

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

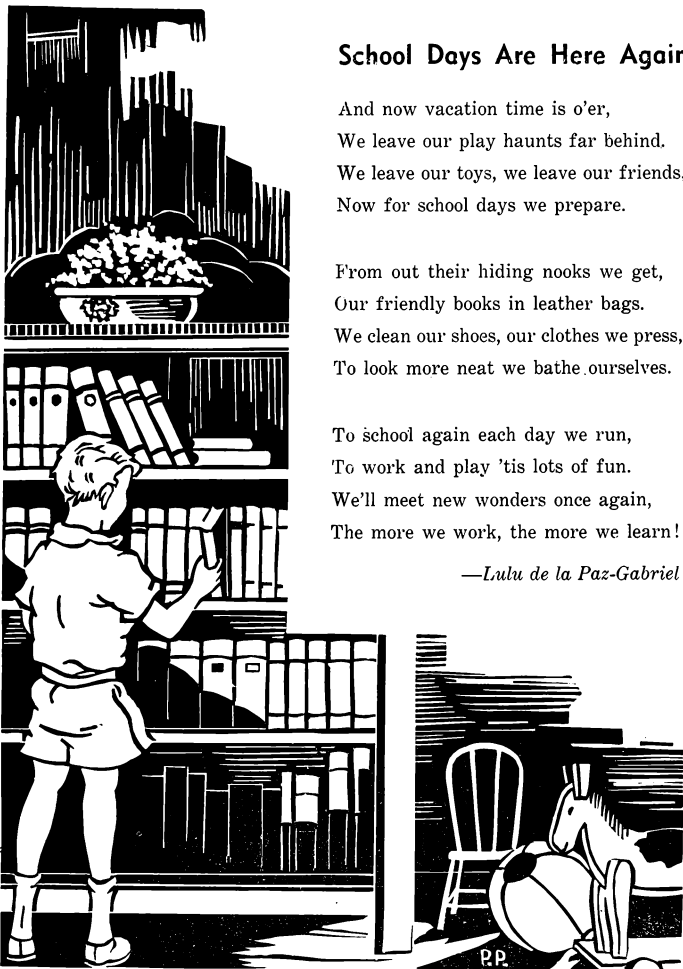
School Days Are Here Again

And now vacation time is o'er,
We leave our play haunts far behind.
We leave our toys, we leave our friends,
Now for school days we prepare.

From out their hiding nooks we get,
Our friendly books in leather bags.
We clean our shoes, our clothes we press,
To look more neat we bathe ourselves.

To school again each day we run,
To work and play 'tis lots of fun.
We'll meet new wonders once again,
The more we work, the more we learn!

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel



Gift. Dr. Panlaogin

P.P.

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**Going to School**

By AUNT JULIA

ERNY was going to school. He was very glad. He washed his face.

He washed his neck. He washed his hands. Then he put on a clean suit.



This is (Juan, Erny, Pedro).

He is (dirty, wise, clean).

"Sister, I am ready for school. Look!"

"Who is going with you?" Sister asked.

"Father is going with me. Are you not, Father?"

"Yes, son," Father answered.

"You will wait for me until school is over, will you not, Father?" Erny asked again.

"Ah, no, my son," Father said. "You are a big boy now. You are seven. You must know how to take care of yourself.

Erny looked down.

"Father, I shall go to school next

year."

"All right, son."

Did Erny want to go to school alone? Yes, No.

Did Erny want Father to stay with him at school? Yes, No.

Did Father say, "Yes, I will stay with you at school"? Yes, No.

"Come, Erny," Father said, "You will take care of the pigeons."

"Yes, Father."

"Give them mongo and palay. Give them drinking water."

Erny gave the pigeons some mongo. He gave them palay. He gave them fresh water to drink. He poured clean water into the bird bath.

Then he thought of the baby pigeons. "Shall I not give the baby pigeons some mongo, Father?"

"You need not. The father pigeon and the mother pigeon give them food."

Did Erny give the pigeons some corn? Yes, No.

Did he give them some mongo? Yes, No.

Did he give the baby pigeons some palay? Yes, No.

Did the pigeons have fresh water to drink? Yes, No.

Erny wanted to see the baby pigeons. He stood on a box and peeped into the dove cot.

"O, Father, come, look! The big pigeon is pushing the baby pigeon out. It will fall!" Erny cried.

Erny closed his eyes. He did not want to see the little pigeon fall.

"Is it hurt?" he asked when he opened his eyes.

"Oh, No, the father pigeon knows that the baby is strong enough to leave the nest. Look, it can fly a little. It can eat alone. It can take care of it-



self." Father explained.

Erny's eyes were wide. He looked up at the nest. Then he looked down at the little pigeon.

"Father," Erny said in a low voice, "I am going to school. Just take me. You need not wait for me."

"Yes, son."

Father pigeon pushed out the little pigeon. True, False.

The little pigeon was hurt. True, False.

Erny asked Father not to wait for him at school. True, False.



READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

The Disobedient Chick

By AUNT JULIA

“TEK TEK TEK-TEK” called the big Mother Hen to her chicks when she found some grains of palay.

Little white chicks chirping in their thin voice ran toward Mother Hen as fast as their little legs could carry them.

A sweep of her sharp eyes and she knew that her prettiest chick was missing. “Tek tek tek tek” Mother Hen called in stern tones.

“Yes, Mother, I am coming,” the chick answered.

“Now, my child, I have told you many times not to wander away from me.”

“Shoo! Shoooo!” rang the warning cry of the farmer’s wife.

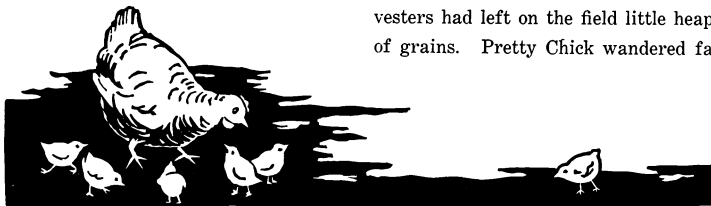
All the chicks but one scampered toward Mother Hen and crouched beneath her protecting wings.

“What does that mean, Mother?” Pretty Chick asked.

“Look up. There goes the wicked hawk. He is our enemy. He catches little chicks for himself and his little hawks. You must stay close to Mother so that he will not catch you.”

Pretty chick did not answer but kept looking at the disappearing figure of the hawk. “How beautiful,” he thought. “It must be fine to be so big and strong.”

The next day was bright and warm. There was plenty to eat for the harvesters had left on the field little heaps of grains. Pretty Chick wandered far



so that he could have more palay than his brothers and sisters. All at once he saw a big shadow close by. Mother Hen cackled frantically for her chicks.

At the sound of the mother's call, the chicks ran toward her as fast as they could. They knew there was danger when mother called in that voice. They did not ask any question. They did not look around. They just ran to their mother. In a moment all the chicks but one were safe under Mother Hen's wings.

Pretty Chick knew he must run to Mother Hen. But he must have a look at the thing that cast such a big shadow and he looked up. The hawk was just overhead. At first it flew round and round forming large circles in the air. As Pretty Chick watched it admiringly, it suddenly swooped down, and before Pretty Chick knew what it was all about, he found himself held fast in the hawk's sharp claws.

Mother Hen wailed while the little chicks under her wings shuddered with fear. Could you guess what Pretty Chick said to himself as the claws dug deep into his flesh?

Do you remember what you read? Underline the correct word.

1. The chicks were (black, brown, white, red).

2. The (hen, woman, hawk, chick) said "Shoo! Shoo!"



3. Mother Hen said that the hawk was (a friend, an acquaintance, an enemy, a relative).

4. Mother Hen cackled (merrily, sadly, angrily, frantically) when she saw the hawk.

5. Pretty Chick was (good, mean, bad, disobedient).

6. The hawk caught and carried away (the hen, Pretty Chick, another bird).



Doves for Nani

By LORETO PARAS-SULIT

SHE waited with breathless interest as her Koyang paused to steady the cage before he unlocked its door. The doves around her, white, soft, and dainty, like this little round-eyed girl had stopped their cooing and stared at the newcomer.



"Oh, Koyang," whispered Nani excitedly, "don't let him out yet. He might fly away and return to Daddy. He looks so strong. He is not like these doves."

"And what is it? If it is not like a dove?" questioned Koyang with impatience. Girls were so dull and made queer absurd conclusions.

