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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 3

NUMBER 1

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



A Tribute to "The Young Citizen"

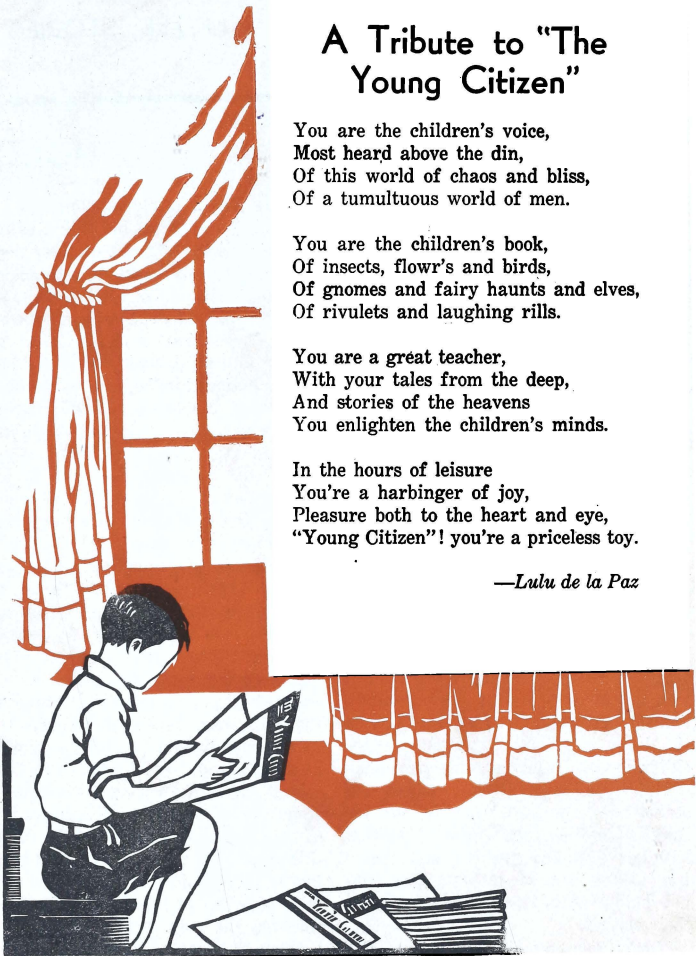
You are the children's voice,
Most heard above the din,
Of this world of chaos and bliss,
Of a tumultuous world of men.

You are the children's book,
Of insects, flower's and birds,
Of gnomes and fairy haunts and elves,
Of rivulets and laughing rills.

You are a great teacher,
With your tales from the deep,
And stories of the heavens
You enlighten the children's minds.

In the hours of leisure
You're a harbinger of joy,
Pleasure both to the heart and eye,
"Young Citizen"! you're a priceless toy.

—Lulu de la Paz



Gift. Dr. Panosquin of

LITTLE STORIES FOR

By Loreto

NONOY'S



HAD it not been Monday, Nonoy could not have strayed so far away from home without being noticed at once. But Monday was always a busy day for everyone. Mother had left for her work; Grandfather was out for his morning walk; Daddy was away; and Auntie, ever watchful Auntie, was busy feeding her pigs in the back yard. She thought all the children were safely playing upstairs.

But little, round Nonoy was downstairs near the gate waiting for the familiar cry of "Puto! Puto!" Mother had left him one centavo that morning, asking him to be very good and not bother Auntie while she washed their clothes.

Nonoy was becoming impatient. His

waiting was making him hungry. An eager look leaped up into his eyes as a man passed by in front of their house.

But it was just that ugly-faced man with a bundle under his arm who had been passing and repassing this morning. There was a lonely street and people seldom passed this way. And Nonoy noticed him because he wondered what that bundle contained. Perhaps there was candy, or fruits or *puto* in it. Now to his surprise the man stopped before the gate and beckoned to him, holding aloft a bunch of the ripest, most golden and most tantalizing bananas Nonoy ever saw.

Nonoy as if drawn by magic went outside slowly, opened the gate, and then followed down the road the man who was still holding aloft the luscious bananas. When they were safely hidden from the house by a clump of bamboo, the man gave Nonoy a banana and then led him gently down the road away, away from home. Nonoy pointed at a waiting automobile and said to the man, "Auto! Auto!" and was going to step to one side but the man smiled shortly and said, "No it is not coming this way. Let us go there. Would you like to ride in it?" Nonoy's eyes shone with pure joy at the thought of it. He followed the man most willingly.

Then in front of the automobile, the

LITTLE PEOPLE

Paras Sulit

ADVENTURE

man lifted Nonoy and put him inside. He spoke a few words and the driver started the car. Nonoy lay contentedly on the cushions, eating his delicious bananas. Forgotten, forgotten was everything in the experience of this wonderful ride.

Even when they stopped before a small, dark house in a little alley, the wonder was still there. Curiously Nonoy went with the man inside the house. There was a woman there. Nonoy did not like her because she was frowning darkly at him. He turned to the friendly man who had brought him here. But he, too, was frowning at him, staring in a very strange way. Then it was that Nonoy was brought back to himself and to his past.

The people at home, everyone in Nonoy's circle of acquaintances had always a smile for him. Even if they were tired or worried or hungry, they had a smile; even if it were only in the eyes. And so now, looking at these unsmiling people, Nonoy suddenly became afraid and bawled, "Mamma! Mamma!" Then, "*Tiang! Tiang.*" But no answering, loving cry came. Oh, where were they? And his *Lolo*, his *Lolo*? Each moment of silence increased his terror until he was crying out his lungs. The man and the woman stared at the little boy, then at each other. "Now, what



are you going to do about him?" asked the woman. She hated the whole thing.

"What are you afraid of, Tinay?" asked the man. "This evening I will return the boy. I will say I found him somewhere but I could not learn from him at once where his home is. His parents are very rich. They will be so thankful, they will give me money. It may not be much. But I can always come back. They will be forever in my debt."

"What about the police?" asked the practical-minded woman.

"Did I steal him? Didn't I find him crying, lost, about to be run over by an automobile?" answered the man. "*Hoy,*

(Please turn to page 37)

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS**A Disobedient Boy**

By MISS MARGARITA SANTOS

"**P**EDRING, come here," shouted Jose, his playmate. "Look at what happened to this boy who played with firecrackers. Read what is said about him. He would not be able to use his left eye again. Let us not play with these firecrackers any more. We might be like him."

Pedring took the newspaper and threw it away. He said, "That happened to that boy because that was the first time he touched firecrackers. But I, I know how to light them. To-night, you just see how I shoot them off."

That night Pedring called all of his playmates. At about eight

o'clock firecrackers could be heard everywhere.

Bang! Bang! "Pedring, Pedring," shouted his mother, "is that you playing with the firecrackers again?" Pedring did not hear his mother.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The explosion was louder than before. Mother looked out of the window. She saw something strange. Many boys were crowding around Pedring. There were others rushing to him. Pedring could not say anything. His face was distorted with pain. One thing was sure. His right hand was badly burned.

**Just a Cold**

Ha . . . ching!"

"Pepito, you must stay in bed. You have a cold. I shall prepare some hot tea for you."

"O Mother, does a sneeze make a cold? I am going out to play. I am not sick," and the boy skipped out of the house.

"Pepito! Pepito-o-o-o! Where are you?" Mother shouted. But Pepito was gone.

After a while, the boy crept into his room and wrapped himself up in a thick blanket. Mother found him doubled up in a heap on the bed.

"Now, my boy, what is the matter?"

ENLARGE YOUR VOCABULARY

By MISS MARGARITA SANTOS *

I. On the left-hand column are expressions which are italicized. From the words on the right-hand column select the word that has nearly the same meaning as the word in italics.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| 1. <i>appropriate</i> title for | strong |
| the story | |
| 2. mother <i>consoled</i> me. | tired |
| 3. the <i>sturdy</i> acacia tree | clear |
| 4. <i>huge</i> animal | cheered |
| 5. the <i>mischievous</i> boy | big |
| 6. the <i>weary</i> traveler | suitable |
| 7. <i>vivid</i> description | naughty |
| 8. <i>tremendous</i> earth- | splendid |
| quake | |
| 9. her <i>response</i> was clear | terrible |
| 10. <i>pompous</i> ceremony | reply |

II. Fill the blanks with words selected from the left hand column:

- We saw a _____ elephant in the circus.
- They were, _____ after the journey.
- My dress is not _____ for the dance.
- I do not like to play with _____ boys.
- A _____ streak of lightning flashed.
- She gave no _____ to my question.
- The _____ mango tree was uprooted.
- We _____ the old woman.
- The _____ wedding celebration lasted for two days.
- A _____ flood visited the town.

* Teacher, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

(Please turn to page 27 for the answers.)

"I feel very, very cold." Pepito's teeth were chattering.

"Ah, my boy, you have a chill."

By and by Mother came. She made Pepito drink a cup of hot tea with plenty of lemon juice. Then she sent for their doctor.

