmas Spirit is neatly dressed and is always smiling.

SETTING

The children are in the *sala* of their home wrapping Christmas presents. It is not a grand room, and the furniture has been used a long time. There is a litter of colored paper, ribbon, and little cards for labeling gifts. A Christmas tree stands in an important place in the room.

THE PLAY

JUAN (*carefully tying a bow on the top of a large package*): Blue paper and a yellow ribbon! I like that best of all for tying Christmas presents. It makes me think of stars and the sky.

PEDRO: I want blue paper for one of my packages, too, Juan. Help me tie a package with blue paper and a yellow ribbon.

CRISTETA: Wait a minute, brother Pedro. Sister will help you tie your packages. Come here and let me see what you have. (*Cristeta drops her work and begins to help her small brother.*)

ANA: See, Teta! I'm wrapping mine in green. Green paper for Christmas trees! And white ribbon for the Christ-

mas Spirit which our teacher told us about.

PEDRO: I want to wrap Grandmother's present in red. I like red best of all. Red with a silver bow!

CRISTETA: All right, brother. One in blue, one in red, and one in yellow!

JUAN: Hurry, Ana. We are all finished but you. Here! Write your cards and then we're through.

CRISTETA: Now we will pile them under the tree so that they will be all ready when Daddy and Mother and Grandmother come home.

ANA: This is the most beautiful tree we ever had in all our lives.

CRISTETA: We've never had one so lovely as this!

PEDRO (*clapping his hands and running around the room*): Oh, the Christmas tree! The Christmas tree!

JUAN (*arranging the wrapped presents about the bottom of the tree*): They look pretty nice! Don't they?

CRISTETA (*clapping her hands in joy*): Oh, beautiful!

JUAN: I can just see Daddy's eyes shine when he opens his presents.

CRISTETA: And Mother's, too!

ANA: I made the picture frame for Mother all myself.

PEDRO: My package for Mother has a beautiful gold ring in it.

JUAN: A gold ring! Why, that's—

CRISTETA (*stopping him with a sisterly look of warning*): Of course, brother. Of course you have a gold ring for Mother. A gold ring is the most beautiful present in all the world for a lady.

ANA: Sometime I'm going to buy

Mother a beautiful silk dress for Christmas. And I'll buy a new dress for Grandmother, too.

JUAN: And for Dad a big automobile.

PEDRO: And a fire engine! (*Older children burst into laughter.*)

ANA: Pedro! What would Father want with a fire engine?

PEDRO: Well—

CRISTETA (*with another sisterly look of warning*): Daddy would just love a fire engine, Pedro. But he'll like the little book you made for him just as well.

JUAN: Of course!

PEDRO (*skipping about the room*): I made it all myself. Really and truly!

JUAN (*jumping to his feet*): We almost forgot the Christmas candle. The Christmas singers will be here before we know it. If there is no light in the window they will pass us by.

CRISTETA (*running to help*): Oh, we must not forget the Christmas candle. (*The children place a large lighted candle in the window. As they do this, singing is heard in the distance, growing louder as they listen. They are singing a Christmas song.*)

ANA: We were just in time.

JUAN: They're coming nearer every minute. They'll soon be here.

ANA: Oh, I love the Christmas singing almost the best of all the Christmas things!

PEDRO: I'm going to be a Christmas singer, too, when I'm big.

(*The singers can be heard very plainly, singing outside. The singing continues for a few moments. The children listen quietly until it ceases.*)

CRISTETA: Go and invite them to

come in, Juan. That's the way Mother does. I'll get some cakes.

(*Cristeta leaves the room. Juan goes to the door.*)

JUAN: Won't you all come in? Your singing was beautiful.

(*The Chorus of Christmas Singers*

enter. With them is a tall, neatly dressed, smiling youth. His manner is extraordinarily gay and joyous, and his face fairly shines with smiles. He keeps constantly in the background, and seems to be unnoticed by all.)

JUAN (*to the Singers*): Won't you sing us a Christmas song?

ONE OF THE SINGERS: 'Yes, indeed. (*The Chorus of Christmas Singers form a group and they sing "When Good Old Kris Comes 'Round," page 460 of this is-*



Wherever there is Christmas joy, there is the Christmas Spirit.

due of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. *The children listen carefully.*)

JUAN (*after the song is finished*): Thank you very much. That is a real jolly Christmas song. It makes me think the Christmas Spirit is right here with us. (*The young man—the Christmas Spirit—smiles and then chuckles to himself.*) Now, won't you all sit down and eat some cakes. Do you like cakes? I like them best of all the Christmas treats.

ONE OF THE SINGERS: Indeed we do like cakes. Thank you very much.

(*Cristeta passes a plate of cakes to the singers, who stand or sit around the room while eating.*)

ANOTHER SINGER: My! these cakes are good!

CRISTETA: And so was your song!

JUAN: I do wish Mother and Father and Grandmother were here to hear you sing. They have gone down to the village to do some last minute Christmas shopping.

ANOTHER SINGER: We are sorry they are not here. We would love to sing for them. (*Everybody smiles and looks happy, especially the Christmas Spirit.*) And now we must be on our way. We have to go many places to sing.

(*The Christmas Singers all go out, but the Spirit of Christmas remains.*)

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: Good evening, children. Good evening, and Merry Christmas to you all!

(*The children start in astonishment as they see, for the first time, the young man—the Spirit of Christmas—in their midst.*)

JUAN: Why-er-why—who are you?

CRISTETA: Good evening, sir. We—

ANA: We didn't see you until this very minute.

PEDRO (*running to the young man and*

pulling him gently into the center of the room): Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! This is Christmas eve, and tomorrow is Christmas morning. Did you know that?

JUAN (*half laughing*): Would you mind telling us where you came from, please, sir?

CRISTETA: We are very glad you are here, sir, but we really would like very much to know how you came.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: I came here with the Christmas singers. I was led here by your Christmas candlelight. And your Christmas packages and Christmas tree caused me to want to stay here. Merry Christmas!

JUAN: Thank you very much.

ANA: We are so happy about our Christmas presents for Mother and Grandmother and Daddy!

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: That is just why I am here.

PEDRO: I have a gold ring for Mother.

CRISTETA: It isn't really and truly gold, sir, but Pedro is just as happy as though it were.

ANA: We are glad you are here. Please stay with us.

PEDRO (*running to the young man with a cake in his hand*): Here is the nicest cake on the plate. It is for you!

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: How nice it is to be here! But, of course, I knew what I would find. It has never failed.

JUAN: What do you mean? I don't understand.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: Why, it's like this, my young friends. Every Christmas Eve I go out into the night to listen for the call of Christmas joy. I listen and I follow. Into places high and places

(*Please turn to page 472.*)

CHRISTMAS POEMS

The Christmas Star

By ANTONIO M. MANAOG *

THY RAYS, O wondrous Star, at night
 Did guide the three kings on their flight;
 Rich gifts they came to offer Him,
 The new born Prince in Bethlehem.

