

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
LIBRARY

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

May, 1937

30 Centavos

AP201
y6
v.3
no.4



THE YOUNG CITIZEN

This Magazine Is Approved by the Bureau of Education

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 4

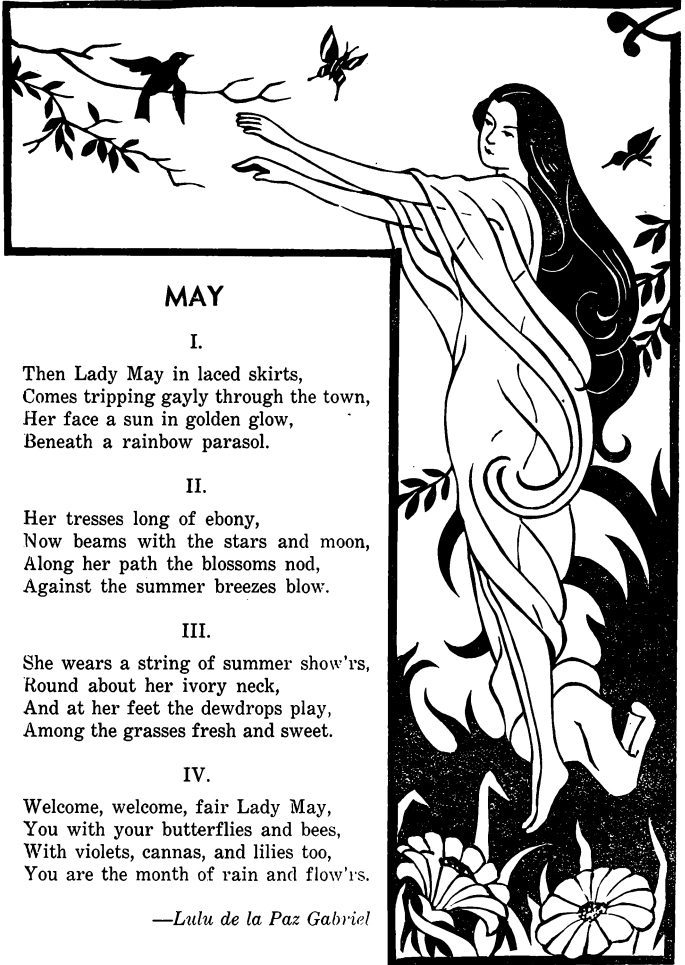
M A Y · 1 9 3 7

- STORIES
 - The Garden Forsaken—*Adela Ruff* 106
 - What a Little Sampaguita Can Do—*Aunt Julia* 108
 - Reading Time for Young Folks—*Little Fingers* 110
 - The Adventures of Pick-ninny—*B. Hill Canova* 114
 - The Golden Image of Sri Visaya—*Alice Franklin Bryant* 118
- POEMS
 - May—*Lulu de la Paz Gabriel* 105
 - A Forest Dance—*Ramon de Jesus* 110
 - Suppose—*Phoebe Cary* 119
- CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP
 - A Poor Boy and a Stranger—*Antonio C. Muñoz* 117
 - Kite Flying—*A. C. Cancellor* 127
 - How Manuel Passed the Test (A Boy Scout Story)—*Ricardo de la Cruz* 129
- HEALTH AND SAFETY
 - Ho Did It for Fun—*Quirico A. Cruz* 125
 - Antonio—*B. Hill Canova* 126
 - Too Much of Anything—*Aunt Julia* 126
- SCIENCE AND NATURE STUDY
 - How is Dew Formed? 122
 - The Cabin of a Tree Frog 122
 - Are Roots Useful to Us? 127
 - The Social Wasp 124
- WORK AND PLAY
 - Enlarge Your Vocabulary—*Paz J. Eugenio* 111
 - The Good Readers' Corner—*Dolores Silos* 112
 - Kiko's Adventures 121
 - Things To Do—*B. Hill Canova* 128
 - The Young Citizen Pantry—*Juliana Millan* 130
- PICTORIAL 120
- MUSIC
 - Fairy and Child—*Para Cosme* 121
- PEN AND PENCIL CIRCLE 131
- YOUNG WRITERS' SECTION 131

Published monthly by the Community Publishers, Inc., Tel. 5-28-89, 305 P. Faura, Manila, Philippines. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Manila Post Office on May 15, 1935.
Editorial Director: *Jose E. Romero*, Staff Editor: *Ligaya V. Reyes*, Contributing Editors: *Juliana C. Pineda, J. Pantasqui* and *Antonio Muñoz*, Staff Artist: *Pedro Pagnia*, Business Manager: *Alfredo de Lara*.
Subscription Price: \$3.00 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



MAY

I.

Then Lady May in laced skirts,
Comes tripping gayly through the town,
Her face a sun in golden glow,
Beneath a rainbow parasol.

II.

Her tresses long of ebony,
Now beams with the stars and moon,
Along her path the blossoms nod,
Against the summer breezes blow.

III.

She wears a string of summer show'rs,
Round about her ivory neck,
And at her feet the dewdrops play,
Among the grasses fresh and sweet.

IV.

Welcome, welcome, fair Lady May,
You with your butterflies and bees,
With violets, cannas, and lilies too,
You are the month of rain and flow'rs.

—Lulu de la Paz Gabriel

THE GARDEN

A Fairy

By ADELA



LONG, long ago and far away, there was a garden beautiful where grew vines and flowers of all colors and description. Now, the garden is forsaken and the lilies and roses all lie dead. The paths are now grass-covered. But it was not so—many, many years ago.

Then, the garden was always in a festive mood and the flowers always nodded their heads in sprightly dances. The sun was more bright there; and the moon was more yellow and golden than elsewhere.

The birds never wearied singing their heavenly songs and the butterflies were as active and busy as the bees all day and all night long. It was a fairy kingdom. So everyone could do so many strange and unheard of things.

This garden was surrounded with high and thick walls. No human eye could ever get a peep into this secret garden. The people outside this little paradise were contented to dream and guess at each beauty. They were satisfied to hear the sounds as of angels singing their songs of greeting and hope and love.

It so happened that a great prince from a distant clime came to hear of this wonderful garden.

So every morning he would ride by on his stalwart and brave pony. His pony had magic wings but even these could not help to carry the prince over the high walls. And so every morning the prince was just contented to sit on his bold and white-winged horse and to listen to the sweet sounds that came from the garden.

Now, you have never seen a prince; neither have I. But the story books tell that he was a most comely prince; that his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure and noble and good.

He believed in prayers; so every morning he would look up into the blue sky and pray that he might but see the beauty that he was sure was in the garden. And so one morning his prayers were answered and his heart was filled with joy. With long thanksgiving, he knelt and offered the Great God his gratitude. He was so overwhelmed with gratitude.

This is how his prayers were answered. The Prince of Peace and of Love sent his two angels into the garden. The two angels were named Peace and Love, and they commanded the birds, the butterflies and the flowers and vines to help the handsome prince go into the garden for a short visit. And all the birds and flowers did rejoice!

One morning, as the prince stood on the outside wall, with his hands on his

* Magdalena Elementary School, Manila.

FORSAKEN

Tale

RUFF *

winged horse's head, he was overjoyed to see thousands of butterflies flying over the garden walls—down, round about, and around him.

And the roses and the lilies climbed and clambered over the walls so that the Prince might use them as a ladder. The birds, the butterflies and the bees flapped their wings so that the air made the Prince and his winged horse as light as the moonbeams.

At last the handsome prince stood under a thick evergreen tree. And as he looked about, he began to wonder at the things around him. What do you think he saw in that garden?

Right in the middle of that now forsaken garden was a princess. She was so beautiful that he could not speak. It was a truly strange fairy world. It

was like a dream; for the princess sat on a throne of ruby, pearls and silver and gold. And her eyes were of the color of the violets and her hair was soft and golden. Her cheeks were soft and smooth and fair like the sampaguita.

When she saw the Prince, she put her right hand over her heart to tell him in her strange language that all within that little garden was his for the asking.

