

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
NO. 13, 1935

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

SEPTEMBER, 1935

Editor: M. P. ...

30 Centavos



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WORLD HEALTH DAY NUMBER

Lincoln City by ...

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

The only magazine in the Philippines
published exclusively for boys and girls—



The YOUNG CITIZEN is read in the
best homes of this country—

Among our subscribers are children of Senator Osmeña, Secretary Quirino, President Bocobo, Justice Jose Abad Santos, Judge Manuel Camus, Judge Jose C. Abreu, Judge Mariano Albert, Under-Secretary Vargas, Director Arguelles of the Bureau of Science, Director Eulogio Rodriguez of the National Library, Director Florencio Tamesis of the Bureau of Forestry, Dean Francisco Benitez, Major Paulino Santos of the Bureau of Prisons, Major F. Segundo of the U. S. Army, Atty. Manuel Lim, Dr. Qumersindo Garcia, Dr. Pedro Lantin, Dr. Leandro H. Fernandez, Insular Collector of Internal Revenue A. L. Yatco, Architect Juan M. Arellano, Mr. Isaac Barza, Mr. Gregorio Anonas of the Metropolitan Water District, Deputy Insular Auditor Jaime Hernandez, Mr. Arsenio Luz, Editor Mauro Mendez of the Philippines Herald, and other leading professionals, educators, and businessmen of this country.



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THE TRIBUNE

MAY 15, 1935

MAYBE

By FEDERICO
MANGAHAS



If you don't mind, we like to say welcome to "The Young Citizen," the latest entry into the field of Philippine journalism designed primarily for the boys and girls. The new young people's monthly carries a picture in color on the cover and has a format that is easy on the eye and even alluring to the growing intelligence. It is attractively illustrated in the manner of the modern civilized books for children. We think it is the first thing of the sort to be locally concocted for local consumption and as such deserves a word of notice from our direction for historical purposes.

From the looks of it, it is not anything hastily gotten up to provide willing space to advertisers who care to be bullied into providing cash for it in the interest of a good cause—in the first and until the second or third issue. A good many contemporary magazines of justifiably short life are like that—born of the aspiration of some intrepid yearling who liked the looks of the word "editor" appended to his name socially or otherwise.

"The Young Citizen" appears competently edited; we have failed to notice, from first examination any horrifying infantilisms such as are frequently possible in literary efforts to improve infants. Its material is even healthy and edifying without degenerating into sappy pap; we have not detected—as yet—any note of special propaganda for any coterie educational, political, welfare or whatever you have. A surprising thing for a publication intended for people at their most susceptible period. Apparently none of our potential fascists have as yet taken hold of it for purposes of special indoctrination. But don't tell us we are giving some people ideas.

Anyway, we hope "The Young Citizen" will live on to see its readers become adults without being handicapped by arrested emotional development such as afflicts the advanced cases of youthful messiahship. Our ideal is that young citizens should grow up balanced and responsible and properly fortified and we submit that even a magazine if completely handled can help much to pilot the young through the tricky shoals of their most impressionable years with suitable literature of the moment.

Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

Call the

The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
PUBLISHED MONTHLY • Volume 1 Number 8

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Manila Post Office on May 16, 1935

This Magazine is Approved by the Bureau of Education for Public Schools

The Message This Month

HELPLESSNESS — THE BEAUTY OF THE COMMUNITY

We like to live in a clean place. Of course, we like to live not only in a clean place, but also in a clean and beautiful place. Children are proud and glad to show their homes to their friends if they are clean and beautiful. People are proud of their own town if it is clean and beautiful.

Last month we talked about the different ways in which school children can help make our community clean. Now, what can we do to help make our community beautiful? Well, there are many different ways but let us mention only a few which school children could easily do.

First, let us make our home and its surrounding beautiful. Let us place some flowering plants on the windows, and make a flower garden in the yard. Perhaps our teachers can show us how to make a garden; how to arrange the plants, flowers, stones, shells, etc. in order to make the garden beautiful.

Second, let us make our public buildings and places also beautiful. Old buildings should be cleaned and painted; broken fences repaired; ugly shrubbery and advertising posters removed; etc. School children cannot do much in this matter but

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Every Month

In THE YOUNG CITIZEN you will always find:

Stories

Young people will read again and again—stories that build character, folklore, fanciful stories, and educational stories.

Poems

that the young people of the Philippines love.

Contests and Things-To-Do

Games, puzzles, things to make, cooking, drawing, etc.

Art, History, and Nature Study

Beautiful photographs and entertaining articles and stories which can really entertain and interest young people in these important subjects.

Interesting Features

The Pen and Pencil Circle, which stimulates creative expression; the Hobby Page, which opens the way to new interests and develops initiative; and the Citizenship Page, which instills practical ideals of good citizenship in the boys and girls who tomorrow will be the leaders of the world.

Book Chats

About books and authors young people will be interested in.

Science and Health

Talks on scientific subjects, special recipes and menus, articles on health and sanitation.

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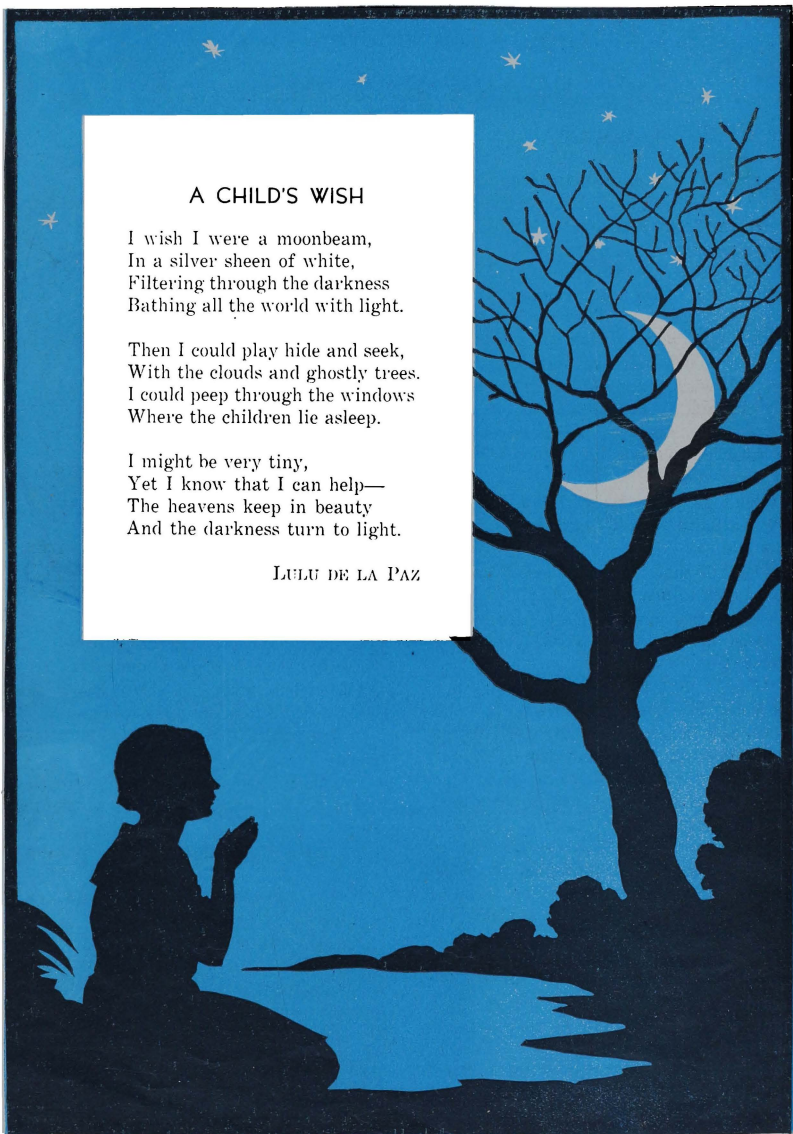
A CHILD'S WISH

I wish I were a moonbeam,
In a silver sheen of white,
Filtering through the darkness
Bathing all the world with light.

Then I could play hide and seek,
With the clouds and ghostly trees.
I could peep through the windows
Where the children lie asleep.

I might be very tiny,
Yet I know that I can help—
The heavens keep in beauty
And the darkness turn to light.

LULU DE LA PAZ



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

BRAVE BROTHER

By Aunt Julia

"MOTHER, please let me chop the firewood for you." Ernesto begged.

"No, my boy, you are too small. Run along and play."

"But, Mother, I am five years old. And I am strong. The other mothers let their boys go to the sea. They catch fish and crabs. They pick up clams and shells."

"Later when you are bigger, my little man will work for me. Just now you can only play with your sister."

Ernesto's sister was only three years old. He followed her around. He would hold her arms and say,

"Don't go there, Baby. You will fall."

When Baby put her finger in her mouth, he would say,

"Don't do that. You will get sick. You must listen to me. I am older."

Ernesto felt he was a man. He thought he must always watch Baby. He would often say to Father,

"If I did not take care of Baby very well, she would fall down the stairs."

One day Ernesto and Baby were playing on the sidewalk. A big boy came. At first he watched them. Then he picked up Baby's shells and threw them into the middle of the street.

"You bad, bad boy!" Ernesto cried.

The boy ran away, sticking out his tongue at Ernesto. Ernesto stamped his feet.

"Come back here. I'll sock anybody who is mean to my sister."

Ernesto was a brave boy. He would not cry even when he was hurt. He was not afraid of bad men. He was not afraid of giants and witches. But he was afraid of the dark. He could not go into a dark room alone. He would rather go without drinking if he had to get up when the lights were out.

One night after the children had been put



to bed, Baby called her grandmother, "Lola, please give me a drink."

The grandmother did not answer. She thought Baby just wanted to play.

"I want a drink. I want a drink." Baby repeated.

The older people would not pay attention to Baby. She had many ways of playing tricks on them.

Ernesto got up and felt his way to Baby's bed.

"Come, Baby, I'll take you downstairs," he whispered.

Ernesto took Baby by the hand. They walked slowly out of the bedroom. They felt their way down the stairs. The dining room was dark. Ernesto took a glass from the cupboard. He walked carefully. He left Baby in a corner.

"Stay here, Baby," he said gently. "I'll get some water for you."

In a minute, Ernesto was back. He held

(Please turn to page 217)

How A Child Can Grow Big And Tall

By Dr. M. C. ICASIANO *

My dear readers of the YOUNG CITIZEN:

I have been asked to tell you something in this Child Health Day issue of your magazine. I was supposed to talk on skin diseases or on intestinal worms. But I am sure it is not diseases you care to read about. You like something more beautiful, so I will tell you of a pleasant and interesting account of some children in a certain school.

I want you to know that I love school children, that I have visited many many schools in several countries of the world and made a great number of little friends in those schools. It is about one of these schools that I am going to tell you.

I still remember the incident as if it were only yesterday, although this happened several years ago. One beautiful afternoon in a town not many miles away from the city of Boston in America, I was watching an excited class of students. It was weighing day and they had just finished weighing. The teacher had read the records of every pupil and was trying to find out why some children gained markedly in weight, a few hardly gained at all and one or two actually lost weight.

By the way, to these children the business of gaining in weight was a serious job and they were really trying to attain their purpose. They slept very long hours; they ate plenty including milk, eggs and vegetables; some even drank several glasses of water just before going to class so they would weigh more.