And like those kings, O Christmas Star,
 We seek thy radiance from afar,
 To light dark hearts and saddened eyes;
 Shine on, O Star, from out the skies.

* * *

The Three Wise Men

THERE were three kingly wise men
 Who came from far away,
 To see the little Jesus sleeping
 In the manger on the hay.

'Twas in the shining starlight
 Their camels trotted all the way,
 To see the little Jesus sleeping
 In the manger on the hay.

—Selected

* * *

Gifts

GIFTS I have not of silver or jewels,
 But songs I will sing to that first
 Christmas Day;
 Sweet thoughts of love and of joy
 I am bringing
 To the dear little Baby asleep on
 the hay.

—Selected

Christmas Everywhere

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY *

CHRISTMAS in the country,
 Christmas in the town,
 Christmas in the city,
 Christmas all around.

People all are happy,
 Everybody's gay,
 Children all are merry,
 On this Christmas day.

Angels in the heavens
 Sang hymns of lofty cheer,
 To tell to all the people
 That Christ, our Lord, is here.

* * *

Bright Star of Christmas

BRIGHT star of Christmas,
 The shepherds have seen you tonight;
 Bright star of Christmas,
 The wise men will follow your light.

Over the stable where sheep and
 cattle lay,
 Star brightly shining,
 You bring the Christmas Day.

Low in a manger
 The Bethlehem Babe they found;
 Though they be strangers,
 He smiles at them kneeling round.

Gifts they will bring Him;
 Then up and on their way
 Filled with the wonder
 Of that first Christmas Day.

—Selected

* Teacher, Balaogan Public School, Bula, Camarines Sur.

* Formerly Head Teacher, Maslog Primary School, Sibulan, Oriental Negros.

WHEN GOOD OLD KRIS COMES'ROUND

Moderato

HARRY C. ELDRIDGE

1. Eyes so bright, now shut tight, Wea-ry heads at rest,
 2. Sun's rays peep, rouse from sleep, Happy girls and boys;
 3. Din - ner's done, night has come, Tired and worn are they;

Dream of sleds, and wax-doll heads, And toys they love the best;
 Just half dressed, they do their best To man - u - fac - ture noise.
 Doll all crack - ed, clean dress black - ed, Drum-head torn a-way;

By and by, ver - y sly, A jol - ly fel - low comes,
 Oh, what fun, they've be - gun Their stock - ings to un - load,
 Gun won't shoot, horn won't toot, Blocks all lost but ten:

Drops his pack from off his back, And pulls out dolls and drums.
 Ev-ry-thing from a mon-key-on-a-string To a bright tin hop-ping toad.
 Nev-er fear, just wait one year, Old Kris will come a-gain.

Oh joy-ly Old Saint Nick, The world is glad you've come, For while you're near Smile

chas-es tear, And sun-shine lights the home. Fill well the stocking, And leave with-

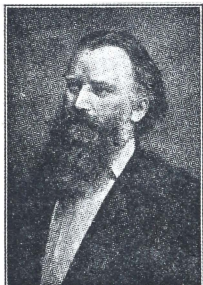
out a sound; No girl or boy but thrills with joy When good Old Kris comes round.

MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION

GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC

By BERT PAUL OSBON*

X. BRAHMS, INTELLECTUAL COMPOSER



Brahms in Earlier Life

THERE is a group of three of the world's greatest musical composers who are known as "the three B's."

They are Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. You have read perhaps about Bach, "the

father of modern music" in the January, 1940, issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, and about Beethoven, the musical genius, in the July, 1940, issue. Now you shall learn about Brahms, the third of "the three B's," who, as a musical composer, was, indeed, a most intellectual composer. Brahms was an intellectual genius.

In listening to his great symphonies one must pay very close attention to the music and listen as hard as he can.

Johannes Brahms (pronounced yo-hahn-es brahmz) was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1833. His first twenty years were years of rigid discipline. His father was a double-bass player in a theater orchestra. The father's income was hardly enough to support the family, so young Brahms, in order to increase the family income, did all manner of odd jobs from blacking boots to playing in his father's band.

As a boy, Brahms' first teacher in music was his father. Later he studied with other music teachers, who gave him excellent training in piano-playing and music-writing. His regular schooling and his study of music went steadily forward, and his strong desire for writing music was carefully developed.

Opportunity knocked at the door of the youthful Brahms when Remenyi (ray-men-ye), a famous Hungarian violinist, took the twenty-year old boy on tour as an accompanist. Through this great violinist Brahms learned the gypsy melodies which he later used in his well-known compositions known as *Hungarian Dances*.

Brahms was a youth in Germany when Liszt and Schumann were leaders in the musical world. (Liszt is mentioned in the November, 1940, issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN in the *Music Appreciation Section*, and there is an article on Schumann in the September, 1940, issue.)

You will remember, perhaps, that Schumann was a music critic. It was Schumann who brought Brahms to the attention of the public, for his articles in music journals drew attention to the excellent compositions of Brahms. Schumann's encouragement spurred him on to greater effort, for he hailed Brahms as "a musical prophet," a writer of music. "the like of which he had never heard before."

During the early part of Brahms' career he appeared frequently as a pianist and conductor; he also spent a few years in teaching music and composing it, and then we see him a mature genius.

* Formerly Supervisor of Public School Music, Mount Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

The latter part of his life was given over entirely to composition. Like Beethoven, he passed most of his life in Vienna, which was then the musical center of the world. He never wrote an opera and was never married; he once said, "I do not have the courage to make a start in either."

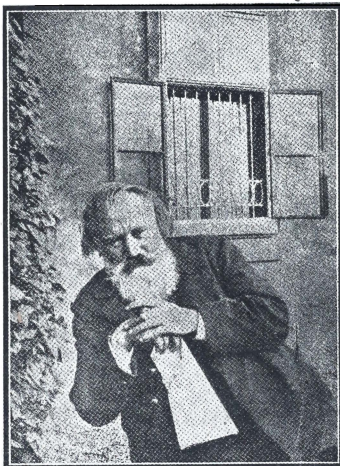
Brahms' music stands beside that of Bach and Beethoven. To their classic method of composition he added all the beauty and richness of the instrumentation of a modern symphony orchestra. He wrote four glorious symphonies, some pieces called *Hungarian Dances*, a *Requiem* (a setting of the mass for the dead), much chamber music (music to be played by a small group of instruments), many piano compositions, and many songs. His art songs take their place beside those of Schubert. (See

the article about Schubert in the June, 1940, issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN.)

Brahms was a man of exceedingly broad intellect. That is why he is sometimes referred to as "the intellectual composer." However, he was always cordial with his friends, and magnanimous with other musicians of his time.

He was somewhat like Bach, inasmuch as he took his work seriously, but his

mastery of music was like that of Beethoven. In the time of Brahms other composers were trying new ways of writing music. In the excitement of these new ways of developing musical composition, Brahms quietly recalled to the public mind that nobility of thought and beauty of form are necessary in great music.



JOHANNES BRAHMS
His last picture, taken June 15, 1896

the period just after 1850. His work is of great interest and value to all good musicians.