"Oh, beloved Princess, let me stay by thy side forever and this shall be my heaven."

The princess was glad. She had waited so long for him!

(To be continued next month)



THE flowers in the garden were looking at one another as if to say, "Where can little Pilaring be? The sun is up but she has not come down yet."

Her pet puppy tiptoed into the garden.

"Where is Pilaring? Why is she not with you?" the flowers asked.

"Ssh! Softly," Beauty, the dog, warned. "Our Pilaring is sick. She cannot come."

The flowers looked sorrowfully at one another. Everyone thought of what it could do for the little girl.

There was a long hush in the garden. Even the wind sighed as it went

LITTLE STORIES

By Aunt

What A Little Sam

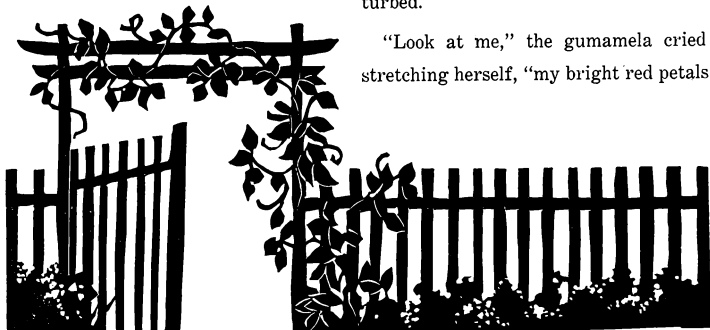
through the garden. Then loud voices came from the gate.

"There is Pilaring on her bed. I alone can see her from my pergola," the violet morning glory boasted.

"What does she care for you?" the red gumamela hissed with flaming eyes. "Who cares for your dull color?"

"Quiet please!" pleaded the sampaguita, "our Pilaring must not be disturbed."

"Look at me," the gumamela cried stretching herself, "my bright red petals



FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Julia

Sampaguita Can Do

can be seen anywhere. When she opens her eyes she will see me at once."

"Ha! Ha!" roared the morning glory. "How can she when you are so short."

"She loves you both," whispered the sampaguita. "She will smile at you as soon as she opens her eyes. Only be quiet."

But Pilaring did not open her eyes. She did not like the bright sunshine in the garden. There was a throbbing pain in her head and her brow was hot.

"I wish I were bigger and brighter," the little sampaguita sighed. "Pilaring might be pleased with me."

The little sampaguita breathed her scent into the gentle morning breeze. "Brush her cheeks gently with your cool breath," she begged.



Tenderly the thin breeze touched the sick girl's cheeks. Pilaring with closed eyes took a deep breath and smiled.

"It is my sweet sampaguita," she murmured.

Without opening her eyes, she called the maid.

"Make me a sampaguita gariand," she whispered, "and hang it over my head."

When the morning glory looked through the bedroom window again, she saw a necklace of white modest sampaguitas gently swaying just above Pilaring's pillow.

Seeing Pilaring's joy, the sampaguita buds smiled their sweet content.

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

LITTLE FINGERS

“I shall help you wash, Mother,”
four-year-old Lita offered.

“Your fingers are too small. When you are bigger, you may help me. Run out and play in the sunshine.”

“I am tired of playing, Mother. I want to work,” Lita insisted.

She dipped her hands in the suds and tried to blow bubbles. Then she shook her hands and watched the flying foam.

“The little fingers must be given some work to do,” Mother thought.

“Lita, dear, I think you can help

Mother.”

“Yes, I can Mother. What shall I do?”

Mother gave Lita a handkerchief.

“This is my handkerchief, Mother!” Lita exclaimed.

“Yes. See that dirty spot? Dip it in the suds and rub this way.”

“I can do it, Mother.”

Soon the little fingers had removed the dirty spot.

“Look, Mother, my handkerchief is white!”

“Yes, I see that little fingers can be useful.” Mother smiled sweetly.



A FOREST DANCE

By RAMON DE JESUS

Botolan Elementary School, Botolan, Zambales

The leaves were silver castanets
Beneath the round full moon
Which Night Breeze clicked so lightly-
sweet

In rhythm to his croon.

The nymphs with scented chalices,
Buds blossoming to flow'rs,
Danced while they raised to thirsty lips
The vintage from the bow'rs.

So gay and lithe in gown of green,
With diamonds in her hair,
The swaying woodland violet
Was the fairest of the fair.

A maya drowsing in her nest
And hark'ning to a dream,
Was once in a while startled by
The cadence of the stream.

ENLARGE YOUR VOCABULARY

By Mrs. PAZ J. EUGENIO *

Read these sentences. Note the correct use of *die, died, dead*. Read the sentences several times aloud.

1. Many Filipinos *die* young.
2. Observe safety rules if you do not want to *die* from an accident.
3. Dr. Singian *died* a month ago.
4. He *died* at the age of seventy.
5. *Dead* men tell no tales.
6. You must not cry over a *dead* child.

I. Fill the blanks with *die, died, or dead*:

1. The plants — because of lack of water.
2. The — leaves were burned.
3. People who are careless will — young.
4. Who is —, Ana?
5. It is an honor to — for one's country.
6. A — woman was found near the bay.
7. Why did your pet —?
8. My grandmother — long ago.
9. It is the custom to bury the —.
10. Tell me quickly who is —.

Here are some sentences for you to read. The word or expression italicized is the correct answer for each sentence. Read them with care.

1. The man (*struck, strike, striked*) the robber.
2. I (took, *take, taken*) medicine when I am sick.
3. Five ships (has, were, *have*) come in.
4. She was (finding, *looking for, searching*) her pen.

5. (*Get in, Climb, Get on*) the bus quickly.

6. The farmer (rises, *raises, raise*) different plants.

II. Choose the word or group of words within the parentheses that will make each sentence correct. Be careful of your choice.

1. (Put out, kill, killed) the fire before going to bed.

2. Vacation will soon (come, comes, come).

3. Please (ask, ask for, asked) a piece of chalk.

4. What does the story (teach, teaches, taught) us?

5. Let us (get off, get out of, go down) the street car at the plaza.

6. Jorge (have, has, is) lost his books.

7. Give the visitor a (sit, seat, sat).

8. The boys are asked to (enter, enter in, entered) the room.

9. She (lay, lays, laid) the book on the table a while ago.

10. Every child (are, is, were) asked a question.

Read this story:

One morning, Victoria went to the garden and *picked* some white *champacas*. On her way back, she happened to looked down on the ground. What do you think she saw? Some broken bottles which had been thrown there carelessly. Victoria *picked* them *up* carefully and placed them in the garbage can.

We use *pick* when we get something from a tree, plant, shrub, or bush, for

(Please turn to page 135)

* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School, Manila.

GRADE ONE

OUR ALPHABET

Direction: Write the words in the list below that begin with these letters:

Example: a — am b — big c — can

a —	i —	r —
b —	j —	s —
c —	k —	t —
d —	l —	u —
e —	m —	v —
f —	n —	w —
g —	o —	x —
h —	p —	y —
	q —	z —

Come, are, in, go, eat, father, door, he, be, kite, jar, quick, play, me, of, run, like, no, zero, yes, so, to, we, xylophone, very, up.

GRADE TWO

FINDING WORDS

Build as many new words as you can out of each word. Write the new words on your paper.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. teacher | 6. otherwise |
| 2. mean | 7. finished |
| 3. hear | 8. country |
| 4. think | 9. raincoat |
| 5. everything | 10. another |

The Good Re

Conducted by

GRADE THREE

LIKE WORDS

1. Read the words in the first list.
2. Find other words that mean almost the same. See the other list.
3. Write them on the blanks.

Begin:

1. good _____
2. large _____
3. small _____
4. up _____
5. tall _____
6. meat _____
7. beautiful _____
8. below _____
9. happy _____
10. unhappy _____

Choose your words from this list:

pretty	glad
above	kind
high	little
down	sad
big	clean

aders' Corner

Miss Dolores Silos

GRADE FOUR

WORDS OUT OF PLACE

In each of these lists one word does not belong to the list. Choose and write the word on your paper.