All these things they did because they wanted to be healthy and they knew that growth is a sign of health. And this is true. Everybody knows that one plant is healthier than another when it grows faster and bigger. If you watch two fields of rice you know that the one with taller plants, with wider and greener leaves is the

healthier. The rice plant that hardly grows, that has narrow and yellowish leaves is a poor plant and will not produce much grain. The same is true of the child. One who grows heavier and taller from month to month is healthier, as a general rule, than one who hardly grows or is not growing at all.

What was most wonderful in this class was the fact that with few exceptions, everyone seemed to be gaining steadily in weight. The secret of this, according to the teacher, was that the pupils knew what made a child grow and they all did their best to do the things which make for growth.

Now you will perhaps ask me, "What makes a child grow?" The answer to this you will learn from those children themselves. When they were asked by the teacher what made them gain in weight the following answers were given:

One child believed that he gained in weight after his swollen tonsils were removed.

Another child thought he increased in weight since he began taking daily baths. This made him sleep soundly every night as he was not bothered by any itching sensations.

A third child explained that he played daily out of doors and consequently had more appetite.

A fourth child told the class that she felt much better since she learned to eat plenty of vegetables every day.

Now, can you answer the question yourself? In case you cannot, hear the advice of the teacher to her pupils:

1. Try to eat plenty every meal, and include milk or egg and vegetables and fruits in your diet.

2. Sleep long hours with windows open. Try to go to bed before eight every night.

(Please turn to page 226)

* Chief, Section of School Health Supervision, Bureau of Health.

WHAT PRICE IGNORANCE

A STORY

By Antonio Muñoz

IN the year 1920, an electric light plant was installed in a certain town. As it was the first time that the people in that town saw electric light, it was not strange to find a crowd of people around a lighted bulb gazing at the wonderful light and quarreling about how the light got there.

Once a man named Andres who was considered wealthy in his barrio came to this town to shop. At about 5:30 in the afternoon, he went to visit a friend who happened to be the municipal secretary of that town. The two were sitting at a table when all of a sudden a flood of light overspread the space about them. Andres was thunderstruck. He looked at the lighted bulb in dumb astonishment. His face was the picture of fright. The superstitious belief common among barrio folks seemed to be taking hold of him at that moment. He looked at his friend. The latter was smiling. Surely he was amused. The expression on the secretary's face, however, relieved the frightened Andres.

"What is that?" the latter asked. "How did the light get there? I saw no one approach that round thing. I'm afraid it's the spirit, and, believe me, something is going to happen. Yes, something is going to happen!"

"Oh, that is our light here. We do not use the bulky lamp any more. At six o'clock every evening, it lights itself," explained the secretary.

"Where do you put the petroleum?" asked the puzzled barrio man. "I see no container there."

"That kind of lamp does not need any oil," said the secretary. "Once it is hung, there is nothing else to do. The light comes out at six o'clock every evening."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed Andres. "Where did you buy it?"

"In that store," replied the secretary pointing to a Chinese store.



"Friend, please let me have your lamp. I'll pay more than what it cost you," begged Andres.

"I have another," said the secretary, "and you may have it."

Then he got the bulb and the socket which he wanted to use in his room. There was already a long piece of silk cord attached to the socket.

Andres did not ask any questions. As soon as he had the bulb and the socket, he went directly home. On the way he planned how he would surprise the barrio friends.

Early the following morning, he hung the bulb in the sala of his house. Then he went out to invite his neighbors and friends to a supper that night. "I have a surprise for you all," he told them, "but you must be at my house just before sunset if you want to witness the most wonderful event."

"Yes, we'll surely be there," his friends assured him.

After dinner that day, Andres killed a pig and some chickens. He told his wife, Maria, to cook enough rice for the guests. He also ordered three jarsful of tuba.

At 5:30, everybody was there. The chairs were so arranged that they formed a circle around the hanging bulb under which stood a table covered with steaming meat and rice.

"Friends, look at that thing," said Andres pointing to the bulb. "That is very

(Please turn to page 202)

WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG

TEODORO R. YANGCO

By Alvaro L. Martinez

DON TEODORO R. YANGCO, millionaire and philanthropist, sat reclining in his roomy armchair. His venerable aged head was comfortably resting against the back of the seat when he told me this little incident in his boyhood life. As I looked at him I could not but feel the greatness of his heart which has made him the greatest of philanthropists in the Philippines. His face showed a kind smile which made one feel at home with him.

"I was a rich man's son," he began, "but I was brought up as a poor man's child."

A look of pleasant recollection beamed in his eyes.

"I was educated in London," he went on. "When the time for my return to the Philippines came, the employees of my father hired an orchestra to meet me at the boat. They wanted to give me a royal welcome for I was a rich man's son. This was done without the knowledge of my father."

Again there was the smile of recollection on his face. He seemed happy as he thought of his boyhood. I kept silent and allowed him to continue talking.

"When my father found out about the orchestra, he became angry and drove the men away, saying, 'Do you want to spoil my son?'"

"You see, he did not believe in noisy welcomes. He believed in simplicity. He took me home and we had our meals together."

"That night, being very tired from the voyage, I slept very soundly. The next morning I was awakened by my father. He shook me out of my bed, saying, 'Teodoro, Teodoro, wake up—it's already six o'clock. Is this what you learned in London—to sleep until six o'clock in the morning? Dress up and sweep the floor and dust the tables in the office.'"



"I said to myself—'Is this what you sent me to London for, to become a janitor in your office?' Of course I did not say this out loud."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Yangco," I asked, "that you were the one who was made to clean the offices of your father?"

"Yes," he answered proudly. "This was my work for sometime. My father believed that if we must order men to work and do things for us, we must be able to do them ourselves."

There was a brief pause during which I merely gazed at him, admiring the gentle personality that was expressed on his face.

"I had very little time to study. I used to read my lessons on my way to school and at night before going to bed. My father, however, never allowed me to study late because he said it was bad for my eyes. I did not enjoy the games and the pleasures that you are enjoying now."

"But I am not sorry for that," he went on, "because if my father had not trained me like that, perhaps I would not be what I am now. You see, now that I am old, I do not need to work if I do not want to. I only go to my office once in a while because I have my manager to take care of everything."

(Please turn to page 215)

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU EAT?

By EFIGENIA UICHANCO*

HAVE you ever heard your mother make complaints?

No, but . . . wait and listen to everything that she says! She has only one common complaint. This is what she usually says to her child, "You have not eaten, as you should, at meal time. I think you'd better take purgative." (Many times children make so much fuss at the tables that they hardly eat anything. They won't drink even milk, nor eat green leafy vegetables or beans that mothers offer them.)

"Oh, no! Mother," a child would ordinarily respond. "I have eaten plenty of biscuits (or sometimes candy, chocolate, cakes,

Manila.

Maximo, Boroñgan, Florencio Garena, and Rodrigo Buna are school children who live in the same neighborhood. Of course, there are other children who live around their vicinity. They usually play together.

One afternoon while they were playing, Maximo, an adventurous boy in the group, felt hungry. He looked for something to eat. He found the fruit growing in clusters. They resembled the young coconut fruit (only that they are very much smaller). He looked a cluster of fruit. He opened one and discovered some seeds in it. He tasted a seed, and it tasted like a pea-



FIG. 1
Fruit in cluster (x 1)



FIG. 2
A fruit cut lengthwise (x 1)



FIG. 2
A fruit cut crosswise (x 1)

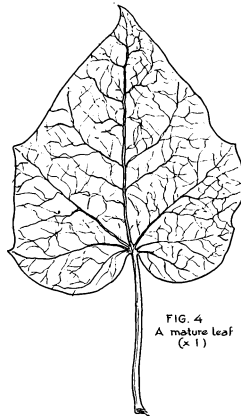


FIG. 4
A mature leaf (x 1)

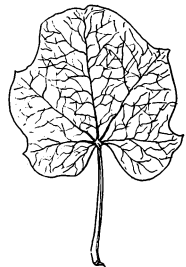


FIG. 5
A young leaf (x 1)

etc.) on my way from school." This practice seems to be a general one among all children.

Watch yourself as you go out together from school, or as you go out of your house in company with other children in your neighborhood. Don't you eat, or want to eat, almost anything that comes along your way?

Now let me tell you an incident that actually happened in one of the districts in

nut. He was very much delighted at his discovery.

"Boys and girls, come. Something nice to eat! Come and have some!" shouted Maximo.

The children gathered around Maximo. They were all anxious to find out what Maximo had discovered for them to eat.

Upon seeing the fruit, Rodrigo, the eldest in the company, exclaimed, "Stop! Don't eat the fruit! My mother told me

* Principal, Burgos Elementary School, Manila.

that that fruit is poisonous. She said that the leaves or the green barks are used for plasters. They can cure stomach-aches or sprains. No, don't eat the fruit."

"But the seeds taste like peanuts, and peanuts are not poisonous," insisted Maximo.

"And I can feel the oil on my fingers. See! (holding up her hand)," remarked Lolita, the little girl in the group.

"Leave Rodrigo alone! Let the rest of us feast on the fruit," threatened Florencio.

All the children present, except Rodrigo, began to eat the *tuba* fruit. Rodrigo could no longer resist the temptation of the voracious spirit of his companions. Disregarding what his mother told him about the fruit, he joined the party and ate a few seeds.

After a certain length of time when the children had resumed their game of kicking empty cans, some began to complain of head-aches and dizziness. They all went home.

Not long afterwards, news in the neighborhood was passed from house to house. This was the news, "The children who were playing together a while ago are suffering from nausea (dizziness and vomiting)."

Some of the children confessed to their mothers that they ate the fruit claimed by Rodrigo's mother to be poisonous. The parents knew that it must be the fruit of the *tuba* growing in their neighborhood.

An ambulance was sent for, and the suffering children were taken to the hospital.

Now, the children are well, are back in school, and are more careful than ever not to eat what they do not know without their elders' permission.

Other children may profit from the experience of those children who ate the *tuba* fruit by examining the sketches on page 201.

Note: *Tuba* is sometimes called "talang-tangan" or "tangan-tangan tuba." The tree grows from one and one half to about three meters high.

WHAT PRICE IGNORANCE

(Continued from page 199)

wonderful. Without any petroleum or oil, without the aid of a match, without even touching it, light will appear inside that round thing immediately after the sun sets this evening."

"Wonderful!" they all exclaimed.

Soon the sun set. It was getting dark inside the house. All was still. With beating hearts, they waited for the wonderful event. Five minutes passed. No light. Ten minutes, twenty, half an hour, one hour—still there was no light. It was dark, very dark for the lamps in the house were thrown away that morning. They would not be needed. Andres relied upon the wonderful light of the bulb.

Then one by one the guests slipped out of the house each carrying a portion of the food on the table. At about eight o'clock, Andres noticed that his friends were all gone. Still he hoped to see the light coming forth.

A man passed by carrying a torch of dry coconut leaves. Its light reflected on the side of the bulb. As Andres's attention was wholly on the dim outline of the bulb, he did not notice the light from the torch outside. Up he jumped when he saw the reflected light on the side of the bulb and exclaimed, "It's coming! It's coming! Call the neighbors, Maria. Call them all."

But when the man with the torch disappeared, the reflected light on the bulb also vanished. He sat down again shaking his head. He was downhearted and went to bed that night without any supper.

In the morning, he went to the town with the bulb.