Brahms is known as a "conservative" composer, but his music always shows great intellectual ability. A player must have excellent technic in order to perform music composed by Brahms. He always used imagination in his music, as well as dignity. In some ways, his music shows a blending of the old and the new way of writing music.

As a writer of songs, choral works, string quartets, and symphonies, Brahms ranks as the chief master in

REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Can you name the music composers who are called "the three B's"?

2. Can you spell and pronounce each name correctly? (bahk, ba-to-v'n,

(Please turn to page 477.)

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THE SHIP OF THE DESERT**

is frequently referred to as "the ship of the desert."

You may have seen a camel. At least you have seen pictures of camels. If you examine a camel, you will decide that everything about this animal is queer. His neck and legs look too long and sprawling for his body. His feet are split into two hoofed toes almost up to his ankle.

His head is small and ugly. His brown eyes fairly pop out of his head from sockets too small for them. His nostrils are bias slits. He can open them wide, or close them almost shut during the terrible sand storms of his native deserts. His rough hair looks as if it had never been combed. On his knobby knees and arched breast-bone he wears tough leathery pads. Finally, a hump on his back does not add to his appearance.

Don't go too near a camel's head. Sometimes, for no apparent cause at all,

A V A S T he has a terrible fit of rage. Then he tries to bite and kick the person nearest.

D E S E R T One of the most noticeable things about the camel is the queer way in which he chews his food. His lower jaw swings from side to side like a hammock. His upper lip is cleft up the middle. The camel reaches for and feels his food with this thick split lip as if it were made up of two fingers.

For many hundreds of years the camel has been one of the most useful animals to men, because of his great strength, and his ability to endure heat, thirst, and hunger. But he is a very stupid beast, and has never learned to do more than a few simple things. He never seems to know or care for his driver, who may have brought him up from a baby. He has as little sense as a sheep, is as ill-tempered as an angry bull, and as stubborn as a mule. He works, but not willingly as a horse does.

One of the few things a camel has learned to do is to kneel when he is ordered to do so. His knee-pads protect his joints from the hard ground, but he moans and groans as if in terrible pain. He knows some kind of a load is to be put on, and he complains aloud. He doesn't wait to find if the load is heavy or light. He carries with ease 500 pounds of goods for hundreds of miles across wide deserts.

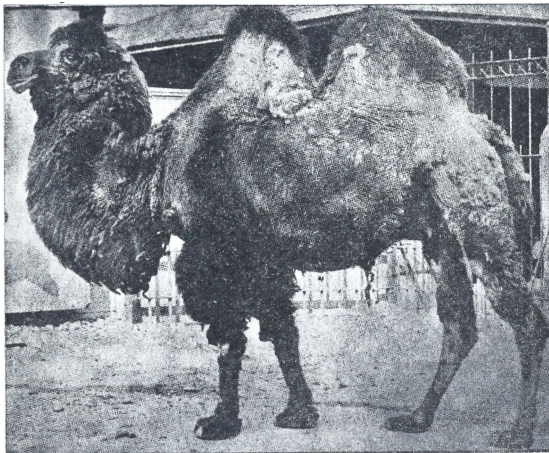
If you get seasick easily you had better not try to ride a camel. He lifts both feet on one side at the same time, tilting his body sideways. Then he lifts the two feet on the other side. So you must roll over and back. Tossing and pitching, heaving and rolling, you feel

as if you were in a sailboat on rough water. So violent is the motion that the camel-police of Egypt, who often ride day and night over the desert on racing camels in pursuit of smugglers, are compelled to bind their bodies tightly with long strips of cloth. The camel is, indeed, the ship of the desert in more ways than one.

For food, after a day's travel, a camel

scarce, and his stomach has little cells for storing water, so he can go a week without drinking, in case of need.

Camels carry burdens for their masters, furnish flesh and milk for food for their masters, and with their hair provide material for weaving cloth. Without this ugly, stupid, useful beast the hot deserts of the Old World would lie unpeopled and unknown. The camel sub-



The Ship of the Desert

is given a small measure of hard dates or dried beans. Besides, he eats the twigs, thistles, and thorny shrubs that grow here and there in the desert. Camels will eat anything. They will chew their own leather bridles or tent cloth, and they consider an old mat or a basket to eat as a great delicacy.

The camel's big, solid hump is full of fat to be drawn upon when food is

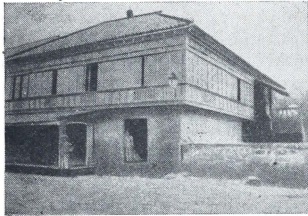
mits to his treatment, but remains untamed, sullen, and forbidding.

There is just one thing for which the camel has a soft feeling. The mother camel shows affection for her baby. When the baby camel is born, he is so weak and wobbly, he can scarcely walk. The mother perhaps has to go with the caravan of hundreds of other camels,

(Please turn to page 477.)

HISTORY SECTION

THE EARLY DAYS OF RIZAL



The Birthplace of Rizal

JOSE RIZAL, destined to be the great Filipino martyr, was born in Calamba, June 19, 1861. A biographer states that he was by birth a typical Filipino, for "few persons in this land of mixed blood could boast a greater mixture than his." All his ancestors were immigrants to the Philippines, and included early Malays, Chinese of prehistoric times in the Philippines, and Spaniards of Castile and Valencia.

A short time before Jose Rizal was born, his father built a home in the center of Calamba, a town on the south shore of Laguna de Bay. The house was of typical Philippine-Spanish construction, as shown in the photograph on this page, and must have been a very pretentious dwelling for those days, eighty years ago.

In the nearby church Jose was christened when he was three days old. His godfather was a Filipino priest of Calamba named Father Pedro Casañas, and the priest who christened him was also a Filipino named Father Rufino Collantes.

When Jose was three years old he learned his A B C's, because he said in

his baby way that since his elder sister was being taught to read, he wanted to be taught also. At that early age, one day, so the story goes, his mother found him with his sister's story book propped up before him spelling out the words.

As a boy Jose was not a strong child, so he was carefully nurtured. His mother was his first teacher, and it was she who taught him to read. She imparted to him also many other things which were useful to him in later life.

The Calamba church and *convento*, built several years after the great earthquake of 1863, was near his boyhood home. He spent much of his time there as a young boy, because, as he said, he liked "to watch the people."

The kindly priest at first tolerated the little boy about his church and living quarters, but soon the youngster became "a welcome visitor." According to the priest, the boy never disturbed the meditations—often words spoken aloud—of the clergyman, but listened seriously to the remarks of the good priest. Sometimes Jose asked for information from the priest, who always gave a sensible answer or careful explanation to what the boy asked.

When the lad was seven years old, with his parents he made a journey which he never forgot. This was a trip to visit the famous image which had been brought to Antipolo in 1672 from Mexico, after having been carried in galleons as the patron saint of voyages across the Pacific.