- Monday, Saturday, Friday, Pedro, Sunday.
- grocery, hat, shoes, pins, necktie.
- gray, white, blue, green, cap.
- cup, saucers, knife, plate, bowl.
- fish, crab, shrimp, kid, oyster.
- feet, shoes, socks, stockings, slippers.

GRADE FIVE

Maria went to a fruit store. Cross out what Maria did not see at the store.

oranges	pets
water	culasisi
book	mangoes
stove	apples
papayas	pineapples
melons	market
guava	lanzones
watermelons	santols
pear	tamarind
room	mabolo
lemon	turnips
grapes	cabbage

GRADE SIX

COPY ALL WORDS

Put a check after the word that looks like the numbered word.

- her—man, here
- has—buy, have
- she—can, he
- market—basket, house
- other—another, find
- never—many, ever
- big—made, pig
- then—them, sky

GRADE SEVEN

THE PUZZLE OF UNDERLINING WORDS

Underline the word in parentheses which contains the same sound as the group of words at the left.

- man animal can (mat apple plan)
- cat bat sat (man hop rat)
- Grandpa sand candy (hand pot trap)
- apple cap lap (matter trap egg-plant)
- sack black crack (apple grandma lack)
- add bad had (cat paddle sand)
- lamp swan slam (glad quack lamb)

(Turn to page 132 for the answers)

The Adventures

By B. HILL

(Continued from



SHE kept coaxing until Pickaninny gained confidence and crawled down to her. She carried him in her arms along the road asking everyone she met if the kitten belonged to them. No one claimed him so she took him to her own home. She fed him with warm milk and made a bed for him in a box inside the house. Every day she fed him and brushed him well. His fur became glossy and beautiful. One day one of the callers said, "The kitten looks like silk."

"It can't be silk," corrected the little girl, "for he is simply covered with fur."

Pickaninny enjoyed the little girl's good food and kind treatment. He liked to sit under the kitchen stove in a nice warm place. Best of all he liked to coil up on his little friend's lap to purr and sleep while she gently rubbed

his back. However, he did not forget his mother and sister and the home in the barn. He often longed to go back.

One day Pickaninny saw the door open and decided to escape and try to find his way back to the barn. He ran across the yard, crept under the fence and hid by a post trying to think which way to start. He crept slowly through the grass. Soon he saw two boys coming. "I hope they do not see me," said Pickaninny to himself. He crouched close against the ground until they had gone out of sight. Then he made a rush for another fence and followed it to the corner.

Just as he turned, "Meow!" said a huge gray cat with his back and tail bowed up.

Pickaninny was so frightened that he could not say a word, but he felt his hair stand on end. The big cat looked at him for a second and then passed on and seemed disgusted at being frightened by so small a kitten. Pickaninny went slowly on until he came to a road. He wanted to cross the road but there

of Pickaninny

CANOVA

(last month)

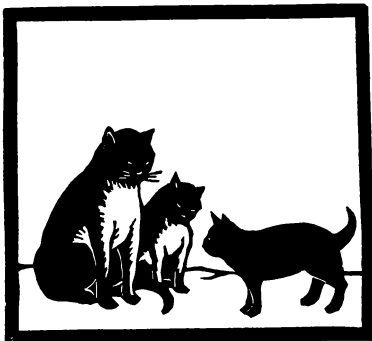
were many cars, trucks, bicycles, and people. He crouched against a dark stone and no one noticed him. Finally he saw his chance and dashed across, barely missing the wheels of a carro-mata.

Just as he was safely across the road, up sprang a dog. The poor kitten was too frightened to know what to do, his feet carried him to a nearby tree just in time to escape the dog. Pickaninny trembled all over. "I wish I had not left the little girl's house. Most of all, I wish I had not left my mother."

The dog remained under the tree barking until night came. When he went away Pickaninny leaped to the ground and started for home. "After all," he thought, "night is the best time for cats to travel." He often looked behind him to see if anything was after him.

Late in the night the mother heard the "meows" of her kitten. She was so happy that she called to her wondering child, "Come up, come up."

Pickaninny felt ashamed. He knew



his mother had been worried. He told her how he had meant only to look over the fence, how the lizard had led him off, and how the little girl thought he was lost and wanted to be kind to him. He trembled again thinking of the narrow escapes he had. Then he told of his frightful trip in returning home.

"You are looking well and fat. Perhaps you caught many nice mice," said the mother.

"No, but the little girl gave me so much fresh milk and brushed me every day. She made me happy except that I wanted to see you so badly."

"She was a wise little girl," continued the mother cat. "No doubt she drinks milk herself and knows that it is good for all growing creatures. It helps to make you healthy. And good health helps you to overcome your hardships."

MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH

Have you ever broken a toy or lost something you valued very much? How did you feel about your loss?

Read through the poem "Suppose." To whom is the author talking?

Read the first stanza again. What does a girl usually do when she breaks her doll? Does crying over a broken doll make it whole again? According to the author, what should a girl say when she breaks her doll? Do you agree with him? Give reasons for your answer.

Read the second stanza slowly and try to understand it. Have you ever been told to do a difficult piece of work? Did you start it right away? How did you feel? Which is the wise thing to do when you have a hard work before you?

Read and understand the following:
 task — work
 fret — complain
 dunce — a foolish person
 in earnest — with all your might

Read the two stanzas aloud. Show by your reading that you understand the lines. Remember as many expres-

sions as you can. Read each stanza several times until you remember the lines. Recite the poem to yourself. Refer to the poem when you cannot go on. Read it aloud many times until you can recite it without looking.

Whenever you worry over a happening that cannot be helped, recite the poem to yourself. When you feel like leaving a piece of work undone, recite it.

SUPPOSE

By Phoebe Cary

Suppose, my little lady,

Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying

Till your eyes and nose are red?
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter

To treat it as a joke,
 And say you're glad "'Twas Dolly's
 And not your head that broke"?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,

Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be wiser
 Than waiting like a dunce,

To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?

A Poor Boy and A Stranger

(A Story)

By ANTONIO C. MUÑOZ



Victor

It was recess time in a barrio school. The children were out of their rooms. Some were studying their lessons in the shade close to the side of the school building. A few were eating fruit and candy on the porch. Most of the children were playing under a wide-spreading acacia tree. Two swings hung from two big branches—one for girls and the other for boys. Swinging seemed to be the only form of pastime enjoyed by those barrio children during their recess period.

On this particular day, a gentleman, a stranger, perhaps, in that barrio, sat on a bamboo bench placed close to the trunk of the tree. He was interested in the children at play. Among those who gathered around the swing was a boy who had never had the chance to set his foot on the board at the end of the rope. How could he? The other boys did not give him a chance. They would push him away whenever he went near the swing. At last, tired perhaps of waiting for a chance, the boy went to the bench and sat down. The school bell rang and the children ran toward the schoolhouse, formed their lines, and then marched into their rooms.

The thought of that poorly-clad boy, deprived of his chance to enjoy him-

self by those thoughtless, selfish boys, bothered the stranger's mind as he sat alone on that crude bench under the tree. In



Stranger

order to forget it, he left the place and went to a cornfield which was just a stone throw away. Men, women, and children were busy gathering the ears of corn. He watched the harvesters with interest but soon the scene under the acacia tree came back to him and his peace of mind was again disturbed. He pitied the poor boy very much. He wished he could do something for him.

Soon the school gong sounded and the children marched out of their rooms. One of the harvesters, a woman whose clothes were almost in rags, stepped out of the cornfield with something wrapped in banana leaf. She was going to the school building. On the way, a boy met her. The woman gave him the little package. Then she went back to the cornfield. The boy ran to the shade under the acacia tree.

"That's the poor boy and the woman is, no doubt, his mother," muttered the stranger. "That package is his lunch."