Pepito was laid up in bed for a whole week. Even when he had no more fever he was not allowed to go out. He heard the boys shouting and laughing on the ground, but he was too weak even to laugh.

"It was only a cold, Mother, why did I become very sick?"

"A cold is a very bad thing to have, my child. You have to rest to get rid of it. You cannot cure yourself by not paying attention to it."



*A centavo a day
Makes my save-box gay
Save one always*

GRADE ONE

Draw the picture.

1. It is round.

It is made of coconut shell.

I keep my money in it.

It is a .

2. It is small.

It is round.

Father gave it to me.

I put it in my pocket.

I can buy a banana with it.

It is a .

GRADE TWO

Pablo was reading a book. He learned many words in it. They taught him where he could keep his money.

Here are the words he read:

1. save-box
2. pocket
3. handkerchief
4. bank



The Good Reader

Conducted by M...

5. wardrobe

6. books

Put a check after the short words.

Put a cross after the long words.

GRADE THREE

Mother sent Paz to market. She said, "Paz, here are twenty centavos. Buy some fish and fruit with them."

Paz went to market. She bought fish for ten centavos. She paid five centavos for five big oranges and five centavos for three bananas.

Write cheap or dear in the blank:

1. The fish was cheap.
2. The big oranges were dear.
3. The three bananas were cheap.

GRADE FOUR

Pedro and Jose were friends. Pedro was a thrifty boy. Jose was not.

Here are some sentences that tell what each boy did.

He gave away his pieces of clean paper.

Readers' Corner

Miss Dolores Silos*

He used his notebooks wisely.

He bought a bottle of ink for four centavos.

He wanted candies better than books.

Copy all the correct sentences under *Pedro*.

Copy all the correct sentences under *Jose*.

GRADE FIVE

If you will use *sometimes*, *never* and *always* correctly in the blanks you will have a nice story about a thrifty boy.

1. Juan ~~At~~ *always* saves a peseta each month.

2. *but Jose*, he saves more.

3. He _____ spends his money foolishly.

4. _____ he spends some of it for the things he needs in school.

5. Juan says, "I shall _____, _____ save money for things I do not need."

GRADE SIX

Let us see how fast you can memorize this acrostic for your opening exercises.

S—is for the "silver" we *keep* within our door,

A—is for some "adding" we should *do* to have more;

V—is for the "valuable" you and I must *spend our money for*,

E—is for "extravagance" all should befriend *nevermore*.

GRADE SEVEN

1. Place these words under the correct letters below:

energy, self, empire, virginity, eyes, seconds, vow, answer, speech, assignment, vision, ship, virtue, appearance, effort, age, enemy, art, silver, vivacity

S A V E

2. Read the words in each column. Close your eyes and memorize them. Now, name these things you must save.

(Turn to page 27 for the answers)

SWINGING

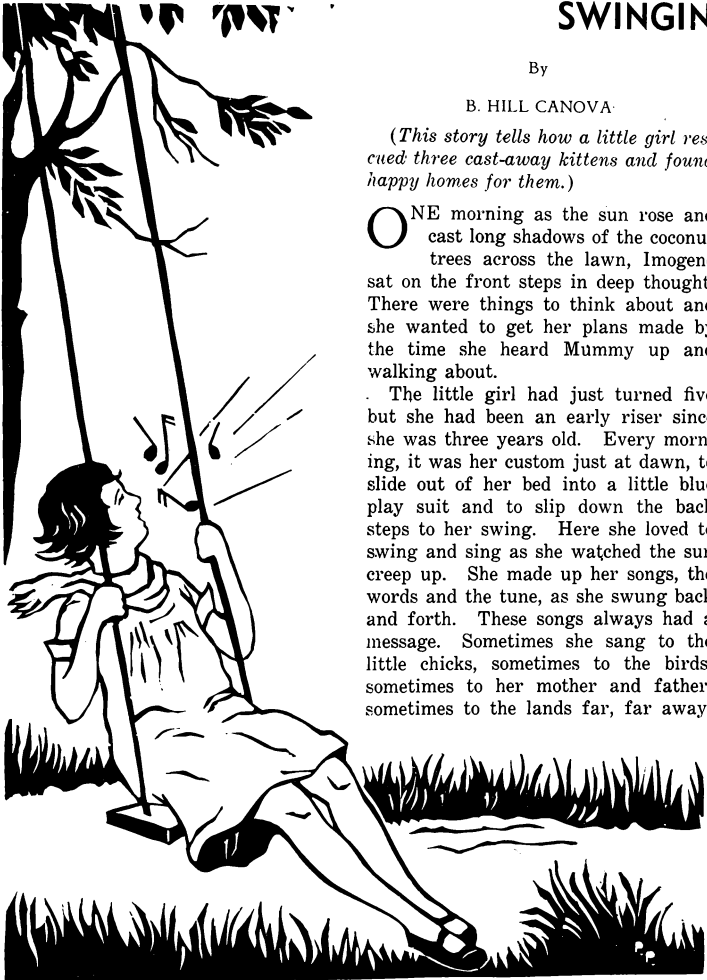
By

B. HILL CANOVA

(This story tells how a little girl rescued three cast-away kittens and found happy homes for them.)

ONE morning as the sun rose and cast long shadows of the coconut trees across the lawn, Imogene sat on the front steps in deep thought. There were things to think about and she wanted to get her plans made by the time she heard Mummy up and walking about.

The little girl had just turned five but she had been an early riser since she was three years old. Every morning, it was her custom just at dawn, to slide out of her bed into a little blue play suit and to slip down the back steps to her swing. Here she loved to swing and sing as she watched the sun creep up. She made up her songs, the words and the tune, as she swung back and forth. These songs always had a message. Sometimes she sang to the little chicks, sometimes to the birds, sometimes to her mother and father, sometimes to the lands far, far away,



AND SINGING

etc. To the chicks she sang:

"Do not worry, chicks, there will be plenty food,
There will be plenty if you are very, very good."

To the little birds she sang:

"Be brave, little birds, be brave one and all,
I'll catch you, little birds, if you should fall."

When she sang to her mother and father she often made promises to be a good girl or told them of the animals and pets. One morning her song said:

"I have a good Mummy, and a good Daddy too,
They have a little girl and she must be true."

And so on her swinging and singing went.

This morning, however, she was silent and thoughtful. And what had made her so? Why was she not swing-

ing and singing as usual? The evening before, Anita, the little daughter of the *lavandera*, had said to Imogene: "Do you know what we have at our house?"

"What?" asked Imogene interestedly.

"Three baby kittens."

"How lovely. May I have one?"

"You may have all three of them," replied Anita sadly.

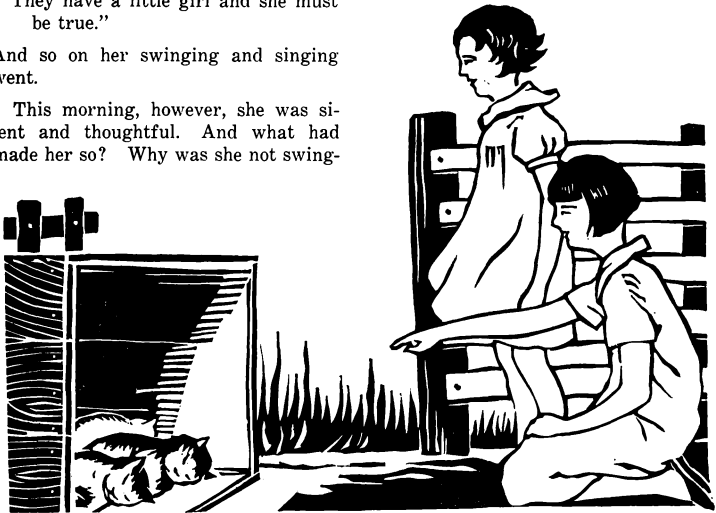
"Do you like to give all of them away?"

"No, I do not like to, but my mother says that in a few days when Pedro comes home from Bais he will have to take the babies far, far away."

"Take the babies far away?" questioned Imogene in disbelief.

"Yes, far, far away."

(Please turn to page 35)



GREAT MEN



LINCOLN'S first dog whom he dearly loved and who loved him dearly came to him in an interesting way when he was just a seven-year-old boy. One hot summer day, Lincoln and his playmate Austin Gollaher were playing in the woods. They heard a strange sound like that of a baby's cry. When

Lincoln and His Dog

the pleading whine was repeated, the boys traced the sound and found among the bushes a dog with a broken leg. Making a splint of bark, Abe put the leg of the dog in it and carried the animal gently into a cave. The boy took care of the dog for several weeks bringing it food and water every day. When the dog got well, Abe took it home, naming it Honey.

Honey later proved worthy of Abe's love and care. One day the boy was sent to the mill to have his father's corn ground. While it was being done, he wandered in the woods with his dog. Finding a cave, the boy climbed upon a rock at the entrance. Another boulder fell beside the first rock and Abe was pitted between the two rocks. Going back to the mill, Honey barked excitedly until the men followed him to where Abe was.