"Perhaps it is a parrot," answered Nonoy for Nani which earned him a pitying, sarcastic look from the Big Brother.

"All you can recognize is a fish," was his comment.

Mother who had come quietly behind laughed softly. "It is a pigeon, you little know-nothing dears. Don't let him out until he gets used to us. He might return to Daddy."

Nani gave her eldest brother a I-told-you-so look.

"What is the difference between this and those other doves Daddy has sent Nani," asked Choy of his mother.

"They look very much alike, don't they," explained Mother, "but some pigeons know how to return to their homes although they have been carried far away from them. So some people teach these pigeons to carry letters from one place to another. During war they are sometimes used to deliver messages. Now some newspapers use them to carry important news from one office to another."

"Can this pigeon carry a letter to Daddy?" asked Nani. Mother's eyes misted. "I don't know, sweet; Davao is such a far, far place. The poor bird might get tired and fall into the sea."

Nonoy was speculatively eyeing the plump gray bird. "Let us cook him on my birthday, sister," he announced. Nani cried out her indignant refusal.

Nani loved all her doves dearly for the sake of the Daddy who sent them to her, the Daddy whom she remembered only vaguely as a tall, oh, so gentle and kind a man who took her up at once when she cried. Her brothers said she was Daddy's sweetheart. But why did he not return to them. Instead he

sent her a beautiful white dove every year when her birthday was near. "For my Nani," that was what her Daddy always wrote to her mother. Three white doves and this strong, gray pigeon with the quiet, sure ways of—of—Choy when he was studying his lessons. Each bird stood for a year of Father's absence. One—two—three—four. She was so big now; next June she would study, Mother said. And Daddy was not yet here to see her go to school. Of course, it was fun to receive such a beautiful present every year much to the envy of her cousins. But she wanted to have a Daddy like them.

An idea came into her mind. As the idea grew, her eyes became rounder and brighter with the excitement it aroused in her. Then when she remembered she did not know how to write, her spirits fell. She had to have a helper. And she had wanted to do it all by herself. All day she was quiet and did not play. Mother often felt her forehead to see if she was feverish.

That afternoon Nani eyed her Koyang wistfully as he was writing in his notebook.

"Are you writing to Daddy?" she asked him.

"No, I am drawing a moon and some stars," he answered shortly.

She was silent for a while. Then timidly, "Koyang, will you write me a letter for Daddy?"

Choy frowned but seeing the pleading almost tearful face of his little sister, he softened, "Give me some paper. What do you want to tell Daddy?" Nani joyfully handed her brother the little piece of cardboard she was hiding.

"Tell him to come at once so I will have a Daddy like Noli and Nene and other children. Don't you think it is awful not to have our Daddy, here, Nonoy?" Her fat, round brother agreed with a grave "opo." "Tell him also, Koyang, to bring papayas, pineapples and oranges," he added.

"Won't that be too heavy for the pigeon to carry?" asked Nani before she knew she was letting out her precious



secret. But she realized she had to have the help of her brothers to tie the note around the pigeon's foot. So she explained the whole project to them.

They were as excited and enthusiastic as she. Choy laboriously traced out his letter while Nonoy went to look for a stout piece of string. Then amidst the struggles of the bird and the "arays!" of her Koyang, the message was tied to the pigeon's foot.

(Please turn to page 165)

More Adventures of Pickaninny

By B. HILL CANOVA

ONE DAY, PICKANINNY, his mother and his sister, Nan, were sleeping high up on a beam inside the barn. Paddy, the mother, woke and stretched herself to make sure that she was really awake. She peeped through a crack in the wall. As she sat there watching she saw a mouse run from under the barn and crouch by a stone in the barnyard. In the next second there were several rats and mice scuddling about seeming to be terribly frightened.

"Come, children," said Paddy to her kittens, "there are many good catches down in the barnyard. Hurry!"

Paddy leaped to the floor and skimmed through the crack in the door like a flash. Pickaninny and Nan were close behind her. Once in the barnyard Pickaninny became so frightened and excited that he could not remember just what had happened. He saw rats and mice fairly running over each other to get away, an owl flew about making a frightful screech, a snake wiggled away so fast he looked like a green streak. The carabaos and the horse stamped and snorted. People were running and shouting, "Fire! Fire!"

Yes, right under the barn a fire had broken out. Pickaninny knew that a fire was no place for a cat. He forgot all about the rats and mice that would have made a good dinner. He ran as fast as his legs would carry him. He bumped into something but did not stop to notice what it was. By and by he was away from the noise and was running through some grass. He came to

a fallen tree trunk.

He crouched there for a while until he could breathe more quietly and his heart stopped beating so rapidly. He thought, "Where am I? Where is my mother? Where is the barn I left so hurriedly? My, my, I was frightened!" He remained there by the old tree trunk for a long time trying to think what to do next. It was hard to think. He was so confused. He stretched his neck forward with his ears perked to catch any sounds that might be near. He could hear nothing. He took a few steps away from the tree, keeping his tail dragging the ground and his body slunk as low as possible. He sat on his hind legs, put his head up as high as he could to twist his eyes and ears in every direction. Nothing happened. He gained a little courage and went a little farther keeping his eyes and ears on the watch out for any approaching danger. Pickaninny had been so frightened that he thought many things were after him.

"If my mother were only here nothing could happen to me," he thought. "Meow," he cried, hoping to get an answer from his mother or Nan. No answer came. "M-e-o-w, m-e-o-w, m-e-o-w," he wailed. He continued to walk and repeated his meows many times. He felt so lonesome.

After a while he noticed that he was near an acacia tree which he knew was not so far from the barn. He climbed up in it to try to get a view of what had happened in the barnyard. Most of all he hoped to get a glimpse of his family. Perched high in the tree he could see



nothing that seemed familiar. Where the barn had been, stood some posts that were black and smoking. When the breeze swept his way he felt the heat from the burning timbers that had fallen to the ground. This sight made him feel sick. What had become of his mother? He had been too excited to notice which way she went. What if she had been burned!

That night Pickaninny crawled down and walked all around the barnyard calling and meowing as loudly as he could. No answer came. He was so tired, hungry and lonesome. All the next day and night he lingered about hoping his mother would appear. He thought of the little girl who had taken him to her home once. He remembered that she had been kind to him. He wanted to see her. "I believe I can find her home again." He didn't know exactly which way to go, so he just followed his nose. After he had traveled for sometime he realized that he was under the mango tree where the dog had chased him during his adventure. There was no dog in sight now, but the memory of the big barking creature frightened Pickaninny so that he scampered up the tree again.

"Yes, yes," he said to himself, "this is the very spot on which I sat while the dog barked below." He thought and thought. "I remember that I crossed a

road not far from here. I do hope there will not be so many people and strange things traveling by."

It was dark when he reached the road. In the distance he saw something coming. He made a dash across and hid beside a stone. Here he rested and wished for something to eat. On he went through the grass in the darkness. He was glad it was dark as there did not seem to be so many things about to frighten him in the night as in the day.

When he was near the little girl's house he remembered the big cat in the neighborhood. He crouched. Slowly he went with his tail straight behind and his ears tilted forward. "There is the fence to the garden. I hope no one has mended it so I can get through the hole where I escaped when I was here before."

Early in the morning when Pickaninny heard the little girl's feet pattering about in the house he went to the back door and gave a long lonesome meow. The little girl ran to the door. "Look, mother, here is the nice black kitten again. You, poor dear," she said as she gathered him up in her arms, "you look half starved."

That was a happy day for Pickaninny. It was the first time he had felt safe and well fed for a long time.

THE GOOD READERS' CORNER

Conducted by Miss DOLORES SILOS *

GRADE ONE



This girl is Lita.

Lita is going to school.

She has a basket.

She has an umbrella, too.

Draw a line under the correct word.



Rita
Lina
Lita
Nita



spool
school
church
store



market
bullet
bucket
basket



ball
table
basket
umbrella

GRADE TWO

Little Jose is going to school. His hair is smooth. His finger nails are short. His suit is white.

Jose is a (dirty, careless, clean, strong) boy. _____

GRADE THREE

On the first day of school, Pilar woke up very early. She got up at once. She took a bath and put on a clean dress. Saying good-by with a smile, she started off to school.

Pilar was (sad, angry, glad, too tired) to go to school.

* Assistant Principal, Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.

