

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

AUGUST, 1936

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 2

NUMBER 7

AUGUST · 1936

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Published monthly by the Community Publishers, Inc., Tel. 5-76-86, 402 P. Faura, Manila, Philippines. Entered as Second-Class Matter at Manila Post Office on May 16, 1935. Editorial Director: *Jose E. Romero*, Staff Editor: *Ligaya V. Reyes*, Contributing Editors: *Juana C. Pareda, I. Pantasigui* and *Antonio Muñoz*, Staff Artist: *Gilmo Baldovino*, Business Manager: *Alfredo de Lara*. Subscription Price: P3.00 for one year of 12 issues; \$2.00 in the United States and foreign countries. Single copy, 30 centavos.

Subscriptions are to be paid to Community Publishers, Inc.


THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE




My Hour Song

At  o'clock I take my bath

With soap and lots of water;

At  o'clock I eat my food



From off a pretty platter.

At  o'clock I am in school

Behaving very nicely;

I write my words in little rows,

And do my sums precisely.

The hours of  and  go by

As though they were on wings,

And soon it's time to sit up straight

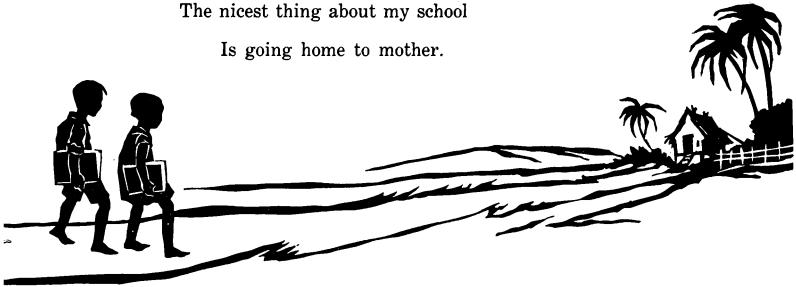
And put away my things.

Before  o'clock I race

Along the path with brother;

The nicest thing about my school

Is going home to mother.



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Aunt Julia

The Clean Boy and the Pig



JUAN was going to school. He had on a clean suit. His shoes were new. His cap was white.

Mother said, "Juan, you must go straight to school. Do not play on the way."

Juan was very proud. The other boys said, "Look at Juan. He is very clean."

Juan walked on. He held his head up high. He said, "I am clean and white. My teacher will like me."

Juan passed by a mudhole. A pig was in the mud. It was playing in the black mud. It said, "I like the mud. It is fun to play in the mud."

"You are a foolish pig," said Juan.

"Oink. Oink. I like the mud," said the pig.

"You must not play in the mud. You must play in the water," Juan said.

"Oink. Oink. It is fun to play in the mud," the pig said.

Juan picked up a small stone. He threw the stone at the pig. He hit the pig.

"Oink. Oink. I want to play here. I do not want to go away."

Juan picked up a big stone. He hit the pig hard.

"Oink! Oink!" the pig cried. It climbed out of the mudhole. It ran away. It splashed mud as it ran. It splashed mud on Juan's suit. It splashed mud on Juan's shoes. Some mud went to Juan's face.

"You bad, bad pig," Juan cried. "How can I go to school now?"

Juan ran back home.

"Why, my boy? Did you fall?" asked Mother.

"No, Mother. It is the pig. It splashed mud all over me," Juan said.

"Did you play with the pig?" Mother asked.

"No, Mother. I just threw stones at it. I wanted it to go home."

"I told you not to stop on the way. I told you to go straight to school. Now, go and wash yourself."

Juan could not go to school that morning.

TRY MEMORIZING THESE:

I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

—Adapted

READING TIME FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Jose's Dream



JOSE woke up suddenly one night. Through his window, he saw the moon. The moon was large and round. A little star followed it about.

The moon looked as though it was running away. The star seemed to follow the moon.

"Catch her," said Jose.

The moon only sailed faster.

Jose thought he would like to catch the moon. He rose from his bed. He jumped out of the window.

Very soon, he was flying towards the moon. He flew very fast. He seemed to float on clouds.

Jose soon reached the star. The star was no longer small. It was bigger than he was.

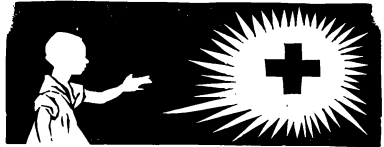
"I want to catch the moon, too," said Jose.

The star twinkled. "Come with me," it said. Jose held one point of the star, and the star sailed towards the moon.

They heard the moon laughing. "I am running away," the moon said. "I am going to hide."

Jose and the star went faster, but they

For The Red Cross



"Mother, I want some money for the Red Cross," Nora said.

"I shall give you some when Father gets his pay."

"But, Mother, my teacher said I must earn the money."

"What do you think you can do, my girl?"

"I can wash dishes," Nora said proudly.

"Then you had better go to your aunt's house. Your cousins often quarrel over the dishes."

Nora went out. By and by she came back. She held up a five centavo piece.

"Cousin Precy paid me this for doing the dishes. Mother, I told her I would wash the dishes for her until I have saved thirty centavos."

"That is right, my girl," Mother said proudly.

could not reach the moon. The moon hid behind some clouds, then it sank below the mountains.

The star said, "Go home, Jose. Some other night, we can catch the moon."

Jose felt himself going down, down, down. Suddenly, he felt his mother's hand on his shoulder.

"Why are you sleeping on that window sill?" she asked.

Jose opened his eyes. He looked at the sky. It was clear and bright.

"There it is," he cried, and he pointed to the morning star. "I left it there last night."

"You are dreaming," smiled his mother, but Jose did not believe her.

"Tonight," he said, "I shall ride on the star again. Then we shall catch the moon."

BUYING A SONG

(Continued from Last Issue)

By *Tranquilino Sitoy*
Malaybalay, Bukidnon

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
Happily, happily singing as I—eek.
Tell me more. 'Tis the song I seek."

"Happily, happily singing as I play.
Merrily, merrily dancing all the day.
Verily, verily that way should it be.
Merrily, merrily I sing it for thee."

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
Happily, happily singing as I play
Merrily, merrily dancing all the day."

"You have traveled far and long
And to you I've given my song.
Give me now the food you brought
As you have the song you sought."

"You've done your best. Take all the rest.
Let's go home, you to your nest.
The evening wind begins to sigh,
So I bid you now good-bye."

"Take this warning ere you go
Lest you lose the song you know.
Though how hard the rain may be
Straightly go, and do not tarry."

"Take every heed lest ye fall
When on your way temptations call.
The tugish¹ is by your way
Listen not to what they say."

"The moment you have eaten one,
Your song surely will be gone.
Seek not shelter anywhere
Or young song will go for e'er."

Little Mouse went trotting home.
His song drove away his gloom.
The mouse gaily sang his song
And every note made him more strong.

But heavily, rain soon did fall.
Lightning . . . thunder . . . terrible . . . !
Little Mouse was full of fright
Lest the lightning should him smite.

The tugish said, "Little Mouse,
Come. You are far from your house.
Eat. Our fruit is very sweet.
Shelter, before you are wet."



The crave in the mouse was burning,
To eat became a deep yearning.
So he sheltered in the tugish.
Which smelt very good and fresh.

Weary of being alone,
The mouse sang in a queer tone.
But because he forgot the advice,
He sang his song in this wise:

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yo—eek . . .
Singer of the meadow—eek . . ."
The mouse became now very weak
He could do nothing more than squeak.

