

not exist much longer. The recent establishment of the Harvard-Yenching Institute, to mention only a single important development, is a most promising indication of awakening interest."

After publication of the *Bulletin* quoted, the subject was further taken up in the April meeting of the American Oriental Society, at Cambridge. The *Bulletin* outlines, for the information of the general membership of the Council, and of others whose initiative must inaugurate the movement and find place for it in the universities, the scope that various courses might comprise.

Under the head of *social history* is a list of subjects of which more general knowledge in America than prevails at present, even if it

were confined to university circles, would be of no little national value: *origin of customs, history of problems of population, clan and family organization, marriage, exogamy, surnames and name magic, serfdom, foot-binding, concubinage, fashions, methods of social control, social morality, social classifications, social mobility, philanthropy (native, not missionary), guilds, community organization, housing, communication and isolation as social but not economic factors, social conflict, accommodations, evolution, conscious efforts to remake society, assimilation, influence of the press (new).*

The papers have been reporting the almost total absorption by the Chinese of Manila, of the household shoe industry in Mariquina, which

seems to have been effected by the commercial and industrial guilds. The native craftsmen also contributed to their own spoliation through habits of unthrift which involved them in debt to the Chinese who buy their shoes. Bringing this pressure to bear, the Chinese shoe dealers were able to compel the native shoemakers to buy their leather and findings from Chinese importers and tanners, their other necessities, even those of their households, from other Chinese merchants. Native leather dealers did not prosper, it is alleged, since their patrons were unable to sell to the shoe dealers. Such problems, it would seem, ought to engage the interest of our own scholars. But any port in a storm.

The Fairies and the Sunset

By MAUD N. PARKER

It was sunset. Donata was playing in the rice stubble of her father's field near Cabu. With her was her constant companion and friend Carmen, and Carmen's little sister Pati, who always tagged along wherever the two friends went if they would let her. If they did not let her she made such a fuss, as a rule, that the whole family interfered and made Donata and Carmen take her along anyway.

On this particular evening the sunset clouds had arranged themselves as if for a lesson in geography.

Doning and Mameng, as the girls lovingly called each other, were busy pointing out in the cloud picture lakes, bays, inlets, gulfs, seas, peninsulas, capes, islands, cliffs, mountain peaks, valleys and clouds above clouds—each one intent upon the game of finding more features than the other.

Pati only pointed at the clouds as she saw the bigger girls doing and jabbered baby talk, the meaning of which was clear only to herself.

After the girls had named all the points they could, they turned to naming the colors of the sky and clouds, each striving to name more than the other.

It was easy to name blue, red, golden, white, pink, and gray, but the tints and shades of the principal colors were harder to name, so Donata and Carmen merely pointed to each new color discovered and called it *that*.

Pati made them laugh heartily by pointing and saying, *dat dat*.

Doning had brought along her colored crayons and a clean sheet of drawing paper. She was very fond of drawing and was ambitious to become a great artist, so she often tried to draw the gorgeous sunsets that were to be seen to the best advantage from her father's open fields.

"How I wish I could paint a sunset just like that one," sighed Doning, for perhaps the twentieth time, as she looked at the drawing she had been making and back again at the sunset she was trying to copy.

"If wishes were fishes,
We'd have some fried."

"What good does it do to wish unless there is a fairy around to grant your wishes?" quoth Carmen.

"Well, maybe there are fairies around," said Donata, looking all about her carefully as if she hoped to see one.

"Oh, if we could only see them!" she exclaimed, so sorrowfully that Carmen laughed with glee.

"Why not open your eyes, then, and see them?" said a strange, musical voice at Donata's side.

Both girls turned quickly and were startled speechless to see a diminutive maiden of matchless beauty standing near them.

She was dressed in a gorgeous robe of cloth of gold trimmed with scarlet, while around her slender waist hung a girdle that looked as if made of thin discs of pure gold.

Her eyes were large, luminous and of a gray-green color. Her lips were of a bright coral red and her cheeks were as pink as the cloud banks near the eastern horizon.

The *Sunset Fairy*, for such she proved to be, was smiling in a friendly manner that won the confidence of the two girls at once and put them at their ease.