GRADE FOUR

Pablo was preparing to go to school. He got his books from the shelf. Finding them dusty, he wiped them thoroughly with a clean piece of cloth. He sharpened his pencil and put it in his bag. He got a thin piece of cardboard to be used as a bookmark.

I. Pablo was a (careless, dirty, thoughtful, careful) boy.

II. Check the sentences that tell what Pablo did.

1. He threw the books to remove the dust.

2. He wiped off the dust.

3. He searched in all the bookcases for his lost books.
4. He kept his pencil in a book.
5. He sharpened his pencil.
6. He kept his pencil in his bag.
7. He used a knife as a bookmark.
8. He used a thin piece of cardboard for a bookmark.

FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

Relationship Exercises

Mrs. E. A. ZAGUIRRE *

Directions to the young readers:

These exercises will help you in developing the ability to understand the relationship among words.

From the words in the parentheses, select two words that are related to each other in the same way as the first two given words are related. Example 1: Rooster, hen; _____, (cat, goose, dog, gander). The answers are, of course, *goose* and *gander* for *goose* is masculine in form like *rooster*, while *gander*, like *hen* is feminine in form. Example 2: Fire, heat; _____, (candle, ice, salt, light). *Candle* and *light* are the correct answers. *Candle* gives us *light* as *fire* gives us *heat*. Try these exercises and see how many of them you can answer accurately:

- Night, dark; _____, _____ (calm, day, morning, bright)
- Emerald, green; _____, _____ (grass, diamond, white, small)
- Chair, rattan; _____, _____ (coat, table, knife, wool)
- Tailor, clothes; _____, _____ (machine, fish, blacksmith, horse-shoes)
- Shoes, leather; _____, _____ (bridge, steel, bottle, ink)
- Perfume, bottle; _____, _____ (sea, powder, water, box)
- Lumber, forest; _____, _____ (tur-tle, cereal, plain, slippery)
- Orange, calcium; _____, _____ (mango, meat, sweet, protein)
- Fish, swims; _____, _____ (bird, nest, talks, flies)
- Edison, phonograph; _____, _____ (Ford, Bell, telephone, auto)
- Quezon, Philippines; _____, _____ (Roxas, Roosevelt, Assembly, U. S.)
- Doctor, patient; _____, _____ (lawyer, merchant, client, clothes)
- Horse, grass; _____, _____ (cow, milk, frog, insect)
- Automobile, gasoline; _____, _____ (ship, steam, cart, tires)
- National Assembly, Philippines; _____, _____ (Congress, Diet, China, Japan)
- America, Columbus; _____, _____ (Philippines, Guam, Balboa, Magellan)
- Pearl, sea; _____, _____ (gold, fish, market, mountain)
- Eagle, eaglet; _____, _____ (snake, owl, lizard, owlet)
- Monk, nun; _____, _____ (bachelor, maid, spinster, servant.)
- Rizal, novels; _____, _____ (Bonifacio, Balagtas, poetry, Balintawak)

* Lukban Elementary School, Manila.

THE GARDEN FORSAKEN

A Fairy Tale

(Continued from the May issue)

By ADELA RUFF *

“O H — noble prince — all these I give to thee with my heart.”

So they were wedded. The flowers played the wedding march. The birds rang the wedding bells and the butterflies served the wedding cake that the busy bees had made out of honey. And so they lived on in the little paradise.

But all dreams must end. We are not sure of our joys. There is always a tomorrow. And the tomorrow came to them too soon and oh, so sadly . . .

One morning, as they sat at breakfast, there floated before their throne a cloud so huge and powerful that it almost shook their throne. On this cloud was a mighty messenger from the distant home of the Prince. Sad, indeed, was the message the messenger made known to the prince and princess. And this was the message:

The King, the father of the prince was dead. Henceforth, the prince must rule over his people. His people needed him. His queen-mother was lonely for him; his brothers and sisters weep for him. All—his home, his people, his country, call out in stern command:

“You must come. Duty calls you. Forget everything else!”

And so—sad was their parting. Fain



would the princess go with him to his home. Fain would she gladly have followed him to the ends of the world but she knew that she could not forsake the land of her birth—the garden,

the birds, the trees, the flowers, and above all, her subjects. She knew that if she left her garden, everything in it would be forsaken. All the flowers would wither and all the birds would sing nevermore, and the butterflies would put on robes of mourning . . .

And so, with a sorrowful farewell, a sigh and a prayer for happier days to come—the prince and the princess parted in tears.

And the cloud carried the white-winged horse and the handsome prince away.

Then the days sped swiftly by. Slowly, the years came and went.

Then one sainted morning when the walls around the garden had begun to crumble, there came a herald from the other world. And the news was, “The prince is no more.”

And the drums beat a funeral march. He had died in battle, brave, fearless, and noble as before.

All that morn the princess felt a strange joy for happy days had come once more. That night the moon was

(Please turn to page 153)

* Magdalena Elementary School, Manila.

Learning To Use New Expressions

By JULIANA C. PINEDA *

Read the story below. Try to see the pictures with your mind's eye. Remember the words or expressions that make you see the pictures. Read the story aloud placing emphasis on the new words you want to add to your vocabulary.

A BANCA RIDE

Our banca glided smoothly over the glassy surface of the bay. I was lying on my back watching the crescent moon as it sailed just as smoothly across the clear sky. The soft crooning of my companions was accompanied by the splash of the water produced by the rhythmic strokes of the oar. I had no thought of fear, for the banca was fitted with a pair of outriggers.

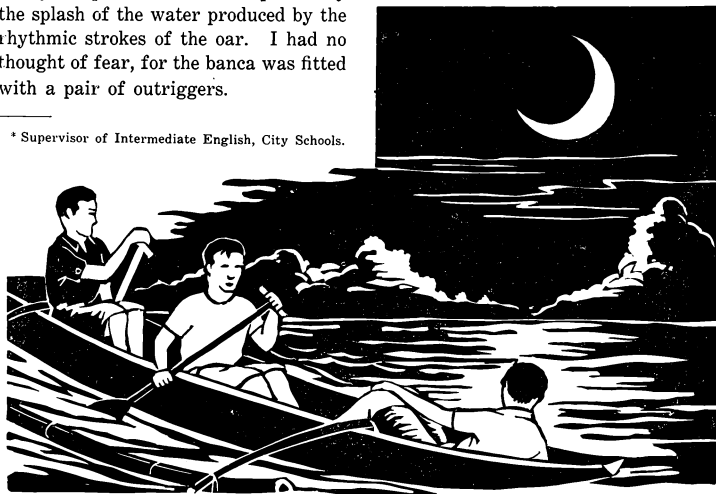
* Supervisor of Intermediate English, City Schools.

EXERCISES

I. Check the groups of words that tell about the pictures in the paragraph. Re-read the paragraph if necessary.

1. the flapping sails
2. the banca swayed violently
3. the banca glided smoothly
4. there was a full moon
5. the moon was bow-shaped
6. the roaring waves
7. a man lying on his back
8. a man watching the moon
9. men singing loudly
10. a well-balanced banca

(Please turn to page 165)



CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

Opportunity Knocks

DOLORES TENSUAN *



FLORENCIA is very deeply absorbed with her reading. At times she knits her brows, bites her lips, or nods her head. Now and then she looks afar as if searching the clouds for something.

The mother who sits by the window mending socks, frequently glances at her child. She wonders what reading matter has so interested Florencia, that she has kept on reading for almost an hour.

Florencia finishes reading, cups her chin in her left hand and looks afar.

"That book you have just read seems to have interested you very much, my dear," said the mother.

"Yes, mother, it is the life history of Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl who succeeded in graduating in college because of her patience and per-

severance," answered Florencia.

"That's very wonderful of her. Her success is a very good proof that there is nothing impossible when there is the will to succeed. Isn't it?" eagerly asks the mother.

"Yes, it is, and that keeps me thinking, mother, if Helen Keller who was dumb, deaf, and blind finished her college work successfully why can't I satisfactorily perform my school work when I am lucky enough not to have any of her handicaps?"

"I'm glad you mentioned that matter," gladly answered Mrs. Cruz. "Yesterday your father and I met your teacher and when we questioned her about your standing in class, she said that you are not doing very well."

"She is right, mother, I really have been very neglectful of my school work lately. In fact, I had even thought of quitting my studies because of the discouraging marks I am getting, but this marvelous success of Helen Keller has completely inspired me to work harder. Yes, mother, I firmly resolve to be more patient and persevering in my studies."