Lonely Mouse went sadly home.
Once more he was in deep gloom
In his house in a sullen clime
In the days of olden time.

¹ It is a native plant, the fruit of which is just above the ground, sometimes under the ground. The seed is like a berry which mice like to eat when ripe.

The Good Readers' Corner

Conducted by Mrs. Juliana C. Pineda *

GRADE ONE

Rosa was at home.

It was Saturday.

She wanted to work.

She wanted to help Mother.

Mother was in the kitchen.

Mother was working in the kitchen.

Rosa went to the kitchen.

She said, "Mother, I want to work. May I help you?"

"Yes, Rosa," Mother said. "Here are some dishes. Wash them."

Rosa washed the dishes.

She washed the dishes with soap and water.

"Thank you, my girl. You are helpful," Mother said.

With little slips of paper, cover the wrong words.

1. Rosa was at (school home).
2. Rosa wanted to (work play).
3. She helped (Mother Father).
4. Rosa (wanted washed) the dishes.
5. Mother said, "You are (beautiful helpful)."

GRADE TWO

Maria, Ana and Nena were sisters. They lived in a small nipa house. But they had a large garden. There were many flowering plants in the garden. Along the fence was a row of gumamelas with bright red flowers. The gate was covered by a vine of big yellow bells. The roseal shrubs were full of fragrant white flowers.

What plants are along the fence? _____

What shrubs did they have? _____

What vine covered the gate? _____

Color the flowers as they should be colored.



* Principal, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School, Manila.

A LEGEND

By WINIFRED LEWIS

ON the top of the farthest and highest mountain lives an old, old woman. Nobody knows how old she is. She has lived so long she has forgotten when she was a child; she says she never was young. Her mother lived on this mountain top before her, and the mother was very old. The mother had a mother who was very old indeed. This old woman's name is Legende.

Each mother told her daughter stories of the beginnings of things. Those stories have been told and retold, till nobody knows just how they started or what they were at first. But we like to hear them retold. Sometimes I climb the long, steep trail to Legende's house just to hear her tell her quaint tales. One night as I walked, the moon came up round and full. I passed many dogs howling as though their hearts were broken. When I had greeted the old woman I said, "Tell me, mother, why dogs howl on moonlight nights."

"They are not howling, child," she made answer, "they are singing." Then she told me this story:

ONE WAY TO SING

One moonlight night, long, long ago, the dog went for a walk. Soon he met his friend the frog. "Good evening, Mr. Frog," said the dog, "how are you tonight?"

"Very well, thank you," answered the frog; "and how are *you*?"

"Not so well," replied the dog looking very sorrowful; "I have a secret grief."

"A secret grief!" exclaimed Mr. Frog looking at his friend with new interest. "Does it hurt you very much?"



"Oh, very much, indeed," replied the dog, "sometimes I feel that I cannot bear it."

"Tell it to me," begged the sympathetic frog, "I will help you."

"No, my good friend," the dog mourned, "no one can help me."

But the dog really wished to tell his story, and when the frog had urged him for a long time he said, "My grief is this: I love a lady, but she passes me every night and will not even look at me."

"Is that true?" exclaimed the frog. "I cannot believe that such a thing would happen to a handsome fellow like you." The frog began to think very hard. "She shall be made to look at you," he declared.

"But how?" questioned the doleful dog. The frog thought a few minutes longer and then announced, "I have it. You shall sit on this hill top where you can be seen, and all the rest of us will hide around you. When the lady passes, we will make such a noise that she will have to look at you."

Every one who could make any kind of noise was asked to come to the hill top at nine o'clock. The clock could not leave her shelf in the farm house; but she promised to strike the hour of nine very loudly so all might hear. The duck agreed to quack, the auto horn to toot, the cat to mew, and the owl to hoot. The pig promised to squeal and grunt, the pony to neigh, and the carabao to bawl. There was a swarm of bees who would buzz, and a pond full of frogs who would croak. Even the breeze was invited because it would moan and sigh.

At nine o'clock, the clock on the shelf of the farm house struck loudly. The dog stretched his nose toward the sky and began to sing. That was a signal for the others to begin. The duck quacked, the auto horn tooted, the cat mewed. The owl hooted, the pig squealed and grunted, the pony neighed. The bees buzzed, the frogs croaked, and the breeze sighed and moaned.

But nothing happened. The full moon sailed high in the sky and the dog kept on

howling. But though the hidden friends kept a sharp lookout, they saw no lady pass. One by one they grew tired and went home. Only the frogs stayed awake and croaked and croaked.

In the morning, Mr. Frog asked his friend the dog, "Did your lady look at you?"

"No," answered the dog sadly, "she just hid her face behind a cloud and laughed." Then the frog knew that the dog was singing to Lady Moon. He leaped into the pond with a noise that sounded like "Ker-chog!" but it was really frog laughter.

However, the dog saw nothing funny about it all. Every moonlight night you may see him sitting out on some hill top howling at the moon, though he thinks he is singing. And in every nearby pond are friendly frogs who are doing their best to help the unhappy dog. And every now and then Lady Moon hides her face behind a cloud, and laughs.

Stories of FAITHFUL DOGS

HACHIKO was the pet dog of Professor Uyemo of the Imperial University in Tokyo. The professor had to ride on a train in going to the university and in returning home. Every morning, Hachiko accompanied the professor to the station and every evening the dog met his master.

After going together for a year, Prof. Uyemo was killed in an accident. For ten years Hachiko kept calling at the station for the master who never came back. In March, 1935, the faithful dog died. The school children built a monument for him at the station.

Another story of faithfulness is that of a dog in a city in Australia. His master was killed in an accident. The dog kept watch outside the hospital for three years, although he was offered many good homes.

THOUGHTS ON FILIPINO FLAG DAY

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO

Arise and heed her silent plea,
At duty's call let no one lag;
Let every word and action be
An honor to our country's flag.

Salute the flag, ye loyal throng,
The sacred sign of this our land,
May God Supreme our hopes pro-
long

To serve her cause forever grand.

The celebration of the first Filipino Flag under our Commonwealth was held on the thirtieth of May, 1936. This occasion holds a greater significance than heretofore to all the citizens of the Philippines.

Born during the revolution and inspired by men of high ideals, our flag has had an interesting and glorious past. Today as it proudly waves with Old Glory over our beloved Filipinas, it asks us to meditate upon the great message it has for all of us.

The Filipino flag is the symbol of our country and the epitome of our nation's history, her noble traditions and ideals. Its sun represents the light that illumines our

native soil: the eight rays stand for the first eight provinces that answered the call of the Motherland during the revolution; the three stars denote Luzon, Visayas, and Mindanao, our three island groups, the equilateral triangle signifies equality, democracy, and justice: white stands for liberty; the blue field symbolizes wisdom, patriotism, lofty principles and purposes; the red field stands for courage, determination, blood.

The flag is what we make it. Every noble deed for the common welfare glorifies it and gives it a brighter lustre; every ignoble deed dishonors it and dims its brilliant hues.

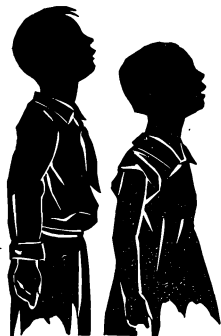
And who are the makers of the flag?