Another Lincoln-and-His-Dog Story

WHEN LINCOLN was 21 years old, the family moved from Indiana to Illinois. The journey was long and dangerous for there were swollen streams on the way. There were a covered wagon and a team of eight oxen driven by Lincoln. His pet dog trotted along. One day the dog fell behind. After crossing a big

stream, Lincoln missed the dog. Looking back, they saw it on the other bank, jumping about and crying in distress. The stream was swollen and strewn with broken pieces of ice. It was therefore decided to leave the dog behind. But Lincoln could not forget the dog. Taking off his socks and boots, he waded across the river, the cold water mak-

OF FEBRUARY



ing his feet ache. When he got across, the dog jumped up and licked his face all over. Carrying the overjoyed dog in his arm, Lincoln crossed the stream and overtook his companions, the dog running along by his side. Now and then, he would leap up to lick his hand.

"His frantic leaps of joy and other evidence of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone," Lincoln said.



JOSÉ BURGOS

With joy we hail a famous priest,
A servant of our native sod,
Who served with faith both Church and
State,
Great Father Burgos, man of God.

He taught, and wrote and wisely
preached,
Defending rights of low and high;
His cruel foes did hate his views
And sent him in a jail to die.

He faced his death with martyr's calm,
This holy man of saintly mind
Who, dying, did forgive his foes,
A nobler soul is hard to find.

Unmoved, and firm, and bowed in
prayer,
He met his death, for well he knew
He did his work with conscience clear
And fought for God and justice too.

—Francisco Carballo

The Boy George Washington

By RESTITUTO CARPIO

ONE summer day in 1746 there anchored on the Potomac River an English man-of-war just below where the city of Washington now stands. The English officers usually called at the home of Major Lawrence George Washington, adjutant-general of Virginia. His acquaintance with English naval officers was wide. As these officers were gathered at the table, George Washington listened intently to their heroic tales of naval fights. These stories inspired him a great desire to join the English navy.

As George Washington's father was already dead, his brother Lawrence acted in his father's place. When the boy's plan was made known to Mary Washington, his mother, she rebelled against it, but later she was induced to give her consent. However, on the day of parting, when George Washington's enlistment paper was given to her for signature, she flatly refused to sign it, crying—

"I can't bear the thought of my boy's going to sea. There will be a time when I need him at home."

So young George had to give up his plan to join the English navy. His luggage which had been taken on board the English man-of-war was returned to Mount Vernon. And the future career of this fourteen-year-old boy had

begun.

In commemoration of this event, Mary Washington took occasion to present George Washington with a penknife having a beautiful handle. She said,

"George, I have a present to give you. I hope that whenever you use it, it will remind you of your mother. This penknife was given by a friend from England. I want you especially to keep it."



Years later this knife served a glorious purpose. When George Washington was asked to take command of the Revolutionary Army, he did not know what to do. While he was debating it in his mind, he happened to stick his hand into his pocket.

There he felt the knife and pulled it out. He at once remembered what his mother had told him. Then he made up his mind to accept the trust his countrymen wished to put into his hands. He told them, however, that as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Army he should not receive any salary except traveling expenses actually incurred.

The knife taught him a beautiful lesson: "*Never Shirk a Duty.*"

QUESTIONS

1. Do you know of boys or girls who obeyed their parents and who later became great or successful? Relate their story.

(Please turn to page 37)

HE LEARNED A LESSON

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ

"Who did that?" asked Mr. Santos of his seventh grade pupils.

There was complete silence in the room. A few moments before, someone at the end of the third row made a funny sound. Mr. Santos, who was explaining and writing something on the board, quickly turned around and with his searching eyes, saw the guilty person. He was very sure it was Jose who did it, but in order to find out whether Jose would tell the truth or not, he asked, "Did you do it, Jose?"

"No - - no, S - - Sir," stammered Jose.

"Don't you know who did it?"

"No, sir," lied Jose for a second time.

Mr. Santos proceeded with the lesson. When the previous incident was almost forgotten by the class, Mr. Santos asked someone to get a few pieces of chalk. Jose, who always wanted to be out of the room, volunteered to do this work. While he was on his errand, Mr. Santos called Juanito, the seatmate and best friend of Jose.

"You know who made that sound don't you? You do not want to tell us who, because you are afraid of him—true?"

"Yes, Mr. Santos," replied Juanito. "Jose said he would box me if I told on him," he added in a low voice.

"He said that, . . . really?" asked Mr. Santos.

"Yes, sir. Pedro heard it, too."

"It is true. I heard him," testified Pedro.

"Well, class! You don't want Jose to get away with that. You would surely

like him to become a truthful boy. We need to punish him. Can you suggest a good punishment that will teach him a lesson?"

"Let us send for his parents," Angel suggested.

"I believe that will not help," protested Juanito. "He is not afraid of his parents. He is my neighbor and I know how his parents punish him. They beat him in the same way as a cruel driver beats his horse; yet, he does not improve," he added very seriously.

"Let us not play with nor talk to him until he learns to tell the truth," suggested a bright little boy.

"Yes, yes! That is a good idea," agreed the others.

"All right, we will do that then." agreed Mr. Santos.

Soon after this brief exchange of opinions in the class, Jose came in with some chalk. Mr. Santos thanked him and continued discussing the lesson with the class.

During the week that followed Jose noticed a great change in the attitude of his classmates toward him. Nobody would lend him a pencil or a book. None would talk with him. Even Juanito, his best friend, tried to avoid him and played with other boys. He at once guessed the cause of the sudden change.

One Monday morning, during the opening exercises, while the class was dramatizing "Coralie's Necklace," Jose was restless and feeling very unhappy. He thought the program was being

(Please turn to page 39)

MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH

The Violet

By Jane Taylor



Down in a green and shady bed,
 A modest violet grew,
 Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
 As if to hide from view.
 And yet it was a lovely flower,
 Its color bright and fair;
 It might have graced a rosy bower,
 Instead of hiding there.
 Yet thus it was content to bloom,
 In modest tints arrayed;
 And there diffused a sweet perfume
 Within the silent shade.
 Then let me to the valley go
 This pretty flower to see;
 That I may also learn to grow
 In sweet humility.

Study Help

The big, bright red gumamela flowers seem to call to you as you pass by. You cannot help seeing the attractive yellow bells that lean against walls or cover gates and roofs of cottages. Name some more flowers that expose themselves to gazers. Name some flowers that are pretty and sweet but do not attempt to attract people's attention.

Read "The Violet" through silently. What picture do you see in your mind after one reading? Read each stanza over again. What does each stanza tell about the violet? Give one word used by the poet that describes the violet. What word in the last stanza names the character trait that a child can develop if she imitates the violet?

Read the poem aloud to your mother or to a friend. Read it over and over again, remembering the pictures in order and remembering the words that describe them. Now, try to recite the poem from memory. When you come to a place where you cannot go on, look at the part and read. Repeat until you have memorized the whole poem.

After an hour, recite it. The next day repeat it. Let two days pass and recite it again.

Little Poems by A Great Poet

Every school child has, sometime during his school days, learned such simple but beautiful rhymes like "Ferry Me Across the Water," "Boats Sail on the Rivers," "Who Has Seen the Wind," "O Sailor, Come Ashore." The author of these little poems wrote many others

which are worth memorizing. Christina Rossetti, the poet, was born in England and lived in England, although the blood in her veins was Italian. She started writing when still a child. Below are poems written by her at the age of eleven.

TO MY MOTHER

Today's your natal day,
Sweet flowers I bring:
Mother, accept I pray
My offering.

And may you happy live,
And long us bless;
Receiving as you give
Great happiness.

HYMN

To the God who reigns on high,
To the Eternal Majesty,
To the blessed Trinity,
Glory on earth be given,
In the sea and in the sky,
And in the highest heaven.





THE GOLDEN IMAGE

By ALICE FRANK

(Continued from

their raft of bamboo held together with rattan.

After a luncheon of their dried venison they lashed their precious burdens to the raft and cut loose, each boy holding a long bamboo pole to help with the navigation in case they should ground on some shallow spot in the little river.

THROUGH the valley flowed a stream fed by many brooks that tumbled down its sides. When they reached it, Pablo all of a sudden had an idea.

"If this stream were only a little deeper, Ulan, we could make a raft and float down to the coast. Of course, I don't know how near home this stream comes out. But there is a good road along the coast almost all the way around the island. With these heavy sacks it would be much easier walking along a road than scrambling over a lot of mountains and squeezing through a lot of brush and jungle. And," he added hopefully, "some kind person might invite us to ride in an automobile!"

"That's a fine idea," replied Ulan. "Now isn't it a good thing I went so far down the valley yesterday looking for camotes. Just an hour's walk down stream a big tributary flows in, and then the stream is really a river and would float a raft easily. Let's do it!"

So down stream they went, and upon reaching the large tributary, they put down their sacks, and started cutting bamboo and rattan. They worked hard, and, by noon, they had finished

The current carried them along at a good rate, and only a few times did they have to push themselves off of sandbanks. What an easy and luxurious method of travel it seemed!

