

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

DECEMBER, 1937

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# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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NUMBER 11

DECEMBER • 1937

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



## The Birth of Jesus

And the shepherds awoke one night,  
And found a flood of holy light,  
Filling all that cattle shed  
Which Jesus King chose for his bed.

\*\*\*

A bed of hay in a cattle shed,  
There Jesus laid his infant head,  
While above a holy star,

Guided three wise kings from afar.



While Mother Mary in pure joy,  
Could only thank Him for this Boy,  
And the world rejoiced upon his birth  
In the blessed town of Nazareth.

\*\*\*

Jesus is born, the Holy King!  
Ring out, O bells, while angels sing.  
We say our praises in song and poem,  
Of Christ now born in Bethlehem!

*Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel*

Gift - Dr. Panbairinger



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**The Little Poinsettia**

By AUNT JULIA



“**H**APPY DAYS little poinsettia said. “How can I make  
are coming. my leaves red?”

Happy days “Ask the cool wind to help you. Ask  
are coming.” The little the warm sun to help you.”  
maya sang.

The little poinsettia heard the maya.  
The little poinsettia looked up.

The big sun was just coming up. It  
was bright and warm.

“What does the maya mean?” she  
asked her big sister.

“Big sun, bright sun, please help me,”  
the little poinsettia begged.

The big poinsettia was smiling. She  
was happy. She was so happy that she  
became red.

“Yes, little poinsettia, I know what  
you want. Christmas is coming. You  
must turn your green leaves to red,” the  
great big sun said.

“Christmas is coming,” she answered.  
She smiled again and she became redder.

“Thank you, big sun,” the little poin-  
settia smiled.

“We must greet Christmas with our  
red blossoms,” said the big poinsettia.

“But I cannot do everything,” the sun  
said. “You must smile. You must

keep on smiling. Then ask the wind to



help you."

The little poinsettia looked around. She felt the wind coming. The wind was gentle. The wind was cool.

"Wind, wind, please help me."

"Yes," little poinsettia, "I know what you want. I shall help you. We shall make your leaves red. My cool breath will make them red."

The little poinsettia smiled.

"But I cannot do everything," the wind said. "You must smile and keep on smiling."

The big sun came to help the little poinsettia. It was not hot. It was warm. It was just warm enough for the little poinsettia. The little poinsettia was happy. She smiled sweetly. She blushed as she smiled.

The gentle wind came. Its breath was soft and cool. The little poinsettia liked the cool wind. It was just cool enough for her. She smiled. As she kept on smiling she became redder.

One morning the big poinsettia looked down at the little poinsettia.

"Why, little sister, you are already red. You are now ready to greet



Christmas."

The little poinsettia was very, very happy. She looked at herself. She was red, as red as her big sister.

"Thank you, big warm sun," she said.

"Thank you, gentle, cool wind."

"Happy days are here again," sang a maya, from a branch overhead.

"Yes, I know, little maya; and I am ready. See my red blossoms. I am ready to greet Christmas."

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS**A Mother's Reward**

DOLORES TENSUAN \*

**A**LING NENA lovingly smiled as she waved good-bye to her husband and three children. How neat and prim her children looked in their snow-white clothes. How her hands trembled with love as she pinned sprays of cadena de amor on their breasts and with what ecstasy she received their kisses before they left following the direction of the father who told them, "Go and kiss your mother, children. It is Mothers' Day today."

She sat wearily on a chair and tried

to recall with what effort she got up at five o'clock that cold December morning; how hurriedly she cooked the breakfast, set the table, washed the plates, pots, and pans, cleaned the kitchen, bathed and dressed her children and put out fresh clothes for her husband. All these things were done in two hours. Just how she could do all these things day in and day out was no longer a marvel for she had long been used to do the work.

The cry of her youngest, a baby of eight months, startled her. Merrily she approached the crib, took the baby in her arms and lovingly kissed its hands, neck, and cheeks. The innocent smiles of her baby made her forget her fatigue. She lay on bed and tenderly nursed it. While lying down she felt a pain at the back and a slight headache. How she longed to give herself the luxury of a few minutes' rest, but such comfort was not to be had. She looked at the pile of dirty clothes

\* Teacher, Washington Elementary School, Manila.



to be washed, the socks and shirts to be mended, the beds to be tidied, the pieces of furniture to be dusted, the floor to be polished, and with a sigh she dismissed all thoughts of staying on bed. Her hands literally flew busily and skillfully so that by eleven thirty, the house was "spick - and - span," the clothes washed, and the table set for lunch.

Aling Nena, with her baby in her arms, eagerly waited for her husband and children. Soon they arrived, each carrying a package.

Junior, a boy of seven, ran as fast as his legs could carry him and embracing his mother cried, "Look, Mother, see what I bought for you out of my own savings."

Aling Nena laughingly opened the package and how glad she was to find a kerchief. She put it around her shoulders and exclaimed, "How lovely, and just the color I want, but why—er—what did—"

She was not able to finish her question for in rushed Elvira and Jose who shouted, "Mother, Mother, see what we have for you, too."

"And mine, too," added the father with a broad smile, as he handed her a big box. Aling Nena hastily opened the packages. Elvira's gift was a night gown, Jose's was a house dress, and Father's was a sky-blue terno already made by her modiste.

"How good you all are to remember me with all these, but aren't they too early for my birthday present?

Tomorrow is my birthday, not now."

"But it is Mothers' Day," chorused the children.

You are all very thoughtful and good to me. Thank you very much," gratefully said the mother.

A few minutes later, the happy family were merrily enjoying their lunch.

"Mother," said Elvira. "Don't forget to attend our Mothers' Day program."

"Yes, Mother, please don't fail to go to our school at four o'clock," seconded Jose.

"And wear your new terno," added the husband.

"Yes, yes," gaily promised the mother. "How can I miss it when Jose will declaim? I hope you will do your best, Sonny."

"Mother, I won't fail if you are there," was the chivalrous reply. The luncheon was over. The children helped Aling Nena wash the plates and clean the table. Pretty

soon they were all ready to go to school.

"Be sure to attend the program, Mother," was the parting reminder of the children.

Once more Aling Nena was alone. She glanced at the clock and was pleased to know that she had two hours more to spare for mending some clothes and getting supper ready before she dressed for the program.

At four o'clock sharp she was at the gate of the Washington Elementary School, looking very lovely in her new terno. A sweet looking teacher met her

(Please turn to page 358)



## Joe and the Disobedient Boy

By ANTONIO C. MUÑOZ



*It is bad to be disobedient. If a boy disobeys his mother, she feels unhappy. If he disobeys his teacher, the latter becomes angry. A disobedient boy is often punished. Sometimes the punishment is severe. We should all be obedient so that everybody will like us and love us. The following story tells you how a disobedient boy was punished. Try to find out how it was done.*

ONE NIGHT JOE and his mother visited a friend. While Joe's mother and her friend were talking, Joe busied himself with the comic pictures on the table. He was reading the adventures of Flash Gordon when he heard her mother's friend complain about the conduct of her son.

"Where is Pepe?" asked Joe's mother.

"I don't know where he is," the other woman replied. "He always comes late. I wish he were like your boy."

"Why does he come late? What does

he do?" Joe's mother was surprised.

"He plays with other children. I have told him several times to come home before eight o'clock but he does not obey me. The worst part of it is that he plays hide and seek with the other boys under the coconut trees. It is very dark there and I shouldn't wonder if accidents happen," Pepe's mother replied with a sigh.