"That is a very good resolution, Florencia. I've always prayed to God to make you realize that your failure in your school work is wholly due to your indifference, shall I say laziness?" says the mother.

"Laziness is the very term for it, mother. Well, goodbye, laziness. I've made up my mind to work hard espe-

(Please turn to page 160)

* Washington Elementary School.

MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH

You must have read many books. Some contain stories of princes and princesses or of poor people who are brave and noble. A little boy said, "My book is like a little train." Can you guess why? To what do you compare a book you are about to read?

Below is a poem that tells you what the speaker thinks of a book. Read the title. What idea does it give you? Try to foretell what you will read about in the poem.

Now read the poem through. Is your guess more or less correct? After the first reading, tell yourself what pictures you see in the poem.

Read the first stanza. What does the speaker think of the cover of a book? Of the book itself? Do you feel curious about the inside of a house which you have not yet visited?

Read the second stanza. Who *may* open the door of your bookhouse for you? Because you are not certain as to who will receive you, are you sure of the kind of reception you will get?

Do you care to stay long in a house where people are dull? When a book is dull what do you do with it? Read the third stanza. What does a reader do when he finds an interesting book?

Read the fourth stanza. Why is reading a new book so interesting to the speaker in the poem?

Read the poem aloud several times trying to see the pictures in the order in which they are presented. Remember the words. Recite the poem to



yourself. Read it when you cannot go on. Read it as many times as you need to remember it.

Recite it to a classmate, then to the class.

BOOK HOUSES

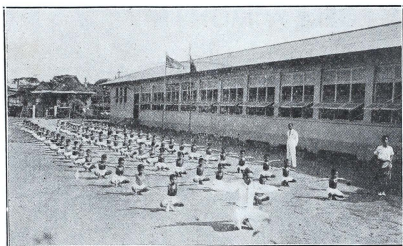
(Anonymous)

I always think the cover of
A book is like a door
Which opens into someone's house
Where I've not been before.

A pirate or a fairy queen
May lift the latch for me;
I always wonder when I knock
What welcome there will be.

And when I find a house that's dull
I do not often stay,
But when I find one full of friends
I'm apt to spend the day.

I never know what sort of folks
Will be within, you see,
And that's why reading always is
So interesting to me.



The modern concrete building that housed the Tondo Primary School was burned down at the recent fire which swept over the western half of the district of Tondo.



PRIMITIVO CRUZ
Valedictorian

Zaragoza Elementary
School, Manila

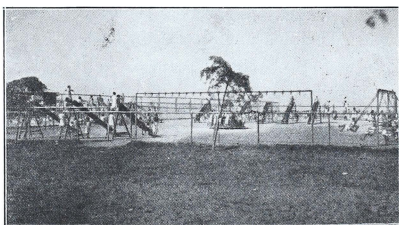


GERTRUDES HERNANDEZ
Valedictorian

Rizal Elementary School
Manila



*The Playground of Tondo Primary School,
Manila*



School Days Are Here Again

Words and Music by I. Alfonso

Tempo de marcia

Hark! Com-rades let's go. To school let's hur-ry Come all
'board yo! ho! Toys and dai-ly fun To-day let's
leave them all and books in hands, Let us tread once more the
path that leads to our dear school. Come and let us
sing, School days are here-a-gain. The old
seats will be oc-cu-pied, and boys and girls all a-lert, won't
it be nice? ----- Once
more we shall al-ways see the teacher dear, the class-mate dear to me.

THE GARDEN FORSAKEN

(Continued from page 148)

more yellow than ever; the clouds were whiter and the angels even more kindly. The Angels—Peace and Love did once more whisper their message into the lonely heart of the Princess. The Angel of Death bore her away and away . . . and all the flowers and birds and butterflies died in the then forsaken garden.

But a fairer garden became her home.

Beyond the thick walls was a chariot all in white—as soft as the cotton and as shiny as gold. In it waited the prince still as gay and stalwart and young.

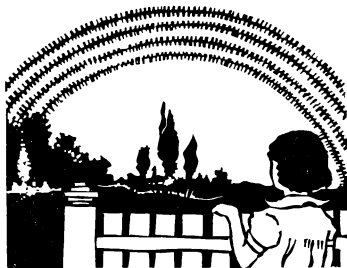
And so amidst the singing of angels—the prince and the princess sailed through the clouds to a fairer and more beautiful garden. It was called the

“Garden of Paradise,” where all is Life and Love and pleasant dreams.

And in the palace which the good heavenly Father prepared for them dwelt forever more the happy princess and her beloved mortal prince. The flowers bloomed at their best there. The birds sang their gayest there. Sweet music filled the air and lulled to happy dreams the pure souls that dwelt there.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

THIS EARTH OF OURS



The Rainbow

*There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.*

We must all feel as the poet does who wrote "my heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky!", because there is nothing half so beautiful a creation of nature as this arch of colors that appears in the sky after a summer shower.

During these hot months before the coming of the real rainy season, we often have a sudden shower in the afternoon. As you have learned, much water evaporates into the air when the sun is hot and when this vapor of the clouds gets cold, it changes into drops of real water and fall as rain. We have all watched at one time or another an approaching thunderstorm as it rolled up heavily from the west with dull rumblings and clouds suddenly turned black, flashes of lightning and a cold wind to be followed by a deluge of rain.

Then when it had passed away and the sun came out again and everything looked fresh and clean, lo up there in the sky is the colorful smile of nature, the rainbow! Across the heavens it

(Please turn to page 166)

HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Homes of Silk

How would you like to live in a silken home? But you perhaps say to yourself that such a luxury is only for the sons and daughters of kings and not for common people like the rest of us. It has never entered your mind, has it, that lowly creatures like spiders and caterpillars live in homes of silk!

Spiders spin silk. Some line the walls of their caves with silk. Some make wonderful traps of silk, their webs, in which to catch their food! Webs are most beautiful to look at in the early morning when there is a little dew on them so that the fine silken lines are easy to see. Some spiders spin firm silken bags in which to keep their eggs until they hatch. Have you never secured such a spider's bag and given it to your grandmother or old neighbor? Old people say it has medicinal value.



Some spiders spin silk to help them travel through the air. The silk is a sticky sort of fluid while it is in the spider's body but when it touches the air it hardens into silken fiber. That is why you cannot drop a spider to the ground; the instant you drop it a long silken thread emerges from its body and with the aid of this "life line" it swings easily to a place of safety.

But the creature that really stays for a time encased in its home of silk is the caterpillar when it is to turn into a pupa. Caterpillars as you

know hatch out of eggs that moths or butterflies lay, so they are really baby moths or butterflies although they do not look a bit like their fathers and mothers; instead they are ugly, fat worms.



Tent caterpillars spin a silken tent which serves for shelter at night and when the days are rainy. A tent caterpillar stays inside its tent while it molts or sheds its skin. A caterpillar does not have any bones to keep its body firm. The skin is the firmest part of the body and is a sort of skeleton which it wears on the outside. When its skin gets too tight, it splits open down the back like a rip in a seam, and then the caterpillar crawls out through the torn place. Its new skin stretches enough so that the caterpillar can grow one size larger before it needs to molt again. A caterpillar needs a quiet place while it is molting, and a tent is a very good home at such a time.

Caterpillars that do not live in tents often spin thin silk mats just before it is time for them to change their skins. They tangle the claws of their creeping feet into the fibers of the mats, and then they do not fall while they are molting.

There is one time in its life when almost every kind of caterpillars spins some silk and this is when it is ready to turn into a pupa. (Pupa is what an insect is called while it is resting and waiting for its wings to grow.) A pupa is a quiet helpless thing that cannot eat or spin or walk. When a caterpillar is about to become a pupa, it spins a cocoon where it waits for its wings to grow.

A cocoon is the silken room the caterpillar spins when it is through with its leaf-eating growing days and is ready to change into a moth.

Tent caterpillars spin a silken tent which serves

(Please turn to page 165)

PLANTS ABOUT US

Plants and Their Enemies

Plants like men and animals have their enemies, too. Our enemies are diseases, other warlike human beings and our bad habits. Among animals the stronger and larger ones feed on the smaller and weaker. With plants there are a thousand things that threaten the well-being and even the life of every tree and shrub and lowly herb.