We are told that "a print of the Virgin, a souvenir of this pilgrimage, was, ac-

ording to the custom of those times, pasted inside Jose's wooden chest when he left home for school; later on it was preserved in an album and went with him in all his travels."

Often in the boyhood home of Rizal there were visitors. Some of these persons were of high social rank. No doubt the boy listened to their conversation, and since he was a child of serious mind, the conversation of his parents' guests must have helped to mold the character of this unusual boy.

When Jose was nine years old, he was sent to study at Biñan, a town not far from Calamba. The boy studied here a short time, and then it was decided to send him to school in Manila.

During his brief stay at Biñan, the boy had learned much. He had numerous relatives in the place. Among them was an uncle, Jose Alberto, who had been educated in a school in India in which he had spent eleven years. While Jose was in his uncle's home in Biñan, a distinguished visitor from Hongkong, Sir John Bowring, governor of Hongkong, was a guest. Doubtless the visit of this notable Englishman made a great and lasting impression upon the observant youth.

In Manila the first place in which Rizal lived was a *nipa* house to which he

went in the latter part of February, 1872, although he himself said that the formal beginning of his studies was in June of that year.

The first school which he entered was San Juan de Letran, but soon he went back to Calamba. In July he entered another school, the famous Ateneo. While attending this school he was a "day pupil" until his fourth year. At that time the Ateneo was a very popular school in Manila, and there were many students in the school.

During his last two years in the school Rizal was a boarding student. The Ateneo then was like our present high schools, but not so advanced nor so thorough. The method of instruction that was used by the Jesuits. Ac-

ording to this system there was always a review of the lesson of the previous day, questions on the lesson of the day, and an explanation of the lesson for the next day. This was an excellent system and Rizal benefited very much from such instruction.

While in the Ateneo Rizal frequently wrote poetry. Some of his verses were taken to Calamba for his mother's criticisms and suggestions. He won a prize with one of his poems which he called *Al Juventud Filipino (To the Philippine)*

(Please turn to page 479.)



The Church at Calamba Which Rizal Attended as a Boy.

THE WIFE OF RIZAL

By CATALINO G. GARINGALAO, JR.



Bas-relief of the Wife of Rizal

MUCH has been written and said about Jose Rizal, but comparatively little has come to light about the martyr's wife. It is for this reason that an article

about Josefina Bracken Taufer, the woman whom Rizal married, has been prepared for publication in *THE YOUNG CITIZEN*. The story is as follows:

Among Doctor Rizal's patients was a blind American named Taufer who was an engineer in Hongkong. He and his wife had adopted a girl named Josefina Bracken. This girl had known Rizal, "the Spanish doctor," in Hongkong. She persuaded her foster father to visit Rizal, who had been exiled to Dapitan, with the hope that Mr. Taufer's eyesight might be benefited by an operation by Dr. Rizal.

The frequent visits of this young woman to the doctor with her father gave Rizal ample opportunity to meet her, and it was only natural that he should fall in love with her. Ultimately they were engaged to be married.

Josefina Bracken Taufer was a lively

and capable Irish girl. There was no reason why the couple should not be married, for Rizal considered that his political days were over. Accordingly they agreed to become husband and wife.

Mr. Taufer was in despair when he learned that nothing could be done to restore his eyesight, so he took his adopted daughter with him to Manila before she and Dr. Rizal could be married.

On July 28, 1896, an order from Manila was received by Rizal in Mindanao saying that he would be given his freedom on condition that he go to Cuba for medical service. On arrival in Manila harbor, Rizal was transferred to a Spanish cruiser which was to take him to Spain. About 10 o'clock at night he summoned his sweetheart to come on board, and he bade her goodbye.

Upon arrival at Barcelona, Rizal was detained by Spanish officials, who declared that he was one of the chiefs of the *Katipunan*, and ordered that he be sent back to Manila for trial. Rizal's sweetheart was among the first who learned of his arrival in Manila.



The alcohol lamp in which Rizal's farewell poem was hidden.

Soon after Rizal landed in Manila, he was imprisoned in Fort Santiago. Miss Taufer asked for permission to visit Rizal in his prison cell, but this was refused by Spanish officials. A week

later on Monday, December 27, 1896, he was visited by his entire family who brought Miss Taufer with them.

About half an hour later Rizal suggested to Miss Taufer that their marriage service should be performed before he was shot. She agreed to the arrangement. The next morning she was not admitted to the cell, but on the morning of the execution, at six o'clock, she went to see Rizal, and they were quietly married.

Josephine Bracken Taufer, the wife of Rizal, was interviewed in 1899 at a house in Calle Dulongbayan in Manila. In the course of the interview this young woman, who became Mrs. Jose Rizal just 15 minutes before the execution of the Filipino hero, told the following about her last hours with Rizal:

"Rizal begged me to forgive him for the sorrows he had caused me, and told me that in the little alcohol cooking lamp he had hidden a paper for me—the last message to his country. Then we parted forever, for the Spanish officers refused to let me talk with him any more.

"I went to the place of the execution on the Luneta, as he bade me. I was not permitted to go near him. He behaved with great fortitude all the time.

"I followed Rizal's body to the Paco cemetery, but they shut the gate in my face. I cried out, but it did no good. After a short time I tried again to go to Rizal's grave but again the soldiers guarding it refused. I told them they

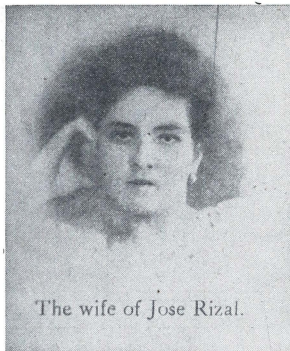
might shoot me but I would go, and they let me pass."

Rizal's widow fought in the Philippine insurrection against Spain. Finally she was caught and sent to Hongkong. After the death of her adopted father she married Don Vicente Abad, who at the time was connected with the Tabacalera Company in Hongkong.

What the outcome of this second marriage was we do not know, but after the second anniversary of Rizal's martyrdom was observed under the American regime, Josephine Bracken Taufer came back to the Philippines.

She lived temporarily in Cebu and earned her livelihood by giving lessons in English. One of her pupils then was Sergio Osmeña, now vice-president of the Philippine Commonwealth. Afterwards she was a teacher in the public schools.

Later Mrs. Rizal went to Hongkong where she was placed in a hospital on account of ill health. She died in Hongkong and was buried in the Catholic cemetery.



Photograph of Rizal's Wife

REVIEW

1. What was the name of the woman whom Jose Rizal married?
2. In what city was her home?
3. Why did her foster father visit Rizal?
4. Where was Rizal living at that time? Why?

(Please turn to page 472.)

WORK AND PLAY SECTION

WRITING A CHRISTMAS SONG

OUR TEACHER can sing very well, and play the piano, too. So we have nice music in our room at school.

Shortly before Christmas she told us we could write a Christmas song. And we did. It was a real nice song. This is how we did it.

Of course we all knew the Christmas story about the birth of Jesus, and the shepherds, and the star. We talked about it, and then our teacher said, "Who can think of a good beginning for our song?"

