

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

OCTOBER, 1936

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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NUMBER 9

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE





The Thunder

Rolling, grumbling, mumbling low,
The Thunder thunders to and fro,
Shaking houses, shaking trees,
Scaring children, birds and bees.

Grumbling, mumbling, scolding loud,
Calling every little cloud
Home from playing peek-a-boo
With the wind and sunbeams too.

Scolding loud and scolding long,
The Thunder sends his dripping throng
Scuttling down and down and down,
Wetting mountain, plain and town.

The tall trees shake, small houses quake,
The Thunder laughs without a break,
Then spent with glee on this long spree,
The Thunder sleeps contentedly.

L. V. Reyes

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Aunt Julia

The Careless Girl



"Dela, Dela, where is the needle?"

"The needle? The needle?" Dela repeated to herself as she tapped her forehead. "Mother, I must have left it on . . . the sofa."

"Is the sofa the right place for a needle? Go and look for it."

"It is not on the sofa, Mother," Dela called.

"Look for it. You might have dropped it on the floor."

Dela looked down. Then she looked up. And she looked around the room.

"Look for it on the floor," her mother suggested.

Dela did not want to stoop.

"It is not anywhere, Mother."

"Last week you lost a needle. Yesterday you lost another. And today you misplaced a third."

"O Mother, you need not worry so much. A needle costs less than a centavo."

By and by, Dela's friend, Anita came.

"Dela, Father is taking us to town to see the parade. How would you like to go with us?"

"Hooray! Yes. I shall ask Mother if I may go."

As soon as her mother said "Yes," Dela rushed into her bedroom and pulled her Sunday dress from the hanger. Rip! A piece of edging was almost torn off her pretty dress.

Angry with herself, Dela cried,

"Mother, please let me have a needle and a piece of fine thread."

"I don't have any. Run to the store and buy a needle," her mother answered.

As Dela started to go, she heard the honking of an automobile.

"It is my father," Anita explained. "He cannot wait any longer. I have to run along. I am sorry, Dela," And Anita ran back to the car.

Dela was disappointed. But she knew she was to blame. In her anger, she seized the cushion on the sofa. She wanted to throw it into the farthest corner.

"Ara! What is that?" she cried. "It must be the needle," she thought.

She pressed the cushion between her hands carefully. There! The bright head of a needle popped out. To Dela, it seemed to be grinning and saying, "Good for you, careless girl."

READING TIME FOR LITTLE FOLKS

The Wonderful Book



MARIO



MOUNTAIN



RIVER

MARIO was a city boy. He had not seen a river. He had not seen a mountain.

"Mother," he said one day, "I want to see a river. I want to know what is found in the river. I want to see a mountain."

"Yes, dear, some day we shall go to your father's home town. There you will see a river. From your grandmother's window you can see a mountain."

"But, Mother, I want to know about a river now. I want to know what a mountain is."

"Run and play, my boy. When you are older, we shall go."

"No Mother, I do not want to play now. I want you to tell me about a river. I want to see a mountain."

"I am too busy to tell you about them now. Here is a book. Read it. It will tell you about things you do not know."

Mario opened the book. He turned its pages. There were many pictures. There were pictures of animals. There was a

picture of a river. There was a picture of a mountain.

"O Mother, this is a wonderful book. It has many beautiful pictures."

Mario began to read the book. It told him about a big river. Many boats went up and down the river. The boats carried coconuts, lanzones, and oranges.

Mario read on and on. He did not have to go away. He could read about rivers and mountains in the book.

"What a wonderful book, Mother," he said.

Choose the correct answer:

1. Mario lived in the (country, city).
2. He wanted to see a (river, driver).
3. What did his mother give him? (a book, a hook).
4. There were many (pitchers, pictures) in the book.
5. He read in it about a (little, big) river.

(Check your answers by reading the story again.)

The Good Readers' Corner

Conducted by Mrs. Juliana C. Pineda*

Grade One

Lita went to the market with Mother.
 Mother bought many things.
 Mother bought a big fish.
 She bought some mangoes.
 She bought some vegetables.
 She bought the mangoes for Lita.
 She bought a can of milk for the baby.