"Do they play there always?" again asked Joe's mother.

"Every night," was the brief reply.

Joe heard all that the two women talked about. He pitied Pepe's mother. An idea came to him.

"Mother, may I go after Pepe?" Joe requested. "I should like to see some more of his comic pictures."

"You may go, Joe," his mother consented. "Please don't stay out long as we shall soon go home."

"I shall be back in a few minutes," Joe assured his mother as he ran down the stairs.

When he reached the street, he saw a group of boys. He ran toward them but before he reached the spot, the boys had started to hide in different places. Joe picked out Pepe and followed him. Pepe was heading for the grove. Joe saw him climb a big tree. When Pepe reached the top, Joe saw him lie flat on a big branch. It was a good hiding place and if Joe had not seen him climb the tree, he would not know that someone was hiding there.

"So that's your hiding place," Joe said to himself. "Tomorrow you will stop





coming here and your mother will find a different boy."

At eight o'clock Joe and his mother went home.

Early the next morning, Joe went to see Rod. Together they planned how they would punish the disobedient Pepe. In the afternoon, they worked in the school shop for it was Saturday and nobody else was there. In the evening at dark, they went to the place with their equipment. Hastily they set everything in place. When Pepe and his friends were on the street ready for their games, Joe and Rod were ready with their trap under the tree.

Soon Pepe was running towards the tree. As he started to climb, he saw a tall dark figure behind the tree. Pepe stepped back trembling with fear. Just as he was about to run away, two figures in black jumped out of the bushes and held him. These two figures wore masks. As fast as they could, they tied Pepe's hands behind him. A handkerchief was thrust into his mouth to keep him from making any noise.

"You are a disobedient boy, Pepe," said one of his captors in a low deep voice. "You have disobeyed your mother several times. She has been telling you not to stay out late at night. She has been telling you not to play under the coconut trees. You have not listened to her. It is bad to be disobedient but it is worse to disobey a mother."

"Look at our master," the speaker went on as he pointed to the tall dark figure beside the tree. "He is the King of the Eli River. He has heard of your disobedience and he is here to get you. He will take you to his home and keep you there until you become a good boy. Now what do you say?"

Pepe's tears rolled down his cheeks. The speaker pulled the handkerchief out of his mouth.

"Speak," he commanded Pepe.

Pepe was still trembling.

"Yes," he admitted, "I have always been a disobedient boy. Because of that my mother has been unhappy."

*(Please turn to page 359)*

## The Christmas Party

By B. HILL CANOVA



“MOTHER,” asked Pablo, “are we going to have a Christmas party this year?”

“Yes, if you, Anselma and Emilio want a party you may have one. Decide whom you want to invite and we will start planning it,” said Mrs. Santos.

The three children each found a pencil and a piece of paper to make a list of friends.

“Here is my list,” said Anselma, “Biddy, Baby Nell, Anita, Imogene and Luz.”

“And mine,” added Emilio, “is Lorenzo, Billy, Pepe, Jose, Pedro, Alejandro and Medio.”

“I will tell you my list, because I do not know how to spell all of the names—Antonio, Tino, Vicente, Andres, and Tomás.” Pablo counted them off on his fingers.

“That makes seventeen guests, and you three makes twenty. With that many we can have a nice time,” thought the mother of the children.

“This is going to be fun. What games shall we play?”

“Hide-and-seek,” suggested Pablo. That is his favorite game.

“And San Pedro,” added Anselma.

“High-jump, too,” put in Emilio.

“Would you like me to teach you a game that children seldom play now, but it was a favorite when I was a little girl?” asked Mrs. Santos.

“Yes, yes,” agreed the three children.

“What shall we have for refreshments?” Emilio wanted to know. He was growing so fast that his thoughts often ran to food.

“What would you like to serve?” asked the mother.

"Egg sandwiches," was the older boy's bid.

"Bibingka," was Pablo's suggestion.

"A nice bowl of punch and cookies," added Anselma.

"Yes, cookies! Cookies with nuts in them," Pablo exclaimed. "I will remove the hulls from the nuts."

"If you will prepare the nuts I will bake the cookies the way you like them best," offered Anselma.

"May I add some nice ripe bo-õngon?" asked Mrs. Santos.

"Yes," chorused the children, "we all like that."

The party took place on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. The day before the children went from house to house to invite their little friends. Everyone accepted and was looking forward to a good time. The mother remained at home baking bread for the sandwiches. Christmas Eve Morning the whole family was as busy as could be. Little Pablo, besides preparing the nuts for the cookies, ran many errands. Anselma made the cookies and helped with the punch. Emilio took a basket to the orchard to gather some ripe bo-õngon and searched everywhere for eggs. All helped to make the house tidy. Anselma took great pains in arranging the flowers for the table.

By and by it was time for the guests to come. The mother and the children sat in the sala waiting for them.

"I am sorry," complained Anselma, "that father is not here for the party."

Soon the little friends gathered and the games started. After they had played a while Anselma called her mother to come show them the new game. The children thought it was

great fun for Mrs. Santos to play with them and they liked her game.

When it was time to serve the refreshments Anselma and Emilio led their friends to the table. The table looked so nice with its white table cloth and the basket of red flowers in the center, with green streamers running from the basket to each plate. Emilio sat at the head of the table as the host and Anselma was at the other end as hostess. Mrs. Santos and Pablo sat opposite each other on the sides of the table among the guests. Emilio served the sandwiches, Anselma the punch, and little Pablo's eyes sparkled when he started the plate of his favorite cookies around the table.

When everyone was about finished eating the postman came, bringing Anselma a letter. At once she recognized the writing of her friend. "A letter from Trudie! Do you remember her?"

"Indeed, we do," the children cried.

"Shall I read her letter to you?"

"Please do."

"From the date," Anselma said, "this letter has been more than five weeks coming to me." She read: "Dear Anselma,—Do you remember the Christmas party at your house last year? I certainly do remember it. What a good time all the children had! I was the oldest one there but I had as much fun as the younger ones.

"This is November, but by the time this  
(Please turn to page 357)



## THE GOOD READERS' CORNER

### GRADE ONE

This little bird is a  
maya.

The maya is brown.

It eats rice.



1. What is this bird's name? (Maria,  
maya, May, man)

2. What color is it? (black, bright,  
brown, blue)

3. What does it eat? (rice, lice, ice,  
mice)

---

### GRADE TWO



Little Anita is holding a little doll. She is hugging and kissing the doll. Anita is singing and skipping around.

Is Anita happy? Yes; No.

Does she love her doll? Yes; No.

Is she sulking in a corner? Yes; No.

Find the words which tell that Anita  
is happy.

### GRADE THREE

Maria, Ana, and Rosa are sisters. Maria is small but she is older than Ana. Rosa is younger than Ana. Who is the eldest of the three sisters? Draw a line under the correct name.

Mina, Ana, Maria, Rosa.

\_\_\_\_\_

### GRADE FOUR

Juan and Pedro went Christmas shopping. They entered a large toy store.

Juan admired a big gun. "I wish I had enough money for that," he thought.

Then he walked on and looked at some toy soldiers. Pedro handled a drum.

When he saw the gun, he paid for it at once.

Did Juan like to buy the gun?

Did Juan buy the gun?

Did Pedro buy the gun?