Soon Francisca sang to her own tune, "A star was shining so brightly." The class liked this so well that they sang it several times. We talked about the star, since that was the theme of the song Francisca had started. Our teacher asked such questions as these: "Where did the

star shine?" and "When did it shine?" and "Why did it shine?" The words "In Bethlehem one night" were sung at once by Juanito to his own tune.

When we had this much of our song prepared (our teacher called it the first *phrase*), it was suggested that we repeat that melody. So we hummed the tune a number of times in order to keep it in mind.

Finally Crispina began singing to the second phrase—as our teacher called it—the words "The shepherds", but no one could complete the line. Then our teacher asked us where the shepherds were and what they were doing. Elena thought of the remainder of the line, so it was like this: "The shepherds out on

(Please turn to page 476.)



A star was shin - ing bright - ly In Beth - le - hem one night. The shep - herds



out on the hill - side Were fright - ened by the light "Glo - ry to God," the an - gels

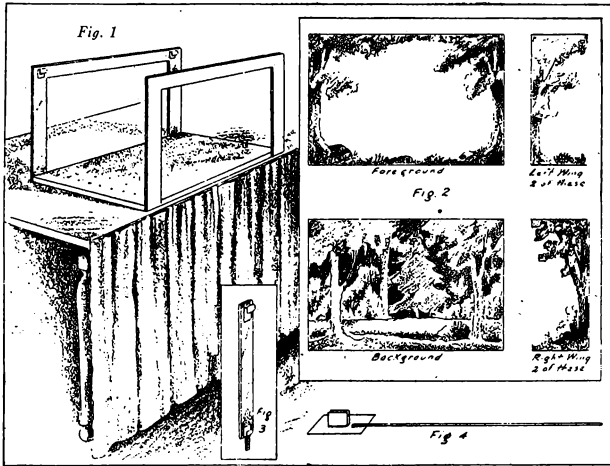


sang. "Peace on the earth," their voic - es rang "We bring you won - der - ful ti - dings,



For un - to you is born Christ the Lord our Sav - iour, This joy - ful Christ - mas morn

A PUPPET THEATER FOR CHRISTMAS



DO YOU want a theater of your own for Christmas at your own home? I mean, of course, a puppet theater, in which the actors are small cardboard figures which are operated by the stage manager. Such a theater will be a never-ending source of joy to the children of your neighborhood—and some of the grown-ups, too. You can have little Christmas plays—as many as you are willing to prepare.

Long after Christmas is over, the puppet theater would be splendid for a school room, and any enterprising teacher, with the help of some of her pupils, can make a very attractive puppet theater for the pupils of her room to enjoy.

The stage is of wood and has a floor two feet long by fourteen inches deep, with an upright wooden frame fastened

to the front and another to the back, the opening twelve inches high and eighteen inches across. (Figure 1) It stands on a larger table so that one can have properties conveniently at hand. A table cover hangs to the floor, completely hiding the feet of the play producers behind the scenes. Two curtains (or one split into two parts, so that it can reveal the stage) hang in front of the table and stage. There must be no chance for the audience to catch a glimpse of the play producers, or giggles and comments will spoil your choicest play.

Our scenery, even the curtain, is made of cardboard, but if one is clever he can do successful things with cloth.

(Please turn to page 474.)

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

(Continued from page 458)

lowly I go. Into the midst of riches and poverty. And the thing I find is always the same. It fills my heart with happiness.

CRISTETA: Surely you did not find anything so very wonderful here, sir.

ANA: We were only wrapping Christmas presents. What could you find here to make you happy?

CRISTETA: We were so happy about our presents for Mother and Grandmother and Daddy, that we couldn't think of anything else.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: And what are these Christmas presents which give you so much joy?

JUAN: A holder for Dad's neckties. I made it at school.

ANA: And I made a little red pincushion for Mother.

PEDRO: And a gold ring for Mother!

CRISTETA: They are wonderful presents, aren't they?

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS: Of course they are. And it all goes to prove what I say. I never knew it to fail. Automobiles or pincushions, it is always the same.

JUAN: What do you mean?

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST-

MAS: I mean just this. Wherever there is love, there is joy. And wherever there is Christmas joy, there is the Christmas Spirit. That is why I am with you children. Merry Christmas!

ALL: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! And may the Christmas Spirit always remain with us!

CURTAIN

QUESTIONS

1. What do you think is the meaning of this playlet?

2. Is there a lesson to be learned from it? What is the lesson?

3. Is the opening of this playlet a happy scene?

4. Could such a scene be found almost anywhere in the Philippines?

5. Did these children belong to a happy family? Why do you think so?

6. Were they rich?

7. Were the two brothers and the two sisters loyal to each other?

8. At what point in the story did the Christmas Spirit enter.

9. Why did the Christmas Spirit not leave with the singers?

10. Were the children's presents costly?

11. What makes a Christmas present worth while?

12. Why do we give presents at Christmas?

THE WIFE OF RIZAL

(Continued from page 469)

5. Of what nationality was Miss Taufer?

6. Why did Rizal not marry Miss Taufer in Dapitan?

7. What official order did Rizal receive?

8. Tell of his departure from Manila.

9. What accusation was made in Spain against Rizal?

10. Where was he sent? Why?

11. Where was Rizal imprisoned?

12. Can his prison cell still be seen? (Yes)

13. What request by Miss Taufer was refused?

14. Who visited Rizal in his prison cell on December 27, 1896?

15. What agreement did Rizal and Miss Taufer then make?

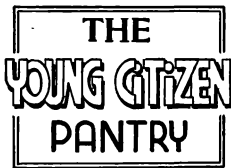
16. When were they married? How long before Rizal's execution?

17. What did Rizal tell about the alcohol lamp at his last meeting with Miss Taufer?

18. Did Mrs. Rizal witness the execution of her husband?

19. How did Rizal act at his execution?

20. What request did Mrs. Rizal make at the gate of Paco cemetery in Manila?



MAKING CANDIES

(Continued from the November number)

CHRISTMAS without candy would not seem just right. For the past two months we have been publishing recipes for home-made candies, and this month we conclude the series. Choose those candies from this list which you like best, or have the greatest success in making, and let your Christmas candies this year be made at home.

More recipes for making caramels are given this month. Before trying any of these recipes, see the general instructions in the issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN for last month.

Molasses Caramels

Pour into a kettle or sauce-pan one pound of thick molasses with one pound of Karo syrup (to be purchased at a good grocery store), one pound of granulated sugar, 3 cups of milk (or 3 cups of Carnation evaporated milk

which has been diluted with water), and one cup of evaporated milk which is not diluted. Boil to 245 degrees Fahrenheit and then pour.

Chocolate Marshmallow Caramels

Use the chocolate caramel recipe which was published last month. Pour half of it into a pan and cover with split marshmallow candies. Pour caramel on top.

Lemon Caramels

Slightly moisten a pound of loaf sugar and boil to 240 degrees. Add the rind of one lemon grated and mixed with one-fourth of a cup of sugar and the juice of the lemon. Boil until it hardens in cold water.