I. Draw a line from the picture to the name.



mat
 mother
 basket
 market

money
 mango
 man
 monkey

a bottle of milk
 a can of butter
 a can of milk
 a cup of milk



II. Check the correct answer.

1. Lita went to the (basket, church, market).
2. What did Mother buy for Lita? (some apples, some mangoes, some milk).
3. What did Mother buy for the baby? (milk, meat, silk).

Grade Two

Father took Dan for a walk. They did not go to town. They went to the woods. Dan saw flowers of different colors. He saw many big animals. He heard the beautiful songs of little birds. Dan clapped his hands. He laughed and shouted.

Fill the blanks with words in the list.

big woods different
 happy beautiful sad

Dan took a walk in the _____. The flowers were of _____ colors. There were _____ animals in the woods. The birds sang _____ songs. Dan was very _____.

Grade Three

A little boy about four years old was standing at the middle of the street. "Mother! Mother!" he shouted. People stood around him. A policeman came. The boy tried to run away, crying, "Mother! Mother!"

"Don't be afraid, little boy," the policeman said. "I shall take you to your mother."

Underline the correct answer.

1. The boy was (hurt, lost, killed).
2. He called his (father, brother, mother).
3. (A postman, A policeman, A fireman) came.

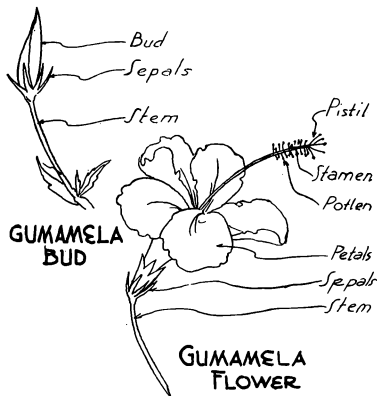
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COMMON FLOWERS

A young flower that is still closed is called a bud. Examine a gumamela bud. The little bud is protected by green things that look like little leaves. These are called sepals. How many sepals has the gumamela?

Hold a gumamela flower and compare it with the above drawing. Learn the names of the parts. The yellow powder is called pollen. It is placed at the end of the stamen. The stamens grow from the pistil. The petals are the parts of a flower that attracts you most.

Why do you like flowers? You like the gumamela, yellow bells, and morning glory



for their bright colors. Why do you like the ylang-ylang, sampaguita, and paraiso? Some flowers are used for food while others are used as medicine.

Below are headings under which you may list flowers belonging to each.

Fragrant Flowers

1. Champaca
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Food Flowers

1. Squash flowers
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Brightly-colored flowers

1. Gumamela
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Flowers Used for Medicine

1. Manzanilla
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

4. The boy was (afraid, glad, worried).
5. The policeman was (cruel, careful, kind).

Grade Four

The man walked up the narrow path. The path was shaded by bent bamboo trees. The creaking of the swaying branches and the occasional calls of the gecko broke the silence. No man, not even a friendly ani-

mal was in sight.

Choose the correct answer:

1. This is a description of a place in the (town, city, country).
2. The place is (gay, lonely, dangerous).
3. The man walked through a (shady, hot, dark) place.
4. There were (many, few, no) people in the place.

(Please turn to page 255 for the answers to the questions on "The Good Readers' Corner.")

Aunt Julia's True Stories

This Earth of Ours



In the previous numbers of "The Young Citizen," you read a great deal about the heavenly bodies. You have learned that some of them get their light from the sun and are called planets. Our own earth is one of the planets.

Although the earth is our own home, there is much about it that we do not know. The earth is so old that we cannot tell how old it is. Its age cannot be found in books. Those who study the materials that make up the earth gives its age by the bones of animals and stones found deep under the ground. When you are older you will learn how men study the story of the growth of the earth.