"This is not good and I'm through with it," he said to the secretary. "I had a big company at home last night and the stupid thing didn't give any light at all. Take it back. I have no need for it. The worst part of the game is that I have thrown away all my lamps and now I have to buy new ones."

The secretary laughed and told him why it did not give any light. Then he pointed to the wire which extended from

(Please turn to page 205)

The Story of Sesshiu and the Mouse

(Concluded from August Number)

Retold by Elisabeth Latsch



THE temple had grown dark. Sesshiu had heard the priests leave in the cart. He had heard its rumbling over the cobblestones. He had longed to go along. But here he was, tied to a column in the great dark temple. It all came from being so very, very fond of painting. "I wish I were *anywhere* rather than here. I wish I were Sogaro, the herd boy. He is always hungry and always in rags; but he is out in the fields all day, and he has a little whistle. And the great white oxen eats from his hand, and no one ever ties him up. I wish I were the old blind beggar who stands by the temple gate. I wish I were anyone but me."

How dark the temple had grown, as dark as the fluid in his inkpot. The temple seemed endlessly large and fearfully still. His arms and shoulders began to ache where the ropes were fastened. He was quite fatigued. His legs grew weak and his head grew dizzy. Why the moon must have come out! There was a beam of moonlight dancing on the floor and it came directly over the head of the Goddess of Mercy,

Kwannon. It was beautiful. Sesshiu, the little artist seemed all alive again. And he whispered, so softly and pleadingly, "O thou Goddess Kwannon, help me." He grew very sad when he noticed that the goddess did not seem to hear him. He thought, perhaps, he was much too small to be listened to. The tears began to flow freely and fell upon the floor of the temple. When Sesshiu discovered the little pool of tears at his feet his bare toe began to move around in it. He began to draw. There, it was finished. Something with pointed ears and a very, very long tail. Why, he had drawn his little midnight visitor, the little grey mouse, Nezumi!

But what was that? The tail was moving about. The little swift feet were carrying the long little grey body over the floor. There was a gnawing noise, something was ripping. The rope seemed to be loosening, there was no longer that pain. And then a sudden jerk and the rope fell to the floor. He called to his friend but Nezumi had disappeared. It was so like a dream. Sesshiu was much too overcome to walk away. He fell to the floor in a little heap.

When the priests returned to the temple the next morning Sesshiu was still sound asleep. A peaceful little smile hovered around his lips. "Look, Brothers of mine, a miracle has happened. The boy could have never unfastened this rope. I had tied his hands securely behind his back. He is indeed a being under the protection of the Goddess of Mercy, Kwannon. Since such is the case, that the Goddess lends a helping hand, then, be it so that Sesshiu become an artist."

Thus it is written in the old, old legend that Sesshiu became a wonderful artist. He understood the plants, the insects, the birds, the animals, the mountains and valleys, the brooks and the rivers and into his pictures he put them as true and as real as they were in his out-of-door wonderland.



Chapter six

AMONG STREET BOYS

AS the street car stopped at the foot of Pritil bridge, a group of boys rushed toward it and thrashed their newspapers into the windows. All of them, except one who looked very timid, catered to the first-class passengers. The timid one avoided the crowd and approached the men at the rear. A man with a dime on his extended hand was beckoning to him. He was running toward the man when another boy elbowed him aside. The timid boy retreated murmuring,

"I must not be discouraged. I'll do better after a few days. Then we shall not have to beg and Lolo can stay at home."

It was Tonio who had turned newsboy. He stood by himself and watched the other newsboys at a distance, for he had learned to distrust strangers.

The other newsboys amused themselves by annoying the passing girls with impertinent remarks or by telling stories of how they had played dirty tricks on Chinese peddlers.

"Yesterday with my sling shot I hit and broke a bottle in a Chinese peddler's basket. And that was at a distance of about fifty meters." One of the boys boasted.

"Is that all? The three of us swooped

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Peña
•

upon a junk peddler. I got his hat and threw it into the gutter."

"I swiped some old sacks," put in another. "You should have heard the toothless old pig scream."

Tonio overheard the conversation but kept his head turned away. He determined to keep aloof from the other boys. He was busy planning means by which he could invest his expected profits when he was startled by the unintelligible jabbering of an old Chinese bottle peddler. The Chinaman, accompanied by a policeman, was pointing to Tonio. He was trying to persuade the policeman to arrest Tonio, alleging that he was one of the three boys who attacked him the previous day. Tearful and quivering, Tonio protested his innocence. When he looked around, he saw that the group of boys had disappeared. Luckily for him a salesman in a nearby store testified in his favor, saying,

"This boy could not have been among those rowdies. He stays in this corner every day all by himself."

Tonio then and there decided to hawk his newspapers in the alleys rather than stay in a place with the other newsboys.

Although he did not want to give his Lolo any cause for worry, Tonio felt it his duty to relate to him the happenings of the day. He was frightened in spite of his determination to be brave. As Tonio ended his narration, the old man calmly said,

"I knew no harm would befall you, my boy. I have been praying for you the whole

day. You yourself must not forget to make the sign of the cross and say the names "Jesus, Maria y Jose" before you leave the house."

"I do, Lolo. And I repeat my prayer even in the street."

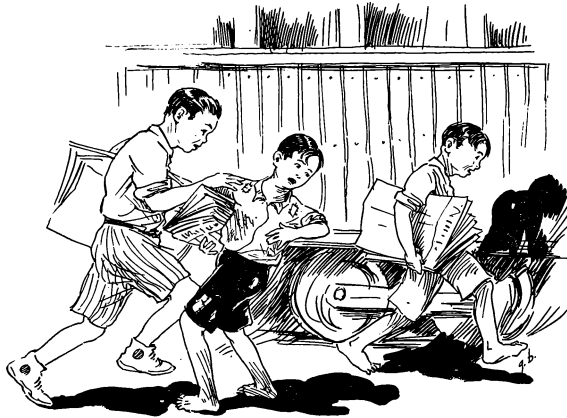
"That is right, my boy." After a pause, he continued, "If you would only carry my

he could have done better. But his Lolo was glad. He saw that he had not been mistaken in the boy.

The following week, Tonio did much better. He started his rounds very early. A number of early office goers had learned to depend upon him for their morning news.

Tonio always finished his stock of newspapers. There was something in his voice and his manners which made it hard for people to turn down his offer.

At noon when there were no papers to sell, he carried his shine-shoe box and offered to shine people's shoes while they smoked and dozed. For five centavos, he rendered a piece of excellent service.



cane with you! I believe it is possessed of luck-bringing powers."

"Perhaps I do not have to carry it around, Lolo. Any way we have it in the house."

During his first week, Tonio made three pesos. He was not satisfied, for he thought

In less than a month, his Lolo was convinced that Tonio could earn enough for both. They did not have to draw upon their savings. On the contrary they could lay by a little sum every day for the opening of the school, which was only a month off.

Will Rogers and Wiley Post Killed

The world famed American humorist, Will Rogers, and the round-the-world flier, Wiley Post, were killed instantly when the airplane in which they were flying crashed to earth in Alaska.

It is said that the boys and girls in the United States and in other countries were deeply grieved to read of the tragedy that befell their screen friend and the greatly admired flier.

It was, indeed, a shock to people throughout the world.

The bodies of both men were brought by airplane from Alaska. Will Rogers was

WHAT PRICE IGNORANCE

(Continued from page 199)

his house to the electric plant which was close by. He took Andres to the plant and showed him the machine. He explained how the light would go to the bulb.

"Oh, I see!" he murmured. "I should have questioned a little more yesterday. I was really very hasty. I have learned a good lesson. Yes, I should think well before I do a thing. Haste really makes waste. Good-bye," he said to the secretary and went away.

buried in California and Wiley Post in Oklahoma.

THE DISCONTENTED GUMAMELA FAIRY

By Ligaya Victorio Reyes



A TINY Gumamela fairy sat upon her green stalk and surveyed the world around her. She was a very young fairy, and the world of the garden looked new and grand and enchanting to her wondering eyes. She saw the leaves of the Ylang-ylang tree stretch far out into the blue, merging into the outlines of the sky with a faintly blurred harmony. She watched the green and yellow blossoms swaying gracefully in the breeze, breathing forth a fragrance that was deep and strange, with every motion of the wind. She wished, with a great, great wish, that she were way up among those blossoms. She wanted to be gone from this lowly flower of the Gumamela upon which she reclined and be cradled among the thick foliage of the Ylang-ylang. There perhaps she could look around, and see the tops of the tall buildings which were outlined in the distance. She would then put out her hand and reach for a star, for there the sky would be very close indeed.

The tiny Gumamela fairy heaved a small sigh. With reluctance, she removed her gaze from the Ylang-ylang boughs and let it wander around. It rested for a brief moment upon the little cucharitas that bordered the garden path. She had refused their invitation to come down and play. Then she looked at the Rosal tree, a beautiful combination of dark green and white—the white of star-like blossoms that opened so trustingly to the light.

"If I were within one of those flowers," the little Gumamela fairy thought, "how well the red of my

dress would blend with the background of white. And I will be so sweet and so lovely that people will adore me." And the little fairy (vain little creature!) stretched her neck haughtily and waved a tiny wand with condescension.

That done, she deserted the Rosal and let her gaze travel through the length and breadth of the garden, drinking in each lovely scene that the place revealed. She wove discontent after discontent—wishing now that she were a sampaguita, then wishing again that she were a rose, then forgetting all these wishes to wish again that she were a tall, regal, scintillating dahlia. After some moments, the little Gumamela fairy succeeded in making herself completely miserable, so she sank into the red depths of the Gumamela for a long cry. Little sobs rose and fell in her tiny bosom, and her tears fell like dew upon the thirsty heart of the flower.

She was so engrossed in her sorrow that she was startled by a group of children who had entered the garden. When she looked up, they were running around in glee, watched indulgently by a pretty girl of twelve, the oldest of them all. One little boy ran to the rose, and tried to pluck it. But the rose, as every one should know, is a very haughty and quarrelsome beauty, and she replied with a sting to anyone who would break her off the stalk. So the little boy removed a bleeding finger and put it tearfully into his mouth.

The Gumamela fairy shook her head in condolence. She saw a little girl reaching up to get a Rosal, but the voice of the oldest girl rang out sharply in warning. "No, Nenita, that is for sister's corsage when she goes to the ball tonight."

"Not even one little flower?" Nenita pleaded.

"Not even one," the oldest girl said with importance. "Sister is going to a White Dance and she will need all those blossoms."

Nenita ran away disappointed and stood with another little girl who looked wistfully at the Ylang-ylang tree.

"I want some Ylang-ylang for my sampaguita string," she said hopelessly. "But they are so high above." With her arm around Nenita, she went about the garden in a forlorn way. The Gumamela fairy followed them with sympathetic eyes. She heard them warned off the Sampaguitas, "which were for the altar." They dared not go near the lilies nor the dahlias, because they knew that those were "Sister's favorites, and she would spank them if they ever tampered with the regal flowers. Besides, 'lilies and dahlias are not good to play with, anyway,' as the boy expressed it, and they certainly could not play with the roses and the orchids.

A CHILD'S PROBLEM

By LINA M. SANTIAGO *

I love my mother because she is very dear to me. The only thing I do not like in her is that she talks a lot. She calls me names if I do not listen to her at once. She scolds me if I do not go to school. She hates me if I do not come home early. When I play, she tells me to stop. When I run away from home, she whips me. But after all, she is my mother.