Coffee Caramels

Make a strong solution of coffee by boiling one cup of water and one-half cup

of finely ground coffee for five minutes. Strain through several thicknesses of cheesecloth. Take a pound of loaf sugar, slightly moisten the pieces with water, and boil to 240 degrees. Add the coffee and boil until it hardens in cold water.

Pralines

Boil one cup of maple syrup (to be purchased at a good grocery store), 2 cups of powdered sugar, and one-half cup of cream (or Carnation milk not diluted) to 240 degrees. Remove from the fire and beat until it is a creamy consistency. Add 2 cups of pecan nut meats cut into pieces. Drop from a spoon in small piles on oiled paper. This is a very delicious candy and in some places is quite famous.

Pralines are merely a confection made of nut kernels. Any nuts can be used instead of pecans.

CHRISTMAS GOLD

(Continued from page 453)

Into every room she went, blessing the house with the Christmas blessing as she went on her way.

At last she came to the great room where the little spider slept in the corner and where the big Christmas tree stood covered with common cobwebs, a sorry sight to see.

She blessed the picture of Jesus and His mother Mary, and the little shrine where prayers were said, and all the spotless room. Last of all she blessed the Christmas tree, standing as a disgrace to all the household in its gray cobwebs.

In the morning it was Christmas. The sunbeams sparkled and the Christmas bells rang out clear and sweet.

In the great room in the good woman's house stood the Christmas tree, covered from top to bottom in shining gold. You see, the little spider had spun a web all over the Christmas tree, and the Christmas fairy had turned the web into sparkling gold.

It was Christmas magic, the magic of the Christmas blessing which turns everything into shining gold.—
Adapted from "The Instructor."

PUPPET THEATER

(Continued from page 471)

In some scenes the entire depth of the stage is used; in others only half, or even one-fourth. A forest scene consists, for example, of six pieces of scenery: a background, four wing pieces (two for each side), and an open foreground. (Figure 2) Two extra wings add to the possibilities.

For the Christmas story the background may show the interior of the stable, while a manger and animals may be among the figures. The outdoor scene may represent a starry night with shepherds and their sheep in the background. The scene of the wise men may represent a starry background with one large guiding star. The wise men mounted on camels are among the puppet figures.

On the back upright frame, on each side, a piece of zinc near the top is fastened and bent downward to hold the scene in place. (Figure 1) Most of our backgrounds are on stiff cardboard, but some are of paper, with only strips of cardboard pasted back of the two ends. By setting a lamp directly behind it, we can create moonlight or sunsets or early dawn.

The wings of the puppet theater are extremely important. To hold them in

BOYHOOD CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 455)

5. Why was the narrator of this story lonely?

6. What was his "precious Christmas gift"?

7. Did you like this story? Why?

8. Could the events of this story occur in many different parts of the Philippines? (The author states that this is a true story.)

9. Does this story have "human interest"?

10. What have you learned from this story?

place, we use wooden slats in which there are round pegs at one end. These pegs are set in holes bored in the wooden floor of the stage. The advantage of this arrangement is that wings can be turned diagonally, giving better perspective, preventing the audience from peering in behind the scenes, and also making it possible to open stage doors and the like.

At the bottom and top of each slat are pieces of zinc, similar to those on the back upright frame, one bent upward, the other downward. These serve as clamps to hold the wings in place. (Figure 3) The wings make many things possible, like setting a house in the middle of the woods, or creating optical illusions.

(Please turn to page 477.)



A Visit to Dapitan

By JOSEFINA F. ALVAREZ
(13 YEARS OLD)

MY SISTER AND I planned to go to Dapitan for a short visit. As you know, Dapitan is only a barrio, but it is interesting to all Filipinos because our great Filipino hero, Jose Rizal, lived there in exile. And so my sister and I were very happy during our bus trip of one hour from our home to Dapitan.

When we arrived at Dapitan, we went at once to Rizal Park. We enjoyed swimming in the pool which had been made by Rizal.

Then we went to the plaza. Here is to be seen Rizal's interesting map of Mindanao. On it I tried to locate Zamboanga.

In front of the plaza is the Rizal Memorial Hospital. This is a large and beautiful building, and is a splendid memorial to Dr. Rizal, who, as everyone knows, was a skillful doctor.

It was very interesting to walk about the little town where Rizal spent several

Our Christmas Club

By BONIFACIO YULO
(16 YEARS OLD)

FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have belonged to a Christmas Good Cheer Club, and each Christmas it makes the eight or ten of us who belong to it very happy. We are able to make many others happy 'also.'

This is what our Christmas club does: On December first of each year we go to several people who know of some poor and needy families in our town. Then we ask our parents and friends for contributions for baskets for these needy families.

Christmas morning each member of our club carries two or three of the baskets to the families for whom they were prepared.

Then our club disbands until the next Christmas.

years, and to walk in the very streets in which he had walked. On my way home my thoughts were about Rizal and his life in Dapitan. I was glad that I had visited the place.

Practising My Piano Lesson

By NATY JOSE
(14 YEARS OLD)

I LIKE MUSIC, but I always hated to practice my piano lessons. I used to say, "If I could only learn to play the piano without practicing, I would like it." That was the way I felt until a few months ago. I started piano lessons then with a new teacher who showed me a new way of practicing.

This is the way I now practice my piano lesson: When my teacher gives me a new piece to learn or a new study, she and I go over it together. With a red pencil she marks all the hard places. Then she shows me how to practice them.

For quite a little time I practice only those places which my teacher has marked. I play them for my teacher at each lesson. When I can play the hard places, my teacher tells me to begin practicing at the first of the piece or study to be learned. None of it is hard then, and I can soon play it very well.

WRITING A SONG

(Continued from page 470)

the hillside."

Our teacher said, "How did the shepherds feel when they saw the star?" Some one said they were frightened by the light of the bright star, so we used a part of that answer to complete the line. Now we had this much of our song:

*A star was shining
brightly
In Bethlehem one
night.*

*The shepherds out on
the hillside
Were frightened by
the light.*

We sang it several times and decided to change the last tone, so it would have a better ending. This satisfied everyone. We copied the words on the blackboard, and our teacher wrote the music above the words.

The next day we decided to write more words. Francisca surprised us by singing "Glory to God" to a different tune, which sounded so much like a Christmas carol that everybody wanted it to be a part of our song. Many of the pupils in our room tried to finish the phrase. Elena's words, "The angels sang," seemed most fitting, and Alberto sang a tune that suited her words.

We could not get back to

our original melody until we had made one more phrase for the part. "Peace on earth, good will to men" was what Jose suggested, but the class insisted on having the end word rhyme with the word "sang." We thought hard, and Juan finally suggested "rang." David then quickly completed the line by saying "their voices rang." Then we repeated our new tune for this line. Our teacher said it was a suitable tune, because it had the same rhythm as our first melody.

Our song had still not told the shepherd story. David said it should tell of the angels' message. That sounded like a good title, so we named our song *The Angels' Message*.