Let us study what wise men say about the materials that make up our earth. It is believed that the earth is a solid ball, the inner part heavier than the outer part. The outer covering on which we live is called the crust. This crust is made up of a rocky mass. Part of this mass is solid rock while the rest is composed of loose materials such as soil, sand, and gravel. On lowlands you find soil, sand, or gravel. On the hills and mountains solid rock shows at some points on the surface.

When the earth was young even the outer part or crust must have been very hard rock. As it grew older, many causes broke up the crust forming soil. Now the soil we know is not entirely

made up of broken rock. A great portion of it is made up of decayed plants and animals. This decayed matter makes the soil very rich.

Choose the correct answer.

1. The earth is a (star, planet, moon).
2. Men try to tell the age of the earth by (reading books, studying the stars, studying bones and stones under the ground).
3. The crust of the earth is the (center, interior, outer part).
4. Soil is (a mixture of broken rock and decayed matter, broken-up rock only, decayed plants only).

Turn to page 257 for the answers to these questions.

TO A DAMA DE NOCHE

Dainty little flower so milky white
Why do I see you only at night?
Like the moon above night vigil you keep,
While all your sisters lie asleep.

I love your fragrance that night insects woo,
From e'en afar I shall know you,
By the white of your dress and scent so rare,
Queen of the Night, you're so fair!

TO A CHAMPACA

I mistook you for an Ylang-ylang,
When once I saw you from afar,
Till I came near I never learned
How much more beautiful you are.

You—with your lovely dress of reddish gold,
And perfume of delicate scent,
How much sweetness in you unfold!
What gladness to the world you lend!

Lulu de la Paz

CURIOUS THINGS AROUND US

This page is devoted to the Study of Interesting Insects, Plants, Animals, and Fishes

HARMFUL INSECTS



THE MOSQUITO

You have read about the honey bee and the dragon fly and how they are of help to man. While some insects are our friends, some are our enemies.

The mosquitoes disturb our sleep when they bite us. They may also make us sick. Some mosquitoes spread malaria and other kinds of fever. If you know the story of their life, we can tell how they can be destroyed.

The female mosquito lays her eggs on standing water. The tiny eggs form little rafts. After a day the eggs hatch into the active little animals called wigglers. Watching them, you will notice that the wigglers go to the surface of the water to breathe. If they are prevented from taking in air at the surface of the water, they will die.

It is easy to destroy mosquitoes while they are wigglers. Pouring petroleum on the stagnant water where they live will kill them. Do you know of other ways of killing them?



THE FLY

Another troublesome and offensive insect is the housefly. It lives in dirty places and feeds upon man's food and decayed things or on horse manure. It lays its eggs on these places also where there is plenty of food. The flies increase in number very rapidly.

The feet of the fly have hairs that carry germs. When the fly walks on our food, it leaves the germs on the food. It carries germs of cholera, typhoid, and other dreadful diseases.

Protect yourself from diseases spread by flies by covering your food and destroying the places where they lay their eggs and feed upon.

LITTLE PICK-UPS

by g. b.



CHIASMODON NIGER

The Chiasmodon Niger lives in the deepest part of the ocean. It has been found that this curious fish prefers to live a mile down in the pitch-black depths of the sea. This fish has a very big elastic stomach. It can swallow other fishes bigger and three times longer than itself.



COMMON SLUG

The Common Slug has 30,000 teeth. It has more than any other living creature in the world. The eyelike object that you see in this illustration is not an eye. It is a hole thru which the Slug breathes.

MARTIN AND THE BAD GIANT

(A continuation of the story, "The Fairy's Gift")

By Antonio C. Muñoz



WHEN MARTIN reached his home, he gave the sack of berries to his mother. Early the next morning, Martin and his mother went to the town to sell the berries. During the days that followed, Martin did all he could to help his parents. Every morning he took his father's provisions to the place where the latter was working. On Mondays he carried the soiled clothes to the river for his mother. In the afternoon he was there again to bring back the washed clothes. When his parents did not need him, he always went to the woods to gather wild berries or to cut wood for fuel. He did not see his Fairy Godmother any more but he knew that the kind lady was with him wherever he went. Although the presence of the magic needle in his pocket made him feel quite safe, he never forgot the fairy's last words. "YOUR FINE CHARACTER IS YOUR MOST POWERFUL PROTECTION." Martin, therefore, did his best to be good always.

