

WHEN THE BOY PRODIGY WAS MISSED *(Continued from page 30)*

his parents and his tutor. But he insisted in playing over and over again one single piece—"The Angel's Serenade."

"That is not the piece you're going to play in your next concert, my son," his mother protested one day. "But you spend more time in it than in that which you are going to render on the night of your performance. Why?" He would not give them any answer, but would merely smile and go on. Meanwhile, the day for the fourth great performance drew near, and people who knew the Boy Prodigy began to talk of him again, anticipating the glorious night when he would thrill them with his music.

But that night when he was to appear before them, the Boy Prodigy was nowhere to be found. Had he been kidnapped for a ransom? Had he developed stage

fright and refused to play that night? Or were his parents trying to hide him somewhere to make the management raise his share of that night's proceeds from the sale of tickets?

A search for him was started, a search frantic and determined. The search ended in a little nipa hut, dimly lighted by a flickering *tinghoy*.

The house was surrounded by a crowd of poor people, all listening intently but in reverent silence. "The Angel's Serenade" was being played from a violin which was almost human in its pleading. And it was the hand of the Boy Prodigy that was drawing out from its strings the inspired melody.

His face was bathed in tears as he played it—played it to an old woman who was lying down on a broken bed, with her face toward him, and her eyes bathed in tears. At the foot of the bed sat a young

girl, suppressing her sobs but giving her tears free rein.

Soon the piece was ended but silence remained unbroken.

The Boy Prodigy wiped out the perspiration from his young forehead and looked down at the old woman on the bed. The sight startled him. The young girl rushed to the bedside of her mother, for it was her mother who was lying there listening to the "Angel's Serenade."

She was dead, but she had a beautiful smile of contentment and joy on her aged face.

She died happy, made happy by a little boy who did not think himself too great to play for an old poor woman like herself, by a little boy whose skill in playing the violin made people spend money to hear. Suffice it to say that that night's concert was greater and more acclaimed than ever.

OUR MOST FAITHFUL FISH FRIEND *(Continued from page 36)*

If milkfish lays eggs and produces baby milkfish in the sea, how, you will ask, it is raised in fish ponds? The millions of "kawag-kawag" that are hatched in April, May, and June in the open sea swim to the shore. Men catch them along the shores of the Ilocos provinces, La Union, Pangasinan, and Batangas. They supply the fish ponds in Luzon. Fish ponds in the Visayan Islands are supplied from Cebu, Oriental Negros, Iloilo, and Antique.

If your home is not far from the sea or from mouths of rivers, you must be familiar with fish ponds. After the "kawag-kawag" are collected, they are placed in a fish pond which is divided into compartments or rooms. Their first home is the "pabiayan." Here they feed upon tiny green plants that form a mat on the floor of the "pabiayan." After two or three months in this compartment, the fish are about the size of a man's finger. Of the number placed in the "pabiayan," only two thirds or six-

ty out of every hundred grow into the fingerling. The tiny fry are eaten by other fish or they die because the water becomes too salty or too fresh.

The fingerling are transferred to the next compartment called the "impitan." Their food here is a kind of water plant called "lumut." Here they stay for about two months with plenty of food. After two months in the "impitan," the fish are transferred to the "kalluañgan," which is the most spacious part in the entire fish pond. Why is it necessary for the fish to have a very large room at this time? Here they remain until they are ready for the market. By the time they are ready to be harvested, only about thirty-six out of every hundred of the original members of "kawag-kawag" are living.

After reading this article you should be able to take the test below. Mark T the statements that are true and F those that are false. Read parts of the story again if necessary.

1. The milkfish is found only in fish ponds.

2. Milkfish may be bought in the market at any time of the year.

3. The milkfish lays millions of eggs.

4. It lays eggs in the fish ponds.

5. The roe is the sack that contains the tiny eggs of a fish.

6. The milkfish thrives well in fresh water.

7. The eggs hatch into fry as big as your finger.

8. There are many rooms in the fish pond.

9. The room in which the "kawag-kawag" are placed is called the "pabiayan."

10. The "kawag-kawag" feed upon "lumut."

11. The big milkfish feed upon the tiny plant that forms a mat on the floor of the pond.

12. About one third of the "kawag-kawag" placed in the fish pond grow into the marketable size.

13. Milkfish can be prepared in many ways.

**Answers to the Test on
"OUR MOST FAITHFUL FISH FRIEND"**

- | | |
|-------|-------|
| 1. F | 7. F |
| 2. T | 8. T |
| 3. T | 9. T |
| 4. F | 10. F |
| 5. F | 11. F |
| 6. T | 12. T |
| 13. T | |

THE LITTLE WHITE MAIDEN . . .

(Continued from page 33)

the music of sighs than of laughter.

"Come," said the Little White Maiden to one little star. But the star just winked at her and shook her silver head.

"I have watch to keep," she said at length, "and duty can be more delightful than laughter when one has known it all her life."

All the others whom they approached merely winked and twinkled at them but would not leave their post. So the Little White Maiden, lonely and bewildered, sailed along with the Wind.

"And I told her," (the Wind said,) "about a world beneath the stars. A little world where the colors of the rainbow could be found in the flowers, where sweetness is so free, and laughter so wholesome. I told her of a little garden where children played all day and plucked flowers by a little lake. I told her of the music of their laughter when they were delighted and the wisdom of their words when they were kind. And I told her of the sweetness of their breath when they are asleep and the tinkle of their laughter when they dream of beautiful things. 'Look everywhere you wish,' I said to the Moon Maiden, 'but nowhere can you find sweeter music than the sound of children's laughter when they are happy.'"

The Little White Maiden clapped her hands in glee and asked to be taken down to this little garden. So they sailed down, down, down, till they came to this little garden with the clear bit of lake. She lingered by the beautiful flowers

BOOKS TO READ . . .

(Continued from page 42)

quite funny. Did you ever think that 'foxes' might wear 'sockses'? Many of the poems in the book, **WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG** are about the things that little boys and girls love to do and about the things that little girls and boys dream of. All of the poems were written for a real little boy who lives in London, England. His name is Christopher Robin. Some other time I shall tell you a secret about Christopher Robin.

I do wish some of you boys and girls would write to me about the kinds of books you would like to read. Look in the first number of **THE YOUNG CITIZEN** and turn to the page where it tells you just what I would like to know. I am waiting to hear from you.

Lovingly,

MOTHER GOOSE.

while they slept, kissed their delicate petals, caressed their tender stalks, and sank to rest in a little throne of green which lay by the lake. Suddenly, there was the sweet tinkle of a baby's laughter, coming clear and beautiful in the perfumed air. The Little White Maiden clasped her hands in ecstasy, her face beautiful beyond words.

She is there now. Would you like to see her? But you must be good and think only of beautiful things so that the sound of your laughter would be unutterably sweet when she pauses to listen for it. Here, by this tiny pool, look closer, for she is there, the Little White Maiden. Do you see her? Yes, in the daytime she is a little Sampaguita, sleeping in a bed of sweetness. But in the night, she wakes up from her rest and leaves her fragrant bower. She flits about the cradles within the silent houses, waiting for the thread of melody which tinkles from the land of dreams and trickle out of the sweet, soft lips of slumbering children.

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