Once in the afternoon they came to some rapids, but the raft came through safely, though water washed over the raft so deep and with such force that it very nearly washed the boys right off.

At night they tied the raft to a tree and camped on the bank of the river.

And next morning they shoved off, and continued their course down stream. The river had received a number of tributaries in the part of its course they had just traversed and was much larger now.

Twice in the course of the morning they saw little settlements of *infiles*. While passing them the boys were somewhat nervous fearing that they might be shot at from ambush. But the *infiles* were probably working in their *cañigins* at some distance from their

OF SRI VISAYA

LIN BRYANT

the January issue)

homes, and the boys saw only a woman with a baby in her arms and three little children clinging to her skirt.

The morning passed away, the boys feeling lazy and contented, and the sun beating down on them. By and by they both became so sleepy that they dozed off.

A swift motion of the boat as it whirled sharply around awoke them with a start. In an instant they saw that they were in dangerous rapids, and ahead of them they heard a great, continuous roar.

"A waterfall!" shouted Ulan.

Both of them reached for their bamboos to try to check the raft in its mad course and propel it toward the shore. But the poles had already been carried away by the swirling water. Probably they would have been

useless, anyway.

The raft plunged crazily through the rapids racing along near the middle of the river with both boys clinging to it in sheer desperation. To swim in such a raging current was impossible.

Nearer and nearer grew the roar from the falls, which now seemed just around a bend they were approaching. They realized they were absolutely powerless to prevent their raft from plunging over the precipice.

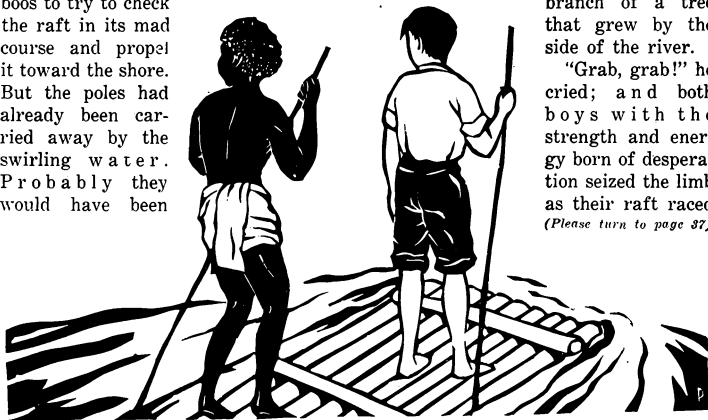
The raft was whirled quickly around the bend, and there, indeed, less than a hundred yards ahead of them, the whole river plunged over a fall sending a cloud of spray high into the air, and causing a deafening roar.

But the strong current, in sweeping them around the bend, also carried them over near the far bank of the stream. Pablo saw in a flash that they were about to be carried under the long, low

branch of a tree that grew by the side of the river.

"Grab, grab!" he cried; and both boys with the strength and energy born of desperation seized the limb as their raft raced

(Please turn to page 37)



Scene I

On the street

(Jose shakes hands with Ricardo)

Jose: Congratulations, Ricardo. You surely acted your part as George Washington in the playlet very well.

Ricardo: Thank you, Jose. I'm glad you like it. I was afraid I might not do it well and thus disappoint our teacher.

Jose: You should have seen how proud Miss Reyes was, of you. When the principal and the other teachers congratulated her excellent playlet she proudly and gladly said that the success was wholly owing to your very good acting. Aren't you glad?

Ricardo: I should say I am. You know, Jose, my good acting was perhaps due to my great admiration for George Washington. Ever since I read the story about the cherry tree and his



hatchet, I have always liked him. He has been my hero since then. My greatest ambition is to be just as honest, just as truthful, and just as brave as he.

Jose: That is where our opinions agree. George Washington is also my hero and what I admire most in him is his honesty. I have always wanted to be like him, too.

Ricardo: So with me, but you see, I have never had a chance to show just how honest I am. There are times when I feel like cutting down my father's much beloved chico tree so that I can make a show of my courage in admitting a fault in spite of fear of punishment.

Jose: How proud your father and mother would then be of you! It's a pity, chances like those don't happen. Well, here is my home. Won't you drop in for a few minutes?

Ricardo: No, thank you, Jose. Mother is perhaps waiting for me. Till tomorrow, then.

Jose: So long, till tomorrow.

Scene II—Ricardo's Home

Ricardo arrives home and finds nobody in the house. He goes to the dining room. He gets a glass of water and starts to drink when suddenly, the glass slips from his hands and falls on the floor broken to pieces. He collects the pieces in the dust pan and throws them

CHARACTER EDU

OPPORTUNI

MISS DOLORES

CATION SECTION

TY KNOCKS

TENSUAN

in the garbage can. He goes to the sala, and sits in an armchair and reads.

(Ricardo's father and mother enter beaming with smiles.)

Father: *(tapping Ricardo on the shoulders.)* Well, my boy, your mother and I are very proud of you. You acted your part very well, indeed.

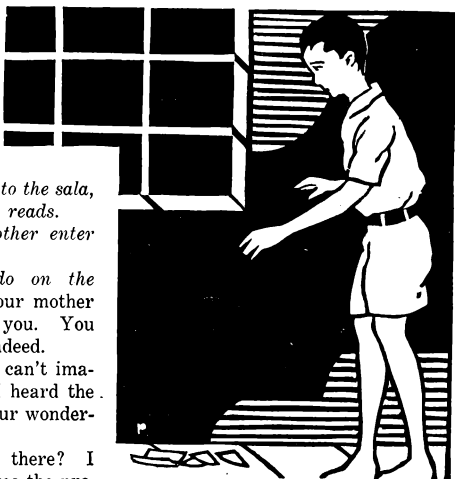
Mother: Yes, my son, you can't imagine how glad I was when I heard the praises of the audience on your wonderful acting.

Ricardo: So you were there? I thought that you would not see the program. I wonder why I didn't see you.

Father: How could you when there were so many people. My dear son, your excellent performance this afternoon has made your mother and me very happy, but we will be a hundred times happier if you will try to be as honest, as truthful, and as brave as George Washington, whom you so realistically impersonated in all your words and actions.

Ricardo: That, I promise, I will, father. O, if I would only have a chance like my hero. The question is we don't have opportunities to prove our true character nowadays.

Father: There is where you are sadly mistaken, my son. Opportunities to do worthwhile deeds can be found everywhere and anytime, if only you have eyes for them.



(Mother enters the room holding the broken pieces of glass.)

Mother: Maria . . . Maria . . . Where is our maid? That careless girl broke this glass. Now, my beautiful glass set is incomplete.

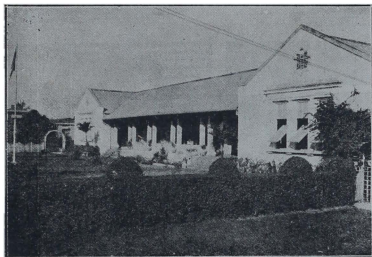
Ricardo: Mother, I . . . I wa-s-

Mother: Run, Ricardo call Maria. I will make her pay for this so that she shall learn to be more careful in handling things.

Ricardo: But, mother, Maria has no fault. I broke the glass accidentally. I'm very sorry, mother.

Mother: So you broke it, then? I thought it was Maria because I told her to wash the glasses before we left this afternoon. Of course, I'm sorry about the glass, but I would have been sorrier had you allowed Maria to bear the blame

(Please turn to page 33)



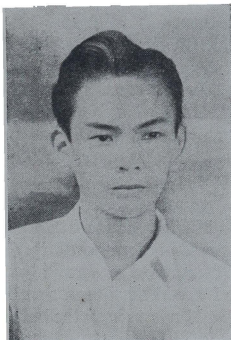
*Gomez Elementary School
Manila*

PICTO

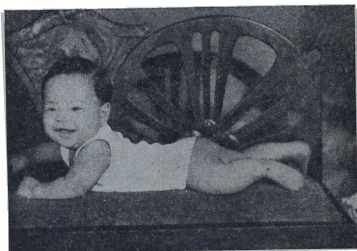
*Home Economics Building, Burgos
Elementary School, Manila*



*Champion declaimer, Sta. Ana
Elementary School*

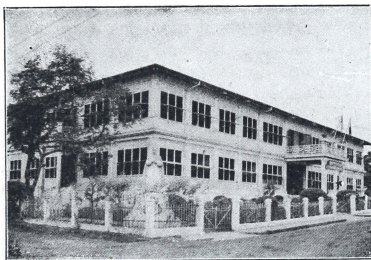
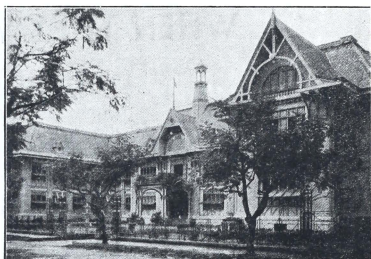


*Baby Dante
Read his sister's description of him on page 32.*



D R I A L

Legarda Elementary School, Manila. First Prize Winner, Clean-up Week—1936

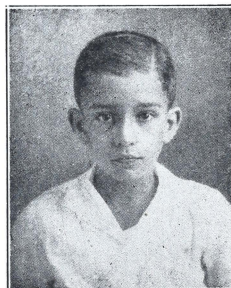


*Burgos Elementary School
Manila*

*Tomas Raig
Read his letter to
Aunt Alma on
page 32*



*Sylvia G. Sineo
Admiring a Japanese vase.*



WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG

VICTORINO MAPA

Born February 25, 1852

Victorino Mapa, one of the first Filipino chief justices of the Supreme Court, was born in Calibo, Capiz, on February 25, 1852.