Without a moment's delay, the gentleman left the cornfield and went to the bench under the tree. The children, the same children he saw at recess, were there. They were not playing then.

(Please turn to page 134)



THEN Pablo told about overhearing his father and mother talking about the depression, about his trip into the island, his friendship with Ulan, the gold they got in the mountain stream and the loss of it in the waterfall.

"We lost it all," he lamented, "except just a little I had in my pocket. See, here it is!"

"My boy," his father replied, "this is only fool's gold that you have in your hand. But without having any gold, your mother and I feel rich in having a son who is brave, and who tries to help us.

"And, by the way, we have some good news for you. The Presidente's daughter is to be married next month, you know. Well, she noticed what becoming, well-made dresses Rosario wears" (Rosario was Pablo's *young* aunt) "and asked who made them. When she heard that Rosario made them herself, she engaged her to make all her trousseau and the dresses for her bride's maids. Your aunt and mother have been helping her. She hopes to get other sewing after the wedding is over."

"We have even better news than that, too," said his mother. "The provincial

THE GOLDEN IMAGE

By ALICE FRANK

(Continued from

superintendent of schools was out here last week and called a meeting of all the teachers. He announced that your father's pupils had the highest average in the standard fourth grade examinations of any class in the province. He said your father had proved what could be done by intelligence, initiative, and industry, even when one's schooling is very limited. We are sure now that he will never be dropped."

All this time Ulan had been a source of great interest to all the household. Mr. and Mrs. Reyes felt very grateful to him for befriending Pablo.

"Wont you stay with us, Ulan and start to school, when it opens again?" asked Mrs. Reyes.

But Ulan felt ill at ease and said he thought he had better go home.

"What is in the bag, Pablo?" asked Rosario.

"That? Oh, that's just a little old saint. We found it in a cave and thought it was gold, but it's probably only brass." And he pulled out the image.

"Oh," said his father taking it in his hands, "I think it is gold. What a find you have made! It is not a saint, at least not a Christian saint. It looks Indian. You know many hundreds of years before either Spaniards or Mo-

OF SRI VISAYA

LIN BRYANT

(the April issue)

hammedans came to the Philippines, there was a great deal of Indian influence in these islands. I shouldn't wonder if this image were made during the empire of Sri Visaya. If this is solid gold, it is very valuable just as gold. But it has an added value as a rare antiquity. Just a few days ago I saw in the newspaper that a scientist from a large museum in America was in the islands making a collection of Philippine articles. Now I am going to write him about this image."

Mr. Reyes wrote to him, and in a few days received a telegram saying that the scientist would come at once to see the image.

Meanwhile Pablo and Ulan were the heroes of the day. Pablo had made Ulan stav. "Look here," he said, "you've got to stay, because, if we get any money out of this, half of it is yours."

But one night they all went to sleep as usual on the floor of the sala—Ulan next to Pablo—and when they woke up in the morning he was gone. In town he had felt just as lost as Pablo had in

the forest at the time he found the monkeys eating his corn, and he had decided to go back to his home.

Pablo felt very sad about losing the companion of all his adventures, but was cheered the following day by the arrival of the scientist.

The latter was delighted with the image. He bored a tiny hole from top to bottom, and another from one side to the other. "It is solid gold," he announced. "Moreover, it is Philippine gold, and I shouldn't wonder if it were gold produced on this very island. This

is a most unique treasure. On behalf of the museum I can offer you five thousand pesos for it."

So the scientist took away the image, and the Reyes family became the proud possessors of more money than they had ever

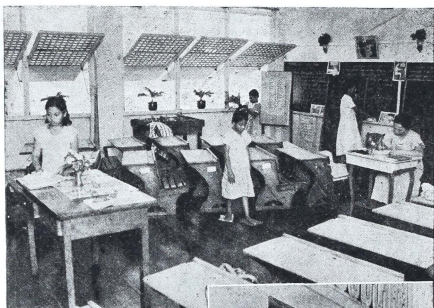


dreamed of having.

"Pablo," said his father, "you are the one who found the golden image. No matter what happens, we must save enough of this money to send you to the university."

"No, thanks," replied Pablo. "I don't want to go to the university. Just save enough to buy me a ticket to Mountain Province after I finish high school. I will get a job in the gold mines there and learn all about gold mining. Afterwards I will come back and find Ulan, and then we will find some *real* gold!"

Monitors acquire valuable training in cleanliness, helpfulness, co-operation, etc.

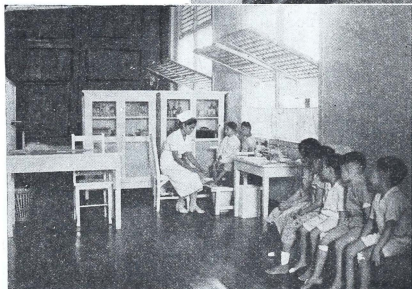


Tondo Primary School Manila

Cleaning every part of the room.



Children receiving treatment from the Red Cross.



KIKO'S ADVENTURES



ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THIS EARTH OF OURS****AUNT JULIA'S****HOMES IN THE ANIMAL
KINGDOM****The Cabin of a Tree Frog**

You always think of a frog as singing in the middle of a pond throughout a long rainy night. Next time you see an old tree, look for a gray spot on the bark. Touch it and the gray spot

TRUE STORIES

PLANTS ABOUT US

Are Roots Useful to Us?

Last month we talked about leaves and how we benefit from them. Today let us dwell on the farthest ends of the plant and see if they are of direct value to us. It is strange to hear anyone say that our favorite *ginatan* is made up of roots. But what are *camotes*, *ube* and *yubi* but the enlarged roots of plants so modified as to store food. Let us check off rapidly those roots we use for food: radishes, *sincamas*, *tugé*, *camoteng kahoy*, *tuñgo*. Can you think of others?

Some roots also have medicinal value. The ginger is of manifold use to us. We boil it in water with sugar and produce the stimulating drink of *taho*. It is indispensable in the cooking of *pinacsiw*. But more often it is pounded with other herbs to serve as *poultice* for certain ailments as prescribed by *arbolarios*. Maidens often mix it with coconut juice to wash their

the moisture deposited by dew or rain on the surface of the leaves among which it lives.

The colors of the tree-frog harmonize as a rule so completely with those of its leafy surroundings that its presence very readily escapes detection. All it does is to sit still and wait, and after a while its color is changed. Its eyes

(Please turn to page 132)

hair: this mixture, they say, promotes the luxuriant growth of the hair. A sister to the ginger root is the *dilaw*. It is very similar to the former but when pounded gives a yellow color. It is used for medicinal purposes. Some mothers boil the roots of the *sarsaparilla* and the cacao with their drinking water shortly after giving birth. They say it restores their color and increases their blood. Can you name other roots that have medicinal value?



Of course, we all know that roots go deep into the ground to absorb water for the plants and other minerals in the soil like nitrogen. Indirectly they help prevent landslides in mountainous countries. The trees on the mountain sides by means of their roots hold the soil compactly together and prevent it from pouring down on the valleys below.

The root is almost as important to the plant as the heart is to a man. A plant can live and grow again if deprived of its leaves and stem if it but retains its roots; but cut the roots and the plant perishes. So in that story of the monkey and the turtle as you all know the wise turtle chose the roots. Because they hold life and the promise of plant growth.

WASP LIFE

The Social Wasp

We always think of a wasp as a vindictive insect, ready to sting anyone who comes near it. We often describe people who are easily angered as possessing a waspish temper. But the wasp stings only in self-defense or in protection of its colony or when angered by interference. When we come to study wasps, as well as other animals that we fear unreasonably, we find that a knowledge of their ways and life destroys our fear of them.

We can easily distinguish a wasp from a bee by the folding of the fore wings lengthwise when the insect is in repose. Another characteristic of the wasp is the peculiar form of the first segment of the thorax: it is narrow and on either side curves back round the second segment forming an angle which reposes on a scale at the base of the wings.

Let us follow the history of the common social wasp. A single queen that has survived from last year's colony is the founder of the new one.