The humblest farmers who daily toil to produce our food supply, the brave soldiers who at the country's call are ready to fight and die for the nation's cause; the busy artisans who build our edifices and open our avenues of commerce and industry; the mothers who ungrudgingly bear their share in the family cares; the teachers who make possible the training of useful and law-abiding citizens; the school children burning the midnight lamp to obtain education and developing their bodies the better to prepare themselves for their responsibilities of tomorrow; the lawmakers who enact laws for increasing the country's wealth, protecting the individual's rights, and insuring our national resources for the exploitation and enjoyment of our people and their posterity; the judges who administer justice with wisdom and unbiased minds; the executive of-



ficials who as leaders of thought and action direct the nation's destinies with patriotic vision,—these, from the humblest *tao* to the man of power and influence, and all those citizens who contribute their share in our people's progress and happiness, and to the ultimate realization of our country's most cherished ideals—these are the real FLAG-MAKERS.

Gazing at the flag and meditating upon its beautiful design and gleaming colors, we read of those who had suffered and given their all for a noble cause. Through this banner, Mother Filipinas speaks to her children and asks us to respect and cherish and always to defend it as the most precious heritage of our race.



HEALTH SECTION

Before Going to School



Little Jose likes to go to school. He wants to go to school with his big brother. But Brother says, "You cannot go to school. Your face is dirty. The children at school are clean."

"I will go to school," Jose says. "I shall wash my face."

This is Jose. He is washing his face. This is what he does. He wets the wash cloth in the basin. He rubs the soap over the wash cloth. He rubs his face with wash cloth. He cleans his neck. He cleans the back of his ears. He washes his hands. He washes his arms. He uses soap and plenty of water. When the water in the basin becomes dirty, he changes the water. He gets water from the pail. He uses a dipper. He uses plenty of

water to clean his face, neck, and arms. Then he rubs them with a clean, dry towel.

"Now you are clean." Brother says. "You may dress and go to school with me."

Cross out the wrong word:

1. Jose likes to go to (church school).
2. He must (wash watch) his face.
3. He puts water in a (basin bowl).
4. He rubs the (sugar soap) over the wash cloth.
5. He washes his face with (little plenty) of water.
6. The teacher likes (clean dirty) children.

HEALTH CHATS

Health is also contagious. If you are healthy, you can infect others with health.

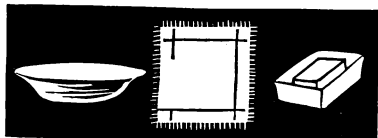
Prescription:

- For rosy cheeks
- Take plenty of greens.
- To cure pain in the temper
- Take exercise in the fresh air.

Eggs are very good food. They are rich in Vitamins A and D which produce growth and protect against rickets. They are rich in fats. Egg yolk is a good source of iron which helps build red blood cells.

Cereals, like *pinipig* and oatmeal, are rich in calcium. Peanuts, beans, cabbages, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes, pechay, spinach and mustard are also rich in calcium. At least one of these should form a part of the daily menu which contains eggs, cheese and butter.

Have you any questions relating to health which you want answered? Write to us and we shall answer them for you.



basin wash cloth cake of soap



pail of water towel dipper coconut shell dipper



The Golden Image of Sri Visaya

By ALICE FRANKLIN BRYANT

PABLO REYES jumped off the bus on which he had ridden only half a kilometer and sought the peace and spaciousness of the town plaza. That morning his mother had given him a peseta and told him that he might go to spend a week with cousins in the next town. He had set out very happy in the thought of visiting his cousins. But, scarcely had the bus started, when a collision occurred between two trains of thought that had been travelling around in his mind. So he got out of the bus, when it stopped at the market, and went to the plaza to straighten them out.

Now collisions are dangerous and sometimes fatal affairs; but fortunately this seemed a particularly happy collision. At last it seemed that he might have found the answer to the problem he had been turning over in his mind for a whole month.

A month ago, he had overheard a conversation between his father and mother when they thought everyone was out of the house, except children too young to understand what they were saying. He had gone into the bedroom to study, and they had supposed he was out playing. They were talking about something that they called the "Crisis." Pablo had heard this monster mentioned before, but he had never dreamed that it would affect the lives of himself, his parents, or the other members of their happy household.

Ordinarily, only Pablo, his five younger brothers and sisters, his parents, his grandmother, his widowed aunt and her two children lived in the little thatched house.

But three months ago, his uncle from Mindanao had arrived with his wife and four children, because the pineapple cannery for which he was working had been closed down. He thought maybe he would be able to find some kind of work in Negros. At least he was sure of a welcome in his brother's home.

Two weeks later his mother's youngest sister came. She had been teaching in a town in the southern end of the province; but, in the interest of economy, one teacher in the town had to be dropped; and, as she was the most recently employed, it was decided that she should be given an indefinite leave of absence.

Pablo had been delighted at the arrival of these

relatives. His young aunt was pretty and stylish, and it was jolly to have so many cousins in the house. One of them had made a beautiful paper lantern for him to take to his teacher, and another had showed him how to make a fine kite that whistled as it soared aloft. And at night, the floor of the sala was covered with cousins just as close as they could be packed, each one with a big red pillow in a white case. Pablo heartily approved of the large household.

But, as his father and mother talked, he began to realize that there was a serious side to the situation. His widowed aunt had a few coconut trees, but his father said that now the price of copra was so low that it did not pay to harvest the nuts.

As for him, his salary had been cut twenty per cent just at the time his household had increased by seven persons. And, if conditions grew worse, he was afraid he might be dropped. For, although he was a good teacher and respected in the town, he had not had so much schooling as teachers are expected to have at the present time.

Pablo's mother was worried, but tried to comfort her husband. She was sure he was too highly valued to be dropped, and perhaps the "Crisis" would soon pass. Perhaps she could get some sewing to do. And corn was so cheap now.

Thus it was that a big problem had arisen in Pablo's mind: what could he do to help his father and mother when they were in such difficulty? He could find no answer. He had tried to find some kind of work, but apparently there was none to be had, at least none for such a small lad, for he was only twelve, and small for his age.

Then last week, just a few days before vacation began, he had a geography lesson on Mountain Province.

"What does this province produce, Dolores?" asked the teacher.

"Gold," replied Dolores importantly.

Pablo's hand went up. "Sir, is gold produced in any other province?"

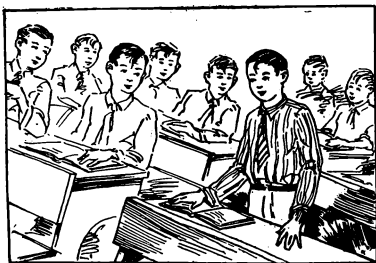
"It is also produced in one or two provinces in Mindanao," answered the teacher.

Again Pablo's hand shot up—he was always inquisitive. "Mindanao is at the south of the Phil-

ippines. If gold is found on the northern island and on the southern island, why is it not found on the islands in between?"

"I don't know, Pablo," replied the teacher. "Perhaps there is gold on some of the other islands. Who knows—perhaps there is some in Negros, our own island. Have you noticed on your map that nothing is marked on the interior of this island? It is left blank, you see, because no one knows very much about it. It is just an uncharted wilderness."

At the time of the lesson, Pablo had not been particularly interested. He always asked questions, no matter what might be the lesson.



But that morning just after he got on the bus, it had come to him in a flash that he would go into the center of the island and hunt for gold. If he found it, his father and mother would never again have to worry about supporting their large household.

The plan seemed to him most reasonable. He knew that from the southern end of his beautiful island one could see Mindanao. There were mountains in Mindanao and mountains in Negros. Why should one differ from the other? If there were gold in one, probably there would be gold in the other. Really, how stupid grown people were not to have explored the island and found the gold long ago! But he was glad that they had not, for now he would be the one to find the gold. How all his playmates, his teacher and family would respect him! His father could have a fine big house built, and all the cousins and uncles and aunts and grandmother could live happily together. They would have a big automobile and lots of good things to eat, too!