As a child Victorino was very fond of books and read everything that attracted his fancy. He was a quiet boy and wanted to be alone most of the time. He liked to wander in the woods, the plains and the meadows, as well as on the seashore. He also loved dumb animals and was very kind to them.

Because his parents had high hopes for him, he studied hard to be worthy of them. He was deeply interested in current events. Literature, history, philosophy, and mathematics were his favorite subjects.

Victorino Mapa took the law course in Sto. Tomas, where he showed the same eagerness and patience that he

had had in the lower grades. In order to gain practical experience, he apprenticed himself while yet a student, to a well-known law firm.

He practiced law in his home province, where he soon gained admiration for both his ability and his honesty. He did not defend cases merely to make money or to earn popular favor. Always bearing in mind his duty to the community, he only accepted cases when he was sure that they were just.

Because of his honesty and ability, Victorino Mapa was appointed mayor of Iloilo by the Spanish authorities. It was the first of a number of important positions he occupied under both the Spanish and American rule. Throughout his long years of service, he always showed honesty and unflinching devotion to duty.

SUNSET GOLD

By A. C. CANCELLER

Ligao, Albay

I asked you where and how could I
Get also gold that you and others find;

You answered me that I should try
To dig the earth or work beneath the
mine.

I dug and dug from morn till night;
I could not find a shining piece of gold,

Again I dug with all my might
And yet no precious stone I could behold.

These many days I dig the ground no
more,
Instead I dream and write of things I
see;

I find more gold than what I asked
before
In gazing too, at sunsets in the sea.



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz *



“GOOD TURNS”

“Do a good turn daily”—that is the slogan of scouts. It is the principle upon which the helpfulness of a scout is based.

What is a good turn? Any service, small or great it may be, when done with no materialistic intent, but with the desire to accommodate and help, is a good turn.

Every boy of scout age must have read of the knights in the olden days. King Arthur and his Round Table still exist in the minds of adventurous boys. In modern times, one can also find knights—knights as gallant, as chivalrous, and as brave as the knights of old. These modern knights, we call *Boy Scouts*.

The medieval knight made it a point to do some helpful thing at least once a day. To him, a day was incomplete if, during that day, he was unable to render service to somebody.

In the hearts of our modern knights, this spirit of gallantry and service still exists.

“Do a good turn daily.”

That is the scout slogan, the modern terminology of the Medieval Rule. The rapid rise of civilization and the swift advancement of science have not eliminated opportunities for the Scout to show that he is prepared to “Do a good turn daily.”

In the streets, in the bus, in school, in the playground, at home, and in fact, everywhere, one can always find a chance to render service to those who need it.

Good turns may be insignificant. But they are an indispensable part and parcel of the making of a man.

A banana peeling lying on the sidewalk may prove to be the cause of a broken arm or leg. To see it in such a place is a great opportunity for the Scout to do some useful service. To furnish information to a stranger in town, to carry a bundle for Mother, to sharpen a pencil for Sister, to tell the meaning of “dog” to your inquisitive little brother—all these are good turns.

But the performance of these little tasks is not all that there is to a good turn. The spirit with which the service is rendered is necessary too. To be able to help with a cheerful smile, not only in our faces but in our hearts as well, is almost an ideal quality of human beings.

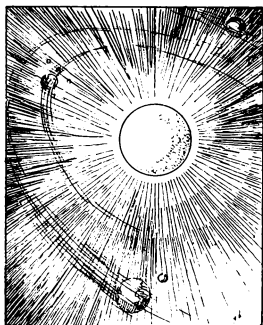
As Scouts, we have a mission to accomplish. The passing of tests, the achievement of higher ranks, the receiving of various awards—these are far less significant things when compared to the daily particles of joy that we bring to the hearts of the people whom

(Please turn to page 38)

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

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

THIS EARTH OF OURS



More About the Behavior of the Earth

There are several factors, some of which are unknown, that produce differences in weather. One of these is the earth itself, its movements, shape, and form, and its mountains, valleys, and oceans.

The earth has two important movements. It turns on its axis once every twenty-four hours. This movement causes day and night. It is called rotation. The other movement called revolution refers to the earth's travel around the sun. It takes the earth about three hundred sixty-five days to complete one revolution.

The earth as it travels in its pathway through the sky does not stay in the same position with relation to the sun at all times. At certain times during the year, its position is such that the sun would be directly over its middle. This is true on about the twenty-first of March and twenty-first of September. At this time days and nights are of equal length.

After March twenty-first, the earth changes its position a little each day. The south pole tips farther and farther away from the sun while the north pole tips toward it. This movement

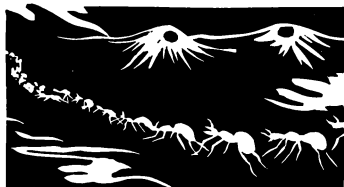
AUNT JULIA'S

Ant Ways

Ants are experts in care of the baby. The ant nurses know exactly how to feed and take care of the baby ants in their various stages—as grub or larva, as pupa, and as a real baby ant.

When the grub is ready to sleep, the nurses cover it with earth which serves as a bed. The grub then weaves a silken cocoon around itself. When the cocoon is finished and the pupa is already asleep, the nurses very carefully remove the covering of earth.

When the sleeping period is over and the baby ant is ready to come out, it does not have to bite its way out. The nurses know exactly when the pupa should wake up. The attendant workers are called upon to rip the cocoon on



one side and tenderly help the occupants to escape. These little baby ants are pale and weak and their skin is very soft. They are called *callows*. While the *callows* are hardening their skin, they are fed and cleaned by the nurses.

At first only wingless workers are produced. of the earth goes on until the twenty-first of June, when an opposite movement starts. In June the sun seems to be farther north. The days are, in this part of the year, longer than the nights in the northern hemisphere.

After September twenty-first, the north pole tips away and the south pole tips toward the

(Please turn to page 27)

TRUE STORIES

Are Seeds Useful to Men?

For lunch last Sunday Rosa had the following: boiled rice, *lumpia*, chicken stew, corn-on-the-cob, and chocolate ice cream. Some of the ingredients in the *lumpia* are *chicharo*, soya bean cake, cabbage, pork, and shrimps. Her dessert was *palitao* with sugar, coconut, and *liñga*.



Can you make a list of the different kinds of seeds in Rosa's meal? Think of the seeds you had for breakfast and other meals. Now, state one use of seeds to men.

Later winged males and females come. They develop into kings and queens. These have to leave the nests for mating purposes, but they must do so when the weather is mild and sunny. The workers who guard them decide when they should go out.

Once out of the nest, the winged males and females climb up some plant stalks where they can spread and try their wings. Then they fly to great heights and the males and females make love to one another. Shortly after this enjoyment of freedom, the males die. The females who are ready to become queens either start new colonies or go back to the old nest to add to the population of the old colony.



Rosa's father keeps chickens and pigeons. The family can thus have fowl meat whenever they need some. Their chickens are fed with corn and palay; the pigeons with mongo and rice. Give another use of seeds.

How would it feel to take a bath without soap? Oil is an important material in soap-making.

Name a few seeds from which oil is obtained. Can you name other things in the making of which oil is needed?

People who live in the country use plants to relieve pain or heal diseases. Have you seen old-fashioned midwives apply roasted *calumbibit* on babies' navel? Castor oil is made from the seeds of a plant called in Tagalog *tañgan-tañgan*. Ask your grandmother about other seeds used as medicine.

Have you seen baskets and ornamental curtains made from *tigbi* seeds? Fanciful necklaces have been made by girls from ipil seeds.

Write down the different ways in which seeds are useful to men.

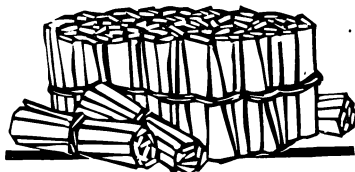


STORIES OF PHILIPPINE FUEL

I. TATAL

What kind of firewood does your mother use? "Bakawan" or "tatal"? Which is the better of the two? Why? Ask your mother for some information about each. The small pieces of wood which form a small one-centavo bundle of "tatal" used to be part of a big tree that once held its head proudly in a forest. This is the story of a bundle of "tatal":

"A month ago I was one of hundreds of big trees in a forest in Zambales. I was proud of my strength. My branches struggled with vio-



lent storms during the typhoon season. My leaves gave shelter to singing birds and humming insects. My trunk gave prop and food to various climbing plants whose stems hung like pendants from my boughs. How happy I was then!