The foundress of the colony is awakened from her long sleep by the warmth of an early April sun. She brushes off the dust on her wings and works as one in a hurry. First she feeds herself as briefly as possible and then goes out in careful search of a nesting place. This must be where there should be sufficient temperature and enough privacy.

The first step in forming the coming colony is a bit of real hard work. The queen, without any help whatever, dislodges earth and shapes the hole, carrying out all the earth not needed in her mouth. After the hole has been prepared and cleaned, the anxious queen flies to other exposed surfaces of wood. She alights and scrapes the surface, fraying it, and detaching fibres which she chews and mixes with some stick stuff which flows from her mouth. The

product is a pellet of moist wood-pulp which is carried into the burrow and fixed to a firm object in the roof. More pellets are added and all are worked into a hanging stalk from which the nest proper will be eventually suspended. The pulp is attached to the free end of the hanging stalk and worked into the form of a thin inverted saucer of paper, about half an inch in diameter. Beneath this roof a tiny platform, also of paper, is made and to it the wasp attaches a few shallow cup-shaped cells that hang mouth downwards.

In each of these first-made cells an egg is laid. As the cell hangs with mouth open downwards, each egg has to be fixed to the base of its cell. After this arrangement, the queen proceeds to add more cells and increase the area of the roof.

The first three or four eggs hatch in about eight days and now the queen has to forage for food and feed the grubs from her own mouth. The tiny grub, in order not to fall from its cell, keeps its posterior end tucked inside the egg-shell and uses it as an anchorage. After about fourteen days of hearty feeding, the grubs spin cocoons and pupate. In ten more days the perfect insects emerge. The queen now has a few assistants. (*To be continued*)

STUDY TEST ON WASP LIFE

Choose the best answer:

1. Wasps sting people for (revenge, self-defense, food, fear).
2. A wasp may be distinguished from a bee by (its head, its life-history, the folding of its wings, its food).
3. A wasp colony is founded by a (male, a worker, a soldier, a queen).
4. The nest of the wasp is made of (leaves, earth, wood-pulp, wax and pollen).
5. The queen wasp is (industrious, lazy, helpless, thoughtful).



SAFETY SECTION**He Did It For Fun**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ *

"Nonong, please don't be cruel. You are hurting your cat," cried sweet little Luz when she saw Severino throwing his cat out of the window and pulling her back by means of a long rope tied around her neck. Nonong enjoyed seeing his cat fall on the ground, feet first. He wondered why Pussy always fell on her feet every time she was thrown from the window to the ground. He held her by the neck and hurled her with all his might:—he held her by the legs and swung her round and round, then let her off;—and lo, as if nothing had happened, she dropped bravely on her paws and looked at Nonong with a look that pleaded for mercy. Cruel Nonong failed to notice this.

"See how wonderful Pussy is?" asked Nonong boastingly, unmindful of what Luz said.

"Yes, but you are hurting her," replied Luz.

"Pussy can do many tricks. Wait for me there and I'll show you how clever she is," said Nonong as he went down. Luz was in the front yard of Nonong's house. They were neighbors and good playmates.

"Pussy will run for whatever I throw. Lend me your toy-mouse. I'll throw it down the road. Pussy will get it for me," and without waiting for Luz's permission he grabbed it out of her hands and threw it down the road.

"Pussy, run and get that mouse," he shouted at Pussy. Pussy, then, had not yet recovered from the shock that she got from having been hurled to the ground several times and did not hear her master. Nonong got angry and kicked Pussy. Not satisfied with this he said, "Luz, I'll get your toy for you. Don't worry. I'll just teach Pussy how to run fast when sent on an errand."

"Please do not hurt her," replied Luz. "She is trembling with fear."

"No, no. I won't hurt her. We will have a nice time seeing her run at full speed."

"Stop! Don't do that," cried Luz as Nonong began tying a bundle of old newspapers at Pussy's tail. She readily guessed what prank Nonong meant to do.

"That's all right. We will do it just for fun."

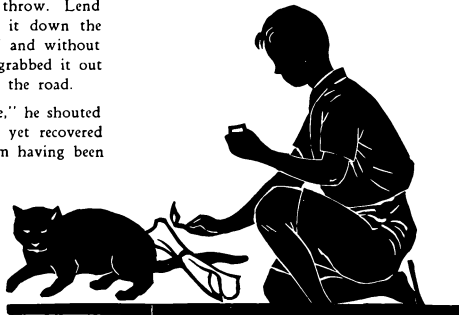
"No, no . . ." cried Luz. But, before she could finish what she was to say, Nonong had set fire to the newspapers. Pussy saw the fire. She was frightened and ran as fast as she could:

here there and finally she ran up the house and went right under Nonong's bed, dragging behind her the burning newspapers. The mosquito net caught fire. Nonong and Luz did not know what to do. They cried for help.

"Fire! Fire! Help! Fire!" they cried.

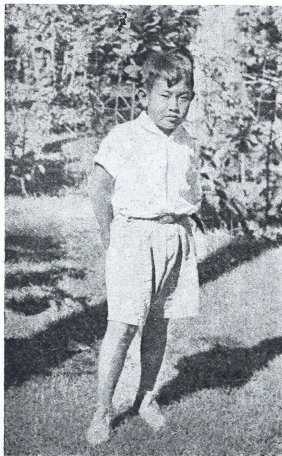
Their neighbors heard them and came to their aid. They came just in the nick of time and
(Please turn to page 135)

* Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School.



HEALTH SECTION**ANTONIO**

By B. HILL CANOVA



Let me introduce you to Antonio. He is a real boy who lives in Occidental Negros. Notice what a healthy, sturdy lad he is. In this picture he looks rather serious, as we often do when we have our picture made, but he is such a happy little fellow. I think it is because he is so strong and healthy. Would you like to look so nice, and round and healthy as Antonio? Sure, you would. Perhaps you could learn some lessons in health from your own little fellow countryman.

Antonio is going to appear in *The Young Citizen* every month for a while. Each time when you get your magazine you look for him and see what he is doing. I am sure you are going to like him for he is such a healthy, interesting boy. Next month we will tell you more about him.

Too Much of Anything

By AUNT JULIA

"Father, I shall not eat candy anymore," Sitong announced proudly when he came home from school one day.

"I am glad to hear you say so," the father said with an amused twinkle of the eye.

"My teacher says fruit is better than candy," Sitong explained.

"She must be right," the father agreed.

After a while, Sitong went closer to his father.

"Father," he began.

"Yes, Son."

A long pause.

"Father, may I have five centavos?"

"Five centavos?"

"Yes, Father, you see, fruit costs more than candy."

Sitong skipped merrily to the fruit stand on the street corner. He got an apple and a turnip for his money.

Just as he had finished the apple and the turnip, his grandfather passed by. Sitong ran after the old man.

"Lolo, will you buy me an orange? My teacher says fruit is good."

The old man dug into his pocket and gave Sitong two centavos.

When Sitong went home at twilight, he crouched in a corner. He belched loudly as he pressed his stomach with his fist.

"What is the matter? What did you eat, green mango?" Sitong's mother demanded angrily.

"No, Mother, I ate good, ripe fruit," he groaned.

"What ails my boy?" the father asked gently.

"I just ate an apple, an orange, and a turnip. Aren't they good, Father?"

"Yes, they are, but too much of anything is bad. Even candy will not be bad if eaten in small quantities and at the right time."

"Why didn't my teacher say so?" Sitong complained.

Kite Flying

By A. C. CANCELLER



Tito was flying his own kite in the field near his house. The wind was not blowing hard at that time, so he ran along holding the end of his kite's string. Soon the wind started blowing hard and then Tito's kite was up in the air. It looked like a pretty bird, its wings outstretched, flying gently.

Tito's friend, Juanito, was standing in the shade of a "malobago" tree. He was admiring Tito's kite as it gracefully swooped and soared in the wind. He wanted to own a kite like that of Tito's. But he was lazy to make one.