So he had jumped off the bus and gone to the plaza alone to perfect the plan. Fortunately, the weather would be sure to be warm and dry at this time of the year, so that he could be outdoors day and night without cover or shelter. And he could buy corn rice with the peseta his mother had given him. He would need nothing else. And he would start at once!

The money given him was soon invested in some coarsely ground corn meal, a box of matches and two rolls. At his request the Chinese storekeeper found him an empty can and put his purchases into a *bayon*. It would stand hard knocks much better than paper. He could even use it to carry home the gold. Thus equipped, Pablo took the road leading inland and started toward the mountains—the shaggy, blue mountains that probably contained gold.

The town, shaded by coconut and acacia trees, was soon far behind him. He passed rice fields, dry and idle at this season of the year. Here was a corn field that was just being harvested. The owner's neighbors had come to help with the harvest, and in the evening each one would be given a share of the corn to reward him for his labors.

Then he came to great sugarcane fields. Most of them had been harvested. In some the young shoots were already springing up again; while in others, more recently harvested, the ground was covered with the ashes of the leaves, that had been stripped off the cane. But in one field the harvesting was still in progress. Many laborers were cutting and stripping the cane and loading it into small cars on a railroad track.

When Pablo saw this he began to long for one of the sweet, juicy canes. He noticed that one man was watching the laborers—he must be the overseer. Gathering together his courage, Pablo went over to him and asked politely if he might have one of the canes. The overseer liked the appearance of the serious-looking little boy, and selected a nice thick cane for him. Pablo went on, chewing the cane. The syrupy juice gave him new energy, which he needed, as he had already walked a long distance, and the sun was intensely hot.

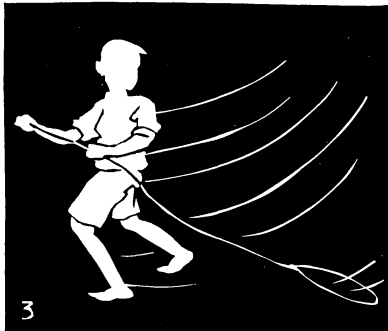
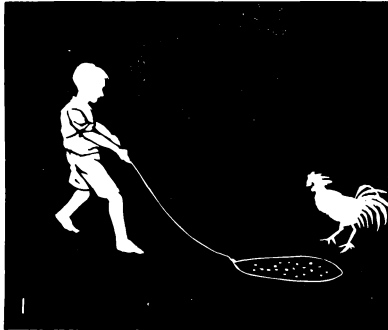
When he had passed the cane fields, he came to a large coconut plantation. After the heat and glare of the road he had just traversed, how pleasant it was to walk in the partial shade of the palm trees!

About noon he came to a river. The water was cool and clear; and the shady bank, covered with grass, seemed to invite him to rest a while. First he would have a drink. How thirsty he was, and how delightful was this river water! Then he ate his rolls. When he bought them he had thought, "I don't want to bother about cooking corn at noon." For dessert he had some more of his sugar cane. Then the quiet and warmth and his fatigue could not be resisted, and he slept long and well.

(To be continued)

Kiko's Adventures—Kiko and his Rooster

by gilmo baldovino



The Rainbow Fairies

Words by Lissie M. Hadley

Music by I. Alfonso



1. Two lit-tle clouds one sum-mer day Went fly-ing thru the sky;
2. Sun looked out and said "Oh, ne-ver mind, my dears



They went so fast they bumped their heads, And both be-gan to cry. Old Father
I'll send my lit-tle fai-ry folk to dry your



fall-ing tears One fai-ry came in vi-o-let And one in
cloud tears all a-way And then from



in-di-go In blue, green, yel-low and o-range red They made a prct-ty
out the sky U-pon a line the sun-beams made They hung their goms to



row They wiped the dry

Note: This may be used in correlation with reading, or language when the teacher teaches the poem "The Rainbow Fairies" p. 166 Philippine Readers Book Four.

Thousands were sold!

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BY PROF. VICENTE G. SINCO

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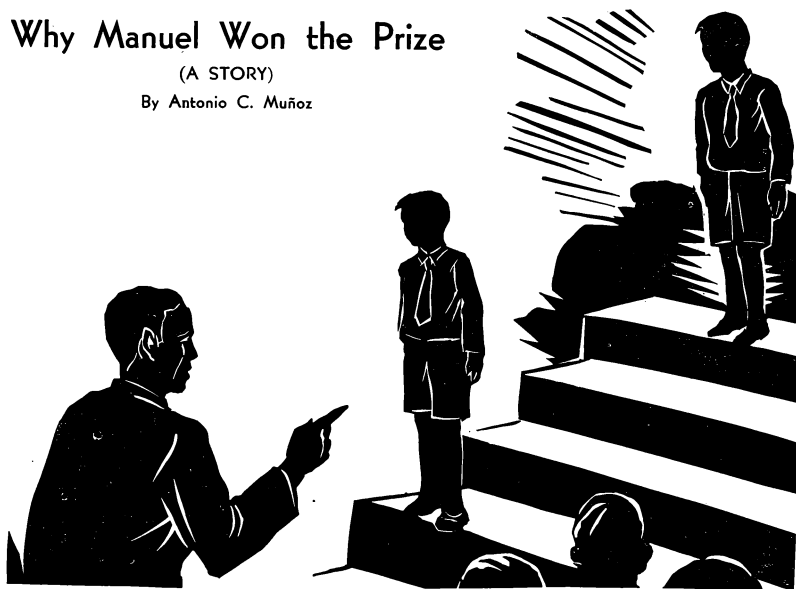
COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.

405 P. Faura, Manila

Why Manuel Won the Prize

(A STORY)

By Antonio C. Muñoz



AT the opening of the school year, the principal of a school announced that prizes would be given to the pupils getting the highest averages at the end of the year. There was a prize for every grade in the school. The Parent-Teachers' Association offered to give the prizes.

The pupils did not take much interest in the contest at the start but as the end of the year drew near, the pupils' interest was aroused and the competition for the highest honors was very keen.

In the fifth grade, Juan was leading in the periodical ratings. His average, including the rating for the fifth period, was 84. His close second was Manuel with an average of 81. There was one more rating to be given before the school year ended.

"I am three points ahead of my closest rival," Juan boasted. "There is no reason why I should not get the prize for the fifth grade. If Manuel will be lucky enough to get a better grade than I in the last grading period, I don't think his average for the year will be higher than mine. The most that he can make, I am sure, will be an average equal to mine. Since I am more popular than he, the prize will surely go to me. However, there is no cause for worry for I am still ahead of the game."

Manuel did not say anything. He was too busy to talk about ratings. He wanted to learn thoroughly all that was required. He had the idea that good thorough work meant good ratings.

It was Friday afternoon, the end of March. The pupils and their parents were on the front lawn of the school. A closing program was rendered. The last part of the program was the distribution of prizes.

The principal teacher made the following remarks before the prizes were distributed: "The contest which began last June is over. The pupils in the different classes have made a marked improvement in their school work. Because of the interest they had in their lessons, I am proud to announce that the whole school has a hundred per cent promotion. This never happened in the previous years.

"In the fifth grade, two pupils have obtained the same average," the principal went on. "At first it was hard to determine which one should get the prize but after a careful study, we have decided to give the prize to one of the two."