Father likes his work in the factory, but he does not care to know about my needs in school. He tells me that Mother has to take care of them. But Mother fails to do so because she is very busy.

My teacher is very good to me. She is very kind. She says that I have to buy pad paper, pen and ink, book covers, and give thirty centavos to the Red Cross. When Mother knows those things, she says she has no money yet.

In school, I play alone because my classmates do not like me. They move away from me because they say that I smell fishy. My teacher says that I have to take a bath every day but Mother says that I have to put on new clothes every time I take a bath which means more work for her. My teacher tells me to have a toothbrush, a face towel, and a clean handkerchief. I told Mother about my teacher's requirements and she says that she does not know what to do with it. She says also that I can use Father's toothbrush and handkerchief.

I learn some rhymes in school which say—

*"No more coffee, no more tea
Drink milk, and only milk for me."
"Away with tea, away with coffee,
Milk and eggs are good for me."*

* Zamora Elementary School.

The four children looked around helplessly, their enthusiasm of a moment ago dampened considerably. Then the oldest girl had an idea. She ran to the Gumamela plant, and pulled off a gorgeous red flower.

"Look!" she said, "the Gumamela is just ideal for our games. It is so red and so bright, and no one will be angry if we tear them to pieces. They are here for us to play with. Come on, pull some. We can still play our game."

The children shouted with glee. They ran to where the oldest girl stood and started to pull off some of the big flowers. The tiny fairy scrambled up to the tallest blossom, thrilled by the turn of

But I cannot put them into practice because Mother gives me coffee and at times tea. Another rhyme says—

*"An apple a day
Keeps the doctor away"*

But apples are dear. My teacher says that children must eat fruits and vegetables, and eggs, too. But I do not always find them at home. Mother says she cannot buy them every day but only on Christmas, New Year, and Patron Saint Day. She says that Father's earning is not enough for the family.

I am growing taller and thinner. My teacher tells me—"Do not move," "Sit still," "Keep very quiet," "Stop playing," "Look at me," and many others. I simply cannot do those things. I do not know why I like to move here and there every minute of the day. To me, the domestic pets at home and the insects in our garden are better off because they are actively free. The kittens and the puppies run and jump under the watchful eyes of their mothers. The young of the mosquitoes wriggle in the water every time I peep into our big water jar. I see the butterflies fly from flower to flower, and the dragon-flies playing overhead. Why can I not be active like them?

My teacher says, "Study these . . ." "Do that . . ." but I cannot see how useful those things are to me. She tells me to work on the projects but they are not interesting. If I tell her that I do not like the projects, she says that I am lazy and dull. She hates me when I tell her to give me useful projects because she says that I know more than she does. If I do not obey her, she lowers my grade.

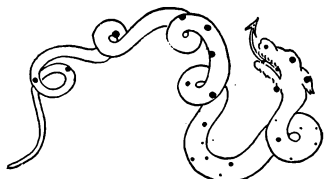
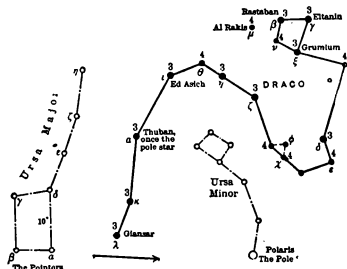
I am facing a difficult problem, what shall I do?

events. They were getting her flowers, preferring them above the more beautiful others. They were going to play with her flowers, because they "were just right."

She saw the children run out of the garden, their dresses fiery with the radiant red of the blossoms. The Gumamela fairy heaved a sigh of relief. She looked up at the Ylang-ylang tree, with its fragrant blooms swaying securely in the breeze. She looked at the haughty rose, at the regal lily, and at the radiant dahlia. Then she drew her robes about her and smiled. Still smiling, she went to sleep. The wind caressed her little face, serene and lovely in its contentment.

 THE SKY AND THE STARS

 DRACO, THE DRAGON



DRACO

YOU have often read or heard about a frightful monster whose breath was poisonous and who fed upon men and animals. People of olden times believed there was such monster and called it dragon. People of today believe that the dragon existed only in men's imagination.

One of the constellations near the north pole is called Draco or the Dragon. At 9 P. M. in August, it can be seen just over the North Star, which you should be able to locate by this time. Although the stars in Draco are not very bright, it can be recognized without difficulty because of its form. Look at the picture carefully. There are five stars in its head and thirteen fairly bright stars in its body, while three dim little stars are in the end of its tail. Its body makes a great curve down and around the Little Dipper. The lower part of the body lies between the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper.

The ancient people, who were highly imaginative, saw this constellation as a terrible

Breakfast for School Children

By LUCINIA CHAVES-PERALTA *

Thinking that breakfast is not important, many children go to school without it, or hurry through their first meal. Such children show lack of interest in their studies. They feel and look dull. They don't feel like playing because they lack the necessary energy. A school child should eat a good breakfast, especially because the interval between the evening and morning meals is very long. Breakfast should be eaten slowly and with enjoyment. Give at least half an hour to it. While breakfast is a simple meal, it must be carefully planned so that each member of the family will have the food he needs.

Fruit is a good appetizer with which to start breakfast. Every child of school age should drink at least one glass of milk everyday. Coffee and tea contain no nourishing materials and should be taken only when mixed with plenty of milk.

Some breakfast menus for school children

1. Papaya
 - 1 poached egg
 - 1 sq. inch butter
 - 2 pieces of bread (pan de sal, small size)
 - 1 glass of milk (medium size)
2. Small atis
 - 1 saucer oatmeal with milk
 - 2 slices American bread
 - 1 sq. inch butter
 - native cheese— $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, 4" long, & 3" wide
 - 1 cup chocolate
3. Banana
 - 1 plate rice
 - 1 fried fish (slice dalag or milk fish)
 - 1 fresh tomato with little salt
 - 1 cup coffee with plenty of milk

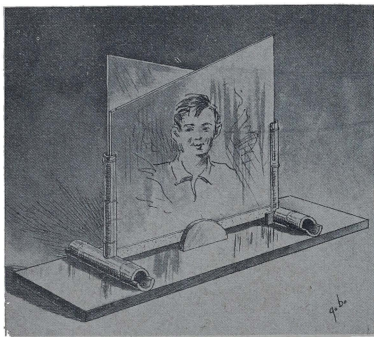
* Supervisor of Home Economics, Division of City Schools.

dragon. This is the story they told about it. Draco, while on earth, sought to make war against Minerva, daughter of Jupiter. She was the goddess of wisdom and invention. In anger she seized the dragon with its twisted body and hurled it into the heavens. It stuck in the sky before it had time to uncoil itself. There you will find it twisted between the two bears.

HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by gilmo baldovino

BAMBOO STAND FOR PHOTOGRAPHS



BOYS and girls, here is an easy and inexpensive way to make a photograph stand out of bamboo. You can make it as a birthday gift for your parents, your brothers, your sisters, and your friends. The illustrations above show how the bamboo-stand will actually look when finished.

Wouldn't this be attractive for your personal little desk or on top of your own book-shelf?

I have omitted the measurements of each part because photographs are of so many different sizes. So in case you have a bigger one, you may, therefore, make the bamboo-stand bigger.

This stand although named "bamboo stand" is not made of bamboo alone. It has four pieces of bamboo. The support for the glass is of metal sheet (tin or brass sheet), and the base is of wood.

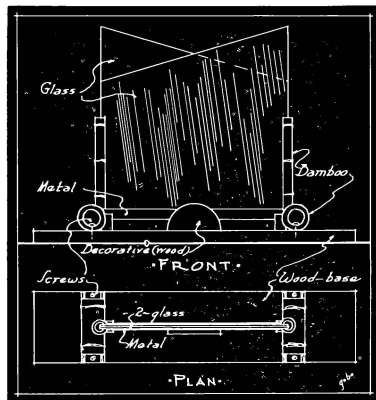
It is very necessary to do straight and clean cutting to square the edges perfectly by polishing all surfaces to a sheer and unmarked finish. This will make your work much neater and more attractive.

The photograph is held between two dia-

gonally topped glass sheets which, in turn, are held in a groove of the bamboo on the sides. These glass sheets are supported below by a metal sheet. The two pieces of bamboo which hold the two vertical bamboo pieces are fastened on the wood base by screws.

To assemble the pieces, the first thing to do is to apply a little paper paste on the back of each corner of the photograph. Then place this on one of the glass sheets and place the other glass over it. To assemble the other pieces, first, fasten one of the horizontal bamboo parts on the base. Then insert the vertical bamboo piece through the slot. After this, you must attach the metal support. The other bamboo parts are then attached on the other end of the metal support. When every part or piece is placed right and tight on its place, screw the second horizontal bamboo part. Then insert the glass sheets into the grooves.

The best finish which I can suggest for this is to use transparent varnish for the bamboo and color wood-paint on the wood.



P I C T O R I

A - I CHILDREN



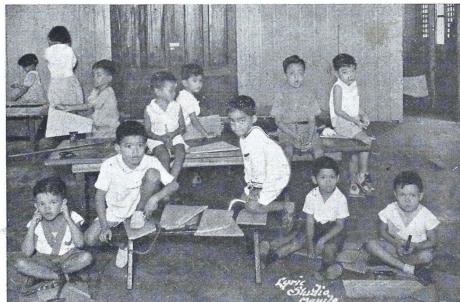
VIOLETA MILLAN
*1-B, Emilio Jacinto Elementary
 School, Manila*



CARMENCITA SANTAMARIA
 2 years old



AIDA GENER
*Healthiest Pupil in the Rizal Ele-
 mentary School, Manila*



LITTLE CARPENTERS
at work in the carpentry shop of the Elite Kindergarten.
 They are: Francisco Gonzalez, Manuel Gancayco, Lionel Gamboa,
 Rafael Trias, Jr., Arcadio Zavalla, Clemente Uson, Jr., Generoso Vi-
 llanueva, Jr., Carlos Alvear, Jr., Romulo Lara, Robert Hahn.



JOSE NEPOMUCENO
*VII-A, Sta. Ana Elementary
 School, Manila*
 13 years old

A L P A G E

The World's Favorite Child Actress
Wearing Some of Her Attractive Frocks



The top-coat and poke bonnet are pink flannel with red-checked ribbons. The coat collar and cuffs are red-checked gingham. The gloves are white to match the shoes and socks.



Blue and white linen cut in bonero effect with back and front panels, a neck drawstring of braided wool with cuddly balls.



White broadcloth dress with colored letters of the alphabet scattered anywhere. Horizontal pleating forms the yoke and extends beyond to make the perky sleeves. Inverted pleats at either side give plenty of room for romping.

Shirley hopes that other little girls will like these dresses, too.



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

WASHINGTON JAMBOREE CALLED OFF

By Fernando Pimentel



THE NATIONAL SCOUT JAMBOREE that was to be held in Washington the last ten days of August was unfortunately cancelled. This was to be the greatest boy get-together in American history. The reason for the cancellation of the jamboree was the infantile paralysis epidemic occurring at Washington, D. C. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, America's number one Scout, on the advice of the health authorities had to call the Jamboree off. It was feared that with the *thirty-thousand boys* concentrated in a limited space, the danger of contamination was too great to be risked. However, we were assured that it was with the greatest reluctance and after all possible measures had been carefully studied and considered, that this was decided upon.