## Intermediate Grades

### Knowing More About Christmas

E. A. ZAGUIRRE \*

How much about Christmas do you know? Test your knowledge of Christmas characters, legends, myths, poems, and customs by answering the following questions:

I. Fill in the blank in each of these sentences with the right word.

1. On Christmas Day we celebrate the birth of \_\_\_\_\_.

2. He was born in the town of \_\_\_\_\_ in Judea.

3. In the Philippines the custom of attending the \_\_\_\_\_ or early morning mass for nine days before Christmas is being observed.

4. The flower that is commonly used for Christmas decorations is the \_\_\_\_\_.

5. The Christmas tree had its origin in \_\_\_\_\_.

6. The custom of portraying the scene of Christ's birth in churches is called the \_\_\_\_\_ or cradle.

7. \_\_\_\_\_ originated this custom.

8. The three wise men brought gifts of \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_.

\* Lukban Elementary School, Manila.

II. Write the title of the poem or song where each of the following lines is taken.

1. "Glory to the new-born King!"

2. "O come, let us adore Him."

3. "Let ev-ry heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing."

4. "Wake, O sleeping shepherds,  
awake,  
Let us join the angels' song."

5. "O Holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray."

III. Give a synonym or brief explanation about each:

1. Noel

2. The King of Kings

3. The City of David

4. Kriss Kringle

5. Carol

6. The Messiah

7. The Magi

8. Mistletoe

9. Bambino

10. Las Posadas

(Please turn to page 349 for the answers.)

## The Clever Dog

By VICENTA A. LACSAMANA \*

**R**ITA AND CARLOS were to have a treat that Saturday afternoon.

Mother had promised that if they were good, would mind the baby, clean the yard, attend to the firewood, she would be able to get through with her washing quickly. Then in the afternoon she could cook bibingkas for them. Never had two children worked more quickly and never more gayly. Carlos wheeled Little Sister in the improvised milk case cart while Rita swept the yard and burned the dry leaves and the pieces of paper. Then Rita rocked her in the bejuco hammock to sleep while Carlos cut the "madre cacao" twigs and carried them in. In almost no time at all the space under the stove was filled. He did not forget to set out the coconut husks under the sun so they would burn well when Mother cooks the rice cakes.

They even had time to bathe themselves thoroughly and to give the bamboo floors a rapid cleaning with wet rags and banana leaves.

After lunch Mother sent them to the store to buy soap, sugar for the rice cakes, petroleum and some thread. They must take with them the large basket so they could easily carry their pur-

chases. "Take care when crossing the bridge," Mother called to them as they skipped merrily away with Barong carrying the basket in his mouth.

When they reached the brook Carlos ran ahead and tried to make the foot bridge away as he ran along. Barong dropped the basket with a little delighted bark and plunged into the water. "Naughty dog, he surely wants a swim," Rita called out as she picked up the basket.

Before they left the store Carlos checked off their purchases to be sure they had everything their mother wanted and to see if the change given Rita was right. He put the two balls of thread into his pocket because the storekeeper had stuck a needle through them as a little "extra" and his mother would not want to lose it.

They carried the basket between them while Barong frisked teasingly in front. When they came to the bridge they walked very carefully. This time Barong did not choose to swim. He too was using the bridge. Suddenly he barked and ran wildly as a carabao driver bellowed echoingly to his herd. The frightened dog ran past Carlos' legs so that the poor boy slipped and down to the shallow brook the basket fell.

\* Teacher, Philippine Normal School, Manila.

"Foolish dog," Carlos shouted at Barong who was already shaking himself on the bank. When Rita pulled the basket out of the water the paper bag had no more bottom and of course no more sugar in it. Luckily the petroleum bottle was well corked so it was not spilled and the soap was only wet. Carlos was sore as he threw the empty bag at the dog for he was sure there would be no more rice cakes this week end.

They walked home quickly to tell Mother the sad tale. When Carlos looked around for Barong because he was going to tie him up for being naughty he could not be found.

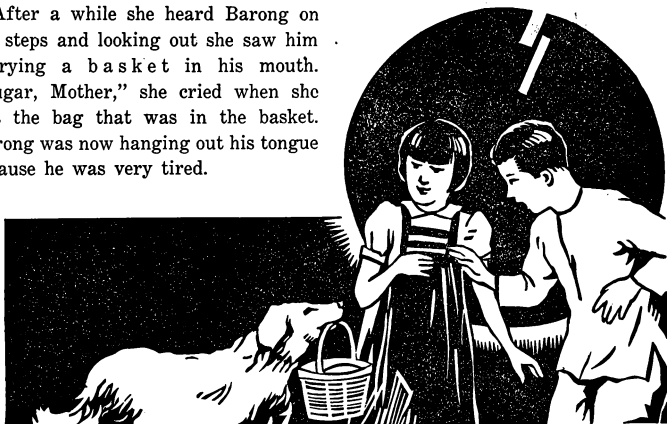
"Maybe he is afraid," Rita ventured as she got out her toy pots as there would be no coconuts to grate anyway.

After a while she heard Barong on the steps and looking out she saw him carrying a basket in his mouth. "Sugar, Mother," she cried when she felt the bag that was in the basket. Barong was now hanging out his tongue because he was very tired.

"Clever dog!" they all cried, "but low?"

"You better go to the store and find out. Return the basket and take this ten-centavo piece so you can pay for the sugar," Mother told Carlos. "Rita you may start on the coconuts."

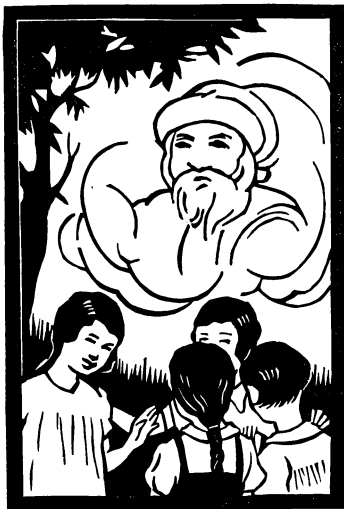
Carlos was back in almost no time panting out in happy excitement, "Mang Blas was so delighted with Barong he did not make me pay for the sugar. Do you remember, Rita, that I threw the empty bag at him? He bit that empty lottomless bag and ran back to the store with it. He went right up to Mang Blas and showed him the bag. Mang Blas rightly guessed that the bag of sugar fell into the river so he gave him another one."



## CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

## The Girls' Resolution

ELISA MARQUEZ \*



“IF THERE were a real Santa Claus, what would you ask for?” joyfully asked Lita of her companions.

“Oh! I would ask for a big doll,” promptly answered Nora.

“I would ask for more interesting books to read,” exclaimed Luz, the voracious reader of the class.

“And what would you ask for?” asked Lita of Milagrang, who was the quietest of the group.

“I would not ask for any material

gift. But if my wish were granted, I would be the happiest girl in the world,” Milagrang explained.

“May we know your wish?” queried the girls in a chorus.

“You know how empty my life has been since I lived in the orphanage. It is true that my fellow orphans are kind and the sisters in charge of us are very motherly. They are very loving, too. But girls, there is always a longing in me to see my parents once more.” lengthily explained Milagrang.

“Well, you know that to long for their presence would be futile. Come and be happy,” said the carefree Nora.

The girls by this time decided to move under the shade of the big acacia tree, where they would continue their conversation.

As soon as they had settled down, Luz began, “Friends, Milagrang’s words a while ago have set me to thinking. If we, who are fortunate enough to have our parents still with us be as thoughtful of them as our less fortunate friends, I am sure we shall make this place a heaven for our parents. Don’t you think so, girls?”