The prizes were then distributed. Before announcing the winner of the fifth grade prize, the principal said, "The two rivals for the fifth grade prize are Juan and Manuel. Each has an average of 82½."

Juan's ratings for the six grading periods are, 90, 87, 82, 81, 80, and 75. Manuel's ratings are 75, 77, 81, 85, 87, and 90. If you look at the ratings carefully, you will notice that Manuel's rating form a ladder. They begin with 75 at the bottom and end with 90 at the top. The ratings show that Manuel has never neglected his studies. Look at Juan's ratings. The first one is 90 and the last is 75. What a contrast! One is going down and the other up."

The principal placed two ladders against the two flag poles. Each ladder had six steps. The steps of one were marked 90, 87, 82, 81, 80, and 75 from top to bottom. The steps of the other were marked 90, 87, 85, 81, 77, and 75. He told Manuel to stand on the bottom step marked 75, which was his first rating. He told Juan to climb the other ladder and stand on the topmost step marked 90 which was his rating for the first grading period.

"I shall strike the gong six times," he continued. "Every stroke represents a grading period. When I make the second stroke or second grading period, each of you go to the step that bears the rating that you got for that period. Go on with every stroke of the gong until you reach the step that represents your rating for the sixth grading period. Then stay there."

The principal then struck the gong six times. At the sixth stroke, Manuel was at the top of his ladder and Juan was at the bottom.

"You see," the head of the school addressed the audience, "the decision is clear and correct. Manuel gets the prize for he is the best fifth grade pupil."

The parents and pupils clapped their hands as a sign of approval. The principal teacher told the two boys to go to their places.

"Be a sport, Juan," the principal said to the disappointed boy. "You had a good start in the fight but you did not keep it up."

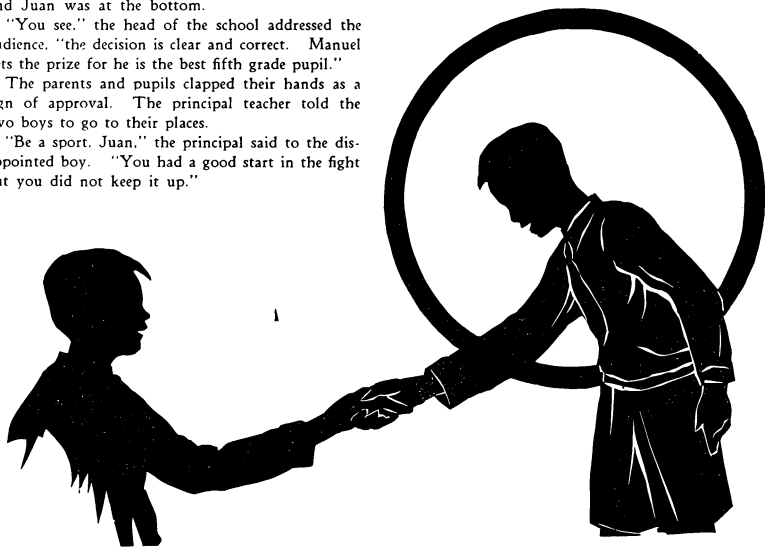
Juan stood up and walked slowly towards Manuel. He shook hands with the latter and said aloud, "I congratulate you, Manuel, because you are the best pupil in our class. The principal's decision is correct. I realize now that a pupil should be a better pupil every month."

"Manuel, won't you say something?" the principal asked the silent boy.

Manuel stood up and said, "When I received my card last July, and found out that my rating for the first grading was 75, I decided to give myself six names. I have called myself Manuel First, Manuel Second, Manuel Third, Manuel Fourth, Manuel Fifth, and Manuel Sixth. In August, I became Manuel Second. I fought with Manuel First, and I, as Manuel Second, won the fight for my rating was 77. There was always a contest between two Manuel's during every grading period and the new Manuel always came out the winner.

"If you want to succeed, schoolmates," he addressed the group in front of him, "take your old self as your rival but be sure to beat him. If you keep it up, you will find yourself in March a lot better than what you were in June, and perhaps, you will win a prize."

The people clapped their hands. The pupils shouted, "Long live Manuel!"





AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Horacio Ochangco and Ricardo de la Cruz

A SCOUT

What is a Boy Scout? Ask any of the six hundred Scoutmasters in the Philippines and he will tell you.

A Scout is a young knight of modern times. Trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent,—he stands as an excellent specimen of Youth.

Has an accident happened? Do you need help? Call a Scout. He is ever ready to render service. His motto is "Be Prepared" and he lives true to his creed.

"The youths are the hopes of my country." Thus wrote Dr. Rizal, and the Scout is doing his best to prove himself worthy of that great

patriot's words.

A Scout! Clear of eye, keen of ear, cool of thought, sure of step,—he marches onward, unafraid. Remember the faces of all the Scouts with whom you are acquainted. Remember them well,—for in the future, you will find them as some of the nation's builders,—still Scouts,—if not in names, at least, in hearts.

Boy Scouts! Listen to this great challenge of Mankind!!!

You have a difficult task before you. Are you equal to the work?

RICARDO DE LA CRUZ
Assistant Manager, Publicity Department.
Philippine Council, B. S. A.

Good News

SCOUT GOOD TURN

An example of Scout-like honesty was shown recently by Scout Amado Desamparado, 15, of 24 Jacobo, Singalong Subdivision who, upon finding a driver's license, a cedula certificate, and identification card, and a ticket for the Red Cross Canteen, immediately delivered the same to the owner, Mr. Pedro Limson, residing at 1104 A. Mabini.

Mr. Limson, last week, lost the said articles together with a wallet containing ten pesos. Scout Desamparado found them on the road leading to his home last Sunday, July 19. The identification card and the driver's license were responsible for the return of the articles. The ten pesos, however, has not yet been found.

Desamparado is a First-Class Scout of Troop 39, under the sponsorship of the Union High School.

RALLY STAGED AT BANGUED

Bangued, Abra, June 19—A boy Scout rally which lasted two hours was held here this evening by the town troops and a visiting troop from Tayum.

High government officials were present, including Gov. Valera, who delivered a speech endorsing the Boy Scout Movement in Abra. A medal was awarded to the Scoutmaster of Bangued Troops for exemplary service.

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AWARDS GIVEN TO LAOAG BOY SCOUTS

Laoag, Ilocos Norte.—A Boy Scout ceremony was held on June 21st, by Troop 212 of Laoag and the Troops of Sarrat. A 100 per cent Troops Ribbon was awarded to Troop 212. A Silver Commemorative Medal was presented to Mr. Saturnino Rafada, Scoutmaster of Troop 212.

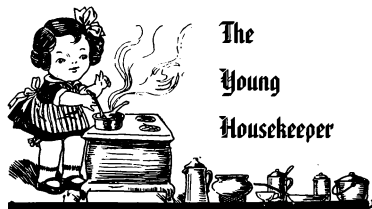
An exhibition was staged by the Laoag and the Sarrat Troops. Contests in First Aid, Knot Tying, Signalling and Water-boiling were held. Thousands of eye witnesses were amazed at the fine spirit shown by the Scouts, especially the newly formed troop from Sarrat.

Rev. Fr. Ponce delivered the closing speech, in which he made an appeal for more rapid advancement in Scouting in the Ilocos provinces.

IMPRESSIVE BOY SCOUT CEREMONY HELD IN VIGAN

An impressive Boy Scout ceremony was held in the Plaza of Vigan, Ilocos Sur, on June 22. Presentation of awards to deserving troops and individual scouts were made.