It was a pretty hard job to disappoint, not only the actual thousands of Scouts participating, but also their brother Scouts, parents, relatives, friends and sympathizers of the great Scout Movement. So when we come to think of it, we realize that this gathering includes an enormous number of persons. Multiplying the number of parents, relatives and friends that every Scout participant has, by thirty-thousand, we will get a fairly big sum total.

That the Jamboree was to be the greatest and best yet staged in Scouting history in America, can be seen from the program planned. There were to be dozens of demonstrations and exhibits everyday. The demonstrations included: every kind of outdoor fire that man from the Stone Age to the present has ever built; how to save drowning persons in every conceivable situation; and a great variety of stunts, drills, exhibi-

tions, games, hikes, visits to all places of notable and historic interest in and around Washington, D. C. In fact, it was to be the whole Scout World in miniature, represented by every scout region in America and scouts from sixty other nations. They had all been invited to pitch their tents with the Boy Scouts of America in this glorious celebration.

And not only this, but famous leaders and guests were to have visited the encampment. Besides President Roosevelt and many other famous Scouters, this list also included hundreds of men unusually prominent in many fields and professions: great aviators; great baseball players; great boxers; great motion pictures and great radio actors, etc.

All this, was what the Jamboree was to have been: Nevertheless, our efforts in trying to send a delegation to this Jamboree have not been wasted. Our boys were granted a special privilege. They are to continue their journey as previously planned. They are to visit President Roosevelt and other notables and present them with typical Filipino gifts. As a matter of fact, by the time this message is published these events will have occurred.

The boys have already visited New York. They were given rousing welcomes by Scouts and Scouters wherever they went. They were shown every courtesy and consideration throughout their 'half-way round the world journey.'

Experiences like these should serve as an incentive to every Boy Scout to *make good in Scouting* and to realize how fortunate he is to be a member of such a great and world-wide organization!

Beggars in Austria

Linz, Austria. Because the number of beggars on the streets of Austria are growing they are all going to be sent to a camp. The busy citizens of the country claim that the beggars are a great nuisance if left to run around on the street dirty and ragged. They claim, too, that they are ashamed to have visitors from foreign countries think that Austria cannot make better provision for her beggars.

So instead of subjecting the beggars to a street life they will be given a chance to work for their food and clothing. Whenever a policeman discovers a beggar on the streets of Austria, he is obliged to take him to the station. From there the beggar is sent to a camp. It is in the camp where he is given work to do. And in return for this work each beggar will receive clothing and food and in most cases also sleeping quarters.

Smallest Motor in the World

Kiev., Ukraine. The smallest motor in the world has just been made by a sixteen year old boy in Ukraine. Victor Nikitashenko has made it. It weighs only 1.6 grammes which represents not quite one-sixteenth of an inch.


Some parts can be seen only through a magnifying glass. A two-volt battery runs the miniature motor. The size of the armature is five millimeters in diameter. There are 405 twists of thin wire on it.


The model has been closely examined by the Institute of Physics of the All-Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. The Academy has found it to be genuine working model.


This arrangement gives the beggar a cleaner and healthier life. It gives him a chance to become a useful citizen.



LEARNING THE USE OF NEW WORDS


Read the following story to find out if you remember the words you learned two months ago.



For breakfast, Pacita had a  of oatmeal gruel.


el. She used a  in eating the oatmeal gruel.


el. She had a fried egg on a , two rolls of

bread on a , chocolate in a 


and milk in a . She stirred the chocolate with a

 and sipped it from the .

Pacita sat on a . She wanted to sit on a

 but her mother would not let her because she was forming the habit of leaning back.

You should be able to fill the blanks with the correct words:

a _____ of chocolate Stir the coffee with a _____
 a _____ of milk You cannot lean back
 a _____ of gruel when you sit on a _____
 eggs on a _____ an _____ 
 bread on a _____

Sip your soup from a  a _____ 

A HEALTH GAME

Check the good health habits in this list. Copy the numbers of those you have checked and compare with the list on page 224.

1. Eating much candy between meals.
2. Sleeping ten hours.
3. Sleeping under a mosquito net.
4. Sleeping with windows open.
5. Reading facing the light.
6. Eating green mango.
7. Eating bananas in the morning.
8. Drinking water between meals.
9. Eating breakfast at recess.
10. Taking a bath immediately after breakfast.
11. Sewing at twilight.
12. Eating hot porridge for breakfast.
13. Drinking cocoa.
14. Playing out of doors.
15. Deep breathing
16. Eating lunch hurriedly.

**When Shopping for
WEDDING
and
BIRTHDAY**

Gifts

Don't overlook our store. We offer a fine variety of glassware, silverware and novelties—"Escolta goods at New York factory prices"—We specialize in wedding and birthday gifts and you are bound to find something suitable for your purpose—we deliver your purchase safely packed in beautiful boxes.

WEINSTEIN BROTHERS

NEW YORK—MANILA
 619 — Rizal Avenue — 623
 next to Fox Theatre

The Care of the Teeth

By Dr. G. ERANA

THE mouth is the gateway to the rest of the body. The food and drink that we take pass through the mouth, that is why we must be sure that the mouth and teeth are kept clean and in healthy condition. Most people look closely at the food before taking it to be sure it is clean, but many forget that their mouth and teeth are not as clean. A mass of "matter" or pus around the tooth or at the tip of the root may exist through neglect for months or years without the knowledge of the individual. This pus is poison which may be the cause of many bodily diseases. A part of the pus is mixed with the food and swallowed which may cause stomach, kidney, liver or intestinal trouble; another portion goes with the blood stream which is deposited in other parts of the body causing heart diseases, rheumatism, blood poisoning, etc.

To avoid this bad result we must take good care of our teeth. The children must be taught to clean their teeth as soon as they are able to use tooth brush even in tender age. They must learn to care for their milk or temporary teeth as well as the permanent ones. Special attention must be given in such a way that no candy or food particles are left in the pits, along the grooves or between the teeth. If they are left to remain there, they ferment and become an ideal place for microorganisms (germs) to grow. The combined action of the fermentation and microorganisms is the cause of decay especially in the case of new young teeth for they are tender and easily decay.

A close watch must be made on the little holes. Waiting until the tooth with hole aches is a big mistake. If a tooth with hole begins to ache it is a sign that the pulp (commonly called nerve) is in a diseased condition. The dentist, in treating it, devitalizes the pulp (kills the nerve). The tooth then becomes dead which is no longer a part of the living body. It is only a foreign body in the mouth which sooner or later gives trouble. It is, therefore, advisable to have the small hole filled in before it starts to ache to keep it alive and to avoid more expense and trouble.

The teeth do not grow to fit the face but the face grows to fit the teeth. If the teeth can be made to assume their true, normal dental arch, which is the keystone of the developments of the bones of the face, the rest of the face develops in corresponding symmetry and beauty. To avoid the malposition of teeth it is especially important to watch the growth of the second (permanent) set between the ages of six and twelve years. The first ones to ap-

(Please turn to page 215)

CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

An Old Library Book Speaks

By JOSE FELICIANO *

I AM an old library book, worn-out and shabby. I have just been inspected, and the verdict of "no longer serviceable" has been passed upon me by the chief librarian with much regret. This is a consolation to me, for he knows how to appreciate my worth. Consequently, I have been withdrawn from circulation, after having rendered years and years of faithful service. Poor me to rest at last—perhaps not to rest but to perish. I have heard that others like me have been mercilessly thrown into the flames to be reduced into nothingness—ah, what a sad fate! But after all, maybe this is best, since one can be of no more use. I am, therefore, reconciled to my fate, whatever it may be.

I know that now I am not fit to be seen by human eyes. I am badly mutilated and perfectly misshapen. My cover is all broken and frightfully dirty. What leaves remain of me are loose, torn, and soiled, and on them you can find all kinds of marks and stains. I should probably not be handled without gloves. But I saw better days once—that was in the beginning of my existence. As you could well imagine, I was then spotlessly clean. I was quite proud of my looks, being made of paper of high quality and bound beautifully in cloth. A more attractive book than I was, you could hardly find.

Then began my life of ceaseless activity. From the day I was put on the shelf, I have been very much in demand. I have been in the hands of all sorts of borrowers, including the most careful as well as the most careless; but it is the careless ones that I remember better because they have caused me so much pain.

Now I shall tell you about the most careless borrower that has ever handled me. The moment I saw him I could tell what an unpleasant time any book would have in his company. He was exceedingly untidy about his person. His hair was unkempt. His camisa was very much soiled around the neck, and he kept it unbuttoned. His shoes looked as if they had not been polished for weeks. When I heard him tell the librarian that he wanted to borrow me, I felt as though I were being pricked by pins and needles. But what could I do? I was at the mercy of every borrower.

Passing into his hands, I led an utterly miserable existence. He did not care what he did with me; he would drop me on the floor or on the ground and think nothing of it. After reading me, he would mark

* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.

ETHIOPIA

A COUNTRY THAT MAY LOSE HER INDEPENDENCE

IN the eastern part of Africa lies Ethiopia. It used to be known to most people by the name of Abyssinia. Ethiopia is the only independent state in Africa. It is located almost entirely on a high plateau.

The countries around Ethiopia are all colonial possessions of European states. There is Anglo-Egyptian Sudan on the west; Italian Somaliland on the south-east; British and French Somaliland on the east; and Eritrea, also Italian, on the north.

Unfortunately, Ethiopia has no sea-coast and, therefore, no sea-port. The things she buys from other countries are first shipped to Djibuti. Djibuti is a French port in French Somaliland on the Red Sea. From this port all cargo for Ethiopia is sent by the only train that runs to Addis Adaba, the capital city. This railroad is run by the French.

Ethiopia's former Emperor, whose name was Menelik, allowed France to build this railroad. To help France in building it, Ethiopia contributed some money and furnished workmen. Menelik also

promised that France would always have the right to run trains into Ethiopia.

Now Italy wants to build a railroad through Ethiopia in order to connect her two colonies, Eritrea on the north and Italian Somaliland on the south. But the present Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, does not want Italy to build a railroad in his country. In spite of this, Mussolini, the Italian Dictator, is determined to get into Ethiopia. In fact, during the last five years a part of Ethiopia, about 6 miles long, has been occupied by Italians. Mussolini is sending thousands of Italian soldiers to fight their way into that country. Many of them have already landed in Africa. But they have been unable to start fighting. The heavy African rains falling day and night are very harmful to the health of the Italians. This month of September, when the rainy season will be over, the war might start.

Emperor Haile Selassie is a very educated man. He always keeps himself well informed about the many important things that happen throughout the world. He does not

want his country to lose her independence. If Italy does manage to keep her soldiers into Ethiopia, she might make the Ethiopian people her subjects.

The emperor is very fond of his people. He has allowed them to keep their old customs and traditions. He did not want to force them into the many modern ways of living. "Not so quickly," he said, "my people will understand the new ways better if they get used to them slowly."

Ethiopia was one of the first of Christian countries. When St. Mark fled from Egypt, he went to Ethiopia. That happened thirty years after the death of Jesus Christ. At that time the Ethiopians accepted Christianity.