“Why surely we agree with you,” said the girls.

“And since Parents’ Day is approaching, I am sure we can do our bit by doing something for our parents,” suggested Luz.

“What shall we do to show our love for them?” asked Lita.

\* Teacher, San Miguel Elementary School, Manila.

(Please turn to page 358)



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**MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH**


---

**Once in Royal David's City**

*Look at the pictures before reading the poem.*



Cattle shed or stable

Once in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a Mother laid her baby  
 In a manger for His bed;  
 Mary was that Mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little child.



He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall,  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly  
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.



And through all His wondrous childhood,  
 He would honor and obey,  
 Love and watch the lowly Maiden,  
 In whose gentle arms He lay;  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as He.



Manger or stall

*Cecil Frances Alexander*

## What's Your Hobby? Try this One

### ARTISTIC WOODEN STAND FOR YOUR FISH BOWL

By PEDRO CELESTINO

THE BEAUTY of the Fish Bowl, which add greatly to the decorative setting in the home, can be greatly enhanced by elevating it from the table top by means of a stand. The support that I present here is composed of three swimming fish set at equal distances around two wooden discs by dowels (wooden pins) whose tail ends support the Fish Bowl.

On a piece of wood  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick, lay out the tracings of the three (3) fish (see fig. 1) and cut them with a jig-saw. Then sand paper them very smoothly.

On another piece of wood  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, cut out two discs with  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " and  $6\frac{1}{2}$ " diameters respectively. On the rims of the two discs, locate 3 equidistant points. Cut grooves  $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide and  $\frac{1}{4}$ " deep on

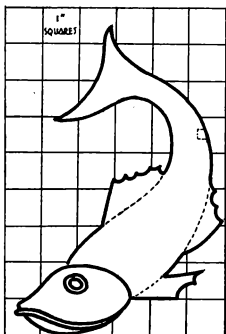
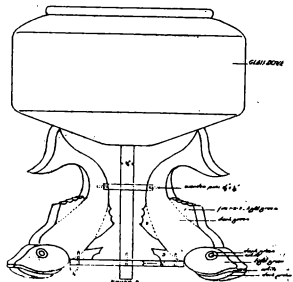


FIG. 1



the smaller disc for the fish to fit into. In the edge of these grooves, bore holes large enough for the dowels  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " x  $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Likewise bore holes on the belly of each fish to match the holes on the disc (see fig. 2). Then fit the pieces together with glue.

On three equidistant points on the larger disc, bore holes  $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the rim. As in fig. 2, place this disc under the fins of the fish and bore opposite holes through the fish fins. Cover the dowels with the glue and assemble the pieces together. Let the glue dry and then paint the stand with two coats of lacquer. Paint the fish as in fig. 2.

With a little patience and care, a very artistic stand could be made very easily from pieces of useless wood lying around the house.

## NOCHE BUENA

Words by ANASTACIO C. CANCELLER

Music by ANTONIO C. MUÑOZ

*Mod.*

The - night is - moon-light, The - sky is clear;  
 While - from the - bel-fry joy - bells I hear.  
 A - top the stee - ple dim lan - terns shine,  
 I would make them brighter, if all were mine.  
 The - night is - moon-light, the - sky is clear;  
 All - songs on - Je - sus are - what I hear.

## KIKO'S ADVENTURES



ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THIS EARTH OF OURS****THE MAKING OF MOUNTAINS**

A long time ago when people believed in gods and goddesses there lived a hero named Hercules. Hercules in the course of his adventure performed many difficult tasks as getting the golden apples of Hesperides, cleaning the Aegean stables. Now when we want to describe a work to be accomplished as difficult to achieve we say it is a Herculean task. This leads us to describe the making of mountains as Herculean, if we may not say actually impossible.

Possibly you have never thought that mountains were ever made. We call the earth's covering its crust. Now the gradual thickening and shrinking of the earth's crust as it cools have made the wrinkles we call mountain systems all over the world. Through millions of years the globe has been giving off heat to the cold sky spaces through which it swings in its orbits around the sun. The cooling caused the contraction of the outer layer to fit the shrinking of the mass.

The weakest places in the earth's crust were the first places to crumple. Perhaps the first wrinkles were not very high and deep. The gradual cooling must have exerted continued pressure, and the wrinkles become larger.

*(Please turn to page 358)*

**OUR INSECT FRIENDS  
AND FOES****THE CICADA**

*"The shy cicada whose noon voice rings  
So piercing shrill that it almost stings  
The sense of hearing."*

Have you ever tried to catch a cicada just to find out how it produces all the noise it makes? The cicada is especially built for noise making. It is a living sounding board. The cicada accomplishes these results by means of drums. It has two drums under its abdomen, made of dry, crisp ribbed membranes. These drums are cupped out and look something like shells from the sea shore. To the inside of them are attached strong muscles. With these muscles it vibrates the stiff membrane in and out.

The male insect makes the noise while sitting on a limb with his wife. He keeps it up from sunrise to sunset, but fortunately, is silent by night.

The cicada belongs to that group of insects which lives by drinking the sap of trees and shrubs. They have augers which they sink into the bark and through which they drink sap. All insects which are sap suckers are enemies of man. If they were not restrained they would drink so much of the sap from plants that many of the latter would die and their kind would cease to exist. But the cicada is the least injurious of the sap suckers.

The queerest of the cicadas is the periodical cicada. On a July day its egg hatches on the limb of a tree. The tiny creature that emerges

*(Please turn to page 359)*

## CARE AND TREATMENT OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS

There is a legend to the effect that on the night before Christmas the dumb animals of man are given the power of speech. This is because some of these lowly animals were in the stables when on the first Christmas Eve our Lord was born in a manger. So for the sake of this belief let us give a kind thought to our domestic animals this month. Ever since animals have been captured and domesticated to help man, they have been subjected to other forms of torment even worse than what they encountered from their former enemies when they were wild. In their domesticated state they have no way of defending themselves against the cruelties of man. Man may be either a friend or an enemy of animals.

It is to man's best interest to take good care of his animals, as they represent a value either in service performed for him, or in actual sales value if he sells animals.

There is another good reason for treating animals properly, which every good citizen should keep in mind. This is the feeling which teaches man to be kind to other men and to animals. This feeling is something more effective than laws made by man.

The abuse of animals is not confined to any particular people, nationality, or country. There are guilty people in all countries. It is our duty individually and collectively to lessen the cruelties to our own animals first by taking proper care of them and thereby obtaining greater benefit from them.

The animal that is most subject to abuse, from the very nature of its use, is the horse. Carabaos and cattle on the whole are treated with more consideration. People who raise hogs would get much better results if they would provide hogs and their other animals with dry, cool and sanitary quarters and give them appropriate feed.

Dogs are not maltreated but they are often homeless and starved. It would be a credit to any community to get rid of these dogs completely as they are neither useful nor ornamental and sometimes are a menace. If dogs are killed the killing should be done without undue suf-

## ✓ OUR MINOR FOREST PRODUCTS

### PALMS OF ECONOMIC IMPORTANCE

Our forests can be considered as storehouses of Mother Nature. Almost everything that we use in daily life can come from them—from the gogo bark to wash our hair with, to the "kaong" that helps you relish your afternoon refreshments at a Japanese ice-cream parlor.