In the middle of the dense forest, lived a bad giant. Often at midnight, this wicked giant would go to town and rob the people of whatever money they had. Once a week, he would carry away a child. The people believed that those poor children were eaten by the giant, for not one of them ever returned. The people did not know what to do. They were afraid of the giant. They fled in terror whenever they saw him coming.

Martin did not know anything about the wicked deeds of the giant. One day, as he was selling berries in the town, he happened to hear a group of three frightened people talking about the bad giant and his weekly visit that night.

"This means another, lost child!" sighed one.

"And some more bags of money," added another.

"Whose child will it be?" asked the third man.

"Nobody can tell," was the first speaker's answer.

Martin had heard enough. He knew what was going to happen that night. He picked up his empty basket and went home. It was getting dark for the sun had set.

"YOUR FINE CHARACTER IS YOUR MOST POWERFUL PROTECTION. THRUST THE NEEDLE INTO THE BODY OF ANYONE WHO WISHES TO DO YOU HARM, AND NO MATTER HOW STRONG OR BRAVE HE IS, HE WILL BE AT YOUR MERCY." These last words of the fairy rang in his ears as he sat in his little room. They seemed to urge him to go and save the town from further harm. It was about eleven o'clock. The whole house was still. His father and mother were asleep. Slowly he walked on tiptoe toward the door to the street. As fast as his legs could carry him, he walked toward the town. When he reached the marketplace, the church clock struck twelve. His heart beat fast as he saw a huge figure coming. It was the bad giant. As soon as the giant was near, Martin stood up and pretended to run. He wanted the giant to catch him. The giant easily caught him. With two bags of money in his left hand and Martin in his right, the giant walked straight toward the forest. Soon they reached his home.

The giant's house was made of logs. It was big enough to accommodate a hundred carabaos. The interior was lighted with torches. A stove made of limestone occupied one of the corners. In another corner, the giant had his bed which was made of logs. A buri mat was spread on a thick layer

of dry leaves which served as mattress. A big table stood in the center of the one-room building. It was the giant's dining table. Under it, Martin saw a heap of bones. They looked like the bones he saw in the cemetery when he went there with his mother on All-Souls' Day.

The giant placed the two money bags on a shelf. He told Martin to sit on a stool.

"Don't move," he warned the boy, "for if you do, I'll crush you to death."



"Look!" the giant continued as he pointed to the heap of human bones under the table. "If you don't behave well, your bones will be there, too, before morning."

Martin shivered although he had the magic needle in his pocket. Suppose the needle would not work and suppose the good fairy had stopped protecting him. He knew that the giant would eat him. In his mind, he had a picture of the giant feasting over his roasted body and dropping his bones on the big heap under the table.

The giant went out of the house. He returned with an armful of firewood which he threw into the fire. Then he got a pointed iron bar and sat down opposite Martin.

"Come here, little boy, for I'll tell you a bedtime story before we go to bed," he said pretending to be kind.

Martin stood up and went to the giant. The needle was in his hand.

"S—s—i—rrr," he stammered, "I know now how powerful you are. The world should make you a king for nobody else is stronger than you. Nobody else is wiser or wealthier than you. Before you tell me that bedtime story, please allow me to kiss your foot to show my respect and admiration."

The giant placed the two money bags on a shelf. "You may."

Martin knelt down and held the giant's foot as if to kiss it. Then he drove the needle into the soft part. The giant shuddered. A look of revenge was in his face but that was all he could do. He had lost control of himself. The needle had done its work well. Then the giant was still. His face was calm. His body was alive but Martin knew that his bad character had left him. It was a fight between the good and the bad and the good came out victorious.