The Emperor of the Ethiopians claims to be a direct descendant of the great wise King Solomon and the beautiful Queen Sheba of whom stories are told in the Bible. This means that the people belong to a very old race. The Ethiopian emperor is also known among his people as the King of Kings and the Conquering Lion of Juda.

the place by inserting a pencil or a ruler, or by turning down a corner of the leaf. No matter how wet or dirty his hands were, he would not wipe or clean them before handling me. He drew figures on some of my pages and spilled ink on two or three other pages. What a relief it was, when he handed me back to the librarian.

Dear Children:

I understand that soon I shall be turned to ashes. I have no regrets, knowing I have served you well. I have only one request to make of you before I take my final leave. I wish you would treat the coming generations of books more considerately than you have ever treated us before. I need not tell you how to handle us, because your teachers have repeatedly told you how to

DON TEODORO R. YANGCO

(Continued from page 200)

Before I went to see Don Teodoro Yangco to talk about his boyhood days, I was wishing I had had a boyhood like his. I thought that he, being the son of Don Luis, the millionaire, had a wonderfully pleasant life, a life without work, a boyhood with all the desires beating in a boy's heart, fulfilled. However, I now realize that after all, the hardships during our boyhood are what make us great men when as we grow older. Don Teodoro R. Yangco taught me a lesson.

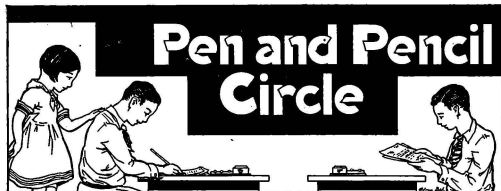
care for books. But if I must say a parting word, I wish you would carry this with you: Treat books as you treat your best friends.

THE CARE OF THE TEETH

(Continued from page 214)

pear among the permanent teeth are the first (6-year) molars. Their appearance takes place at the age of six years located just behind the two temporary molars on both sides of the mouth. They are four—two upper and two lower. In most cases these teeth are neglected because they are taken for temporary molars. They are extremely important in the mouth as they are the most useful ones in chewing and serve as guide in the growth and position of the rest. Teeth need exercise as muscles do. Food which requires much chewing help make the teeth strong and healthy. People who feed exclusively on soft diet generally have the poorest teeth.

"A man is known by the teeth he keeps."



August 9, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am a new subscriber to the Young Citizen. My name is Hamedia Din. I am in Grade VI-B.

My father is from Delhi, India. One time my father told me that he would take me to India. People say that it is very hard to live in India. My mother, a Filipina, said that India is a far country. We would take a long voyage. I am afraid of the big waves. I do not know my father's language. I think I should not go to India. Mother likes to go. Do you think it is proper for me not to go with them to this far away land? This is my problem, Aunt Alma. You will help me solve this as you have helped others. Thank you, Aunt Alma.

HAMEDIA DIN
Emilio Jacinto Elementary
School, Manila

Dear Hamedia,

You should be glad to go to India and see your father's home. I am sure other children will envy you for this chance of seeing a very interesting country. Go by all means and write to me about your experiences.

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma,

Do dreams come true? I have had sweet as well as horrible dreams. One of the horrible dreams I had disturbs my mind whenever I recall it. This dream is about father being shot to death by a con-

vict. Father is a captain in the Police Department. He was shot while he was in his usual round. Oh, how I hated the unknown man! I had wished I had a gun to shoot the murderer. I woke up with tears in my eyes. I did not tell this dream to my father because he does not believe in dreams. But I am afraid. I wish he were a principal in a school like Mrs. Juliana C. Pineda. I will have no fear that the bad men will take my father away from my mother's side. My father gives us our daily bread. We need him always.



Hamedia Din, whose father is from Delhi, India

Some people say dreams come true, others say they don't. Aunt Alma, tell me something about these dreams.

Your friend,

POTENCIANA LUGTU
Emilio Jacinto Elementary
School, Grade VI-B

Dear Potenciana,

Your dreadful dream must have been caused by your own constant fear of your father's safety. I don't

believe it could be a prediction of what might come true. Do not think of the dangers to which your father is exposed. Think of the noble service he renders society as a police captain. Think how brave and faithful to duty he is. Fill your mind with beautiful thoughts and you will not have bad dreams.

Of course, everybody will die sometime in some form. But dying in the performance of duty is the most glorious death.

I hope your father, who is known as an excellent shot, will live long, and render many more years of service.

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma,

Since it is raining and I can not play I shall write a description of my school. My school is located on Velasquez Street. It is made of concrete. It is two stories high. It is one of the most beautiful schools in Manila. It is big and well ventilated. Its shape is like capital letter U. There are 45 rooms. On the first floor are the rooms of the primary children, the principal's office, the library, the shop, the kitchen, and two toilets. On the second floor are the rooms of the intermediate children, the rest rooms, the nurse's clinic, the porch and two toilets. Our toilets are modern and are kept spotlessly clean. My school has a big playground with flowering plants along the sides. I hope you will come once and visit my school.

Sincerely yours,

LEONARDA FERRER
E. Jacinto Elem. School
Tondo, Manila

Dear Leonarda,

Thank you for your description of the Emilio Jacinto Elementary School. I believe children who have not yet seen the building will have some idea of it. I have heard that it is a very imposing one. I shall ask other school children to tell us about their schools.

AUNT ALMA



The above photo represents the young people of a number of our prominent Manila families. These boys and girls are here shown in the costumes in which they participated in a program of the Cosmopolitan Ballet and Dancing School of which Mme. L. Adameit is the Principal instructress.

In this grand opening scene of the Doll Shop Ballet appeared the following boys and girls:

DOLLSHOP: Shepherds—Pacita Ubaldo and Sally Hardem; Mickey Mouse—Mila Cacho; Mini Mouse—Mercedes Lasu; Rabbits—Marichi Cacho, Luisa Lichauco, Cecilia Elizalde, John Stewart, Charito Bautista; Polka Coquet—Mitos Sison; Rumba—Marites Cacho; Dutch Ensemble—Alice Morales, Teresita Pabella, Candida Roa, Corazon Tulio, Annie Matias, Gilda Macaraig; Toe Doll—Della Cacho; Trouper—Carmen Lasu.

THE ARMY: The Commanding General—Carlos Romulo, Jr.; The Privates—Titi and Toti Sison, Neno and Goito Abren, Harry Mage and Gregorio Romulo; Marquiz and Marquiza—Virginia Macaraig and Aurora Tulio; Dancing Dolls—Valeria and Mimi Huidt, Regina Abreu and Elenita Elizalde, Lucy Murphy and Amaya Inchausti, Gloria Avevilla and Hildegard Krohn.

1st row—Gloria Alvear, Rafael Trias, Jr., Arcadio Zavalla, Francisco Trias, Carlos Alvear, Jr. (the host), Tito Carlota, Generoso Villanueva, Jr., Raul Fores, Mitos Sison.

2nd row—Buddy Gonzalez, Josy Gonzalez, Lita Ganzon, Maria Luisa Damian, Rene Celeste, Hilario Clemente, Jr., Jean and Jo Ann Alviado, Baby Limjap, Gloria Castro, Elsa Santos, Zenaida Garcia.

3rd row—Donati Lanzar, Manuel Gancayco, Pilaring Carlota, Dely Zavalla, Arcadio Zavalla, Mancia Garchitorea, Rosalina Soriano, Rosario Castro, Pacita Abadilla, Luz Gancayco, Margarita Garchitorea.

4th row—Pepe Carlota, Tito Clemente, Nens Carlota, Betty Alvear, Jennie Drucet.



BRAVE BROTHER

(Continued from page 197)

the glass to Baby's mouth. In that way Baby got a drink that night.

At the breakfast table the next morning, Baby said,

"Papa, Brother is very brave. He took me downstairs last night. It was very, very dark."

"Were you not afraid?" Papa asked.

"No, I was not afraid. Brother held me by the hand. We walked very, very slowly. We did not fall, even though it was very, very dark."

HELPFULNESS—THE

(Continued from page 195)

they can suggest this plan to their parents.

It would be a good idea if school children can group together and make it their own project to plant flowering plants around a monument, make a garden in the plaza, in front of the church, the market, the presidencia, and their school. Of course the project should not

"Of course. Brother is brave." Mother said. "Brother is brave like Papa."

stop in just planning and making the garden. Each group of children should take turn to take care of the plants and gardens throughout the year.

Planting trees along the main roads or streets would add to the beauty of the town.

Surely the children and the grown-ups, the whole people of the community, will be happy and healthy if their town is clean and beautiful.

Let us help make our own town or barrio clean and beautiful.

Dr. I. PANLASIGUI



In the Four Seas All Men
are Brothers.—CONFUCIUS

In the August number a list of Japanese stories appeared. These represented some of the best stories translated into English for the boys and girls of other countries.

This month we shall take a little reading trip to China. But before we begin let us plan to visit some of the many interesting Chinese curio shops in Manila. The pretty and inexpensive little nick nacks in these shops and the beautiful Chinese porcelain, the Chinese pottery, the Chinese embroideries and the carved pieces of Chinese furniture will make us much more familiar with things Chinese. Then when we read the Chinese legends or Chinese history stories we can picture much easier all the delicate colorings and carvings that are in so many of the Chinese homes and Chinese temples.

Of course, there are many poor people in China who can not afford to have such lovely things in their homes. But very often the members of these poor families are the very ones who work in the shops and studios, where they make these beautiful things. Again and again we see them described in the fairy tales and other stories of China.

THE CHINESE FAIRY BOOK by Frederick Martens has quite a nice selection of different kinds of fairy tales. There are seventy-three stories in this book. The stories are arranged into different groups, such as, *Nursery Fairy Tales; Legends of the Gods; Tales of Saints and Magicians; Nature and Animal Tales; Ghost Stories; Historic Fairy Tales; Literary Fairy Tales.*

WONDER TALES OF CHINA SEAS by Frances Jenkins Olcott. This book which is illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker, has two

particularly interesting chapters. One is called, *A Tiny History of China*, and the other is *A Tiny Dictionary of Strange Chinese Things*. The main part of the book is filled with legends, short tales and folklores of China.

SHEN OF THE SEA by Arthur Bowie Chrisman was voted to be the best children's book of the year 1926. Mr. Chrisman was presented with a medal, called the Newbery Medal. (Every year the children's librarians of the United States vote for the best children's book of the year.)

THE WIND THAT WOULDN'T BLOW is another book by Chrisman. How Mr. Chrisman came to write these charming Chinese stories is rather interesting. For many years he ate in different Chinese restaurants in California. Eventually he became very friendly with one of the restaurant owners. The owner of the restaurant soon discovered that Mr. Chrisman seemed to enjoy listening to Chinese stories. Mr. Chrisman grew to like the stories so much that he decided to write them down every time he heard a new one. That is how the two titles above came to be born. Both of these books are illustrated by Elsie Hasselriis with silhouette pictures.

THE CHINESE TWINS by Lucy Fitch Perkins belong to the favorite *Twin Stories of All Lands*. Boys and girls who have not read them can ask their playmates how good they are.

MR. CHICK, also written by Lucy Fitch Perkins, is a title not so well known. See if your school or your public library has it.

THE RABBIT LANTERN by Dorothy Rowe contains stories of Chinese boys and girls. Miss Rowe, who wrote these stories, was born

in China. She grew up with many Chinese boys and girls, so she knows a lot of interesting things about them. **TRAVELING SHOPS** is also written by her.