"One day the morning dawned beautifully. The east was streaked with hues of the color of fire. I was gazing at the first rays of the rising sun when I heard loud voices below. Looking down, I saw men with axes and saws. Those with the saws lost no time in cutting me. When I fell, the other men chopped off my branches until I lay down stripped of all my beauty. I was nothing but an ugly log. I was sad, but not discouraged, for I believed I would be useful somewhere.

"I, with many others, was hauled by carabaos to the river. In rafts, we went down to the sea where we were towed by cascos. After three days I found myself in a place which people call "Bitas" in Tondo.

"The next morning I awoke in a small lumber yard. I was sawed into short pieces about a foot in length. Another man chopped me into thin pieces. My pieces were left in a heap in

HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

I. THE BURROW OF THE EARTHWORM

In your geography class you have studied about the homes of children of different parts of the world. You must have seen pictures of the igloo or ice house of the eskimo, of the sheepskin tent of the desert people, the grass-house of the dark children, and the stone and concrete buildings in America, Europe, and in our own country.

Do you know that animals, like men, build homes to suit their needs? There are many animals that live in little caves. Some cave dwellers live in damp dens, some in dry ones, some in the shade, and some in sunny places.

The earthworm makes its home in moist ground. It builds its burrow in a very interesting manner. It has no paws with which to dig. It has no snout with which to make a hole in the hard ground. But it burrows by eating its way into the rock. It swallows the dirt and incidentally takes in some food from



the dirt. The soil passes through its body and pushed out on top of the ground. You are perhaps familiar with the tiny pellets of earth heaped up on the moist ground. These pellets called *castings* are put in place by the tail end of the body which serves as a trowel.

The earthworm comes out of its burrow at the sun to dry. Afterwards a woman held two of my pieces together in her hand, placed a few chips over the big pieces, and laid another big piece over the chips. She then bound the pieces tightly together with banana stalk. The small bundles were placed together to form a large bundle. The storekeepers paid eighty centavos for one hundred bundles but sold us at a centavo a bundle."

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS on page 5

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| I | II |
| 1. suitable | 1. huge |
| 2. cheered | 2. weary |
| 3. strong | 3. appropriate |
| 4. big | 4. Mischievous |
| 5. naughty | 5. vivid |
| 6. tired | 6. response |
| 7. clear | 7. sturdy |
| 8. terrible | 8. consoled |
| 9. reply | 9. pompous |
| 10. splendid | 10. tremendous |

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS on pages 6 and 7

GRADE TWO

1. save-box (x)
2. pocket (✓)
3. handkerchief (x)
4. bank (✓)
5. wardrobe (x)
6. books (✓)

GRADE THREE

1. cheap
2. cheap
3. dear

GRADE FOUR

Pedro

He used his notebooks wisely.

He bought a bottle of ink for four centavos.

Jose

He gave away his pieces of clean pa-

per to find food. Sometimes all it needs to do is to stretch its head end of the hole and eat what it finds within reach. At other times it has to leave its hole to seek food. The earthworm eats leaves both fresh and partly decayed. For meat, it eats broken parts of insects.

There are many interesting things about the earthworm. It can crawl backward as well as forward. It is earless, eyeless, and footless, but it can do many wonderful feats.

More About the Behavior of the Earth

(Continued from page 24)

sun. The southern hemisphere in turn will have longer days than nights.

The Philippines is not far from the equator. Hence we are *near* the sun throughout the year and weather is warm all through the year. On which side of the equator is our country located?

Oceans and high mountains influence the weather of a place. Water absorbs heat from the sun and stores it up. In the cold season when the land should be very cold the near-by sea gives off the heat it has stored up and makes the land warmer than it would be if it were far from the sea. In the hot season, the air over the land is cooled by the air from the sea. Thus the land near the sea does not become extremely cold or unbearably hot.

Mountains affect climate by cutting off cooling winds from large areas. The wind from the sea contains moisture. When it blows toward the interior, it strikes against the mountains and the moisture falls as rain. When the wind reaches the place beyond the mountains, it is already dry. Because of such conditions, deserts exist beyond high mountains.

Baguio which is located among high mountains is much cooler than Manila. It is because the air grows thinner as we go upward from sea level. Air holds heat. The thinner the air, the less heat it holds. Hence the difference between the climate on the top of the mountain and that on the valley only a few miles away.

per.

He wanted candies better than books.

GRADE FIVE

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. always | 4. sometimes |
| 2. sometimes | 5. never, never |
| 3. never | |

GRADE SEVEN

S	A	V	E
self	answer	virginity	energy
seconds	assignment	vow	eyes
speech	appearance	vision	effort
ship	age	virtue	enemy
silver	art	vivacity	empire

SAFETY SECTION

She Nearly Lost Her Life

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ

"My child! Good . . . gracious! My child" cried Aling Maria shaking the head of her unconscious child. Blood was streaming from a big wound on the girl's forehead down to her lovely innocent face. It was raining hard, and, in spite of this, people gathered around the mother and the unfortunate child in the middle of the street.

She opened her eyes and looked around with surprise.

"Where am I, mother?" she asked when she saw her mother.

"In the hospital. But you are all right now. Child. Don't worry!" replied the mother.

The girl began to recall what had happened to her. She remained silent for a while think-



A policeman arrived shortly after and it took him a hard time to elbow his way into the crowd.

"What happened?" asked the policeman.

"That taxi . . . that taxi-driver," answered Aling Maria, between sobs, pointing to a man in a cab. "He drove his car recklessly and hurt my child. Please arrest him."

The policeman took the child and her mother into the cab and ordered the taxi-driver to take them to the Philippine General Hospital. The girl was given the necessary treatment and after about ten minutes she regained consciousness.

ing deeply. Then her face saddened and tears rolled out of her eyes. "Mother!" she exclaimed, and then cried bitterly.

"You are all right now. The doctor said you are now out of danger. Why do you cry? Do you feel any pain?"

"No, Mother. I am all right . . . but

"What is it?"

"My teacher," the girl answered.

"What has your teacher to do with this?"

"Yesterday—yes, it was only yesterday when I discussed with my classmates the meaning of the poster I have drawn. Oh! I cannot meet

INTERESTING PLACES

Angat Dam

By FORTUNATO ASUNCION *

"There is Angat Dam!" shouted one of the excursionists.

"Where?" chorused the rest.

The exclamation turned out to have been evoked by the roaring sound heard as the truck approached the place.

Sure enough, there was the great dam, as tranquil as it is attractive.

We beheld a wide expanse of water as the truck came to a stop.

Standing against the iron railings, we commanded a view of the famous place.

At the lower part of the embankment was a flower garden, made even more attractive by numerous small paths that lead to the bank of the wide river. Fruit-laden guava trees grow here and there. Flowering plants of various kinds are in bloom everywhere.

On the right is the quarters of the keeper. It is an average-sized house surrounded with vines. It is made of strong material.



Further down is the cemented part of the river bank, with a shed, two diving boards and two dressing rooms. None can resist the temptation of bathing when he stands on the place. Except this part, the bank is lined with tall ipil trees.

The roaring of the water is awe-inspiring. The deafening sounds is caused by the water dropping to a considerable depth. Right at

this part is the control mechanism which regulates the outflow of the water. Climbing a tower which rises at this spot, one can have a full view of the entire place.

Something peculiar will attract attention. Fishermen can be seen busily filling their bags with live fish caught at the point where the water drops from a fair height. The fish would be scared away, you might say, but the reverse is true for the poor fish likes to go against the current and in so doing finds a very easy road to the frying pan.

* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School.

my classmates. I cannot face my teacher."

"What poster is it?" asked the mother.

"It is in my bag. Would you mind getting it for me?" The mother took out of the bag a poster like this one:

HOLD YOUR UMBRELLA HIGH

"You cannot see when you hold your umbrella down over your face. Hold it up high. It is better to get a little bit wet than to get run over."

All those present looked at the poster.

"Don't worry. It was not your fault," said the mother in an effort to comfort the unhappy child.

"It was my fault, Mother. I was holding my umbrella down over my face. I heard the sound of the horn but I did not see the cab. I thought it was far off yet so I crossed the street hurriedly. Indeed, it was my fault."

"Never mind, Dear. You will surely not forget it again."

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The Young Citizen PANTRY

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN *



VALENTINE RECIPES

The month of February is generally associated with the gaiety, fun and laughter of the carnival season. This year, while it will be introduced by the Carnival Fair (now known as the Philippine Exposition) this will be interrupted by a world-wide celebration for Catholics—the Eucharistic Congress. Catholics from all parts of the world will then visit our fair isles—the only Christian country in the Orient. A solemn and holy aspect will then pervade the air.