Troops 273 and 274 were awarded hundred per cent Troop Rating Ribbons. The former was also awarded a ribbon for being the best troop in the Ilocos Province. Mr. Aurelio C. Flores, the Scoutmaster of Troop 273 was presented with a silver commemorative medal.



The Young Housekeeper

Simple Recipes For The Young Cook

Boiled Corn and Beans

We have plenty of corn this season. Corn is very good food and everyone can enjoy it. But it must be cooked well to be digestible. Here is a way of cooking corn which will please everyone and is also healthful. It combines corn and beans, two very good food.

Select young corn with grains fairly well matured but still milky. Boil the corn on the cob until tender. Then cut the grains from the cob with a sharp knife. Shell a cupful of young beans and boil them until tender in salted water in which 1 tablespoon of fat has been added. To the cooked beans, add an equal amount of cooked corn and reheat.

LITTLE THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

This rainy season, be sure that you do not put wet clothes inside the laundry basket. If you do, the wet clothes and even the dry clothes on which these rest will be stained with mildew. Soaking dirty clothes will also make them mildewed.

When you clean-up any room, where do you start? Starting with the upper parts, like the ceiling, the top sills of windows and other furniture tops, is the wisest way. The dirt falls down and can be accumulated on the floor ready for sweeping. Besides you do not have to waste time cleaning up what you had already cleaned before. A moist rag or broom prevents the dust from flying.

When soft-boiling an egg, be sure to let it remain in boiling water not more than three minutes. To cook it thoroughly requires more than five minutes in boiling water.

Another interesting feature of the ceremony was the presentation of the American and Philippine flags by President Buenaventura Bello to both troops and a bugle donated by Mrs. Rivera, wife of Judge Rivera.

The ceremony ended with a speech by Rev. Fr. Belisario, followed by a review of all the troops present.

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Aunt Julia's True Stories

Plants About Us

Common Vines



Some plants have very long trunks and stems. Although they have woody bodies, they cannot stand alone. They climb over fences and on trees and gates or porches. It is good for us that there are such plants. They beautify our fences and gates. They shut out too much sunlight from our porches. They serve as screens over our windows. They make our houses cheerful with their bright flowers.

Cadena de amor, morning glory, yellow bells, and bougainvillea are our common vines. Can you name some more? The squash, sitao, batao, and patani are vines, too.

Watch a vine. How does it climb? Does it wind its stem around a tree? Look at an ampalava vine. How does it catch hold of the trellis?

The yellow bell's vine is very hardy. It needs little care yet it gives big bright yellow bells throughout the year. Its stems are very strong and cling hard to their support. The flowers are not fragrant but they are very attractive.

What is more gorgeous than a bougainvillea vine in blossom? Whether it is the bright red or the purplish-red variety, its "flowers" are exceedingly beautiful as the green of its leaves give way to the brilliant hues. Cuttings from the old branches are not hard to grow.

These vine flowers do not smell sweet. Can you name some with a sweet odor? Do you know the mileguas? What use is made of it? Why?

How The Month Of AUGUST Was Named

You have learned how the month of July was named after the first Roman Emperor Julius Caesar. Julius, having no son, had adopted a boy as his heir. This boy was Octavius. After Caesar's death, Octavius fought many battles with his enemies. Finally, he was recognized emperor and given the title Augustus Caesar. Augustus established peace throughout the empire. He had roads and public buildings built. He encouraged the people to study and write. During his time the greatest poets and writers lived, the best known of whom were Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Livy. General prosperity was enjoyed all over the empire.

The eighth month was chosen as the one to be named after Augustus because it was his luckiest month. The greatest events of his life happened on August. At first this month had only thirty days. The Romans took a day from February to give it thirty-one days like the month named after Julius Caesar.

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Incredible, But--

By A. B. L. R.

Filipino women don't take suicide seriously. A few years ago, a prominent local doctor made an analytical study, which disclosed the fact that more Filipino women than men attempt suicide but more Filipino men than women die from the attempt. Women usually take to easier methods of killing one's self, which they often survive.

Researches by eminent historians are disclosing the interesting fact that Ferdinand Magellan may not have been the first white man to set foot on Philippine soil. Indications are that three Italians, a Portuguese cousin of his, two other Portuguese and one Spaniard had at one time or another landed on Philippine soil before Magellan "discovered" the Philippines.



STORIES ON CONDUCT

By Isidoro Panlasigui

Here is a collection of stories on conduct which every Filipino child will enjoy. The stories are very simple and contain characters that are familiar to school children. There are about thirty stories. Every story is an example that makes the principles of conduct clear to the child. The book is especially adapted for school use and should be a welcome addition to the intermediate pupil's set of books.

A papaya within a papaya was found in Silang, Cavite, on September 12, 1926, while three papayas

BRIDGES

By Henry H. Bormann

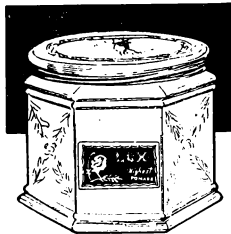
Bridges are among the most wonderful and important things in our modern world. Even the smallest children are impressed by the sight of long, strong bridges. The ambitious young child-engineer, especially, would love stories about how some bridges were built. There are also about eighty photographs of bridges and simple descriptions about them. The author wrote this book for boys, but all sorts of readers will be interested in it.

within a papaya were found by Mr. D. de Jesus Sayson on September 16, 1934, at Aliaga, Nueva Ecija.

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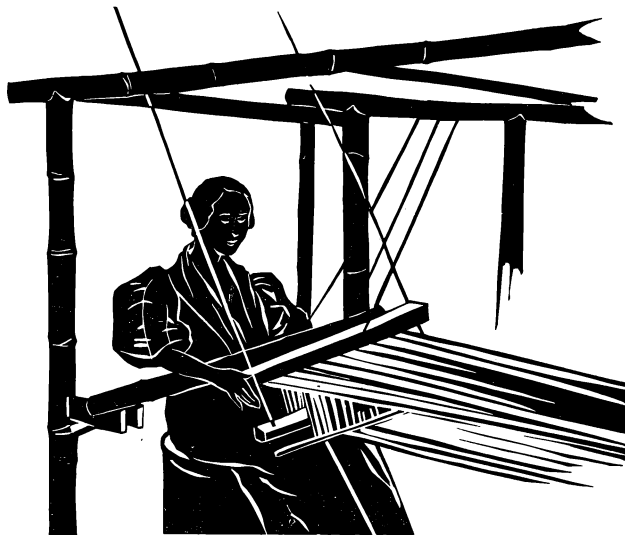
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Story of Philippine Clothes SINAMAY



A long time ago, the people of the Bicol region discovered that cloth can be made from a kind of plant which grew in great numbers in that region. This plant was the abaca. The abaca looks like the banana, but it bears no edible fruit and has a stronger bark. The old settlers of the Bicol region, finding that it was of no use as food, decided to find out what it was good for. They discovered that its fibers were very strong and can be woven into a very useful cloth now called the *sinamay*.

The *sinamay* used to be an important product of the Bicol region. Most of the women's skirts were made of the cloth before. Sometimes, it was used only for lining the skirts, but often it can be colored prettily and made into a whole skirt. It lasted for a long time and could be washed well. When woven with mercerized cotton or silk, it can serve for holiday wear.