PAGEANT OF CHINESE HISTORY by Elizabeth Seeger is so attractively written that any boy and girl of fourteen will find it immensely interesting. The author is so very fond of China that the boys and girls will feel it throughout the book.

YUNG FU OF THE UPPER YANGTZE by E. F. Lewis is one of the best stories written for boys and girls. This book, too, was awarded the Newbery Medal Prize as the best book of the year 1933. The story is about a boy who has spent his childhood days way out in the country or province. One day he and his mother move to a big city. Yung Fu becomes an apprentice to a master coppersmith. The many adventures which Yung Fu has made an unusually interesting story.

SPENDING THE DAY IN CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE PHILIPPINES by S. L. Jean tells about the customs and activities and doings of the boys and girls in each of these countries. Those who are in the fourth and fifth grade will enjoy this book.

PICTURE TALES FROM THE CHINESE by B. Metzger contains twenty-three Chinese nursery and folktales for boys and girls from six to ten years of age. The stories are mostly about animals and magic.

THE CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES compiled by I. T. Headland is a picture book for the little people. It has photographs of Chinese mothers and Chinese children. The *Mother Goose Rhymes* are printed in two languages, Chinese and English:—

"This one's old,
This one's young,
This one has no meat,
This one's gone
To buy some hay,
And this one's on the street."

E.M.L.

ANYWHERE *and* EVERYWHERE

Speaks As Many Languages As He Counts In Years

Michael Gibson is five years old. He speaks five languages. Michael's father and mother are American. His father is an American Ambassador. Of course, Ambassador Gibson is sent to many countries by Uncle Sam. So far, wherever the Gibson family has lived, little Michael soon learned the language of the country in which he was staying. Michael now speaks English, French, Flemish, Portuguese, and Tyrolese.

Mother Cat Takes Care Of Eleven Puppies

In Mr. and Mrs. Abella's home in Cebu, Cebu there lives a very friendly mother cat. Not long ago the mother cat gave birth to a little kitten which died a few days later. At the same time the good old house dog also gave birth to eleven puppies. When the mother cat discovered the puppies she began fondling and licking them. Now she feeds them with her fresh milk every day while the mother dog goes out walking. So we learn that cats and dogs can be quite good friends after they know each other long enough. We usually, however, hear the dogs bark at the cats and the cats spit at the dogs. And how thick the cat's tail can get when a dog comes along! But this mother cat in Cebu seems to be quite different and very kind and friendly toward the baby puppies.

A Gigantic Globe Of This World Of Ours

In Moscow, Russia, a giant globe is being placed in a city park, called the Central Park of Culture and Rest. The globe is fifteen feet in diameter. If you were to pass right

This Month Years Ago



On September 15, 1898, the Filipino Revolutionary Congress met in the church of Barasoain near Malolos, Bulacan. Eighty-five deputies gathered there from all parts of the Philippines. The President of the Philippine Republic, General Emilio Aguinaldo, delivered his message to the Congress. Congress was then organized with Pedro A. Paterno as President, Benito Legarda as Vice-President, and Gregorio Araneta and Pablo Ocampo as secretaries. Its principal work was the ratification of the declaration of independence of the Philippines, and the framing of a constitution. That constitution is now known to us as the Malolos Constitution. The republic then established did not last long. But ten years hence it will rise again.

through the center of it you would have to walk the distance of fifteen feet. The atlas, which is really the proper name for the globe, will turn around on its axis steadily just like this earth we live upon. It will be illuminated from the inside with electric lights. Each country is very visible on it. Some things can be seen better than others because they stand out, that is, they are brought out in relief. Especially frontiers, waterways, railways and airways of each country, are very, very clear. The atlas will turn so slowly on its axis so that anyone can observe it carefully. It will make six revolutions during one hour. The large Atlas Institute of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republic is but a short distance from where the globe will be located.

Wait! Wait! Wait!

When a train arrives in a certain station in Czechoslovakia the guard calls out "Wait!" Thereupon, the passengers hear the porter call out

"Wait!" It is seldom that passengers who have never travelled on this stretch fail to inquire, "Where are we?" "Wait," replies the conductor.

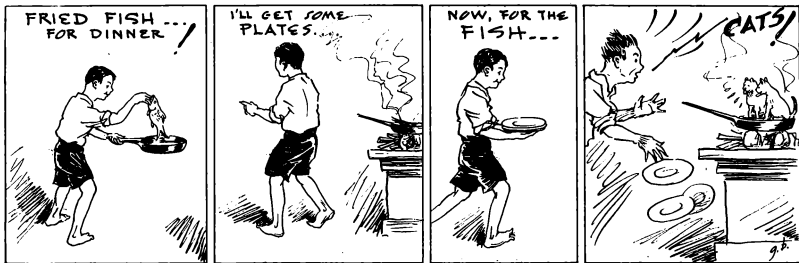
Indeed, it gets to be a very puzzling situation to strangers. But in due time after much more questioning they learn that the name of the station is really *Wait*. (However, name in the local dialect which is used in that region is Pockaj, meaning wait.)

Girl of Fourteen Stationmaster

She must be the envy of many a boy. When a young Japanese girl reported that her father, who was the station master at Sho, Japan, had fallen ill, the fourteen year old girl was permitted to take over his duties. The owner of the line realized that the girls' family would have no other source of income and so it was through his kindness that the girl was given a responsibility. There are thirty tram services which she has to direct and supervise every day.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES-- He was a careless cook.

by gilmo baldovino



Thoughts for the Young

By D. A. HERNANDEZ

IN your effort to develop in yourself a good character, remember that habits are not the only elements that constitute its foundation and its power.

Yes, you should form the habit of doing certain things in the right way, and unless you do such things habitually and not merely from impulse, you cannot be said to have a well-built or established character.

Habits should be so formed and should so impel you that you feel them to be as strong and as spontaneous as your inborn instincts. If you act politely from an idea you have been taught in school about the value of politeness, thinking of it everytime you find occasion to show politeness in your behavior, you have not truly formed the habit of being polite.

The best test or one of the best tests of politeness is seen when a person suddenly finds himself in a fit of anger. When one is excited by a violent feeling, his power of thinking is generally much hampered, darkened, or diminished. If, in spite of the violent feeling that possesses his mind, he does not utter harsh or insulting words, then he can truly be said to have formed the habit.

Such politeness is not merely a quality of external behavior. Such

politeness is decidedly not a result of cold calculation of what consequences impoliteness may bring upon oneself. Such politeness springs from a deeper sentiment of love, of respect, of humanity. Such behavior is the fine breath of inner goodness.

But most of our so-called habits are not rooted deep in the soul. Sometimes we do certain things in the right way only under certain circumstances. For example, we find children who observe certain beautiful forms of conduct in dealing with their teachers and forget them or even consciously violate them in dealing with others. We find, too, children who are polite to their teachers only as long as they are in their charge.

Just observe their rooms in school. Consider the diligence with which the pupils clean the floors and make them as shiny as mirrors. You can find no pieces of paper lying about. You step on the cold and slippery surface and feel delighted by the total absence of dust. We say that these pupils are daily forming the habit of cleanliness. We may suppose that they have formed the good habit when the school closes and they go home for a long rest.

But go and visit most of their homes. See how many of them

take delight in handling a broom and sweeping the floor and yard of their homes. See how many mothers and elder sisters have to do the work themselves while these school children, whom they tire themselves to death in order to send to school, do nothing but play.

Now, dear boys and girls, this is all wrong, and there is something wrong in the way they develop their character. And what is wrong? Here it is, and remember it. They have not formed in their hearts and minds those ideals from which our acts should spring, those ideals that give color and meaning to all worthy acts and deeds. The habits that they form or have formed have no root in their guiding beliefs, convictions, sentiments.

Doing certain things in certain ways with no better idea than pleasing their teachers and getting a good grade, they fail to develop ideals that will last throughout life. When a child has set before his mind a certain ideal of conduct, a deep and generalized feeling for what is right and good, his habits of action have such a strong foundation that they will never forsake him. He will never forget them. He will be as hard as stone in the face of the strongest temptations. More than that, he may not have the habit of doing a certain worthy act, an

The Skylark

Words by
J. Hogg

Music by
Antonio Muñoz
Tanjay, Negros Or.

Andante

Bird of the wil-der-ness, Blithe-some and cum-ber-less,
Wild is thy lay and loud Far in the down-y cloud,
Sweet be thy mat-in o'er moor-land and lea!
Love gives it en-er-gy, love gave it birth.
Em-blem of hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing place.
Where, on thy dew-y wing, where art thou jour-ney-ing?
Oh! to a-bide in the des-ert with thee, Bird of the wil-der-ness.
Thy lay's in heav-en, thy love is on earth, Bird of the wil-der-ness.

act that is still new to him, but he will perhaps inevitably form the habit by reason of that deep and generalized feeling for what is right and what is good, so strong and impelling in him.

Lacking in this fundamental element, your education will be almost useless. Nay, it may prove a real harm to you. Education may only show you more effective ways of doing what is not right and good.

And then you should remember, above all, that what is right and what is good are things that depend, not upon habits, but upon reason. You cannot let your habits perform

all your work. In the face of an entirely new problem, your habits may help you, but they may prove more disastrous to you. You should, therefore, not depend upon your habits alone. Habitual ways of doing certain things in a certain way may be right under certain conditions, but not under other conditions.

At your age this is perhaps hard to understand, but keep it in your mind and light will gradually come to you as you grow in years. Do not form the habit of reading and remembering things so easy that you do not have to think at all in un-

derstanding them. This is a very bad habit, for it means mental laziness and what they call mental flabbiness.

The main defect of our education, then, is failure to form those habits of action that develop from a certain fixed, well-defined ideal of conduct. Habits are just habits. There are no established ideals behind them, ideals that control them wherever they go, convictions that will inspire them and strengthen throughout life. Convictions are the soul of a good character. Habits are just tools with which convictions are made effective.



SERVING THE GOVERNMENT

A citizen of the Philippines may serve the country in many ways. But the most direct way of rendering this service is for one to be either a soldier or an employee or officer of the Government. The first class of service is called military service and the second, civil service.

There are different classes of civil service officers. Some are elected such as municipal presidents, provincial governors, and members of the legislature. Others are appointed, such as the heads of executive departments, chiefs of bureaus, clerks, stenographers, and other minor employees of the Government. All of them may be classified into two groups: political officers and non-political officers.

Most of the political officers are elected; but some are appointed, such as the heads of the executive departments. They represent in a way the political party to which they belong. They hold office during a brief period of time, generally three years. When defeated in the elections, or when their party fails to get a majority of the votes at the election, these political officers cease to hold office.

The non-political officers do not represent any political party. They may be grouped into two classes: (1) The judges and (2) the officers or employees performing the everyday functions of the Government. The judges, as we have already seen, are made by the Constitution independent of outside control. The highest political leader in the executive or legislative departments may not tell them what they should do. The independence of the judges has always been considered necessary by every person.

The officers and employees of the Government performing the routine duties of Government day by day, such as clerks, stenographers, assistant heads of bureaus and offices, are sometimes known as administrative officers. They have not always been given the independence that they should have. There was a time when these administrative employees were all removed whenever a change took place in the men having the power to appoint them. For instance, when the Republicans of the United States defeat the Democrats, most of the administrative employees are changed. They are replaced by followers of the Republican Party. This system is called the *Spoils System*. The party under this system uses Government positions as rewards to their men. This is a treacherous act to the taxpayer, because it is he who pays the salary of the government officers and employees. It is not the political party that furnishes the money for salaries. The taxpayer, therefore, has the right to complain against the *spoils system*.