But after this, the carnival season will continue in full swing when it will be closed by another mirthful occasion—Valentine's Day. This is always celebrated on the 14th of this month and is dedicated to sweethearts—to those who wish to show their affection to the opposite sex, either in a serious or comic way. This is celebrated by sending cards with love-

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilie Jacinto Elementary School.

tokens and by parties where red is the dominant color and foods are heart-shaped. Since we are all Nepa-minded nowadays, let me introduce a very common native recipe which can be made to suit the Valentine Spirit.

PALITAO

½ c rice
1 c glutinous rice
liñga
a pinch of red vegetable coloring
sugar
grated coconut

Mix the glutinous and ordinary rice. Sort, wash and soak in water overnight. In the morning, grind in the native grinder. Get a pinch of the red vegetable coloring and dissolve it in the ground mixture until it is of the desired redness. Put this in a bag of cloth and press between the 2 pieces of the native grinder to press out as much water as possible. A moist,

powdery mixture will be the result. Get this by tablespoons and mould into hearts. Put side by side on clean banana leaves.

Fill a kettle half-full of water and boil. Drop the heart-shaped palitao one by one, taking care not to let them be mixed together. When it floats, remove from the kettle and drain off the water. Roll in the grated coconut.

Heat the frying pan. Put in the *liñga*, stir constantly and toast until golden brown. Get a clean and round bottle if no rolling pin is available. Roll this over the *liñga* to reduce it to a powdery state. Mix with the sugar and serve with the palitao. This may be served with either hot or iced tea.

It will be noticed that instead of the colored rice and oblong shape, red vegetable coloring and heart shape is suggested to conform with the spirit of the season. Anyway the colored rice is used more for its grayish color than for its taste.

(Please turn to page 32)



DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

To add beauty to this picture
Color the skies azure,
Green the cactus on the bank
And the hedges by the fence;
Brown the house and the sand,
And blue the rippling river.



OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

(Continued from page 19)

for something the poor girl hasn't done. I'm glad, my son, that you are honest enough to own your fault.

Father: And let me add, that like your hero's father, I would rather prefer to have all those glasses broken than have my only son willfully evade telling

the truth when that truth has to be told.

Ricardo: O, father, I've always waited for an opportunity like this. I've always envied my hero, George Washington, for having had a chance to prove his honesty by admitting that it was he who cut the cherry tree. I thought that such a chance like that would never come to me. I have never dreamt that such a little thing

mother very happy.

Father: And why not, Ricardo? They are the little things, such as this one, that make up the big thing. That is the very reason I told you a few minutes ago, that opportunities to be good knock always. They can be found everywhere, and every time if you have your eyes, ears, heart, and hands open for them.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES



SWINGING AND SINGING

(Continued from page 9)

"Why, Anita?"

"Because we are many in our house, and we are very poor. When the kittens are big there will be no food for them. My mother says it is more kind to take babies far, far away before they can open their eyes than to have them starve when they are big."

"What will the babies do?" asked Imogene.

"I don't know," was Anita's plaintive answer.

"I will take them and my Mummy will give them food."

At this point Imogene ran into the house and announced, "Mummy, Anita is going to give me three little kittens."

"No, no, dear, you must not take Anita's kittens. You have two cats and those are enough for one house."

"But, Mummy . . ."

"Now, Imogene, do not nag. Run right out and play. I must finish these letters."

"But, Mummy . . ." Anita said.

Imogene's mother waved her out of the room and continued her correspondence. She hesitated with a heavy thud on each step as she returned to the back yard. The ideas going through her head were something like this: If big people would listen—if Mummy would let me tell her—if she only knew about the poor little kittens.

"Then Pedro will take them away."

"Far, far away," echoed Imogene mournfully.

Both little girls dug their toes into the dirt and said no

more about the kittens that afternoon.

All of this happened late in the afternoon of the day before, and that is why Imogene sat on the steps at dawn thinking hard. How to save the kittens was very important. Soon she heard her mother's steps in the dining room and decided to try once more to explain about the kittens. Slowly she went up the steps and entered the dining room.

"Good morning, my little girl," greeted her mother, "you are very quiet this morning. I did not hear any little songs."

"Mummy, you know the little kittens . . ."

"Now, dear, you must not be thinking about them any more. Anita loves kittens as well as you do, and I am sure she does not want to give them away."

"But these little kittens . . ."

"No, let's not talk about them. Two cats are enough for one little girl. Breakfast is ready. Hop into your chair."

Imogene ate her breakfast in silence. She was too busy thinking to try to talk. Her thoughts were: "Pedro will be home in a few days. Mummy will not let me tell her of the poor little kittens. We have plenty of food. I love little kittens so much. There are many in Anita's family—Pedro, Rufina, Anselma, Concepcion, Jose, Anita and the little baby. We are only three in our family. Daddy buys our food, but Anita's father is dead. The poor little kittens."

Before she had finished her breakfast she heard the *lavanderas* outside, and hoped that

Anita would be with her mother this morning.

In the back yard Imogene had a play house in a very large box. Inside of this were several small boxes which she played with as if they were her stove, icebox, etc. The house girl had made a small rag rug for the playhouse. When breakfast was finished Imogene hurried down to the playhouse, took one of the small boxes, placed the rag rug in it, gave it to Anita and told her: "Anita, you put the mother cat and the babies in this box."

Anita's round, dark eyes brightened as she asked, "Then you will take the kittens?"

"No, I will not take them. Mummy says we have plenty of cats at this house."

At this point the little girls held a short conference in whispers. Anita took the box and was soon out of sight in the direction of the barrio. Later in the morning she was back in Imogene's back yard.

Soon it was, "Mummy, may I have a cup of milk?"

"Why, sure you may."

"May I give Anita some also?"

"Yes, do give her some."

"There are many in Anita's house, but they have only little food."

"Yes, give her some milk."

The mother went about her morning duties, paying little attention to the little girl who usually played in her playhouse most of the morning.

Later it was, "Mummy, may I have bread and butter and some for Anita?"

"Yes, sure you may."

When Imogene finished her

lunch that day she went without a word to her *siesta*.

Her father remarked to her mother, "The kiddie is very quiet today. Do you think she is feeling well?"

"I think so. Twice this morning she came and asked for something to eat, once for milk and once for bread and butter."

"Well, as long as she eats like that, there can't be much wrong with her. Maybe she has something on her mind."

"Anita told her of some kittens at her house, and of course she wants them."

"If we offered Anita twenty centavos I expect she would gladly part with one of them. The young person loves kittens so."

"It isn't a problem of Anita's willingness to part with the kittens. I think she would give Imogene her head if Imogene wanted it. But with two cats, a duck, a chick, a lamb, some canaries and a turtle, it seems to me that is enough animals for one child. After all it means one more creature for me to look after."

"Right, right, our zoo is large and varied enough as it now stands."

"She will soon forget about it."

About four o'clock that afternoon Mrs. Connes and her little daughter, Bella, came to visit Imogene and her mother.

"I'm so glad to see both of you, and Bella. My little Imo-

gene will be delighted to have Bella play with her. Shall we go around this way to find her? She asked for a cup of milk a few minutes ago and I expect she is in her playhouse." Imogene's mother led the way around to the box playhouse. The little girl was not in sight. "Santa," called the mother to the *lavandera*. "di-in Imogene?"

The answer was a point towards the bodega.

As the two callers and their hostess approached the bodega they heard a new song and a new tune: the words were:

"Good, mother cat, don't cry,
don't cry.

To save your babies, I'll try,
I'll try."

Imogene was so busy stroking and comforting the mother cat that she did not see her mother and their friends until they were at her side. The old mother cat eagerly lapped the milk as the little girl sang to her. From the box which Anita had taken to the barrio that morning came faint news from the three kittens.

"My dear little girl, what have you here?"

"Oh, Mummy, please don't tell Pedro where the kittens are. They are such sweet baby kittens."

Bella's eyes beamed at the squirming little animals in the box. "Mother! mother! you promised me a kitty if you could find one."

"But," protested Bella's mother, "these belong to Imogene."

"No, Mummy says I can't

have them because I have two cats already."

"They belong to Anita..." Imogene's mother started to explain but Imogene took up the explanation herself.

"Mummy, in Anita's house there are many brothers and sisters. They have little food. They are very poor. They have no Daddy to buy food for them. By and by when the kittens are big there will be no food for them. When Pedro comes home he will have to take them far, far away. We are only three. Daddy buys plenty of food. Don't tell Pedro where the kittens are. Only Anita knows."

"Why didn't you tell Mummy that the kittens had to be taken away. Maybe we can find homes for them."

"You said I must not talk about it."

"I promised Bella and two of her playmates each a kitten if we could find some. We would love to give them a home," explained Bella's mother.

"Oh! goody, goody," cried Bella and hugged her mother's neck as tight as she could, "now I shall have a kitten."

Just at the break of dawn the next morning Imogene's mother heard her little daughter's voice singing happier than usual. The swing was going back and forth as high as it could and the song rang out:

"Little kittens, you are so nice,

You are so nice.