Martin stood up and looked at the giant again. A change had come over the latter's face. It was no longer cruel. There was kindness and humility in it, instead.

The giant also stood up. He stroked Martin's head. Then he got a sack and put in it all the bones under the table. He got all the small bags of money and put them in another sack. He tied one of the sacks to the end of a pole and the other sack to the other end of the same pole. After that, he held Martin's hand and the two went out into the dark. Soon they reached the cemetery. The giant poured out the bones at the foot of a cross which stood in the center of that home of the dead. Martin heard him sobbing. They left the place and went to the town.

The giant placed the money bags on the doorsteps of different houses. He was returning them to the owners. When the last bag was returned, he pressed Martin's hand and said, "Thank you."

The giant walked toward the forest. It was dawn. The eastern sky was beginning to brighten. Martin ran home. His father and mother were still sleeping when he came. He went directly to his little room and lay down. The sun was high in the sky when he woke up. He ate his breakfast and then helped his parents as usual.

CADENA DE AMOR

By L., V. R.

Do you hear that? The wind is singing a lullaby. Somewhere, there must be a little fretful baby for whom the wind is singing so sweetly. The wind does little things like that for the little ones he loves. He fans their hot brows. He lifts up their kites. He sings them songs of streams and mountains and of the wide, wide sea. He brings them tales of little foreign children: of the little African and the fair-haired Norwegian and the snugly bundled Eskimo. And one time, he planted a plant for a little sick boy.

The wind was roaming one evening when he saw this little sick boy. The little boy lived with his family in a poor room in a house which stood beside a dirty street. There was a wire fence between the street and the house, but the little boy could not help seeing the dirt and the mud for the fence was so bare. He had been sick for such a long time that he was tired of lying in bed, and seeing the dirt and the mud did not make him feel cheerful. So that evening, as the wind was passing, the little boy cried softly. The wind stopped when he heard the weak sobs of the child. He touched the hot brow and fanned the wan cheeks, but the little boy went on sobbing.

"He is so unhappy," thought the wind, "and crying is bad for sick children."

The wind thought about the little boy as he shook the trees around him. He tried to blow the fragrance of the *dama de noche* towards the little boy's bed, but even this sweetness could not cheer him. The wind entered a rich man's flower garden and rested there while the moon touched every flower with light. Then an idea came to him. Flowers are what the little boy need," he said to himself. "How happy he would be if I could plant some for him."

So the wind went around begging the flowers for some seeds. He approached the red rose first, for the wind thought this the loveliest of flowers.

"I am sorry," said the rose sweetly, "but my seeds are so carefully guarded. If you take them, I will die." The wind, of course, could not kill such a beautiful flower, so he went to the dainty camia. He found out that the whole camia plant must be pulled if new flowers were to grow, and looking at the tears upon the camia petals, the wind sighed



and left it alone. All the flowers were willing to help, but they could think of no way to do this. At last, tired and discouraged, the wind came to the *Cadena de Amor* which grew abundantly by the back fence. Clusters of tiny flowers stared up at the moon, while the heart-shaped leaves moved to and fro, inviting the breeze. The wind gazed long at the vine and said softly, "I shall not ask the *Cadena de Amor*. It is so big and tall that moving it and growing it will be very difficult."

The wind heard low laughter. He turned round and round, but he could find nobody who could have laughed. Then he noticed the heavy vine shaking, and a voice, sweet and clear, drifted from it. "Silly wind," it said, "I am the plant who can help you. Do you notice the little seeds that hang dry and brown from my sides? These little seeds can one day become great plants which will cover the biggest wall and conquer the largest fence. Shake some of these little seeds and take them away. They will grow with little care and make your little friend happy and well."

The wind wondered at all this, but he did what the vine had asked, and with the tiny seeds, he blew himself off to the little sick boy's home. The little sick child was asleep, but tears still stood beneath his eyelids. The wind dropped the little seeds along the fence, and left them there.