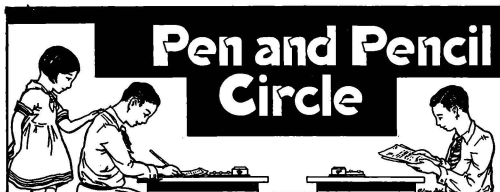
The preparation of abaca is mostly done by hand. The fiber is stripped with a smooth cleaning knife and made into bundles. These fibers are separated into groups—coarse fibers and finer fibers. The

fiber is then beaten until it is soft enough for weaving.

The abaca is woven in crude hand looms. Many bamboo looms are still being used by *sinamay* weavers. These looms used to be in constant use except during planting or harvesting seasons. The *sinamay* is at present dyed with imported aniline dyes. Before, vegetable dyes were used. But the vegetable dyes faded very easily when exposed to the sun, so they were replaced. The "talisay" boiled with rusty iron, vinegar and water, is an example of these dyes.

After weaving and dyeing, the *sinamay* cloth is folded and soaked in lime water for two nights. It is then washed in sea water, and dried in the shade. To bleach that cloth, fermented coconut water, a pepper-like fruit called *batuan*, and another fruit resembling the orange, are used. The cloth is starched after washing in this juice. Later on, the cloth is placed on the curved surface of a highly polished log and rolled with a log until smooth and even.

Sinamay is woven in almost all the provinces of the Bicol region, as well as in some places in Batangas, Cavite, and Mindanao.



Dear Aunt Alma.

I am sending you herewith my picture showing me in the costume I wore as one of the heralds in the Filipino group comparsa, "Cinderella," which won first prize in the Children's Fancy Dress Ball last Carnival. This picture was taken on my ninth birthday last May 12. I hope you will like it and publish it in the "Young Citizen."

I am very busy now with my studies in the Holy Ghost College where I am in the fourth grade, but I never miss reading all the interesting stories in your magazine, for which I am a subscriber.

Sincerely yours,

Maria Lourdes Ruiz

Dear Maria Lourdes,

I thank you for the picture you sent. Your interest in the "Young Citizen" in spite of your busy hours in the Holy Ghost College encourages all those who work for it. I hope we hear from you again. Have you read about our essay contest? Tell your friends about it.

Aunt Alma

Emilio Jacinto Elem. School
Tondo, Manila. P. I.
June 23, 1936

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am still studying in Emilio Jacinto Elementary School and in the seventh grade. I am one who is interested in all stories of the "Young Citizen." I like to read some more. The stories in the "Young Citizen" seem to have truly happened. Father is also interested in your magazine. I would like to subscribe for the



MARIA LOURDES RUIZ

"Young Citizen" beginning next week.

Sincerely yours,

Adriano M. Medina

Dear Adriano,

The writers in the "Young Citizen" spend time and effort to make the stories in the magazine seem not only real but also very interesting for those who read them. I hope we soon number you among our young subscribers.

Aunt Alma

Bais Sugar Central
Bais, Negros Or.
July 6, 1936

Dearest Aunt Alma,

I have read your reply to my letter under the "Pen and Pencil Circle" of "The Young Citizen" with regards to my poem which I wanted published. Your letter states that

you are publishing my poem in that issue, but I could not locate it there. In spite of my disappointment, I am still hoping to read it in the following issues of the magazine.

As an ardent enthusiast of the "Young Writers Section," I am enclosing herewith a story of my exciting experiences during my trip to Dumaguete. I hope that you would be satisfied with this and publish it in "The Young Citizen."

Lastly, I close my letter with my sincere, best wishes to the other readers of this magazine.

Your enthusiastic subscriber,

Francisca San Jose

Dear Francisca,

Did you expect your poem in the June issue of the "Young Citizen"? I am sorry to have disappointed you. By this time, however, I hope you are satisfied. I am going over your new contribution and if we have space, you will find it in this issue. If not, you will wait for another, won't you?

Aunt Alma

YOUNG WRITERS

WHY I FAILED TO STUDY MY LESSON

After coming home from school, I at once put down all my things on the table. Then I heard my father calling me to do a certain kind of work. Without hesitating, I did the work. I knew the work was hard and that it would take me at least two hours to finish it. Time to me was precious. After working I put aside all the things I used. I felt so tired that I had to rest. Supper time came and I ate. After that I lay down for a while, but I fell asleep forgetting to study my lessons and do my homework. When I woke up, I found it was already morning. I had no more time to study, so I went to school

(Continued on next page)

unprepared and ready to be scolded.

Alberto Santos

VII-B² Sta. Ana Elem. School

MY EXCITING TRIP TO DUMAGUETE

It was Sunday. I was just free from the tiresome recitations and night lessons of the previous week. Mother and father agreed that we would all go to Dumaguete to see the show—"The Crusades." We learned that the show is very good, religious and historical, so mother and father were persuaded to go. When mother informed us, I was very much excited and thrilled.

Father contracted a car. All of us in the family went. We started from Bais Sugar Central at about one o'clock in the afternoon. Bais Sugar Central is almost thirty-eight kilometers away from Dumaguete, so we rode that distance all the way through. Our ride was very thrill-

ing. Every curve and swerving of the car through the winding road seemed to give us an extraordinary excitement. We passed three towns before reaching Dumaguete.

Upon reaching the capital, we went directly to the show. The show is really very beautiful, thrilling, and historical. We enjoyed it through to the end. We went out about six in the afternoon. We went around the town to buy some things. Then we went home, enjoying again the ride towards home.

Francisca San Jose
Bais Sugar Central

A FUNNY INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED DURING VACATION

One Sunday afternoon, my mother sent me on an errand. My new clothes were out of the aparador. Because of my boastful habit, I did

not listen to my mother's advice that I wear an old dress for it might rain. I wore the new one instead. By and by, a heavy rain fell. I was in a place where no house could be seen. Oh, my poor new clothes! How my playmates laughed at me, because of my new but wet clothes of which I was so proud.

Anaclea San Pedro

Strange Facts

It has been found that certain parts of our brain is really awake when we are having a dream.

Ice cream of the Eskimos is made of seal oil mixed with snow, crawberries, and moss blackberries.

The United States is the greatest consumer of ice cream in the world.

No one has ever found the body of a wild elephant that has died a natural death.

Elephants do not eat meat. They only eat leaves or edible roots.

It is easier for English speaking people to learn to speak Latin, Greek and Russian—all three—than to learn to speak Eskimo alone.

Eskimos are one of the best eating people of the world. They can eat continuously for three days and three nights.

Lue Gim Gong, a Chinaman was the first one to originate a grape fruit that gave perfume.

Are faces easier to remember than names? No. It was found that to most people names are easier to remember than faces.

America holds many towns which have taken their names from English places.

The ancient Rock Church, at Haute Isle, France, was dug out of solid rock by the townspeople.

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MOVIE AND RADIO PAGE

LULU ZAMORA—THE BABY RADIO SINGER

Lulu Zamora is a very small girl who will be five years old on August 22, 1936. She knows very few English words, for she is too tiny to go to school. Her hair is curled like Shirley Temple's and she has lost several teeth in front. She is so small that when she sits on a piano bench, there is more space between the floor and her feet than between the seat and her feet. She is so small that you will find this hard to believe: She has won three prizes already!

Lulu won two of these prizes when she entered amateur contests on the radio. She won the other prize when she danced during the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Carnival. One prize is a set of powder and soap and other toilet articles. Another is a pretty shining cup and another is a beautiful little bracelet which Lulu likes best of all.

How did Lulu get these prizes? Listen, I shall tell you.