The latter comes from a valuable palm known as "kaong" or cabo negro. This palm grows in low and medium altitudes in the forests and some are found in cultivation. Among the products of kaong may be mentioned kaong sweatmeat from young fruits; sugar and vinegar from sap obtained from young flowers, "lulug" a flossy fiber obtained from the lowest parts of the petioles, for kindling fires; brushes, doormats, broom sticks, ropes, flooring and carrying stick from the stiff trunk, delicious salads and pickles from the bud, and thatching materials from the leaves. The most important product of cabo negro, or kaong, however, is its black fiber used for roofing materials and rain capes. Properly laid thatch roofs of the fiber last for a long time.

Another palm of high economic value is the buri. The fibro-vascular bundles of the petioles furnish the buntal fiber for the famous Lukban and buntal hats and for other woven articles. The leaves of the plant are woven into bags and mats. They also furnish the raffia which is woven into bags, hats, mats, and many fancy articles. Sugar, vinegar and buri wine are fermented from the sap which flows out when the tree is tapped. The young fruits are used in the preparation of sweetmeats, and starch is extracted from the pith. It is an interesting palm in that it flowers only once, producing the largest inflorescence of any plant.

A palm which is beginning to attract attention due to its suitability in the manufacture of fishing rods is anahaw known as "Palm brava."

*(Please turn to page 359)*

fering to the dog.

When your animals are sick or you want special advice as their case, consult a veterinarian. Remember these animals can plead only with eyes and not with their tongues.

## A Son for a Gift

(From Rizal's "Social Cancer")

FORTUNATO ASUNCION \*

High up on the slope of the mountain, near a roaring stream was a hut hidden among the trees. In the shade of a tree an old man was making brooms from the fibers of palm leaves, while a young woman was placing eggs, lime fruit, and some vegetables in a wide basket. Two children,—a boy and a girl, were playing by the side of another who was pale and sad.

"When your foot gets well," the little girl was saying to him, "we'll play hide-and-seek. I'll be the leader."

"You'll go up to the top of the mountain with us," added the little boy, "and drink deer-blood with lime-juice and you'll get fat, and then I'll teach you how to jump from rock to rock above the torrent."

The pale sickly child smiled sadly, stared at the sore on his foot, and then turned his gaze toward the setting sun.

"Sell these brooms," said the grandfather to the young woman, "and buy something for the children, for tomorrow is Christmas."

"Firecrackers! I want firecrackers!" exclaimed the boy.

"I want a head for my doll," cried the little girl, catching hold of her sister's *tapis*.

"And you, what do you want?" the old man asked the sickly, child.

The sick boy tried hard to rise. He went near the old man.

"Sir," he said, "I've been sick more than a month now, haven't I?"

"Since we found you lifeless and covered with wounds, two weeks have passed. We thought you were going to die then."

"May God reward you, for we are very poor," replied the sick child. "But now, that tomorrow is Christmas I want to go to town to see my mother and my little brother. They will be seeking for me."

"But, my son, you're not yet well, and your town is far away. You won't get there by midnight."

"That doesn't matter, sir. My mother and my little brother must be very sad. Every year we spend this holiday together. Last year the three of us had a whole fish to eat. My mother will be grieving and looking for me."

"You won't get to town alive, boy! Down there are soldiers and robbers. Don't you want to see the firecrackers and play hide-and-seek? Tonight we're going to have chickens and wild boar's meat. My sons will be asking for you when they come from the fields."

"You, sir, have many sons, while my mother has only us two. Perhaps she already believes that I'm dead! Tonight I want to give her a pleasant surprise, a Christmas gift."

"What will you give her?"

"... Her long lost son is the gift I'll give her. Won't she be surprised?" answered the boy with childish delight.

The old man felt the tears rolling down his cheeks, so placing his hands on the boy's head, he said with emotion:

"You are like an old man! Go, look for your mother, give her the Christmas gift—from God, as you say. If I had known the name of your town I would have gone there when you were sick. Go, my son, and may God and the Lord Jesus go with you."

\* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School.

HEALTH SECTION**ANTONIO**

By B. HILL CANOVA



One day Antonio's mother said, "Antonio, I am very busy. You go to the market and bring home something for our lunch."

"Very well," answered the little boy cheerfully, "What would you like for me to bring?"

"You may select the things yourself. Here is the money."

Antonio's mother knew that her son's healthy appetite would tell him the proper things to buy. When he came home what do you suppose he brought?

Putó?

No.

Bibingka?

No.

This is what was in his basket—pechay, radish, fish, unpolished rice, eggs, and bananas.

**KEY TO ANSWERS***From page 339***I.**

1. Jesus Christ
2. Nazareth
3. Misa de Gallo
4. Poinsettia
5. Germany
6. Presipio
7. St. Francis of Assisi
8. Gold, frankincense, and myrrh

**II.**

1. "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"
2. "O Come, All ye Faithful"
3. "Joy to the World"
4. "Philippine Christmas Carol"
5. "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

**III.**

1. It is a French word meaning Christmas.
2. Jesus Christ
3. Bethlehem
4. It is a German name for the Christ Child who is supposed to give the presents.
5. It is the name given to a song of Christmas joy.
6. Another name for Jesus Christ
7. The three Wise Men.
8. It is a parasitic vine growing on hardwood trees.
9. It is an Italian name for the Holy Child that is exposed to the people after mass during Christmas.
10. It is a religious drama performed the night before the birth of Christ.

Choose the word that best describes Antonio: honest, helpful, wise, industrious.

Give reasons for your choice.

SAFETY SECTION

# Manoling's Lanterns

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ \*

There was a rumpus at Nicanor's house. In spite of the cold December air that ought to have kept every living soul in a sound sleep, every member of the family was up. The mother was in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Nicanor was shivering with cold in the bathroom while Anita, his only sister, was busy packing up some clothes in an old rattan suitcase. Mang Nonong, the father, was under the house putting three fat hens and a rooster into a chicken coop and half a dozen eggs into a small egg-basket.

"Nonong," called Aling Dading, the mother. "Don't forget to put the oranges and the bunch of *Lakatan* in the sack. There are some ripe chicos buried in the palay in our small *bayong*. Please get them. Ate Luisa likes chicos very much.

"Yes, Dading," replied the old man.

The family ate their breakfast which consisted of hard-boiled rice, fried salted *Tigiti*, fresh carabao milk, and a few blocks of *panucha*. After breakfast, Aling Dading, Anita, and Nicanor put on their best clothes which had long been kept at the bottom of the trunk. They were invited by Aling Luisa, Nicanor's aunt on

his mother's side, to spend Christmas with her in the city. Aling Luisa and her son, Manoling, used to spend their Christmas in her sister's home in Calamba. This time she thought it would be nice to have Aling Dading and her children spend Christmas in her beautiful home in Sampaloc.

At about six thirty o'clock that fine December morning an L. T. B. truck passed by and Aling Dading and her two children got into it. Calamba is about sixty kilometers from Manila and it took the truck two long hours travel before it reached the city. The truck stopped at Azcarraga. Aling Dading hired a *carretela* to take her, her two children, and the baggage to Sampaloc.

When they arrived at the place where they were supposed to go, they did not see the beautiful house of Aling Luisa. Instead, they saw a small shack made of dark half-burned wood and galvanized iron. All around the shack were pieces of charcoal and heaps of ashes.

"This might not be the place!" exclaimed Nicanor.

"Let me see . . ." said Aling Dading knitting her brow as if in deep thought. "This is the place. I cannot be mistaken. Let us inquire."