Too much heat or too little, works great harm to plants. Then there are wasting diseases caused by other tiny plants called fungi and bacteria. Many animals as horses and cows and goats live by grazing the herbage and grass or browsing the foliage of trees and shrubs. Of course they greatly injure the plants they feed upon and therefore many plants are in one way or another protected against such attacks. That is why some plants are guarded by sharp prickles, pointed thorns or fine hairs that burn when they get into the flesh. What plants do you know of are protected this way?

Besides the large grazing animals, there are smaller enemies—insects and the like, that injure plants by eating holes in their leaves, or by feeding upon the delicate petals of the flower. But there is hardly a plant that has not some clever way of its own for protecting itself against the enemies of its kind. After all an enemy, like

(Please turn to page 166)



The House Fly

The fly is here with us again. We cannot leave our tables without returning to find these unwelcome visitors partaking of our food and endangering us. We cannot take our siesta in peace; they buzz about us and if we have exposed sores, then be sure of their friendliness.

Flies come to us with the summer heat and early rains, with the ripening guavas and santol to being their yearly disturbance. No one ever said a kind word for the fly. Not only does it spoil much food by means of its dirty habits, but the far more important charge of spreading disease is now laid to them. That bacteria causing typhoid fever might be carried on their feet so flies could easily carry the typhoid bacteria to a dish of milk, thus infecting the milk and causing danger to all drinking it.

Why do flies appear suddenly and seemingly increase overnight to thousands? The development of the house fly is very rapid. A female may lay from one hundred to two hundred eggs. These are usually deposited in filth or manure. In warm weather within a day after the eggs are laid the young maggot, as the larvae are called, hatch. After about one week of active feeding these wormlike maggots become quiet and go into the pupal stage, whence under favorable conditions they emerge within another week as adult flies. The adults breed at once, and in a short summer there may be over ten generations of flies. This accounts for their great number.

How do you drive away the flies from your home? Merely swatting them with the broom won't rid your place of them. See that your home and your yard are clean, that no garbage or fruit peelings lie about for the flies to breed upon. Cover the food on the tables and always

keep the pantry shut. Spray your floors and yard with a mild disinfectant like lysol and flies will not linger about. During the fly season cook everything bought in the market and wash thoroughly those that are eaten raw like fruits and vegetables. Examine these fruits and vegetables well before eating them because in hidden parts as in the core of the fruits or in the stems of the vegetables there may be lively maggots.

There are other kinds of flies that cause much harm to man: one is called the Hessian fly, its larva feeds on young wheat; the Bot fly, which in a larval state is a parasite on horses and the dreaded tsetse fly of South America which spreads a disease known as sleeping sickness.

Can we not say something good of the fly? The fly is not wholly devoid of use to man. One kind, the tachina fly, when in the larval stage, feeds on injurious caterpillars. And now modern medical science has discovered a beneficial

use of the maggots of flies. These maggots are introduced into deep sores of the human body that do not heal at once and they feed on the decaying flesh. The human body then renews that flesh and the sores heal eventually. This has been successfully tried here. Recently a Chinese whose sores on his foot would not heal received this treatment and got well, and a boy from Laguna whose arm was rapidly being consumed by sores was treated this way at St. Luke's Hospital. The maggots of the flies were allowed to feed on the sores on his arm and when the decayed flesh was consumed, nature and medicine aided the boy to get well. So after all this pest of a fly has its use in this world, but we shall always regard it with annoyance and disgust and greet it with a well-aimed fly swatter.



SAFETY SECTION**Unlabeled Bottles**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ *

Maria and Susana are sisters. They have a little brother who is very dear to them. Maria is in the seventh grade while Susana is in the sixth. Gonzi, their baby brother, is but a year and a half old so he has to stay at home with the maid while his sisters are at school. Their parents are both working and are out the whole day.

One Monday, noon, after coming from school, Maria noticed something unusual with Gonzi. His eyes were red and swollen.

"Inday," she called the maid. "What happened to Gonzi's eyes?"

"I don't know ma'am," replied the maid.

"My! he has sore eyes," said Susana.

"Yes, his eyes are infected. Let me see what we can do. I see. Run along and get me the bottle of argyrol from the medicine cabinet. Get the medicine dropper and a piece of cotton." Maria ordered the maid. The maid ran to the cabinet but went back empty handed.

"Where is the medicine? The cotton the dropper? Maria shouted.

"I do not know wh . . ."

"What? You do not know? How stupid!" shouted Maria angrily before the maid could finish what she was to say.

"But . . ."

"But what? Stupid! It is at the extreme right on the bottom shelf. I placed it there yesterday. Get it. Quick."

The poor maid, afraid to make her mistress mad, went to the cabinet again. At the ex-

treme right on the bottom shelf were two similar bottles. The maid could not determine which one to take. There were no labels on them.

"Extreme right," she said to herself. "I'm sure she meant this," and she took the bottle at the extreme right; got the dropper and a piece of cotton, and took them to Maria.

"There you are. You got it at last," said Maria as she took the bottle and dropper from the maid. She put some medicine into the medicine dropper and was ready to drop some of it into Gonzi's eyes, when suddenly Susana stopped her.

"Wait! Wait, sister. That might be the wrong medicine," cried Susana. "Last night while sharpening my pencil I cut my forefinger. I got a bottle of tincture of iodine from the cabinet. It

had no label on it. It looked like the one you are holding now. Will you smell it and find out?"

Maria put the mouth of the bottle near her nose. She turned pale. That was not the right bottle. It was the bottle of iodine.

"Inday!" cried Maria. "Why did you give me the wrong bottle?"

"I only followed your instruction. That was the bottle at the extreme right of the bottom shelf. I was about to tell you of the other bottle but you did not give me the chance," humbly replied Inday.

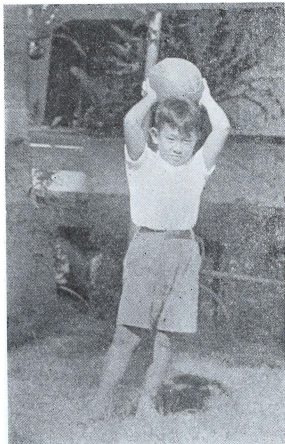
"All right, get me the other one," Maria said in a subdued voice, feeling ashamed for what she had said and done.



* Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School.

HEALTH SECTION**ANTONIO**

By B. HILL CANOVA



"Hey! Hey! Boys and girls," shouts Antonio. "Come outside and get a little fresh air and exercise before breakfast."

Yes, every morning Antonio hops out of his bed and with his ball runs to the garden. Around the house he goes several times bouncing and catching the ball. This makes him breathe deeply and gives him life for the day. He says that breakfast tastes much better after a chase about the garden. You try it and see if you do not find that he is right. You will hear more about Antonio next month.

Who Had The Best Vacation?

As soon as the pupils were seated, Miss Marquez greeted them with a pleasant "Good Morning."

"I am glad to see you all back," she continued. "I am sure you have much to tell about your vacation."

"Very much, Miss Marquez," the children said in concert.

"Let us see who had the best vacation. Anybody who is ready may get up and relate interesting experiences."

"I had the most enjoyable vacation," blurted out impulsive Andres. "I went in swimming every day, spending the whole morning in the river. While there, I ate continuously. We had all kinds of fruit—melon, watermelon, green mango, camachili, boiled corn on the cob, and oh, ever so many things!" Andres' eyes were wide with enthusiasm.

"I wish I were with him," sighed Abelardo.

"Please go on," Mario urged.

"In the afternoon, we broke open coconut after coconut. I ate so much that I could not take supper anymore."

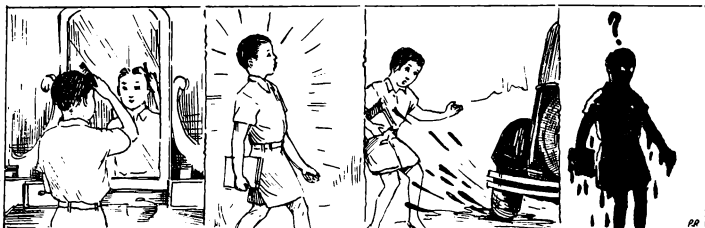
"Therefore you violated the rules of eating we learned last year," Nora murmured to herself.

"At night," Andres continued, "I went to see all the *Sta. Cruz de Mayo* processions. I stayed out with my friends until midnight." He turned around with a triumphant look as if to say, "Can you beat that?"