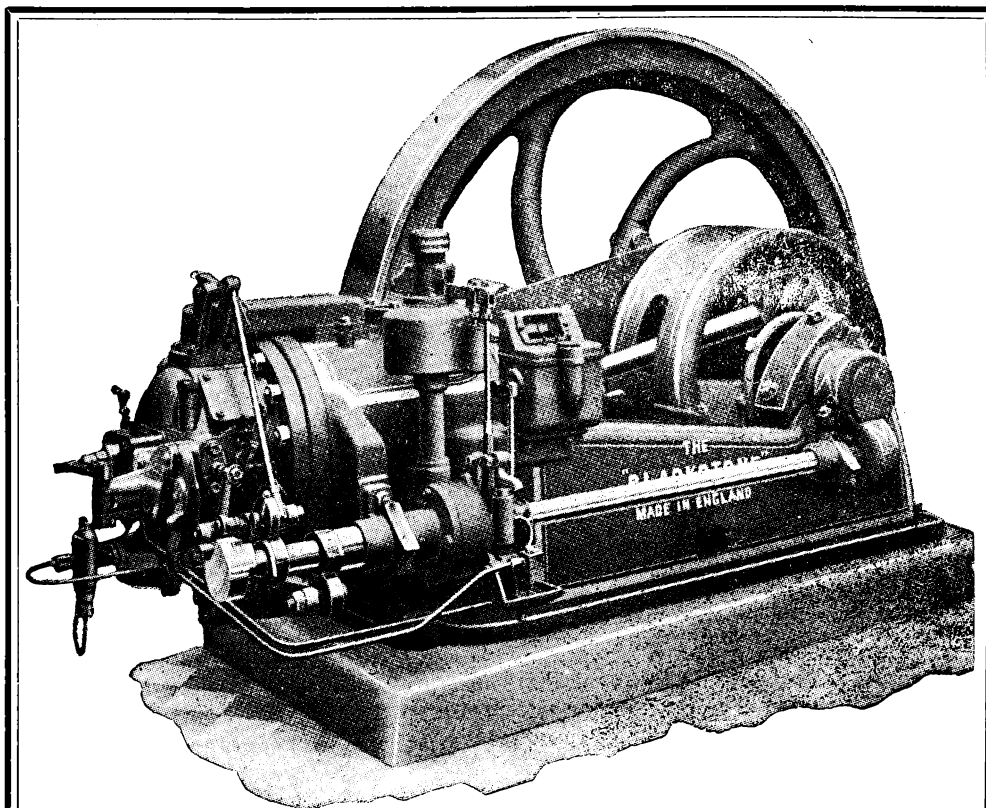
Pati, however, who was quite timid in the presence of all strangers, held tightly to Donata's hand, eyeing doubtfully the maiden, who was even smaller than she.

"How would you like to go with me and help paint the sunset itself?" invited the fairy.

"Oh, I would like it above everything else!" cried Donata, clasping her hands in delight, thinking only of herself and forgetting her companions in the excitement of the moment.

Pati brought her back to earth by giving a loud cry and clinging to Donata's dress tightly—as she always did when there was any question of going anywhere.

"There, little girl, don't cry so," said the fairy, "you may go also. I am afraid, though,



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that you will get more paint on you than on the clouds," she added.

"Oh, Mameng, let's go," said Donata, clasping Carmen's hand tightly, now that she remembered her companions.

Carmen was not so enthusiastic as Donata about painting sunsets, but, being a good chum, she always went wherever Donata went and tried to do everything that Donata did, though sometimes only with slight success.

"We must hurry, then," said the fairy. "The sun waits for no one. When he is ready to go down, he just goes, and the artists have to paint very fast if they hope to give him a good setting."

So saying she seemed to wave her hand lightly toward the sunset and immediately the children found themselves traveling swiftly toward the horizon in the west which seemed like a band of molten gold. Just as a firefly gives light but not heat, so this band, that looked like red hot metal, gave forth no heat. Donata even placed her hand on the horizon line, when they reached it, and was surprised to find that it felt cool to the touch though it glowed like fire.

Here at the western horizon, on all sides of the children, stood buckets and cans and pots of paint of all kinds.

Large vats full of paint were being hurriedly mixed and stirred by strange little workmen whose cheeks were round and red, while agile young fellows dressed like sailors climbed swiftly, with pots of paint, up long ladders made of lightbeams leading to the place where the artists were at work on the actual painting of the sunset scene.