Aling Dading approached the shack and said, "Tao po." An elderly woman peeped out of the dark window.

"Dading-g-g"

"Ate Luisa, what happened?"

Aling Luisa could not say anything. She wept bitterly. Aling Dading could not help crying too. Nicanor and Anita approached their aunt and kissed her hand. Then, they too cried. After a brief while of silence that was disturbed by the occasional sobs of the grief-stricken group, Aling Dading asked.

"Where is Manoling?"

(Please turn to page 357)



\* Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.



## RIZAL'S LIGHT

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO



From Fort Santiago's gloomy cell  
And through Postigo's ancient gate,  
A man who served his country well  
With soldiers marched to meet his fate.

‡‡

His gait was firm, his mien was bright  
As wistful looks he briefly cast  
At scenes which were his heart's delight  
When life was young in years long past.

Although his arms were firmly tied,  
He smiled at friends along the way:  
As throngs he passed, they sadly sighed,  
And prayed for him that fateful day.

‡‡

Luneta was so fair to scan  
And filled with gay December charm,  
As bravely stood the sterling man  
Who met his death with martyr's calm.

‡‡

Then "Viva España!" the victors cried,  
As others wept in deepest gloom;  
They killed to soothe their wounded pride,  
And thus they sealed a kingdom's doom.

‡‡

He lived and died a patriot true,  
Who joyed in deeds of truth and love:  
He fought grim wrongs of every hue  
For light he saw from Him above.

‡‡

They vainly tried to snuff his light  
Which dazzled men of dark design,  
But lo, that light still shines more bright,  
For truth is light of source divine!

## Learning New Expressions

Do you still remember the expressions you learned in the past issues of this magazine? Did you use them in telling short stories and in conversations? Let me see if you have not forgotten them yet.

I. Here are ten items for you to answer. Underline the correct expression within the parentheses which bears the same or nearly the same meaning as the expression on the left side. Example: famous (wicked, ungrateful, *well-known*, generous). The word *well-known* is italicized because it is a synonym of famous.

1. perished (saved, left, called, killed)
2. dreadful (lovable, frightful, interesting, careful)

By Mrs. PAZ J. EUGENIO \*

3. valor (courage, kindness, wisdom, selfishness)
4. heed (forget, mock, to mind, show)
5. affectionate (grateful, strong, loving, careless)
6. jest (fun, gift, speech, story)
7. interrupt (correct, call, stop, continue)
8. cautiously (intently, attentively, surely, with care)
9. scent (odor, beauty, strength, color)
10. filled with horror (glad, terrified, struck, loved)

\*Teacher, Tayabas Elementary School, Manila.

## DECEMBER

By HERMINIA ANCHETA

December chill will come at last  
 For the nights are growing fast.  
 I love the cold December nights,  
 For they bring me countless delights:  
 I shall hear the merry children shouting,  
 I shall see crowds of people shopping.  
 The big churches with life will teem  
 Born one starry December night  
 In a lowly cradle manger bright!  
 With people who'll see one Supreme—





## AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By RICARDO R. DE LA CRUZ \*



### "Be Prepared"

Two words comprise the Boy Scout motto—*"Be Prepared."*

As to what this means, *watch* any real Boy Scout and you will learn.

Preparedness in the life of the Boy Scout is something indispensable and characteristic. A boy cannot be called a true Scout if he proves himself unprepared to meet certain occasions or emergencies.

Preparedness implies a multitude of things. It goes further than mere material preparation. But before we go to that phase of the Scout motto, let us first discuss the more simple one,—material preparation.

A student who never goes to school without a pencil, a pen, an eraser, a pen-knife, and a small notebook, is the typical Boy Scout. Come what may in the classroom, he is prepared to work. He has the necessary "tools" with which he can accomplish things. And of course, it goes without saying that he always carries his books to school. Preparedness is one form of industriousness. A lazy boy is never prepared.

Again, the camper who goes into the forest with all the necessary equipment,—tent, axe, knife, rope, First Aid Kit, and provisions,—can

be called the ideal camper. He is one who depends on his own self and requires no help in his outdoor experience.

But preparedness should go beyond all these. The boy who earnestly desires to be ready at all times and in all places should strive to learn and remember all that is necessary for effectiveness in his service.

The study of First Aid requires constant review and practice. A boy cannot administer emergency treatment after a first perusal of a First Aid handbook. He may have an excellent First Aid kit with him but he may not succeed in stopping the victim's hemorrhage because of lack of knowledge. He is prepared materially but unprepared to act.

Similarly, a student may enter a classroom with all his texts and a dozen pencils and notebooks but he may be called upon to recite and receive a zero for ignorance of the lesson. That student did not study his assignment and thus, was unprepared for recitation.

Preparedness is an excellent virtue to acquire and cultivate. To be able to meet all emergencies effectively is an achievement rare in this world.

And that is one reason why the Boy Scout is more worthy than the ordinary boy.

\* Manager, Publicity Department, Philippine Council, B. S. A.

## Larry's Christmas Gift

MAGDALENA FLORES \*

Ding! Dong! Ding! loudly rang the bells as they merrily hailed the glorious Christmas day.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" shouted the boys and girls walking in the street.

"I am going to my *Ninang*; she will give me a nice *aguinaldo*," boasted Naty.

"I will wear my new pink dress and the silk lace my godmother gave me," remarked Fely.

"I will eat very much this noon. We will have *lechon* for dinner," broke Edgardo as he rubbed his abdomen with his wide open hands.

Larry, the youngest of the group, was quietly walking behind his brother and sisters who were noisily talking about the gifts they would receive. He seemed to be in deep thought. As soon as they arrived home he ran to his mother who was at that time dressing for church. He embraced his mother around the skirt and said, "Merry Christmas, Mother. Guess what I have for you."

"Oh! has my little angel a gift for me? Is it an apple?" asked his mother.

Larry closed his eyes and shook his head—His mother was wrong.

"Is it candy?" again asked the mother.

"No, Mother, guess again." He put the tip of his forefinger to his lips and again shook his head—this time his eyes were wide open with childish excitement.

"Ah! I know! It is a doll," his mother guessed, her voice rising to a question.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! mother could not guess."

\* Holy Ghost College, Manila.

laughed Larry as he clapped his hands and danced merrily around his much amused mother. He held up his left hand, clasping tightly a small box. "Mother, do you see this? This is my gift for you."

The mother's curiosity was aroused more than ever. What could Larry give her besides candy and fruit? What could be hidden inside that box? She was indeed very curious to know. She sat down on the nearest chair and broke the string that tightly tied the box. What do you think the mother saw? There shined out twelve new Commonwealth centavos—all gleaming in bright gold.

"Larry! how wonderful!" exclaimed the surprised mother as he clasped Larry close to her. "Where did you get all these?"

"You know, mother, I once heard my playmates said that he would give his mother something for Christmas because he said he loved his mother very much. I love you also very much so I thought of giving you something. I saved all the centavos Father gave me. Yesterday, I went to Akong."

"Who is Akong?" asked the mother.

"He is the Chinaman who owns the store near our house. He is my friend. I went to him and asked him to change my money with new Commonwealth centavos. How do you like them, Mother?"

"My good Larry, you made me very happy. I will be late for church, go and play," said the happiest mother as she went downstairs to go to church.



## INTERESTING PLACES

### SEXMOAN

FORTUNATO ASUNCION \*

Famous for its brass band, this interesting place can be reached from Manila Bay by a small steamboat.