"Tito! Tito!" Tiang Juana, mother of Tito, called. "Buy *buyo* and *mascada* for me."

Tito heard his mother's voice. "Yes, mother, I'm coming," Tito answered as he tied his kite's string on their backyard fence. Then he ran toward his mother. The kite kept on flying for the wind blew hard against it.

Juanito approached the fence while Tito was away. He untied the kite's string and flew the kite himself. For a while he played with it. "I shall keep this for myself," he thought. He looked around. Then he pulled down the kite and ran home with it.

Tito returned to untie his kite, but it was no longer there. Looking around he saw Juanito running with it.

"My kite, that's my kite," he shouted aloud at Juanito. But Juanito did not mind Tito.

Juanito ran up the stairs of his house. Behind the *aparador* he hid the stolen kite. Juanito's mother who was washing clothes didn't see her son come up the house.

Soon Tito walked toward Juanito's mother, who was drying the clothes on the clothes line.

"My kite, Juanito got my kite, that's mine, my kite," Tito cried.

"Juanito, Juanito!" Mother called.

Juanito appeared, his head bowed. Fear and shame marked his face.

"Did you get Tito's kite?" his mother asked. Juanito could not answer. "Return it to Tito or else this stick, this stick . . ."

Juanito immediately left. He returned with the stolen kite dangling behind his back. He gave it back to Tito. Tito received it with joy.

"Thank you, how considerate you are," Tito said to Juanito's mother.

Then Tito ran back to the field and played with his kite. The next day, Juanito, with paper and bamboo sticks, was making his own kite, too.



THINGS TO DO

By B. Hill Canova

Choose a word at the bottom of the page to complete the rhyme. Making rhymes is a lot of fun. See if you can make a four line rhyme of your own. Add it to these, writing in the space below.

I am an animal faithful and strong.

I am seldom mentioned in poem or song.

I carry heavy burdens, so now

Think of your patient, old _____.

I am a fruit smooth and fine.

I do not grow on stalk or vine.

My name rhymes with tango,

For I am a nice yellow _____.

I am a flower pure and white.

I scent the air day and night.

Think of the word *señorita*,

And you'll know I'm _____.

I'm not as big as I'm going to be.

I shall grow, as you will see.

I like to stay near our mother.

Who am I? Your baby _____.

I live in the waters of the sea,

And people try to catch me.

They think I make a fine dish,

For I am a great big _____.

Brother

Fish

Mango

Sampag

Carabao



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz*

How Manuel Passed the Test

(A Boy Scout Story)



Manuel was sad. He was disappointed.

Trying his best to pass his First Class examinations, he still failed. As to how he failed, he could not tell. All he knew was that he had become confused during the examination and had answered foolishly the questions put to him by the Scoutmaster.

They were in camp then. Having selected a nice, comfortable camp site in Malolos, Bulacan, they—a Scoutmaster and twenty-four boys—had been staying in the place for three days.

It was Manuel's first experience in the out-of-doors. Mr. Castro, his Scoutmaster, had told him of the life in an open camp and Manuel really found it to be one full of thrills and enjoyment. But that was before he took his First Aid examinations.

And as he sat there, leaning against the sturdy bough of a full-grown guava tree, leisurely carving his name on an opposite branch, he was mentally reviewing the examination. He was assigned as guard, together with Vicente, another Scout from the Cobra Patrol. Vicente was fetching water from a stream behind the camp area. All the other boys had gone out to the woods, led by Mr. Castro. He was giving them instruction in Tracking.

Briefly and bitterly, Manuel recalled the questions. He was being tested on "artificial respiration." The Scoutmaster had asked him to



demonstrate. A boy was called upon to lie down and Manuel was asked to administer artificial respiration. It so happened that the boy was ticklish. The moment Manuel placed his hands on the boy's ribs, the latter started to wiggle and laugh. The other Scouts could not help but laugh too, and a general confusion took place.

Perspiring terribly, Manuel tried his best to apply what he had learned. All was of no avail. He rose with flushed face and flaming cheeks. He was ashamed and angry with himself.

The Scoutmaster then began to ask him questions. "How many seconds are required to make one complete respiration?" "Fifteen seconds," he had answered. The titter that swept around the other Scouts began to confuse him further. Three other questions were asked and in all cases, his answers sounded foolish and ridiculous. He had failed.

All these returned to his mind as he remained thus, absently engrossed in his carving.

Suddenly, he heard a slight noise coming from the rear part of the camp. He paused and strained his ears.

"Help! Help!"

The cry was feeble, almost inaudible. Yet he heard it quite distinctly. He recognized the voice. It was Vicente! Yes, Vicente! He had gone to fetch some water. The call was com-

(Please turn to page 133)

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

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The Young Citizen PANTRY



Desserts

Dessert—the last course served in every meal—has for its purposes the following:

1. To remove the taste of the food in the mouth before drinking.
2. To complete the food value of the meal.
3. To have an additional source of vitamins and minerals—fresh fruits.

BY

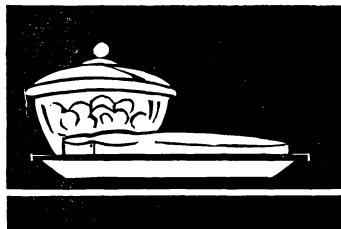
MISS JULIANA MILLAN *

even just plain *caramelo* or a lump of sugar regardless of the kind of meal served. It we shall only plan our dessert together with our meals, it won't be a difficult problem nor need we serve ripe banana too often or a monotony of sweets.

In average homes, 2 courses

dishes need light desserts.

All succulent or juicy fruits like papaya, chico, atis, ripe mango, watermelon, melon, blackberries (*duhut*), *guava*, santol, *balimbing*, *balubud*, pineapple, and a host of other native fruits, fall under light dessert. All prepared desserts that call for the addition of sugar or milk or both sugar and milk are heavy. Under this fall sweet preparations with thin sy-



4. To create a desire for more water—as in the case of eating sweets.

It is customary among us to have for the last course usually ripe bananas, if not some dry, sweet preparation, like *bocayo*, *condol* or *rimas* and sometimes

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilie Jacinto Elementary School.

are sufficient for every day purpose. A meal consisting of boiled, not sauteed, vegetables and fish is quite light and may be served with heavy desserts to add some more to its food value. One consisting of fish or meat and sauteed vegetables is heavy and another made up of fish and meat is heavier. Such

rup; preserves like jams and jellies; and frozen preparations like ice cream, ice drop and Magnolia tid-bits and sandwich.

Serving fresh fruits the year round is not a problem for us because different kinds of fruit trees and plants bear fruit at

(Please turn to page 132)

YOUNG WRITERS

KEEPING CALM

It was the habit of Juan's father to smoke. One night he left his cigar on the curtain. When all was quiet there suddenly was a cry for help. The family was in great commotion when the fire could not be controlled. Juan's father told the family to keep calm, pack their things and stop shouting. He then ran outside and turned in the alarm. The fire engine came roaring and stopped in front of the burning house. The firemen did their duties and after half an hour the fire was put out. The people were not hurt because they kept calm.

Richard Luis
VII-B¹
Mabini Elementary School

WHY I PREFER TO LIVE IN A BARRIO

"Where do you prefer to live? In a barrio or in a city?" asked my best friend.

"If not for my studies I prefer to live in a barrio." I answered. "I will tell you why."

"If you want peace, if you want rest, if you want health, leave the city dust and the city noise. Leave them all, leave even the memory of the city behind you; and live in the barrio. The life in a barrio is ideal!"

Baliwag Elementary School
Baliwag, Bulacan
April 5, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I admire *The Young Citizen* very much. Everybody else in our family love to read it. My little sisters like very much the pictures. I like Kiko's Adventures and your stories on thrift and safety. I will try to save so that I may be a regular subscriber for your beautiful magazine.

Sincerely yours,

Godofredo V. Vicente

Dear Godofredo,

I am glad to hear from you that you like "The Young Citizen." Reading "The Young Citizen" does not only give you entertainment and valuable lesson exercises, but it also teaches you some very good moral lessons which will do you good to follow. Continue saving so that you may be able to subscribe for this magazine.