"Where does all this paint come from?" asked Donata, as she saw the buckets of paint sliding swiftly to the ground, trolley like, on long beams of light that went out of sight in all directions.

"From fairy paint mines all over the universe," answered the fairy. "For example, this one that just came in is from a mine in the moon, which gives us a very rare tint like the shimmering, milky color of a good moonstone—such as those found in Ceylon. To get the best results, this color from the moon must be mixed by expert paint mixers, with a white powder from a mine on the Milky Way. This small package here could not be bought with all the gold that has ever been mined from the earth."

Donata felt very much awed by this information and was almost afraid to hold the bucket, which the fairy handed her. She was surprised to find it so heavy that she nearly dropped it, and was glad when the fairy placed it again among the other paints.

"These fiery red paints that you see piled up

in such large quantities," she continued, "come from volcanoes all over the earth. They come ready mixed by the volcanoes and are great favorites with the artists, since they are easy to apply and make a good showing quickly, which is very essential in sunset painting."

"For the bright and fiercest red the miners have to go to the sun itself and to other great star suns throughout space. That package which just passed us like lightning was mined in one of the star suns such as we have for our earth. Although these paints travel at the same rate as light travels, yet some of the miners are so far away in distant star suns that it takes billions of years for the packages to reach the earth."

It made Carmen's head ache to try to think of such big numbers, but, Donata who was interested in every detail of how sunsets were painted, she listened like a true artist to all the fairy's explanations.

In fact Donata was so anxious to learn all the secrets of the painter's art in order to be a great artist, that she tried to remember every word the fairy said.

"Now here," continued the fairy, "are packages of ashes of roses. All the red rose petals that fall from all the roses in the world are carried away by fairy workers to a certain secret furnace where the petals are burned, and this powder is thus obtained. Look over there toward the east at that big gray cloud. See how the side nearest us is turning to a beautiful pink-gray. That cloud is being painted, by the most expert sunset artists, with this color ashes of roses. It is such a delicate tint that only the very best painters dare to try to apply it."

"Those big buckets there," pointing to several showing purplish tinges through the tough white clouds of which the pails were made, "contain amethyst powder from the mines of India. It is imported in large quantities for painting the mountain ranges in the east as you can see by looking over there now." The children looked toward the mountains of Baler, and saw that they were being painted a beautiful purplish tinge, while above them were great piles of white clouds being painted bright pink on top and a lighter baby pink below.

Donata was rapidly shown many other colors, such as old rose and red coral, mined from the coral reefs; light green, extracted from curling waves on long sloping sandy beaches; pale purple and mauve taken from the trunks of millions of coconut palm trees on rainy days; precious gold leaf made from the gold of Benguet; and copper powder from under the earth in many lands.

Here the Fairy explained that on certain nights, during the rainy season, the whole sunset sky was given a coating of this copper paint—producing a sunset of a coppery color, which superstitious people sometimes feared was a warning of a great eruption of a volcano or of the coming of a baguio.

Innumerable fairy workers were darting hither and thither, moving with the swiftness of the light beams on which they traveled by simply taking hold of the beams, that were running like belts in a machine shop—but oh, so rapidly!

Far over beyond the horizon line, Donata could see the colors deepening, as the artists there put them on the blue canvas of the sky.

She desired to see the painting close up, to learn how it was actually done, so she asked the fairy to take her up on the scaffolding of the sky painters to the actual place where the colors were being out on.

"Are you not afraid to go up so high?" asked the fairy.

"Oh, no," replied Donata. "I often climb the tall trees back of our house and watch the sunset."

The fairy laughed and said, "Well, if you are not afraid I will take you; but it is much higher there than the tallest tree. You may not be afraid, but little Pati will surely fall if she is taken along."

Pati, hearing this, set up such a cry at being left that she startled one of the workmen into spilling a whole pot of gilt paint just as he was starting for a spot high overhead where a special artist was flecking with gold the sky above the picture of the lake.

Luckily the paint was thick and spread slowly and had been spilled on a clean piece of white cloud, so it was easily scraped up and put back into the paint pot.

This accident hushed Pati's crying for a moment, and Donata took her on her hip and told the fairy that she would carry her while they should be aloft.

Carmen was very much afraid of climbing trees or going to high places, but she could not think of being left alone, so she overcame her fears as best she could and went along.