Then our teacher repeated to us the Christmas story. After she had finished, she wrote on the blackboard expressions which we remembered, such as "wonderful tidings," "Saviour," "joyful," and "unto you is born."

We all wanted to say something about "wonderful tidings" next, and finally Ciriaco suggested this line: "We bring you wonderful tidings." We decided to sing that to the first part of our original tune.

We thought of the words for the rest of our song without any difficulty.

The words of the middle part of our song were these: "Glory to God," the angels sang;

*"Peace on earth," their
voices rang.*

And the last part of our song had these words:

*We bring you wonderful
tidings,*

*For unto you is born
Christ, the Lord, our
Saviour*

*This joyful Christmas
morn.*

Our teacher told us that the music of our song was arranged by what is called the A-B-A arrangement of a song; that is, we composed a complete melody—that one is called Melody A. Then we thought of a new melody—the new one is called Melody B. And then we repeated our Melody A. In that way we had A-B-A.

After our completed song had been written on the blackboard—words and music—we sang it again and again. Some of the pupils in our room wanted to copy it.

"What shall we do with our song, now that it is completed?" our teacher asked.

"Let us sing it at our Christmas program," some one suggested. So we used it at our program, and everyone liked it.

We hope that you will like it also and will sing it.—ADAPTED.

SHIP OF THE DESERT

(Continued from page 465)

traveling 250 or more miles a day across the burning sand and rocky hills. Then the baby camel is put into a hammock, and is carried by one of the freight camels. This freight camel may carry many other things besides—leather bags of water, bales of cloth and dates, jugs of oil, and blocks of rock salt.

There is a curious reason why the baby camel is not put on his mother's back. Camels are so stupid that if the mother could not see her baby, even if he were on her own back, she would be apt to think he had been left behind. Then she might turn and run back to the last camping place. If the baby is on another camel, she can see him, and she follows contentedly.

After the day's march she has her baby all to herself. She nurses him and pets him with her sensitive split lip. He cuddles up to her for warmth, for after the terrible heat of the day, the desert nights are often cold.

There are two kinds of camels—the Arabian, or single-humped camel of Arabia, Syria, and Africa; and the Bactrian camel of western Asia with two humps. The feet of both

BRAHMS

(Continued from page 463)

brahmz)

3. Can you tell of Brahms' early life?

4. What music critic brought the music of Brahms to the attention of the public? How?

5. Can you give a list of compositions by Brahms?

are provided with spongy pads which spread somewhat as the animal walks on the yielding sand.

There are no records of wild camels, so domestication must have been accomplished early. In the Bible we read that Abraham took on his journey "sheep and oxen and camels." We read also that Job at one time had 6,000 camels. In modern times some Arabian and African tribes own hundreds of thousands of these animals.

REVIEW

1. Why is the camel called "the ship of the desert"?

2. How is the camel adapted to desert life?

3. Tell of the camel's disposition.

4. Why do you think the camel is a stupid animal?

5. How is the camel useful to man?

PUPPET THEATER

(Continued from page 474)

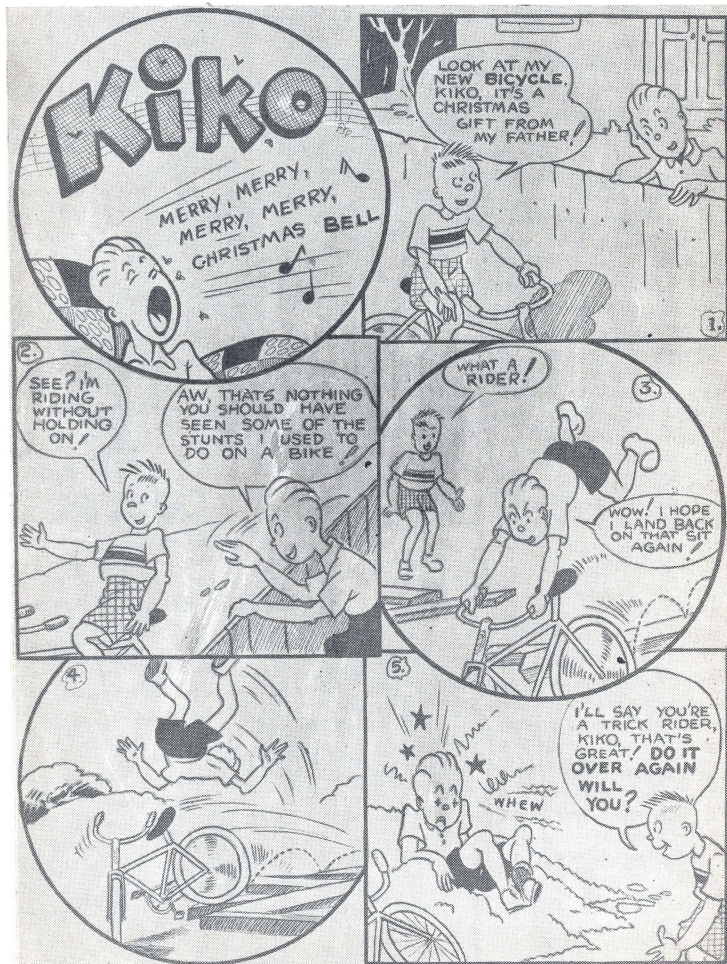
Much of our scenery is homemade. Our favorite scenes are those we painted ourselves. Some pieces of scenery are glued on blocks of wood, like huge boulders for the center of the stage.

Our characters are most of them either of our own designing or cut from magazines and mounted. (This is a good occupation for a convalescent child.) They move on stiff wires, pushed or pulled invisibly. Some stages have grooves for the figures to move in, but ours can move freely all over the stage. The wires are soldered to flat pieces of zinc with upright bent pieces soldered to the center to hold the figures. We have about a dozen wires. (Figure 4)

If two persons manipulate the wires, standing at opposite sides of the stage (hidden by the curtains), they can work very efficiently and also give greater variety to the voices than if only one person puts on the play.

It is lots of fun to have a puppet theater. First make the theater. Then write the play. Make the necessary scenery and figures. Practice speaking the words and operating the figures. Then you are ready to have an audience.

THE FUNNY PAGE



EARLY DAYS OF RIZAL

(Continued from page 467)

Youth). A translation of the first stanza of this poem is as follows:

*Hold high the brow
serene,*

*O youth, where now you
stand;*

*Let the bright sheen
Of your grace be seen,
Fair hope of my father-
land!*

After Rizal graduated with highest honors from the Ateneo, he entered the University of Santo Tomas. Here he studied agriculture and philosophy, and began to specialize in medicine. While a student in Santo Tomas, he decided to continue his education outside of the Philippines.

With the help of his brother, he started to Europe for further study. On his way he stopped at Singapore, the first modern city he had ever seen. At Singapore he embarked on a French steamer and sailed for Europe via the Suez Canal. When enroute he saw something of the city of Aden and a little of Egypt. He arrived at Naples, and from thence went to Marseilles in France. From this French port he went by rail to Barcelona, Spain.