A few weeks ago a member of the Philippine Legislature was said to have stated the following: "We do not appoint relatives to govern-

ment jobs. We give these jobs to our party henchmen. It is a privilege for them to hold these jobs." This legislator thinks that the *spoils system* is good as long as the men they place in government jobs are not their relatives. In order to prevent this bad practice, our constitution requires that appointments to the civil service must be made only according to the merit and fitness of the person to be appointed. These qualifications are to be determined by means of competitive examinations. There are positions, however, which need not be filled by examinations. These are the confidential or technical positions, and positions by which government policies are determined.

Once appointed to a civil service position, a person should not be changed just because a political leader does not like him. Neither should he be expelled from his office just because a political chief wants to put his favorite man in his place. So that these things may not happen, the constitution says that no person occupying a civil service position may be removed from office except when there is cause for his removal.

The constitution wants us to consider a public office as something belonging to the people, not as the property of any man or any political party. It should be used by the person who fills it for the benefit of the public, not for his personal benefit. Because of this, men should be chosen for a civil service position for only one reason. That reason is that he is able to do the work well and that he has the character required to hold the office in a proper manner.

DOG PROTECTS HIS MASTERS' HOME

Near a village in Malabar, India, a fight to the finish took place between a cobra and a house dog. The big cobra snake was trying to enter the house of the dog's masters. The dog seeing that the cobra was attempting to pass through a hole in the house went after it. The snake raised its head and struck the dog a number of times. Greatly angered

the dog rushed at the snake and grabbed the cobra's head between his teeth, shaking it violently. But the poison which the cobra had injected into the dog had taken effect and the faithful animal fell over dead. However, the dog too, had given the cobra its death stroke and it fell from the dog's mouth a lifeless body.

"TREES"
 ·HOW TO DRAW TREES·
 ·BY SIMPLE PLANE·
 ·REPRESENTATION·

One plane

Two planes
(Light background)

Two planes
(Dark background)

Three planes

DRAWING LESSONS

FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

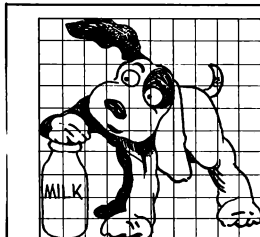
by gilmo baldovino

1 2 3 4

HOW TO DRAW A FUNNY FACE
 1. DRAW A RECTANGLE AND DIVIDE IT AS SHOWN. 2. DRAW AN OVAL INSIDE. 3. ADD THE NOSE, EYES, MOUTH AND EARS. 4. THEN DRAW THE HAIR.

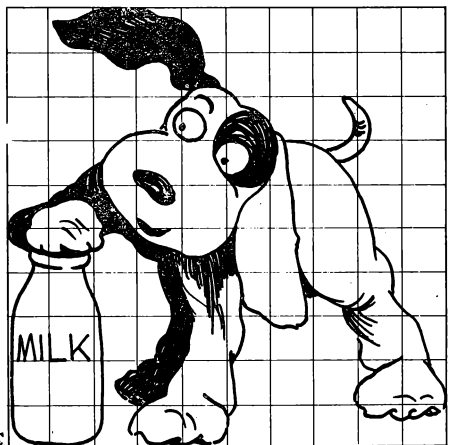
1 2 3 4 5

FIRST DRAW THE SMALL OVAL NO 1. THEN ADD THE LARGE OVAL NO 2, THEN NO 3, NO 4, AND NO 5. (A GOAT'S DRAWING)



·HOW TO ENLARGE· ·PICTURES·

1. DRAW PERFECT SQUARES ON THE PICTURE OR DRAWING TO BE ENLARGED. 2. DRAW EQUAL NUMBER OF LARGER SQUARES ON YOUR PAPER. 3. COPY: BY FOLLOWING THE LINES FROM SQUARE TO SQUARE.



MY PETS

by Alvaro L. Martinez

My Pig and Cat

My mother bought
A little pig.
It said to me
Oink...oink.

My sister found
A pretty cat.
Meow...meow...
It caught a rat.

I love my cat
I love my pig.
Meow...meow
Oink...oink...

My Dog

My little dog
Is black and white.
It is so good
It does not bite.

It plays with me
From morn till night.
We are good friends
And never fight.

Election of the First President of the Philippines

On the 17th day of this month we shall have the election for the first president of the Philippine Commonwealth. It will be the first time in the history of the Philippines that the Filipinos will enjoy the right of choosing the head of their government. For hundreds of years the chief executive of the Philippines has been either a Spaniard or an American.

On the same day the vice-president of the Philippine Commonwealth and the members of the National Assembly will also be elected.


On November 15th this year all the officers, who will be elected this month, will begin to perform their duties. It is on that day that the new government of the Philippines will be inaugurated. That government is the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

The candidates for the office of President of the Philippines are Manuel L. Quezon, Emilio Aguinaldo, and Gregorio Aglipay. The voters of the Philippines are to select which one of these three persons shall be the chief executive. Every voter, therefore, has a very important duty to do in the selection of the head of our government. He has to convince himself that the candidate he selects is the most capable person among the three. We should remember that the President of the Philippines will be the first Filipino head of our government. Upon the success of his administration depends very much the prosperity of the Filipino nation.

My Doll

I have a doll
With eyes of blue
Her lovely name
Is Mary true.

She says mamma
And goes to sleep.
My little doll
Is good and sweet.



My mama says
it's good for me
to Drink Carnation
Milk

It makes me
grow so strong and tall
It keeps me in good
health.

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NEPA

- N—is for our Nation of brave strong men
For our country they'd serve with might and brain.
- E—is for Economy that we should have
Our country's goods to protect and save
- P—is for Philippines—these sun kissed isles
Of hemp, coco palms, and sweet sugar canes.
- A—is for Azure—the blue of our sky,
With Justice to all, for Nepa we'll die.

LUISA DE LA PAZ

Answers to "A Health Game."

2	7	13
3	8	14
4	12	15

INTERESTING PLACES

San Francisco del Monte

For a week-end retreat for City people, San Francisco del Monte is an ideal place. So close to Manila, yet so province-like in atmosphere, it offers a change at once wholesome and refreshing. Wild flowers bloom along the roadside in profusion—gentle makahiya, starlike lantana, bright sunflowers. Clumps of bamboos here and there give shelter to the ominous "tuko" and offer refuge to the persecuted iguana.

A stroll up and down the rolling hills affords a healing exercise to the gouty and rheumatic. The bracing air and bright sunshine tone up the anemic and cheer up the low in spirit. The shady nooks along

Sons of Great Men often Work as Laborers

Washington, D. C. President Roosevelt's youngest son, John Roosevelt, is now busy working as a laborer in Tennessee. He might just as easily have chosen to seek a job as office clerk with the Tennessee Valley Authority. Instead he is working with a pick and shovel during his vacation months. John is a student at Harvard University and now during the hot summer days he is getting the soundest experience that any young could get—hard physical work and close

companionship with men who earn their living by the sweat of their brow. Furthermore, by request of the President of the United States, John Roosevelt is not receiving any payment for his service. The President says, "Now that there are so many laborers in need of money, I ask that my son work without benefit of a pay envelope." The President, of course, is maintaining his son John during the young man's stay in Tennessee.

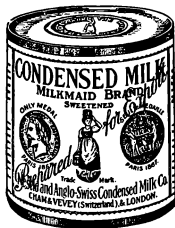
the streams invite the dreamer to send his thoughts soaring among the fleecy clouds that flirt with the breeze, or the inveterate reader to pore into "volumes of ancient lore." To the students of the secrets of rocks and layers of clay, the thou-

sand and one land features reveal the miracles that time and weather have wrought.

Next time you want to flee from the dust and hum of the City, drive, ride, or hike out to San Francisco del Monte.

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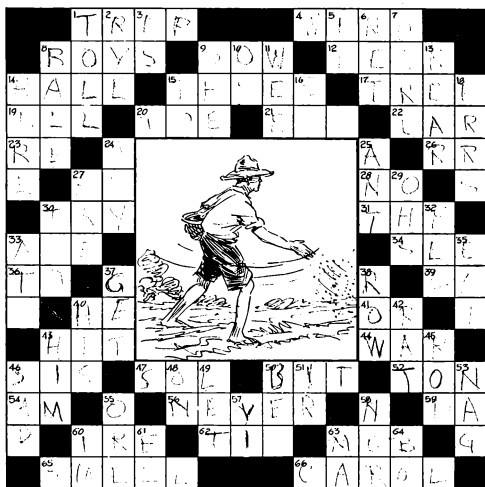
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Nestlé & Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co.

MANILA — ILOILO — CEBU — ZAMBOANGA

Don't fail to mention THE YOUNG CITIZEN when writing for catalog or gifts.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



22. Part of the head
23. Note of scale
26. Railroad (abbreviated)
27. First half of a girl's name
28. Not yes.
30. To attempt
31. An article
33. Reverential fear
34. To behold
36. A preposition
39. Note of scale
40. A pronoun
41. Correlative of either
43. To strike something
44. Fight between nations
46. Short for sister
47. Sun (Spanish)
50. Past tense of bite
52. 2,000 pounds
54. A verb
56. Not at any time
59. How babies say "daddy"
60. Anger
62. Join
63. Crowd in riot
65. To sniff
66. Xmas song

VERTICAL

1. Sound of a bell
2. Kind of bread
3. 3rd person singular present indicative of Be
5. Neuter pronoun
6. A trap
7. To challenge
8. A large package of goods
9. A pronoun (feminine gender)
10. A conjunction
11. Very small
13. Last in order or at the end
14. To employ
15. Preposition
18. Sins (verb)
24. Some or an indefinite number
25. An insect
27. Part of verb "to be"
29. Exclamations
30. A number
32. Snake-like fish
33. Consumed
35. Devour or swallow food
37. Obtain
38. Paddle a boat
40. Possessive pronoun
42. A house pest
43. Masculine pronoun

HORIZONTAL

1. Journey
4. It blows
8. Lads
9. What is the man doing in the picture?
12. To rip
14. Strong
15. A number
17. Largest plant
19. To be sick
20. Part of the foot
21. Before
45. Bar
46. Lonely
48. Preposition
49. Allow
50. An insect
51. Industrial Research (abbreviated)
53. An old horse
55. Raw mineral
57. Nickname for Vivienne
58. Neither
60. Prefix, meaning not
61. "He" in Spanish
63. Short for mother
64. Body odor (abbreviated)

HOW A CHILD CAN GROW

(Continued from page 198)

3. Sleep alone so you may feel more comfortable. Get rid of bed-bugs, protect yourself from mosquito bites and cover your body with a sheet or blanket to avoid catching cold.

4. Play out of doors every day, but stop before you get tired.

5. Keep your teeth and skin clean by frequently washing them. Brush your teeth twice a day, take a bath at least twice a week and wash your hands at least before handling any food.

6. Move your bowels daily and use a sanitary toilet.

7. Drink plenty of water between meals.

If some day I happen to visit your school and I see in your class weight record that your weight is increasing steadily from month to month, I shall be very happy with the thought that perhaps you still remember this story of "HOW A CHILD CAN GROW BIG AND TALL."

AN ANSWER ON

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