Now the fairy was able by a simple wave of her hand to move her party to any place she desired to take them. This was very convenient for the earth children, who could not travel along the beams of light, as the fairy workers did.

The first place they stopped was near a high cloud cliff, at the edge of what the children called a bay, where there were many artists hurriedly painting the upper edges of the cliff a deep red. The color was being splashed on roughly and looked much different at close quarters than it did when one was far down on the earth.

When the children looked back to the earth from which they had come they held their breath in amazement to see how small everything looked. The houses were mere dots, in fields that looked like small green handkerchiefs hung on a line. It made them dizzy to look down so far, so they turned back quickly to the picture on the sky, and the fairy artists at their work of perfecting it.

Donata was interested in the appearance of these artists; they were so different from the workers who carried the paints and from the mixers down on the horizon line, which still glittered like a gold band though far below.

"These are the student artists," explained the fairy. "They learn to paint rough scenes like cliffs and seashores and cloud mountains, where the colors are plain and can be merely splashed on."

"Farther along and higher up, where the finer touches with delicate tints are being put on the picture, you will see the best artists of Fairyland."

As she talked the fairy moved her party smoothly but swiftly along from group to group of the artists, who were all too busy splashing on colors to notice visitors.

As the groups became smaller and smaller, Donata noticed that the artists became older and that they all wore pointed beards, some of which were quite gray.

Pati was now very much at home on the

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scaffolding and begged to be let down to play; so Donata put her down at a wide safe place, while one of the old artists gave her a little pot of gold paint and showed her a place where she could put it or without spoiling the picture.

This caused Donata to beg for some paint and a brush, so that she could help paint an actual sunset.

Her wish was granted and the artist gave her a corner of the canvas just above the bay, telling her to paint a bright red line there.

Carmen, not an artist, spent her time resting and watching the others work. High above she could see the master artists flecking the blue canvas of the sky with bright gold or tinting the pictured clouds with pale rose and mauve.

Just above the picture of the gulf stood the new moon with a bright star near its tip.

An expert artist was touching the sky canvas with a brush dipped in pale green which harmonized perfectly with the pale blue of the sky.

Donata, having finished the task assigned her, now stood in rapture before her work which glowed like a living color.

"Oh, how I wish I could paint sunsets all the time," she sighed, as she turned a happy face to the fairy. "Why do not the fairies paint sunsets like this every evening instead of only a few times in the year?"

"Well, for one thing," answered the fairy, "sunset pictures such as this, that cover the whole sky from horizon to horizon, require a great amount of paint and the mines would soon be exhausted. Also the work of painting a great picture is very exhausting for the artists and they can not produce one great picture after another as workmen make articles in a factory. Again, the plans for a great picture must be very carefully thought out in advance, and every one given detailed instructions, so there will be no hitch in the work. The sun requires that pictures painted at his setting be finished within a certain time. He withdraws his light at the end of that time, the artists can not see to paint in the dark, and all the bright colors rapidly fade away."

"Who decides when a great sunset scene is to be painted?" asked Donata.

"The fairies of the inner circle," answered her little guide, so solemnly that Donata felt somewhat in awe.

"Whenever there is some great day, such as the birthday of the sun or the dog star, or the day when the moon and Venus stand near together in the sky, as they do to-day, then the inner circle orders a famous picture to be made in honor of the event."

Explanations were here suddenly interrupted by howls of anguish from Pati who was seen coming toward them with her dress all covered with dark red paint. She had fallen over a pot of it, splashing it all over the canvas, much to the disgust of the student artists occupied with that part of the picture.

Fortunately the splash was evenly made, and, from the earth, looked as if it had been painted on purpose, so no great harm was done; though for awhile it was feared that the great picture

had been spoiled. An old artist who hurriedly brushed the paint here and there with swift expert strokes, saved the situation.

The fairy felt that it might be well to move her party away from that spot, since there was much muttering and scowling among the student artists—who did not enjoy the idea of having their picture spoiled at the last moment by a toddler.

It was near the end of the sunset anyway, so by the time the party reached the horizon line, toward which the fairy had waved them, the bright red colors had faded to old rose and deep red, the bright gold had faded to old gold and the ashes of roses had faded to pearl gray. Pink clouds had begun to turn blue gray underneath, only the highest tips in the east retaining their

pink color unchanged.