Though linked with the famous cement road of Pampanga, I would suggest that the trip by water be taken in going there.

From a spot in the middle of the Bay, with nothing to see but the sky above, the water below, and the blue mountain range dimly silhouetted from

\* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School.

afar, one will feel the thrill of being gradually swallowed by the monstrous Pampanga River. As one looks out on deck one could see the two barely visible banks miles apart. The river, however, gradually narrows down on the way up. Fresh and green vegetation are now clearly visible as nipa swamps and mangroves alternately grow on both sides.

After passing a sharp curve, the boat will slowly stop at a concrete landing, with several steps. Several meters away stands the stone-walled church.

Age can be read from its appearance—it may look old but it has withstood the strongest typhoon, the people there claimed. One or two blocks from the church is the market place. From the noise going on, one will conclude that Sexmoan is indeed prosperous. The banks of the river, from the curve upward, are lined with nipa houses built close to each other. Fishing must be a very important industry as there is not a house without a banca nearby, and fishing nets spread to dry on horizontal bamboo poles.

## JOKES

### WHERE IS THE SUBJECT?

Teacher: Is "Jump," a sentence, Juan?

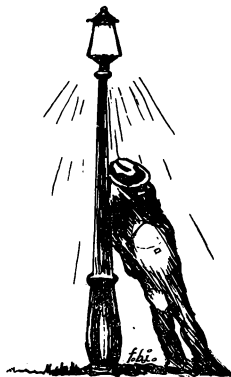
Juan: Yes, teacher.

Teacher: Why?

Juan: Because it begins with a capital letter and ends with a period. It has a complete thought. It has a subject and a predicate. The subject is "you."

Teacher: Where is "you" in this sentence, Pedro?

Pedro (not paying attention): Between "J" and "m".



## MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The body, in order to be kept in good running condition, should receive a little of everything. The foods which we eat may roughly be classified into building, energy, protective and regulative foods. No demarcation line can be drawn to determine which foods should fall definitely under each class, because most foods contain more than one of the food groups at the same time. The element which forms the bulk of a certain food decides where it should belong for general purposes of classification. It is no wonder then that one food should belong to different food groups at the same time but of varying importance.

## I. PROTEINS

Proteins are sometimes body-builders, growth producers and tissue repairers. Protein foods contain more elements than the other groups and are responsible for the growth of muscles in growing children and the repair of worn-out tissues. We ignore the little bumps, cuts and bruises which we daily get because we consider them little

\* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

# The Young Citizen PANTRY

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN\*

## THE FOOD GROUPS

things. But even these little things injure the muscles that is why we have black and blue spots whenever we bump against anything. The injury caused by more serious illness like fever, cholera and other diseases are, of course, very much greater. Now, worn-out tissues in such cases as these are taken care of by proteins. The additional height or plumpness of your friend is also due to the protein which he eats.

Proteins come from animal sources like meat, fish, chickens, eggs, milk and cheese and from plants like legumes and nuts.

Those that come from animals are generally considered complete proteins because they will not only help children grow but will also repair the worn-out tissues. Those that come from plants, however, are generally incomplete proteins because they do not have all the elements necessary for body building and tissue repair. They can only keep life but cannot help growth. Do you now see the reason for combining vege-



tables and shrimps or pork in our "Guinisa"?

## II. MEATS

One of the chief sources of proteins is meat. It is the flesh of animals used for food. It is made up of fibers filled with juice and kept together by connective and fatty tissues.

The meat which we get from the:

- cow is called beef
- calf is called veal
- hog (pig) is called pork
- deer is called venison
- sheep is called mutton
- lamb is called lamb

The tough cuts of meat come from old animals and from the parts of the body that are much used like the legs and shoulders; while tender cuts come from young animals and from parts of the body which are not often used like breast and back. Some cuts of meat have bones, the juice of which adds to their food value. Hollow bones from the legs and other parts of the body contain marrow—a fatty reddish substance which is delicious.

### THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

(Continued from page 337)

reaches you it will be near Christmas. I want to wish you and all my friends there a very merry Christmas."

"A merry, merry Christmas to Trudie!" all the children shouted clapping their hands.

Anselma continued, "Christmas here will be rather different from the way I spent Christmas in the Philippines. For one thing it will be very cold. We will have a big roaring fire to huddle around. When we go outside there will be warm coats, heavy stockings, gloves and a cap to pull down over the ears.

"Do you remember once at your Christmas party we all went swimming in the sea? This year I am planning to go skating on ice. I do not know which is the most fun—a warm Christmas or a cold Christmas. I am very happy here in Europe, but I often think of the years spent in the Philippines. Again let me wish all of you a merry Christmas."

"A merry, merry Christmas to Trudie!" the children shouted again.

When Anselma finished the letter and folded it she glanced toward the door. Her mouth came open, her eyes were wide open and she stood stone still. "Oh—it's—Good afternoon, Sir," was all she could think of to say.

In a flash all eyes were on the door.

A tall man made three solemn bows to them. He was dressed in a long red coat with the collar turned up well around his

ears, and a cap pulled down over his eyes.

"Santa Claus!" screamed little Pablo.

"Santa Claus!" repeated all the children.

"Merry Christmas, girls and boys," the red-coated person.

"This is a happy surprise, Santa Claus," said Mrs. Santos, "wont you come in?"

"Thank you, madam. I do have a few parcels to leave for the children."

"Thank you," cried the children.

"How very nice," said Mrs. Santos.

As he pulled out each package he called the name of the child to whom it belonged. Each one shook Santa's hand and thanked him for coming.

"I do wish father was here to see how happy everyone is," said Pablo.

The person who had given the gifts threw off the red cap and coat, and gathered his little boy into his arms, saying, "Well, so he is."

"Oh!" gasped all the children at once.

Little Pablo threw his arms around his father's neck and started laughing, crying and talking all at the same time. "Oh, father, I thought you were Santa Claus. You and Santa are both so good to me that sometimes I can't tell which is which."

All the children gathered around Mr. Santos. Each one

### MANOLING'S LANTERNS

(Continued from page 350)

"He is in the hospital. He was almost burned to death. However, he is now on his way to recovery.

"How did this happen?"

"Our neighbors believed the fire to have been caused by defective electric wiring, but no. The fire started from our Christmas tree. Only two days ago I bought a Christmas tree for Manoling. I decorated it nicely and bought a string of small electric bulbs of different colors. In the afternoon, Manoling brought home some Japanese lanterns with small candles in them. I did not know there were candles in them until after Manoling had lighted them at night. I was tired all day so I made our beds early and soon fell asleep. At about ten o'clock I was awakened by a glaring light. I stood up and saw the Christmas tree burning. I tried to put out the fire but I could not do anything. The curtain hanging near the tree caught fire. The fire spread so fast that I became terribly frightened. I lost my presence of mind and ran out of the house gasping for breath. I shivered . . . gradually lost my strength . . . and finally I fainted. Manoling was trapped in the house, and had not one of our neighbors had the courage to save him, he would have been burned to death." Aling Luisa finished her version of the incidents with a sigh.

shook hands with him again. thank him over and over for the gifts and wished him a very merry Christmas.