When Lulu was still very, very small, she loved listening to the radio. She would stop crying whenever she heard radio music, and go on again when it was over. When she grew bigger, she listened very well to the radio songs and tried to sing them. She was so musical that she learned many songs in a very short time. She even danced to these songs, and when she could go to the shows, she studied tap dancing. Yes, she learned tap dancing through simply watching Shirley Temple dance. She has taught herself almost everything that she knows about dancing and singing.



One day, Lulu told her mother that she wanted to sing on the radio. Her mother and aunts let her try because she wanted to do so very much. They were a little afraid because she had had no real practice when she entered the contest for amateurs at the KZIB, but she won it. Following that, she won the cup at the KZRM Amateur Contest held at the Lyric Theater. Now, she sings every Wednesday at the KZEG because people like her singing so well. She receives many letters praising her singing, but she cannot read all of them.

"When I grow up," Lulu said, "I want to appear in the movies. I want to be like Shirley Temple."

Lulu is such a good singer and dancer that it would not be strange if she realized her dream.

THE STORY OF "THE SINGING KID"

Al Jolson and little Sybil Jason are the important players in "The Singing Kid." Other good singers

and actors are found in this talking picture which is full of songs and dances. The story is about a great stage and radio star, Al Jolson, who worked so hard that he lost his voice. At the same time, his sweetheart and lawyer cheated him of plenty of money. He was so disappointed over his misfortunes that he decided to take a long vacation in a place which was very peaceful. In this place, he met little Sybil and her pretty Aunt Ruth who wanted to write a play. Al and Sybil soon became fast friends. They played around together.

One day, while Al was playing with Sybil, he felt so happy that he started to sing. He discovered that his voice was as good as ever, so he decided to go back to New York. Before leaving, he had made Ruth angry by telling her that the play she wrote was bought by a play producer when this was not really the case. He went sadly on to his theater. He once more worked hard. But he did not forget Ruth and Sybil. He sent them telegrams, but they would not answer them. Then, when his new show was going to open, Al was overjoyed to find the two people he loved best there to see it. He sang his songs with a happy heart.

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Messages this Month

How Healthy are You?

Next September 1st will be the Child Health Day. From now on to that day everybody will be thinking of the health of children. Everybody wants all children healthy because healthy children are usually the happy children.

Are you healthy, or are you sickly?

Some people said that one is either healthy or sickly. This statement is not exactly correct, because people are grouped roughly into the following groups according to their health.

1. Some people are healthy. They are strong. They do not feel anything that bothers them in their work. They have no headache, no toothache, no stomachache, no cold. They sleep well, eat well, and feel well.

2. Some people are fairly well. They are not sick in bed. They can work regularly, but still they have some kind of physical troubles—they often have headache, indigestion, eye trouble, dizziness, or something else. They are not sick in bed, and yet they are not healthy; they do not feel well.

3. Some people are sick. They are sick in bed or if they are not in bed they cannot go out to work. They do not feel strong and well enough to play or work. Perhaps they have headache, fever, indigestion, or some other sickness that makes them so weak that they have to stay in bed.

There are very few people of the first and third groups. There are very many of the second group.

In what group would you like to belong? Of course we would like to be in the first group, but very few could be in it. Why? Because many of us are careless in the care of our health. If we feel something wrong with us, if it is only very little, we let it go, until our body becomes so weak that it cannot work normally. So we have many different little troubles which put us in the second group. And if we continue to be careless, we will soon be in the third group.

Let us therefore try to be in the first group. Let us consult our physicians regularly. Let us be careful of our health not only during one special day, like the Child Health Day, but every day throughout the year.

A healthy child is more likely to be happy than the sickly child.

I. PANLASIGUI
August, 1936

A School Child's Creed

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ

I believe in the purity, sincerity, and nobility of my mother, who, in spite of difficulties sends me to school.

I believe in the mission of the school for it makes me a worthy citizen.

I believe in my teachers whose examples inspire me to do the best I can in my school work and whose sacrifices deserve the admiration and gratitude of all.

I believe in OBEDIENCE both at home and in school, for it develops an important trait that a good citizen should possess—OBEDIENCE TO LAWS.

I believe in TRUTHFULNESS for "truth is might"; in HONESTY for the pleasure and peace it gives me.

I believe in HELPFULNESS which is the basis of MUTUAL COOPERATION.

I believe in WORK for woe to him who does not labor.

I believe in all noble ideals of life, ideals that guide me to higher and loftier levels of achievement.

I believe in God, to Whom I owe all that I possess and to Whom I give my TRUST, my FAITH, and my REVERENCE.

How To Build A MODERN BOOKCASE

In the bookcase illustrated, we have a light modern piece. As none of the boards required is over 7" wide, and the total cost of materials is slight, even good wood may be used.

Although the construction can be simplified if the wood is to be lacquered, it may be well to describe the assembly for a lumber like lawan or tangile. If all the parts are cut and trimmed square to the correct sizes, the construction shown should be satisfactory; although (obviously) an experienced cabinet-maker would dovetail the top and bottom to the ends. Here the parts are shown (Fig. 3) dowelled; the dowels must be a firm fit, and the ends will be additionally secured below. If, at the foot, the reader prefers to rebate the ends to take the bottom, he will get a neater effect; the bottom in this case will be glued and also screwed from below.

The top is held to the ends by short dowels, and may also be glueblocked as indicated. Keep the angle molding short, so that it does not show from the front.

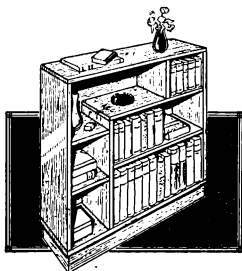
The larger and shorter middle upright pieces might also be dowelled at both ends; it is wiser, however, to dado the bottom for one, and the top shelf for the other, as shown. Stop the dado a full $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the front in each case, so that the joint does not show.

With regard to the shelves, dadoing is again preferable to dowelling. The trenches (or channels) cut in the ends and upright need not exceed $\frac{1}{8}$ " in depth, and the grooving will be stopped $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the front. The upper shelf rests on the top edge of the upright, to which it may be held with a couple of dowels. The middle shelf and the lower side shelf might rest on fillets if required to be adjustable.

Before the plywood back is fitted, test the framework for squareness. The back may be fixed over all as the edges (especially if the article is lacquered) will hardly be noticeable. It can be screwed not only to the ends, top and bottom but also (if desired) to the uprights and shelves.

The plinth or base is a separate piece, 3" high, made up of four sides in box form. In determining the over-all size, allow it to set in about $\frac{1}{8}$ " at each side and at the front; but keep it flush at the back. The sides may be either dowelled together, or rebated and glued; in either case being blocked with glued angle molding which, later, may be fastened also with screws. The completed plinth may be screwed to the bottom, thumb-slot fashion, through the sides, and also glue-blocked all round.

—Adapted from *Everyday Science and Mechanics*



This bookcase does not carry as severe lines as many of the most modern pieces of furniture; nevertheless, it has a distinct modern note.

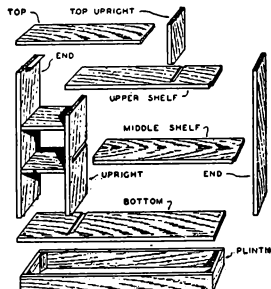


Fig. 3.—This diagram illustrates how the parts are assembled. Note the gised angles in the plinth or base.

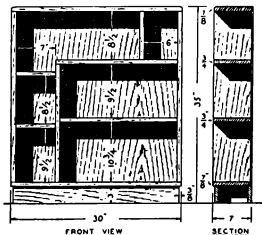


Fig. 2.—The main sizes of the front and end of the bookcase are given here.

A Word to School Principals—

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