Affectionately yours,

Aunt Alma

San Rafael Elem. School
San Rafael, Bulacan
April 10, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

An uncle of mine sent me a copy of *The Young Citizen*. Imagine how glad I was! It is such a beautiful magazine, that I would like to receive it always. The stories for little people are very interesting. I also like the pictures. Who draws them? I will request my father to subscribe so that I may be able to read every issue.

Very truly yours,

Adelma Valondo

Dear Adelma,

It will be a nice investment if you can convince your father to subscribe for the "The Young Citizen." There are lots of reading matter in it. It gives you both enjoyment and training.

Affectionately yours,

Aunt Alma

"In the city," I said, "there is something bothering you always. If you are poor, it's simply too bad. You sleep at night without debt and the next morning you wake up in debt. Then come the light and the house bills.

"If I were a representative, I would recommend to the National Assembly that Manila be destroyed and its inhabitants evenly distributed among the barrios."

Natividad N. Nicasio
Mabini Elementary School

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGES 112 and 113

GRADE I

OUR ALPHABET

a — are	n — no
b — be	o — of
c — come	p — play
d — door	q — quick
e — eat	r — run
f — father	s — so
g — go	t — to
h — he	u — up
i — in	v — very
j — jar	w — we
k — kite	x — xylophone
l — like	z — zero
m — me	

GRADE II

1. tea, teach, each, ache, her
2. me, an
3. he, ear
4. thin, in ink
5. ever, every, thin, in, thing
6. other, her, is, wise
7. fin, in, is, finish, he, she
8. count, try
9. rain, in, coat, at
10. an, no, not, other, her

GRADE III

1. kind
2. big
3. little
4. above
5. high
6. clean
7. pretty
8. down
9. glad
10. sad

GRADE IV

1. Pedro
2. grocery
3. cap
4. knife
5. kid
6. feet

GRADE V

water	culasisi
book	market
stove	cabbage
room	

GRADE VI

1. here
2. have
3. he
4. basket
5. another
6. ever
7. pig
8. them

GRADE VII

1. plan
2. rat
3. hand
4. trap
5. lack
6. paddle
7. lamb

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

(Continued from page 130)

different seasons. During the dry season we have lanzones, blackberries, watermelon, melon, pineapple, mango, citrus fruit — pomelos and native orange, tamarind, goyabano, and others while during the rainy season we have guava, *santol*, *atis*, *balimbing*, and *seniguelas*. And if we get tired of these, for those who can afford, we have fresh imported fruit to

THE CABIN OF A TREE . . .

(Continued from page 123q)

are bright enough in the dusk to see a moving insect a foot or more away. It is so quick that it can leap from one leaf and catch the insect before he reaches another. It can cling to anything that it touches with a hand or foot, because the tips resort to once in a while. Apples, grapes, and oranges can break the monotony.

of its fingers and toes are sticky.

Some tree-frogs never leave their trees. They deposit their eggs in the central cup of a tree or at the bases of decaying banana leaves. But when the rains fall, for most of them, trees are forgotten for a while and ponds are remembered. However, after the rainy season, the old tree-frogs travel back to their tree homes, each one alone. But the mothers do not go before they have stuck their eggs to the stems of water plants.

AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

(Continued from page 129)

ing from the rear part of the camp, in the direction of the stream. It must be he! He was drowning!

With a bound, Manuel was up and away. Hastily closing his knife, he exerted himself and sped as fast as he could, all the while unbuttoning his shirt. Upon reaching the bank, he saw a glimpse of his brother scout's head disappearing into the water. Vicente was a Tenderfoot Scout. And he did not know how to swim.

Without as much as a moment's hesitation, Manuel threw aside his shirt and plunged into the river. The current was not so strong, and in no time, he found himself within a foot from the drowning boy.

Manuel was not an expert in life-saving. In fact, he did not even know why he ever dared to jump into the river in order to save that boy when he was ignorant of life-saving and its methods. Why had he not secured a rope instead? But it was not the time for meditation. It was a time for action.

Cautiously he approached the drowning boy. Vicente's eyes were closed; but he perhaps felt the presence of somebody near him. In his blind effort in clutching at somebody, he accidentally got hold of Manuel's forearm. Vicente was a bigger boy. Excited greatly by his discovery of aid he tightened his hold and pulled Manuel closer to him.

Manuel was frantic. He

knew what that meant. If Vicente would drown, he would have to drown too. He was alarmed. But he did not entirely lose his presence of mind. Taking a careful aim, he planted a terrific blow on Vicente's jaw.

Gradually, the latter's struggles stopped. He became quiet. He had become stunned and was unconscious.

Manuel breathed a sigh of relief and wasted no time in pulling the boy to shore. He himself was exhausted.

He wanted to rest upon reaching the shore but he knew that it would not do to let the minutes pass. Vicente was not breathing. He might die.

Artificial respiration
yes, that's it!

Manuel forgot that he failed in this examination that morning. He forgot that he was a Second Class Scout. He was a SCOUT!

Knowing that a pause might mean the death of his friend and brother scout, he immediately set to work. It was strange: he experienced no difficulty at all. It seemed as if he had been a veteran life-saver. Placing his hands on the ribs, pressing them, pushing them, releasing them with a snappy jerk.—Manuel was regular in his movements, almost like an expert.

Ten minutes	twenty
minutes	one hour
no results.	

Manuel was fatigued. But he knew that he must continue, and he did.

Gradually, Vicente began to

show signs of life. He was breathing! Thank God! Manuel was overjoyed. He almost shouted with pride and gratitude. But he himself was weak. Vicente was revived. He needed stimulant. Manuel would get some for him. As he rose, however, a sudden attack of dizziness assailed him, and he toppled over in a faint.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself surrounded by his brother scouts. All were anxiously gazing at him. He fancied he saw looks of admiration in their faces.

About five yards away, there was another group of Scouts. They were huddled around somebody on a cot. The fog in Manuel's brain began to clear away. All that had happened returned to him vividly. He recalled the struggle in the water; then, the rescue, the artificial respiration. The Scouts must have arrived immediately after he had fainted. He smiled a little as he recalled the fact that he had saved a comrade's life.

From out of the group of boys emerged Mr. Castro. He approached Manuel and laid his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"I am proud of you, my boy. I am proud of you," he said, his voice trembling with emotion. Manuel knew that his Scoutmaster meant what he said.

And as the boy-hero drank the cup of coffee which his Patrol Leader extended to him, Mr. Castro smiled and added, "You have passed he test."

A POOR BOY AND A . . .

(Continued from page 117)

They were opening their lunch packages. Benches around the acacia tree were all occupied by the boys. The girls were on the porch of the school building.

"Judging from their provisions and the clothes they wear, these are children of well-to-do people," the gentleman said to himself.

In some of the opened packages, he saw fried fish, fried chicken, bread, rice, candy, and fruit. In the others, there were simply rice and fish or rice and meat and banana.

He looked around for the poorly-clad boy. He was not among them. Where was he? Oh, yes, there he was. On a broad banana leaf on the ground just a few feet away from the meeting place of the sunlight and shade, the boy was opening his package. The gentleman was standing halfway between the boys on the bench and the poor boy on the ground.

The poor boy stood up and approached the gentleman. "Sir," he said, "we are very poor. My provision consists only of corn and dried fish. I think you are a stranger here for I have not seen you before. It is noon time and you must be hungry. You are welcome to a poor boy's dinner," he concluded as he pointed to the banana leaf on the ground.

"Thank you," the gentleman replied. "What is your name?"

"My name is Victor Carale," the boy told him.

"You are very kind, Victor," said the gentleman. "Oh, it is

not the food that counts. It is your thoughtfulness and hospitality. I am a stranger here and I am really hungry. I am sure I shall enjoy your meal just as I would if I ate a rich man's dinner."

