

Aunt Julia's True Stories

This Earth of Ours



In the previous numbers of "The Young Citizen," you read a great deal about the heavenly bodies. You have learned that some of them get their light from the sun and are called planets. Our own earth is one of the planets.

Although the earth is our own home, there is much about it that we do not know. The earth is so old that we cannot tell how old it is. Its age cannot be found in books. Those who study the materials that make up the earth gives its age by the bones of animals and stones found deep under the ground. When you are older you will learn how men study the story of the growth of the earth.

Let us study what wise men say about the materials that make up our earth. It is believed that the earth is a solid ball, the inner part heavier than the outer part. The outer covering on which we live is called the crust. This crust is made up of a rocky mass. Part of this mass is solid rock while the rest is composed of loose materials such as soil, sand, and gravel. On lowlands you find soil, sand, or gravel. On the hills and mountains solid rock shows at some points on the surface.

When the earth was young even the outer part or crust must have been very hard rock. As it grew older, many causes broke up the crust forming soil. Now the soil we know is not entirely

made up of broken rock. A great portion of it is made up of decayed plants and animals. This decayed matter makes the soil very rich.

Choose the correct answer.

1. The earth is a (star, planet, moon).
2. Men try to tell the age of the earth by (reading books, studying the stars, studying bones and stones under the ground).
3. The crust of the earth is the (center, interior, outer part).
4. Soil is (a mixture of broken rock and decayed matter, broken-up rock only, decayed plants only).

Turn to page 257 for the answers to these questions.

TO A DAMA DE NOCHE

Dainty little flower so milky white
Why do I see you only at night?
Like the moon above night vigil you keep,
While all your sisters lie asleep.

I love your fragrance that night insects woo,
From e'en afar I shall know you,
By the white of your dress and scent so rare,
Queen of the Night, you're so fair!

TO A CHAMPACA

I mistook you for an Ylang-ylang,
When once I saw you from afar,
Till I came near I never learned
How much more beautiful you are.

You—with your lovely dress of reddish gold,
And perfume of delicate scent,
How much sweetness in you unfold!
What gladness to the world you lend!

Lulu de la Paz