## A MOTHER'S REWARD

*(Continued from page 338)*

and escorted her to a vacant seat. The program had already begun. Aling Nena scanned the faces of the hundreds and hundreds of faces around her, but she could not see any of her children. Soon her attention was attracted by the toastmaster's announcement of the next number. Her heart beat fast upon hearing her Jose's name called as the next participant. With great excitement she watched her son looking so prim, so neat, and so handsome that she longed to hug him. The boy's look wandered around and when it met that of her mother's, a light broke over his face and shone in his eyes. Then he began his declamation. It was a pathetic piece telling about the self-sacrificing love of a mother and the ingratitude of her children. The delivery was so perfect that almost all eyes were dimmed with tears before the performance was over. A deafening applause followed and the mother's heart was full of gratitude and pride for her boy.

Then Aling Nena heard one of the teachers mention her son's name. She strained her ears to hear every word.

"Really, I admire Jose very much. He is very active and very polite, said Miss Roxas.

"You should know the sister, Elvira, who is in grade four. She is a very good example of an ideal school child. She is always neat and clean, very polite, and very bright," added Mrs. Mojica, the teacher who sat beside Miss Roxas.

## THIS EARTH OF OURS

*(Continued from page 346)*

We can imagine those first mountain rising as folds under the sea. Gradually their bases were narrowed, and their crests lifted out of the water. They rose as long, narrow islands and grew in size as time went on.

These mountains of upheaval, made by the bending of the earth's crust, and the formation of alternating ridges and depressed valley are many. The earth is old and much wrinkled. Other mountains have been formed by forces quite different. Volcanic mountains have been far more numerous in ages gone than they are now.

Vesuvius in Italy is at present showing us how volcanic mountains are made. Each eruption builds larger the cone that is, the chimney thru which the

Two other teachers joined the conversation, the subject of which was centered on praises of Jose and Elvira, her own son and daughter.

There was a lump in Aling Nena's throat and tears of happiness welled in her eyes, as she listened to the talk. She felt that all her ceaseless sacrifices were more than repaid. She wiped away the tears from her eyes in order to see better the heavy-printed motto which was being shown to the audience. The motto was, "The most precious gift a child can give to his mother is conduct that will make her proud of him."

There was so much truth in that motto that Aling Nena unconsciously and mechanically murmured, "AMEN."

## THE GIRLS' RESOLUTION

*(Continued from page 342)*

"We can help them at home by doing our duties well. We can run errands for them and do so many things to make their work lighter," Nora said proudly.

"What do you suggest for orphans whose parents have now taken their eternal rest?" questioned Lita.

"Let me answer it for you," volunteered Milagring. "Orphans like me must live with relatives or other guardians. Since we have to live with other people, our task is to see that our stay with them is not a burden. We have to be very good so that our parents may not be blamed for our bad conduct."

"Milagring, your words have made me all the more thoughtful of my parents. Never again shall I grumble when I'm sent on errands," pensively said Luz.

"And I shall not be as disobedient again," resolved Nora.

"Then we shall all be loving children to our hard-working parents," chorused the other girls.

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molten rocks, the ashes, and the steam are ejected. Side craters may open, the main cone be broken and its form changed but the mass of lava and stones and ashes grows with each eruption. The mountain grows by the addition it receives.

How do you think the mountain systems in the Philippines were formed?



## JOE AND THE . . .

*(Continued from page 335)*

"Are you now ready to go with us to the home of our master?" asked the speaker.

"Please don't take me there," begged Pepe. "I promise to be good. I shall never disobey my mother again. I'll make her happy and . . ."

Pepe could not go on. Fear of the man beside the tree and pity for his mother whom he thought he would never see again made him cry like a baby.

"Of course, our master is merciful sometimes," said the captor. "If you promise to be a good boy always, he will let you go. If you break your promise, he will never pardon you again."

"I shall always be good," Pepe promised.

Thereupon the two captors untied his hands and let him go. Pepe ran towards his home as fast as his legs could carry him. As soon as he was out of sight, the two captors took off their masks.

"Splendid work, Joe!" exclaimed one.

"And very effective, Rod," added the other.

"What shall we do with our master, the King?" laughed Rod as he pointed to the tall lifeless figure beside the tree.

Joe looked at the figure. At daytime, it would not frighten anyone but in the shadow under the tree that night, it was frightful enough to nine-year old Pepe who, at first, was taken by surprise by his two masked captors.

Then without saying anything, Joe pulled the black cloth that covered the figure. After the cloth was removed, what remained of the King of the Eli

## OUR MINOR FOREST . . .

*(Continued from page 347)*

Anglers claim that due to its strength and resiliency fishing rods made of palma brava are superior to any now in the market. Other articles that can be made from the leaves of this palm are fans, and thatching materials. The wood is used for such articles as arrow shafts, spear handles polo clubs, and walking sticks. It has great possibilities for fancy interior finishing. The seedlings of this palm are valued as ornamental plants.

Other forest products simi-

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River was a big banana stem with a coconut at its upper end as head and two pieces of wood at the sides as arms.

After they had destroyed the framework, the two boys went home. They were happy because their plan came out a success.

One night, a week later, Joe and his mother again went to the house of Pepe. They found the latter busy with his crayola. He was coloring a picture in *The Young Citizen* when they came.

"Pepe, suppose we go out and play," Joe suggested.

"No," was Pepe's quick reply. "I have found out that there is more fun at home than in any other place outside."

"You're right, Pepe," Joe agreed.

"Pepe has been very good this week," said the mother as Joe and his mother were leaving. "He has not disobeyed me. Neither has he gone out to play at night as he used to do."

"Very effective," Joe muttered as he lay down to sleep that night.

## OUR INSECT FRIENDS. . .

*(Continued from page 346)*

is queer and fish-like in appearance. It leaps to the ground and begins looking for a crack into which it may crawl. When it finds one, it plunges in. And for the next seventeen years it remains in this solitary cell. Underground the baby cicada lives on the sap of roots. Finally a day arrives which is some three months less than seventeen years. The baby cicada together with other grubs start digging a tunnel nearly an inch across and a foot long.

Once out, they are in a great hurry. They begin crawling as rapidly as possible. Finding the best place available, they dig in their claws, attach themselves quite securely, and become very still. They hunch their backs, and split their skins down the middle. A strange and different form begins to wriggle inside, and gradually there emerges the glorious, winged cicada in its final form.

Taking it all in all, we may say the cicada is probably the most remarkable individual in all the insect world.

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lar to palms which are important sources of materials for household industries are pandan and bamban. Among the articles that can be made of these may be mentioned book bags, grocery bags, novelties, lunch baskets, wall pockets, slippers, telescope cases, hats, mats and bamban fish traps.

In our imagination the forests may seem far, far from us, but in actual living we can say they are in the midst of us. Why?



Christmas!

The word means happiness and good will.

It means happiness because everybody is happy. The children are happy because they have plenty of toys and candies. The young people are happy because there are parties, gifts, and music. The parents are happy because their children and their friends are happy. The whole town is happy and gay. There are plenty of decorations,—flags, colored papers, lanterns, and flowers. There are plenty of fruits and food to eat.

It means good will because it is the time when everybody wishes everybody a "Merry Christmas." Everybody gives gifts, or sends cards of greetings to everybody. Of course, the gifts and the cards are only the signs of good will and friendliness.

Is it possible to have everyday of the year a "Merry Christmas Day"? Certainly, it is possible! Of course, we could not have everyday the toys, candies, parties, gifts, music, etc., but we could be happy and friendly to everybody everyday.

If we could do this, if we could live everyday with the spirit of Christmas then the song of the angels during the first Christmas would be in us—

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

—Dr. I. Panlasigui

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