Victor's face beamed with joy as he listened to the gentleman's kind words. The two then sat down on the ground and ate the simple meal on the banana leaf. Just before the meal was over, Victor ran to the teacher's house which was just behind the school building and soon came back with a glass of water. He offered it to the stranger who thanked him again for his thoughtfulness.

The other boys were just silent spectators of this unusual barrio scene. They were too astonished to make any remark. They could not understand why the good-looking gentleman ate on the ground with a clumsy-looking boy.

The gentleman tore a sheet off his memorandum book and wrote something on it. Then he drew out a bill from his pocketbook and folded it with the paper. He tore a piece of the banana leaf and wrapped the note and bill with it. Just then the school bell rang and the children ran to their lines.

"Wait a minute, Victor," the gentleman said to the boy. "Please give this little package to your teacher and thank you once more."

The gentleman went away.

Victor ran to the head teacher who was standing on the porch and handed him the little package. "This is for you from that gentleman," he said

pointing to the stranger who was heading his way to the provincial road.

The other boys laughed and the girls giggled as Victor handed the banana leaf package to the teacher. They thought that the gentleman was joking. They expected to see something funny inside of that package—a worm perhaps. Even the teacher was wondering what it could be. At last the teacher opened the package. There was no worm inside. There was nothing funny in it. Wrapped in that piece of banana leaf, was a note and folded with the note was a five-peso bill. The teacher read the note silently. His face brightened. Then with a smile, he addressed the children who were ready to march in.

"Here is something unusual," he said. "Listen to me while I read the message from that gentleman who has just gone away."

The note ran:

Sir:

In my two-hour stay in this barrio, particularly on your school grounds, I noticed that one of your pupils, the bearer of this note, was not happy because his schoolmates would not play with him. Neither would they give him a chance to play on the swing. He is poor. I believe, but he is good and hospitable. He is the only boy who invited me to a luncheon. All your school boys' hearts put together cannot compare with the big heart of this poor boy. Please give him this five-peso bill. He has needs, I believe, which his parents cannot afford. please tell the other children to

ENLARGE YOUR

(Continued from page 111)

example: *pick* a mango, *pick* some camote leaves, *pick* the gumamela. We use *pick up* when we have to stoop down and get something from a low place as the ground, floor, or grass. For example, *pick up* the stick, *pick up* the nail, *pick up* the clip.

III. What would you use in each case, *pick* or *pick up*?

1. a centavo on the floor
2. a button on the ground
3. some red roses
4. a head of cabbage
5. shells in the beach
6. some ripe chicos
7. a pin in the yard
8. pieces of paper in the garden
9. two white lilies
10. a doll on the grass

KEY TO ANSWERS

I

1. died
2. dead
3. die

be kind to him.

Thank you.

A Stranger

After the note was read, the teacher called the boy and handed him the five-peso bill, saying, "I am proud of you, Victor. Give this to your mother. She knows what to do with it. Don't forget to tell her the story."

Victor received the money and thanked the teacher. The boys on the line hung their heads in shame. The teacher struck the gong and the children marched into their rooms.

HOW IS DEW FORMED?

(Continued from page 122)

So much dew may form on the leaves that it will drip off on the ground. This supplies the roots of the plants with moisture just as rain would.

Have you ever gone down on your knees to look closely at a dew drop? If you try it you will find the little drop a mirror reflecting the whole landscape in minute detail. A dew-drop is one of the most beautiful creations of nature.

4. dead
5. die
6. dead
7. die
8. died
9. dead
10. dead

II

1. Put out
2. come
3. ask for
4. teach
5. get out of
6. has
7. seat
8. enter
9. laid
10. is

III

1. pick up
2. pick up
3. pick
4. pick
5. pick up
6. pick
7. pick up
8. pick up
9. pick
10. pick up

HE DID IT FOR FUN

(Continued from page 125)

saved the whole house from burning. Nonong's bed was completely burned.

"My!" sighed Luz with relief. "And you did it just for fun!"

Nonong couldn't say a word. He couldn't look up. He was afraid,—afraid of what his parents would say and do when they arrived home from work.

JOKES

One chilly evening in the early part of March the sheriff entered the county jail and addressing the colored person who occupied the strongest cell, said:

"Gabe, you know that under the law my duty requires me to take you out of here tomorrow and hang you. So I've come to tell you that I want to make your final hours on earth as easy as possible. For your last breakfast you can have anything to eat that you want and as much of it as you want. What do you think you'd like to have?"

The condemned man studied for a minute.

"Mr. Lukins," he said, "I b'lieves I'd lak to have a nice wortermelon."

"But watermelons won't ripe for four or five months yet," said the sheriff.

"Well suh," said Gabe, "I kin wait."



I hear many people say, "I am going to work," and I often hear my father say the same thing.

Why work?

Sometimes I like to work and sometimes I do not like. And very often I do not understand why my father or my mother makes me work. They often tell me, "This is your work and you should do it." Of course, I had to do "my work" and when I finished it I stopped working. Sometimes I do not even finish my work.

When I was in the school our teacher told us to solve four arithmetic problems. In the following day when I came to the school the teacher asked how many of us have finished the four problems he assigned the day before. Many of us finished all, a few did not finish all, but one or two solved not only the four problems but other problems also.

"Very good," said our teacher. "You who solved all the four problems have done well, because you have complied with the assignment. But you, who solved not only the four problems assigned but also other problems, have done better."

I have not yet forgotten what my teacher said. I did not know then what he meant, but now I know, because just the other day my mother told me the same thing.

She told me to wash the dishes after breakfast because she had to go to the market. I washed the dishes and scrubbed the floor of the kitchen also. When she returned and saw what I did she was very happy. Of course, I was also very happy not only because my mother was happy but also because I did more than I was told to do. And I remembered the words of my teacher, "You who solved not only the four problems assigned but also other problems, have done better."

From now on, my work will be more than I am asked to do.

—Dr. I. Panlasigui

The Book of the Year!

Rizal: Man and Martyr

By Frank C. Laubach, Ph. D.

The latest and fullest biography of the greatest Filipino,—Rizal.

Frank but fair in its treatment of facts.

Fascinating in its tale of the private life of a grand but nonetheless human personality.

Fearless but unbiased in its revelation of Rizal's faith in his mission and in Truth.

Every page, a thrilling story. Every chapter, an inspiring lesson.

Written after over one thousand four hundred letters of Rizal had been collected all over the world.

The One Indispensable Book In Every Filipino Home.

P4.00 a copy—50 centavos,
postage

Community Publishers, Inc.

405 P. Faura, Manila

Attention, School Principals!

PHILIPPINE BOOKS APPROVED

by the

BUREAU OF EDUCATION

1. A PRIMER OF THE PHILIPPINE CONSTITUTION by V. G. Sinco—
Approved in Academic Bulletin No. 1, s. 1936
as **Supplementary Reader** for Grade VII **P1.70 net.**
(*Indispensable in Civics classes, many parts of
the textbook on Civics being now obsolete.*)
2. VOCABULARY BUILDING by J. C. Pineda—
Approved in Academic Bulletin No. 10, s. 1936,
as Pupils' reference for Grades V, VI, and VII.
To be purchased in sets P0.56 net.
3. COMMUNITY EDUCATOR in 2 volumes—
Approved in Academic Bulletin No. 3, s. 1935
as Pupils' reference for Grades VI and VII on
agriculture, gardening, health, social and
economic conditions, government, politics, etc.
also approved as students' reference for
secondary schools.
Price for the set of 2 books **P4.00 net.**
4. CHARACTER EDUCATION READERS—Stories On
Conduct by I. Panlasigui—
A.B. No. 13, s. 1936 as **Supplementary Reader**
for Grade V **P1.60 net.**
5. CHARACTER EDUCATION READERS—Thinking of
Others by I. Panlasigui—
Letter of Director of Education of April 13,
1937— **Supplementary Reader** for Grade IV . . **P1.40 net.**

Sold Exclusively by

COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, Inc.

405 Padre Faura

Manila, Philippines