Miss Marquez smiled. "Do you have some—
(Please turn to page 167)



KIKO'S ADVENTURES



ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGES 146-147

GRADE ONE

Lita
school
basket
umbrella

GRADE TWO

clean

GRADE THREE

glad

GRADE FOUR

I. careful

II. 2
5
6
8

INTERMEDIATE GRADES

1. day, bright
2. diamond, white
3. coat, wool
4. blacksmith, horeshoes
5. bridge, steel
6. powder, box
7. cereal, plain
8. meat, protein
9. bird, flies
10. Bell, telephone
11. Roosevelt, U. S.
12. lawyer, client
13. frog, insect
14. ship, steam
15. Diet, Japan
16. Philippines, Magellan
17. gold, mountain
18. owl, owlet
19. bachelor, spinster
20. Balagtas, poetry

JOSE RIZAL



Where the coco palms swing and sway,
Where the grass and fields are ever

green,

Where lies the blue Laguna Bay,
There Rizal was born on June nineteen.

Midst the tumult of oppression,
He lived to heed his country's cry,
With mighty pen he fought corruption,
And did what no one dared try.

Thus this mortal lived and died,
For his country and people's sake,
His name shall be known far and wide,
Inspiring awe in other nation's wake.

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

(Continued from page 150).

cially in overcoming my weaknesses. I will give my classmates no chance to laugh at me whenever I fail to answer a question and whenever I read orally," emphatically speaks Florencia.

"God, help you, my child. I wish you success," says the mother.

Beaming with enthusiasm, Florencia gets a reader and begins reading aloud the poem which she read so very poorly in class the day before. That her classmates laughed at her. She reads it over and over, putting more effort in improving her expression and pronunciation at every repetition. Her last reading pleases her so much that she goes to her mother and exclaims, "Oh, mother, I believe my teacher is right in telling me that I can be a good reader if I would only practice often. The way I read this poem now is ten times better than my reading yesterday."

"Of course, your teacher is right, Florencia. Almost all difficulties can be overcome if there is the determination and the patience and perseverance to overcome them."

"Well, that reminds me of the health poster we are required to submit tomorrow. Everytime we have poster-making, I don't prepare because I simply can't draw. But now, I will make one. If others can do it, why can't I?"

"That's a good rule to follow," smilingly approves the mother. She affectionately pats her child and goes to the kitchen to prepare the food.

With a very strong resolution Florencia begins making her poster. After about twenty minutes of persistent trying she finishes it. She views the neatly drawn poster with perfect satisfaction, then runs to her mother saying, "See, mother, see the poster I drew!"

"That is very nice. I never knew you can draw so well," comments the happy mother as she looks at the picture.

"How pleased my teacher will be when she sees it. I shall buy theme paper, mother. Do you want me to buy something for you at the store?"

"Please, buy five centavos' worth of biscuits (Please turn to page 167)



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz*

School Opening



The coming of June ends the vacation and starts the school year. To Scouts, it means a departure from camps, a return to books and pads.

Let us make this a really good school year. The School serves as the everyday citizenship-laboratory of the Scout. In school, he has a great deal of opportunities to put into practice the Scout Oath and Law. Let us not permit those opportunities to pass away unheeded. Let

us prove to the world that a Scout is "physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." Above all, let us show that a Scout is "PREPARED."

"Well begun," 'tis said, "is half done." This is an old, old saying, but it is always true. Let us begin the school year as best as we can. It may be difficult to start the "grind," after such a happy vacation. Yet, let us not forget that the vacation is but to prepare us for a new school year. Are we "PREPARED"?

The Patrol Method

"The Patrol Method is not *one* method in which Scouting can be carried on. It is the *ONLY* method!"—*Roland Phillips*.

This is a statement of fact. The Patrol Method is the foundation of Scouting.

Select a group of thirty boys, give them three projects to do, and in three minutes, you will notice smaller groups emerging from that group. Each boy has his own opinions, and when two or three boys concur, a gang is formed.

The Patrol is nothing but a gang. Unlike other gangs, however, it is orderly organized, and is under only one leader—the Patrol Leader.

Years and years of the existence of Scouting have proven that a Troop can be run successfully only by availing ourselves of the opportunities and benefits of the Patrol method.

The very first matter that should be given attention as soon as a new Troop is formed, is the organization of Patrols. Each Patrol has eight boys as its maximum membership. Of these eight, one is the Patrol Leader and another is the Assistant Patrol Leader.

In cases when the Scoutmaster is new and, therefore, is not acquainted with his boys and is

ignorant of their characteristics, it is advisable that the Patrol Leaders be appointed. The Scoutmaster may appoint anybody whom, he feels, is capable of handling a group of seven boys. (Of course, if, at a future date, he finds the boy incapable, he will have to change him. By that time, he will have become acquainted with the others.)

In cases, however, when a re-organization is going on, and the Scoutmaster knows his Scouts, the wise path to follow is to let the boys elect their leaders. No one but the boys know better the best man to lead them. Only in very few cases (exceptionally few) are the boys' decisions wrong, in which instances, the Scoutmaster should make use of his veto power and select another Patrol Leader.

As soon as the Patrol Leader is selected, it falls upon him to appoint his Assistant. From then on, the troop's success depends mostly upon the proper application of the Patrol Method.

In troops meetings, contests, hikes, and camps, the Patrol Method is always the basic system of operation. It is an excellent example of "multiplying one's self through others." Give the Patrol Leaders real responsibility. Make them

(Please turn to page 164)

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

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The Young Citizen PANTRY



MORE ABOUT DESSERTS

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN *

Aside from serving fresh or canned fruits by themselves in desserts, variety may be had by adding different ingredients to them:

1. Semi-ripe papaya:

Wash the fruit. Pare, divide, and remove the seeds. Dice into cubes. Serve with either lime fruit (calamansi) juice or vinegar and salt.

2. Ripe papaya:

Wash the fruit and divide into fourths. Remove the seeds.

a. Put refined sugar on top and serve with lemon (dayap).

b. Scoop by spoonfuls and serve with finely crushed ice, sugar and milk.

3. Ripe mango:

Divide the fruit and scoop by teaspoonfuls or dice the flesh into cubes. Serve with finely crushed ice, sugar and milk.

4. Melon (Castilá)

Wash the fruit. Divide and remove the seeds.

a. Cut each half into 3 parts. Sprinkle refined sugar and put finely crushed ice on top. Serve.

b. Scoop with the coconut scraper and serve with finely crushed ice, sugar and milk.

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilic Jacinto Elementary School.

5. Melon (Tagalog)

Use 2 times as much water as the fruit. Dissolve enough sugar to taste.

Wash the fruit. Pare, divide, and put the seeds in a strainer. Strain the juice into the water. Dice the pared melon into cubes and add to the water. Serve.

If desired, sweeten the mixture with some more sugar and add ice before serving.

6. Atis:

Break open the ripe fruit with the fingers. Scrape the edible part with a spoon into a soup plate or any deep container. With a fork in either hand, remove the seeds. Serve with finely crushed ice, milk and sugar.

The addition of milk and sugar naturally makes the dessert richer in food value. The milk may conveniently be omitted in most cases if the meal served is quite heavy. However, if the meal is not very heavy, a little milk won't add too much to the food value and is desirable especially for growing boys and girls.

The same treatment may be done to canned fruit to vary the taste a little. Sugar need not be added if the syrup is utilized.

Not only may fresh or canned fruit be served singly or in disguise, but several the flavors of which blend and colors harmonize may be combined and served with a dressing. Such a combination of diced or chopped food with any kind of dressing is called "salad." Salads are excellent sources of vitamins and minerals.

Below I shall give typical examples of fruit salads out of native fruits. Combination of other native fruits in season may also be tried. Imported fresh fruit like apples, pears, grapes, and canned ones like pineapple, peaches, cherries and others, may be added, if desired.

FRUIT SALAD

(a)

- ½ ripe papaya
- 2 bananas (lactan)
- 2 ripe mangoes
- 2 native oranges (naranjita)
- 10 lanzones

a few lettuce leaves
Wash, pare, and dice the papaya into cubes.

(Please turn to page 164)

YOUNG WRITERS



THE LITTLE FISH

I am a little fish
That lives at the bottom of the
sea
And I would not care to live
like thee.
My color is brown, with some
stripes of red
And there's a touch of gold
right on my head.
I like to live in the sea so blue
And I do not want to be caught
by you.
For I surely would die in the
land of the sky.