He remained in Barcelona a short time. Evidently

this city, founded by the ancient Romans, made a great impression upon the youthful traveler. Then he went to Madrid, where he entered the University of Madrid. Here he began to study medicine, as well as literature and philosophy. He also had training in sculpture, drawing, and painting, and in addition had private lessons in languages. His college days in Madrid were busy days, although he found time to meet with a group of Filipino students from time to time, and to attend the theater occasionally. Later, Rizal studied in Paris and Berlin.

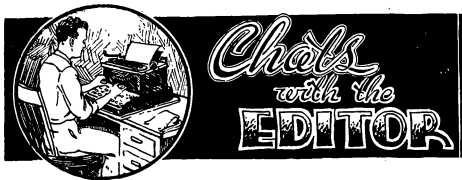
After some more travel in France and Italy, Rizal, now a young man, started on his return trip to Manila. He had been gone seven years. When he arrived at Manila, he immediately started for his home at Calamba.

Rizal had now become a skillful doctor and surgeon. His first surgical operation in the Philippines was an operation on his mother's eyes. Doctor Rizal soon achieved local fame, and had patients from all parts of Luzon.

The remainder of this hero's life until his martyrdom belongs to the history of the Philippines.

REVIEW

1. Where and when was Jose Rizal born?
2. Who were his ancestors?
3. Tell of the family residence in Calamba.
4. Tell of the boy's christening.
5. Tell of his early desire to learn to read.
6. Tell of the boy's early physical characteristics.
7. How was the boy treated by the parish priest?
8. Tell of his pilgrimage to Antipolo.
9. What was done with his print of the Virgin?
10. Tell of visitors at his home.
11. Where was he sent at the age of nine years? Why?
12. Tell of his stay at Biñan.
13. Tell of his early life in Manila.
14. What school did he first enter?
15. What school did he next enter?
16. Tell of his school life at the Ateneo.
17. Tell of his early poetical efforts.
18. What university did Rizal next enter?
19. Where did he later decide to go?
20. Tell of his journey to Spain.
21. What did he study in the University of Madrid?



JUST NOW I happened to glance at the number of the page of the printer's skeleton copy of this issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN (the "dummy" he calls it) showing where this Chat will be printed. Do you know what page this is? Look and see. It's page 480! Think of that! Page 480! Suppose you put all the twelve 1940 numbers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN together: you would have a book of 480 pages, not counting the magazine covers, which would make 48 pages more. And what a wealth of interesting and instructive material is to be found in those 480 pages!

Let's look at the contents of the 1940 volume. What does it contain?

Well, here's the list: 24 pages of material for first graders; another 24 pages for second graders; and still another 24 pages for third graders. In all 72 pages just for the little folks—the primary grades. That, in itself, is a nice little book. Where could you find anything better for those grades?

Let's look again. How many stories have been published in Volume 6? Let me count. There were exactly 58 stories for boys and girls. What a splendid story-book those 58 stories would make!

And poems. A count shows that there were 38 different poems printed—all suitable for young Filipinos.

How many articles appeared? There were 31 articles on character and citizenship, of which twelve were by Dr. Panlasigui, master writer of helpful articles in child psychology. In addition to these, half-a-dozen posters on character education were published.

There were 20 interesting articles in elementary science; 16 timely articles on health and safety; 14 intensely interesting articles in history; and 11 articles in music appreciation which include brief biographies of the master composers Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelsöhn, Chopin, Wagner, and Brahms; there were also 6 pages of music suitable for children.

For the housekeeper, the domestic science teacher, and her pupils there were about 40 recipes in cookery. In the *Work and Play Section* were some 45 amusing, interesting, and worthwhile novelties. Then there was the monthly page for *The What-Are-You-Doing? Club*: three letters in each issue—that makes 36 in all chosen from scores and scores of letters received for this page by the Editor. (Too bad we can't print all of them!)

And don't forget the *Funny Page*. There were 12 full-page funnies about *Kiko*. Didn't you get a kick out of *Kiko*? Well, the Editor did. And so did all the

teachers and lawyers and doctors and other grownups who read these funnies. (Maybe they won't admit it, though.)

There! I've given a summary of the many good things which have appeared in Volume 6 of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. Isn't all of that worth the price of a subscription? We think it is. Now we'll change the subject.

Here's a Christmas suggestion: Why not send a year's subscription to THE YOUNG CITIZEN to some boy or girl, to some young Filipino, who does not already receive the magazine? Or if you want to be very generous, subscribe for 10 or 20 or 30 copies for your school library.

Speaking of Christmas gifts: the Editor is very happy to announce a gift—a splendid gift—that is coming to every reader of the 1941 volume of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. Guess what it is. Well, I'll tell you. It's a series of hair-raising, breath-taking, fascinating stories—true stories—of adventures with wild animals in East Africa. It seems that a young man now living in the Philippines spent some months in East Africa in the big game regions. The adventures which he had were marvellous.

For example: one day he was driving in a Ford sedan and half-a-dozen full-grown lions came at the car. There he sat without a gun and only the sides of the car between him and a lot of savage, untamed African lions. But read this story for yourself in an early issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

Every month one of these thrilling stories will appear. The first will be in the January, 1941, number. Don't miss them.

Goodbye. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—THE EDITOR.

Announcement to All Our Young Readers:

Did you ever do something interesting and worth while? Have you had any experience in doing any of the following: (1) Collecting Philippine Shells, (2) Hunting Turtles, (3) Exploring a Volcano, (4) Catching Sharks, (5) Making an Aquarium, (6) Collecting Postage Stamps, (7) Visiting Famous Churches of the Philippines, (8) Making a Garden, (9) Raising Flowers, (10) Making Candies, (11) Building a Sail Boat, (12) Hunting for Wild Animals, (13) Baking Bread or Cakes, (14) Making Articles of Clothing, (15) Making Articles of Furniture, (16) Visiting the Aquarium in Manila, (17) Collecting Moths and Butterflies, (18) Collecting Interesting Botanical Specimens, (19) Raising Orchids, (20) Visiting Primitive Peoples in the Philippines, or doing many other interesting things.

WRITE ABOUT IT IN A SHORT COMPOSITION.

Send your composition to *The Young Citizen*.

Each month the Editor of *The Young Citizen* will publish as many of the best compositions as space will permit.

If your composition is accepted for publication, you will become a member of

The What-Are-You-Doing? Club.

The rules for securing membership are simple.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. Write about something interesting which you have done, such as the above titles suggest. Do not write a story which is not true. If your story is accepted, you are a member of the Club.
2. On your composition write your name and address VERY PLAINLY.
3. State your age.
4. Tell what you liked best in recent issues of *The Young Citizen*.

Address all letters to:

The What-Are-You-Doing? Club
Care of Community Publishers, Inc.
Publishers of *The Young Citizen*
P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines

INKOGRAPH

*The most practical
fountain pen
you can buy*



Sold exclusively by

Community Publishers, Inc.

Manila