You shall have happy homes,
With plenty fish and rice."

NONOY'S ADVENTURES

(Continued from page 3)

room. Again he bawled with renewed vigor.

The man and woman were still there. "You have to stop him," said the woman, "or people will begin to notice."

The man looked at Nonoy with an angry frown on his ugly face as if he wanted to nail down Nonoy's mouth. He did not know what to do. The boy refused everything that was given him.

Then in the little silence that followed, they heard a loud, singing voice outside, "Puto! Puto!" At that familiar cry, Nonoy visibly brightened. The man saw his happy look.

He assumed again his friendliness for peace and beckoned Nonoy, "Come, we will buy puto. Don't cry anymore."

They went outside and called the vendor. When the latter stopped in front of them, a mutual look of recognition leaped from Nonoy to the man, from the man to Nonoy. The vendor, displaying his wares, was utterly confused and did not know what to think. An hour ago he had passed by this boy's house. He remembered the confusion there, the shouting of the old man, and the cries of the women and children.

Now this boy Nonoy was here with this man whose face was ugly as his heart perhaps was. He heard the man order, "Give me fifteen centavos worth of *cuchinta* and *puto*." Slowly the vendor counted, thinking, wondering. He wrapped up the *puto*, gave it to Nonoy. He clutched it tightly but when the

THE GOLDEN IMAGE

(Continued from page 17)

beneath it.

They pulled themselves on to the limb and sat there a few minutes to regain their breath. Pablo crossed himself and murmured the names of the Holy Family.

"Well," he said, in a manner-of-fact way, "our gold is gone. But isn't it good to be alive!"

"Yes," said Ulan, "I never could figure out just why you wanted gold so badly. Surely some good *diwata* has just befriended us!"

Then they made their way along the limb and down to the

man took him by the hand to lead him inside, the boy would not go. He shook his head stubbornly and clung to the vendor. The ugly-faced man pulled Nonoy and this decided the mind of the vendor. With all his might, he pushed the man so that he fell on the sidewalk. Then the vendor picked up Nonoy, leaving his wares behind and ran and ran crying, "Police! Police!"

People came running out of their houses. A shrill cry split the air; a policeman, then two immediately appeared. The vendor between gasps of breath told his story.

"You know where his home is?" asked a policeman as he stopped a taxi. The vendor nodded. The three of them got inside. Nonoy sank back on the cushions contentedly and opened his precious package of *puto* and selected the biggest piece of all for his first bite. That run had made him a very hungry boy.

THE BOY GEORGE . . .

(Continued from page 12)

2. What other stories of George Washington showed that he could be trusted? Tell them to the class.

3. What three scenes in this story can you present in a tableau?

4. George Washington did not wish to receive salary as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Army. Suggest an appropriate word to describe this character trait.

ground.

"We had better try to get home now," said Pablo. "We can go back afterwards and get some more gold."

Ulan agreed, and they made their way slowly and laboriously to the top of a crag that rose at one side of the waterfall to see if they could get any idea as to where they were.

"There, there," cried Pablo as they reached the top, "The ocean!" Sure enough, before them, and not far away, was an expanse of smooth, blue water with the mountains of another island rising on the far side. Pablo felt much nearer home at sight of it, and was very happy.

They scrambled down toward the bottom of the falls. Not a trace of the raft or its precious cargo was to be seen. The cloud of spray and mist concealed the base of the falls, and some of it fell like rain on the boys.

Near the falls they found a little path and were able to walk along it quite rapidly. Soon they should reach the coast and a good road.

(To be continued)

JOKES

Teacher—What do you call a lady from the Philippines?

Pupil—Filipina.

Teacher—Good. One from Italy?

Pupil—Italiana.

Teacher—Very good. And one from Berlin?

Pupil—Berlina.

Teacher—Excellent.

Menandro—I have an absent-minded neighbor. Once he lighted a firecracker with his cigarette. He threw the cigarette away and smoked the firecracker.

Alejandro (not to be outdone)—That is nothing. I know of a man who lighted two firecrackers at the same time. He threw his cigarette away and put the firecrackers in his ears.

Paz—Did you say the Big chief got married? Whom did he marry?

Engracia—Mischief.



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

(Continued from page 23)

we are able to help. We may not receive material compensation when we perform these little tasks, but somehow or other, we cannot help but feel gay and contented in knowing that we

HIS FATHER'S NAME

"Hey! you! Go away. Don't you see we are playing here?"

"Do you mean me?" asked a little boy.

"Yes, you! What is your name?" A big boy with a scowling face came up to the little boy.

"Florencio Choko."

"Ha? Florencio Chong-go?"

"Florencio *Cho-ko*, and that is my father's name, too.

"All right Florencio Chong-

go run a"

"Wham!" A well-timed punch landed on his lips, his eyes being too high for Florencio.

When the little boy had gotten over his surprise and had started to return the blow, he saw a teacher between them. As the bully turned away, he shook his fist at the little boy muttering, "Next time I see you, I will sock you."

Looking back Florencio said, "Yes, next time."

have made other people happy by our acts.

In February, 1937, there are two great events in which the Boy Scouts are expected to participate.

DOINGS IN THE SCOUT WORLD

On January 15, the Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Philippine Council, B. S. A. was held at the Cosmos Club, Manila. The election of officers was held. President J. E. H. Stevenot was re-elected for the fourth consecutive year. Various awards were distributed among the deserving Scouters. The Silver Carabao, the highest Scout Award in the Philippines, was awarded to President Stevenot and Regional Scout Executive Ernest E. Voss. The award is significant of the splendid contributions that these two men have given to the cause of our Youth.

The XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress is to be held in Manila and all Catholic Scouts are bound morally to render service.

Scouts are also expected to be on duty in the 1937 Exposition. More than a thousand scouts in the city of Manila and in the nearby provinces are preparing for this great event.

The traditional Annual Bugle and Drum Contest is scheduled for February twenty-second. All troops and Scouting units intending to participate in the contest should be practicing intensively by this time.

HE LEARNED A LESSON

(Continued from page 13)

shown just to torture him. Immediately after the opening exercises were over, Jose went up to his teacher and said.

"Mr. Santos, I am very sorry I lied to you. I was the one who made the funny sound. I hope you will forgive me." Then, turning to his classmates, he said, "My classmates, I am very sorry for what I have done. You have punished me very severely. I deserve that punishment. I promise you I'll be truthful from now on."

Tears gathered in his eyes. With bent head, he went quietly to his seat. The class was very quiet. In every heart there was a feeling of triumph mixed with a feeling of sympathy. One cannot really help sympathizing with Jose. In his face could be seen an expression of a heart-felt repentance.

FLOWERS ARE NOT GREEN

By TRANQUILINO SITOY

Malaybalay, Bukidnon

O pretty butterfly,
You have been flying high.
Tell me if you have seen
A flower colored green.
Little girl, I fly high,
And open every eye,
But I have never seen
A flower colored green.
Flowers are very bright.
Some are red, others white.
No eye has ever seen
A flower colored green.



TO MY FRIENDS

Tonight I'll gather moonbeams
When all the stars are bright,
When children all are sleeping
In the quiet of the night.

Sweet camias I shall pluck them,
And thread some roses white,
And scented ylang-ylang flow-
ers
Which are our own delight.

Tonight, my friends, I'll lay
them
On the "papag" where you
sleep;
My flowers you'll offer
And too, this love I keep.

By A. C. CANCELLER
Ligao, Albay

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

THE YOUNG CITIZEN has adopted this new size in order to enable children to handle the magazine more conveniently in the home or in the classrooms. To offset any decrease in the amount of reading matter arising from the reduction of the size, we have decided to increase the number of pages of each regular issue, excepting those for April and May.



The Message This Month

We Are Friends

We are friends, Juan and I.

People believe that we are friends because they see us always together. We play together. We go to school together. We study our lessons together.

Juan tells me that I am his friend because very often I lend him my pencil. I give him some of my papers when he does not have any. I allow him play with my toys. When I have candy I usually give him a piece.

I believe that Juan is really my friend because he often helps me in my lessons. Sometimes he protects me from the big boys who would try to hurt me because I am smaller than they are. He also shares his candies and toys with me. He is like a big brother to me and I his little brother.

We are friends.

Of course, sometimes we fight. For one or two days we do not like to speak to each other, but soon we become friends again.

Are we friends because people think so? Are we friends because we think so? Are we friends because we help each other, we share our candies and toys with each other?

We are friends not because of these things but because we really like each other. Juan likes me and I like him. In other words, we love each other.

It is love that makes us go to school together. It is love that makes us play together. It is love that makes us share our things together. It is love that makes us friends again after we have quarreled and fought. It is love that makes us friends.

We are friends only because we love each other.

—*Dr. I. Panlasigui*

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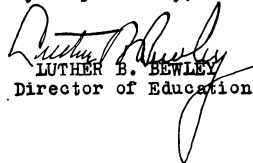
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