Ann Miller
San Carlos Milling Co.
Occidental Negros

THE SUN

I wish I were a sun
Shining down upon the land.
Shining on banks of rivers
Where happy children play.
I dry the clothes of people
I give light to all.
Oh, how I wish I were a sun
Doing lots of fun.

By Flerida R. Pineda

PEN and PENCIL CIRCLE

April 12, 1937

Miss Francisca San Jose
Through *The Young*
Citizen

Dear Fanny.

I shall relate to you an enjoyable day during our stay in Bustos. We woke up with the thought of going to the field to spend the day. I dressed up and started on our journey. We were all barefooted. It was a long walk but at last we reached the grass shack. First we went to the Baliwag market. When we arrived there we saw good things to eat. We bought cloths and refreshing drinks. At noon we had crabs and shrimps for dinner. What fun we had! We spread a mat on the ground and lay down. We sang songs that we knew. At last it was time to go home. We went home tired but happy. Please tell me

where and how you spent your vacation.

Yours truly,
Nora Cruz

April 12, 1937

Miss Nena San Jose
Through *The Young*
Citizen

Dear Nena.

I am spending my vacation in Bustos. We often go to the river. This morning, we went to the river to take a bath. We can wade across the river because some parts are shallow. The water is clear. The bottom is covered with sand and gravel. The banks are sandy and flat. Watermelons, melons, camote and others grew on the bank because the soil is fertile. How I enjoy my vacation! Tell me about your vacation.

Yours sincerely,
Flerida Pineda

THE MOON

The moon is like a ship a-sailing,
Sailing through the sky at
night.
Oh, how gently, softly, smoothly,
Giving children rest and light.
See him sailing through the
meadows.
Where the starry daisies lie.

Twinkling, twinkling, winking,
blinking,
Giving joy to children's sight.
Oh, how I wish that I were
there.
Up in the moon cool and serene,
Upon the sky so calm and fair.
Oh, how I wish that I were
there.

Nora Cruz
VI-A¹
Rizal Elem. School
(Please turn to page 166)

AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

(Continued from page 165)

real leaders. They are responsible for attendance, dues, health and safety, and troop activities. Boys have always the "gang spirit." Normal attempts at applying the Patrol Method will produce good results.

The names of patrols should depend upon the decision of the boys. The most common ones are those of animals and birds. "Flying Eagle" Patrol, "Fox" Patrol, "Bear" Patrol, "Cobra" Patrol, etc.—these names appeal to the boys. Each patrol has a patrol flag, its emblem. It is always a thrill to march beneath that significant banner. Patrols have their own calls, their own yells and songs. Very often, much fun can be had at singing and yelling contests. The "Dog" Patrol barks. (Boys do know how to bark.) And the "Cats" answer with a loud "meow." The "Flying Eagles" screech, the "Owls" hoot, and pretty soon, a forest serenade is in the air.

The Scoutmaster who makes use of the Patrol Method wisely will always feel at ease concerning his troop's progress, and will have more time for other things more important than meeting routines. The boys can go on without much pre-occupation on his part. Sometimes, a Scoutmaster comes in and tells us his troubles. He is disappointed with the Patrol Method. It doesn't work as effectively as guaranteed. The previous week, he announced that there would be a water-boiling contest the following week. The date came, one patrol leader was absent, three pa-

THE YOUNG CITIZEN . . .

(Continued from page 162)

Wash, peel, and dice the *lacatan* bananas.

Peel the oranges and divide into sections. Remove the seeds and skin.

Divide the mango, scoop the flesh and dice into cubes also.

Mix all together. Add a little sugar and enough milk to moisten the mixture.

Wash the lettuce leaves and wipe dry with a clean piece of cloth. Arrange attractively on a platter or salad dish. Pour the mixture.

Peel the lanzones and arrange the seedless segments nicely on top. Serve cold, if possible.

trots didn't bring any equipment, and the one which brought didn't know what to do with it. The Scoutmaster blames the Patrol Method.

He should blame himself. His Patrol Leaders were not trained in the right manner. They had not been made to realize the responsibility that their positions entailed. Working through Patrol Leaders is effective. Do not be afraid to give them work. Tell Juan to be in charge of pitching the tents during the camp. Pedro is the Chief Cook, Pablo is the one assigned to construct the toilets, while Martin leads the boys to the forest to get firewood. In no time, you will see each of these jobs finished,—and finished satisfactorily too, if you have made the right choice in selecting your men.

"The Patrol Method is not one method in which Scouting can be carried on. It is the ONLY method!"

(b)

- 1/2 ripe papaya
- 1/2 pineapple
- 4 bananas (lacatan)
- 2 atis
- 20 ripe ratiles
- a few lettuce leaves

Wash, pare, and dice the papaya into cubes.

Wash, pare, and remove the eyes of the pineapple. Rub with salt and rinse well. Dice into cubes.

Wash, peel, and dice the bananas.

Break open the atis and remove the pulp from the seeds with 2 forks.

Mix all ingredients. Add a little sugar and enough milk to moisten the mixture. Proceed as in (a) and garnish on top with the ratiles. Serve cold, if possible.

AMBROSIA

- 1 young coconut (buco)
- 1 pineapple
- 6 native oranges (naranjita)
- or
- 1 pomeio (suha)

Wash, pare, and remove the eyes of the pineapple. Rub with salt and rinse. Cut into rings and remove the core in the middle.

Peel the native oranges. Divide into sections and remove the seeds and skin.

Break open the young coconut. Scoop the meat with the coconut shredder. Mix this and the grains of the native oranges. Add a little sugar. Fill the hollow of the pineapple rings with this and put some more by heaps on top. Be careful not to let this cover the side of the pineapple. Serve cold.

DOVES FOR NANI

(Continued from page 142)

Then—then—in awed silence, the cage was opened! The pigeon stared at the door of freedom. A turn about the cage as if he did not believe his eyes and then out—out to the skies above and their island clouds. It sailed far—far away till it was lost in the blue hills beyond.

That night it rained. The wind rattled the leafless branches of the trees outside. Nani could not go to sleep. She thought of her brave pigeon, of the darkness, and the rain and the wind. It seemed as if it was she who was flying in this rainy night above a great, great sea to carry a message to her father.

When her mother called her to say her prayers, she responded eagerly. And when she went with Auntie to Quiapo Church the next Friday morning, she pleaded, "Please, please, dear God, don't let my pigeon fall into the sea."

Many days passed. Nani wondered what had happened to her messenger. Mother, too, like her was much worried because the postman brought them no letter.

Then one noon as Mother was sending her and Nonoy to their afternoon nap, a Halili truck stopped in front of their house. Mother peeped out of the window and suddenly ran out. They heard her joyful exclamations. Nonoy left the bed and Nani was about to follow

HOMES OF SILK

(Continued from page 155)

There must be time for the insect to be made over from a creeping caterpillar to a flying moth. This change takes place while it is a pupa.

The caterpillar does not wind the silk about itself as if it were a ball. It swings its head with a slow, steady motion, while the silk comes out of the opening through its lower lip as a very fine fiber. It holds its head up and guides the silk with its little hand-like feet that are near the head. Each kind of caterpillar makes its own kind of cocoon. When you go out this afternoon, try to look for a cocoon among the trees in your neighborhood. Do not disturb the sleeping owner for it has had a hard time building its home and it must be dreaming of future days when it shall fly as a golden butterfly among the flowers and green leaves.

him when someone rushed into the room.

She saw a tall man whose eyes held out all his love for her.

"Is this Nani?" he asked her as he gently kissed her. "I received your letter, Nani, and so here I am."

"Did he not fall into the sea?" she asked her Daddy later.

He shook his head and smiled at her. But he waited until she was asleep that night before he told Mother that the pigeon had flown to the ship that brought it and so was able to return again to him.

LEARNING NEW

(Continued from page 149)

II. Finding the correct words.

1. What words tell how the banca moved?

2. What words tell you that the bay was calm?

3. What word makes you see at what stage the moon was?

4. Find the words which tell how the companions sang.

5. Which word makes you see how the oarsmen paddled?

6. Say the word which makes you hear the sound of the water.

7. What name is given to the parts which prevent a banca from overturning?

8. We say that a banca *capsizes* when it overturns.

9. Answer number 7 again using another word in place of *overturning*.

III. Copy the new expressions you have learned. Use them in your own sentences. Use them in telling of your own experience about a ride in a banca.