Another wave of the fairy's hand, after reaching the earth, and the party moved in a flash from the horizon line, now only a dull gold, to the stubble field of Donata's father near Cabu. Here the fairy vanished without a word just as the last bright rays of the sun were withdrawn from the west, leaving only a dark red glow low down on the horizon. The children ran home in the dusk of evening, in answer to the call of Donata's mother, to whom they chattered so much about sunsets and sunset fairies that she soon gave them their supper and packed them off to bed. In their dreams they made the journey with the sunset fairy all over again, and it seemed just as wonderful as before.

Haphazard Studies in the English Language

The identity of the perpetrator of what this department is about to quote is unimportant. What he says is. Interest attaches to the delinquency, not to the delinquent, so even the name of the paper in which the piece originally appeared, and made a point well taken, is omitted. It is enough to say that it is a periodical in good repute, published in Manila. First the quotation, matter for comment italicized, then the comment:

"The recent creation of a board of examiners to test the knowledge of English of all university and college graduates in the Philippines, who wish to continue their studies in the United States, is a novelty. It is, in a way, a unique innovation, a tacit admission made the more patent by the complaint on the part of the Registrar's Association of the United States, that the teaching of English in our higher institutions of learning in accordance with the Filipinization policy of the government has not been entirely a success.

"Whatever economic advantages the so-called Filipinization in our public schools may have had, it has one serious drawback and that is the teaching of English by those who have no thorough knowledge of it. We hold no brief against native teachers. Some of them are exceptionally bright and are as capable, along many lines of human endeavor, as any foreign instructor or professor. But, without wishing to appear unpatriotic,—the writer is Filipino—it seems to us that the teaching of English in the higher reaches or grades of education should be confined to American or English teachers alone. Like most foreign languages, the "genius" of the English language is elusive. It can be caught and mastered only by native born or those who have had opportunities of learning English at its source from early childhood.

"Whether we like it or not, the Philippines is bound to adopt the English language. Would it not be the better part of wisdom, therefore, to study it to the best of our abilities, to learn it from those alone who are competent to teach it and who know it, as it were, by instinct? Only thus can we expect to make our speech intelligible, persuasive and compelling. Only thus can it represent "the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought." To encourage the use of what is commonly known as "bamboo" English either because through mistaken zeal or economic fallacy, the government refuses to hire real masters of English, is to choose deliberately a poor material when, at a little difference in cost, a good one could be had with far better results."

The words and phrases which for the purpose of comment have been italicized, may now be gone over:

The recent. Understood, hence superfluous. The knowledge of English of. Cumbersome, the test is in English.

Comma rule violated after Philippines: the adjective clause when not restrictive is set off by commas. This clause is restrictive, it confines the allusion to those alone who wish to continue their studies in the United States.

In a way, a unique innovation. Superfluous and redundant, as comparison of the meaning of novelty, unique, and innovation will show.

On the part. Superfluous, a manilaism. True, things are always being done here on the part of someone other than the one doing them,

that is, they are frequently done by proxy; but that comes of the government's being much in the news, and doing a great deal here. The ways of governments, especially of bureaucracies, are ever devious. Diction, however, should be direct—particularly when expository.

Registrar's. This should probably be Registrars', the plural possessive form.

Filipinization. This is a coined word, but in good repute and essential to the filling of a void; but there seems no good reason to keep on capitalizing it. There is a tendency the other way, which makes transatlantic, transpacific and similar terms correct without either hyphen or capitalized initial letter. (The comma after United States seems superfluous).

And that is. In apposition, should be set off with commas—or omitted.

Some of them are exceptionally bright and are. The second are is superfluous.

Along many lines of human endeavor. This expression, lines of human endeavor, too often to enjoy good repute, means, if anything, something analogous to career or profession. The author does not wish to convey this, but the whole phrase is superfluous. The author does not intend to say that some Filipino teachers are proficient in other lines, and are deficient as teachers. Such expressions derive from politicians (not to confine the term to those in the islands) and tend to intrude in good diction, where they have no place. That they may likewise occur in decisions from the bench is no defense, since the bench also is often bombastic.

Foreign instructor or professor. Pardonably the author has here avoided repetition, but fallen thereby into an inaccuracy. Instructor and professor are not precise synonyms of teacher in the sense the word is employed; they imply

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