KEY

- I. 3
- 5
- 7
- 8
- 10

- II. 1. glided smoothly
2. glassy surface
3. crescent
4. soft crooning
5. rhythmic strokes
6. splash
7. outriggers
9. The outriggers prevent a banca from capsizing.

THIS EARTH OF OURS

(Continued from page 150)

spreads in bands of red, orange, yellow, green, and blue but before you can fully satisfy your eyes with its beauty, it has disappeared just like a dream. But in your mind must be the question: what causes a rainbow to form in the sky?

When you are at home, see if you can find a triangular piece of glass; then hold it in a darkened room and allow a ray of sunshine to pass thru it. You will find out that a band of many colors will come out and if you name them you will have: red, orange, yellow, green, blue and two other shades of blue-indigo and violet. These are said to be the seven colors of the spectrum.

Sunlight is not really one white color but is a mixture of all these colors. Light ordinarily travels in a straight line but the triangular piece of glass called a prism owing to its shape breaks up the white light into its various elementary colors and they are spread out in a rainbow-colored band.

Coming back to our natural rainbow, it is an immense spectrum formed by the sunlight falling on the raindrops, but you can only see it when the sun is behind you and the shower of rain is in front of you. It is because every rain-drop is a ball that the bow is curved.

Long ago when people did not yet know what caused a rainbow, they had many legends to explain it. They said that if you could reach the end of the rainbow you would find

YOUNG WRITERS

(Continued from page 163)

A STORY OF A POOR FARMER

Once there lived a poor farmer. He was so poor that he worked hard everyday. Even then he had not enough money to support his family.

In the village where this poor man lived there was a rich family. They had a large garden beside their house. They had planted many kinds of vegetables and fruits. They had a servant to watch their garden every day.

One day, this poor man passed by. He saw the garden with several kinds of ripe fruits and vegetables. He wanted to get some of them. He got a basket and jumped over the fence, while the gardener was sleepy. He entered the garden and hid under the trees. He began to think, "If I could steal a basketfull of those fruits and vegetables, I would sell them. I shall use the money to buy a hen. When the hen will have chicks, I shall sell them. I shall use the money to buy a pig. When the pig will have little pigs, I shall exchange it with a horse. When the horse has little colts, I shall sell them, and with the money I shall buy

a pot of gold there. Others said that the rainbow was the bridge to heaven. Do you know of other explanations of the rainbow that you have heard old people give? Tell your classmates about them.

PLANTS AND THEIR

(Continued from page 155)

criticism has the healthy effect of keeping us awake. Human beings as well as plants and animals have to be alert and on the look-out for these enemies and this danger causes them to put out the best in them to provide themselves with means of defense and ways of outwitting their foes. In the game the best man wins and the fittest animals and plants survive.

some cows. When the cows will have calves, I shall sell them all. Then I shall have much money. I shall be able to buy a piece of land and build a new house. On the side of my new house, I shall make a large garden. I shall plant many kinds of fruits and vegetables I shall watch my garden every day so that the thieves can't get in. I shall be a rich man." While he was thinking about that he felt so happy that he spoke very loud. The gardener woke up and looked for what had happened. He ran toward the man and found out that the farmer was stealing fruits from the garden.

He caught the farmer and took him to the municipal building. After the poor farmer had promised that he would not do it again, the municipal president set him free.

*Domingo Tam
Tanjay, Negros Or.*

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

(Continued from page 160)

for Corazon. She is already awake and she must be hungry."

"Yes, mother," says Florencia as she skips down the stairs.

Five-year old Corazon goes to the study table. She sees the crayons scattered on the table. With much delight she draws lines of all sorts on the very poster of Florencia. She laughs joyfully as she scrawls the multicolored lines on the paper. While she is looking at the ruined poster, Florencia arrives and nearly drops the biscuits when she sees the destroyed poster.

"You naughty, naughty girl!" cried Florencia as she snatches the paper and gives the little girl a pinch. "You have ruined my poster."

The mother hears the scoldings of Florencia and the cry of Corazon so she enters the room to find out the cause of the commotion.

"Mother, see what Nene did to my poster," sobs Florencia as she shows the paper.

"I'm sorry, but it was partly your fault. You shouldn't have left your poster on the table. Stop crying now. Crying won't mend matters so dry your tears and make another," advises the mother.

"Make another, Mother? No, never. Just think of it. I spent more than twenty minutes in making that and now it is destroyed. I can't make another, and I won't even if I can. Anyway, it is no longer

MY BROTHER'S KITE

My brother had a fine new kite.

An aeroplane, said he:

And if it had a pilot

He could make it cross the sea.

And so we tied a bamboo doll!

Upon the under side,

So he could fly the airplane

And have a lovely ride.

The pilot must have liked his plane

And liked the trip that day.

For he flew high, and broke the string,

And calmly sailed away.

Winnifred Lewis

my fault if I fail to hand in one tomorrow."

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What quality of Helen Keller impressed Florencia most?
2. How can you account for the poor class standing of Florencia?
3. What resolution did she make after reading the story of Helen Keller?
4. Was Florencia sincere in resolving to be more patient and more persevering in the performance of the school works? Justify your opinion.
5. Why is the story entitled "Opportunity Knocks"?

WHO HAD THE BEST

(Continued from page 158)

thing to tell us, Jaime?"

"I enjoyed my vacation but my experiences may not be interesting to others."

"Let us hear them."

"I went camping. At the camp we followed a certain program of activities. We were not so free as Andres, but we found life on the hills-very interesting. We had to obey rules about eating, sleeping, and playing. We took long hikes in the mountains but returned in time for lunch. How keen my appetite was after the walk.

"Is that not fine?" Miss Marquez commented.

"In the evening we held programs. Although everybody wanted to stay up longer, we had to go to bed at nine o'clock."

"Tomorrow we shall hear more stories. What are your comments, children?"

"Andres enjoyed his vacation because he was free to do as he pleased," Jose remarked.

"I think Jaime had a better vacation," Irmina countered. "Look, Jaime has grown bigger and taller."

"Andres forgot all the rules of health we learned at school," Nora seconded. "The question raised is: 'Who had the better vacation?'"

"Ah, yes, yes," the girls agreed.

"Tomorrow we shall discuss our vacation activities with respect to rules of health," Miss Marquez announced. "You and I are given this long vacation to gain health which will enable us to do our work well during the school year."

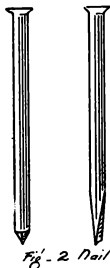
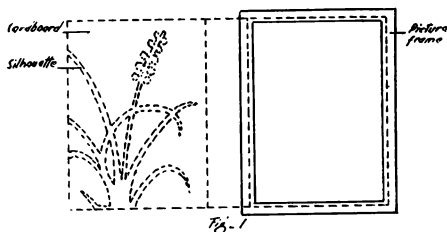
SILHOUETTE PICTURES ARE EASY TO MAKE

For those who love to beautify their homes, here is something which either a boy, a man, or a woman can easily make. All that is necessary is a little patience.

Somewhere in the home, especially in the junk, there are old discarded picture frames which are too old for use but a little bit too costly to do away with. Select one which is about 6 x 10 inches and with a pair of pliers remove all the rusted nails which are sticking out on its back and also its glass if there is any. Wipe the frame clean with a piece of wet cloth and leave it under the sun to dry.

While the frame is drying, proceed looking for a piece of thick cardboard, preferably about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Old calendars and cardboard boxes will do. Otherwise a piece of thin wood will serve the purpose.

Cut a piece that will fit exactly the inside groove of the frame. On it draw any design. A boy's face, a running dog, a bunch of flowers, etc. See figure 1. Then with a sharp knife and a chisel which can be fashioned from a long nail (see fig. 2) cut out the design on the cardboard. (See fig. 3). Clean the edges carefully with the knife and fit



the finished cut-out on the back of the frame with very small nails or pins. In case wood is used, cut out the design with a small turning saw. You may now paint the frame and the cut-out with any kind of black paint and leave it to dry. Now the framed silhouette is finished. Attach a small eyescrew on top and nail it on a convenient place in your sala or porch. With the color of your wall as the background the *Framed Silhouette* will come out very prominently thus enhancing the beauty of the home, and creating that atmosphere of class in the decoration. —Pedro C. Celestino.

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