Several days later, a row of little green things peeped out of the ground beside the fence. They clung to the sunbeams which had strayed there and pulled themselves up to the first line of the wire fence. Later, they drunk in the dew of the night and put up their heads for some more. Day by day they did this, till their weak stalks grew and grew into a pretty, healthy green. The first leaves smiled up at the window and seemed to call to the little sick boy who lay on his bed, sad and tired.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

on page 248

GRADE ONE

- I. 1. market 2. mango 3. a can of milk
 II. 1. market
 2. some mangoes
 3. milk

GRADE TWO

1. woods
2. different
3. big
4. beautiful
5. happy

GRADE THREE

1. lost
2. mother
3. policeman
4. afraid
5. kind

GRADE FOUR

1. country
2. lonely
3. shady
4. no



One morning, the little boy looked out of his window. He looked first at the mud and the dirt of the street and sighed. Then he saw the row of vine plants creeping up the fence.

"How nice they look!" said the little boy, and for the first time since he got sick, he smiled happily.

Every morning, he watched the little vines grow. He saw them grow and grow until very little of the dirty street could be seen from the window. They grew and grew till they reached the top of the fence and covered the dirty street entirely. Then one lovely morning, the boy looked out of his window to see the first pink blossoms lying like jewels against the deep green of the beautiful leaves.

"Mother!" he called happily, "my plants have pretty flowers. They are pink and tiny. Come and see them."

The wind heard the boy's happy cry, and he hummed to himself with pleasure. "The little one will soon be well," he said, "he has become so happy again."

Yes, the little boy grew well. He became very strong and very tall. He was able to build a fine house. Along the fence and close to his own room, he planted seeds from his old plant of *Cadena de Amor*. Will you look over there? Do you see those little flowers which smile so gayly up at the sun? Those are the great grandchildren of the first little blossoms which covered the dirty street and cheered a little sick lad as he lay in his room, waiting for death.



The Golden Image of Sri Visaya

By ALICE FRANKLIN BRYANT

(Continued from September Issue)

NOT more than five yards away from him stood a short black boy with kinky hair. His white teeth showed in a broad smile, but Pablo saw at a glance that he held a bow and arrow in such a way that he could aim and shoot instantly.

Pablo was so frightened that his heart almost stopped beating. If he ever got home again, he would stay there! He did not know what to do. With the Negrito boy so near it was impossible for him to get up and run away—to try to do so might be a signal for the boy to shoot. And, even if he could get started, he realized that he would have no chance to escape from the Negrito, to whom the forest was more familiar than the multiplication table was to him.

But the Negrito boy was not slow in noticing Pablo's expression of fear. He dropped his bow and arrow into an easier position and laughed as though the whole situation were a huge joke.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I won't shoot you. But what are you doing here? People like you never come here. All this forest belongs to my folks, and all the things to eat in it belong to us. But, if you are hungry, I will give you something to eat." And again he laughed.

Pablo heaved a deep breath of relief—fortune was smiling on him, after all, in what had seemed his darkest moment.

"Thank you," he said. "You are very kind. To tell you the truth, I'm terribly hungry. I haven't had a bite since yesterday noon, and nothing but a green coconut then."

"We can soon find something," his new friend replied, picking up from the ground a wild chicken he had already shot that morning. "Suppose you clean this chicken and make a fire while I look around a little."

The boy started away, stepping lightly and noiselessly through the forest, and Pablo set to work

with the help of his bolo to clean, skin, and cut up the chicken. Then he made a fire and put the chicken and some water in his can over the fire to boil.

Surely this was a good and very interesting world to live in. It was even pleasant to be hungry now that he knew he would soon have something to eat. And this boy with the kinky hair who had frightened him so—what a good scout he seemed to be! It would be fun to get acquainted with him.

Scarcely had Pablo put the chicken on to cook when the boy returned carrying a huge wild camote all rough and covered with little roots like coarse hair. He cut this into pieces and removed the can of chicken from the fire while he buried them in the ashes, then replaced the can.

Up to this time the two boys had been too busy to do much talking, but now, having collected a little pile of fuel, they sat down and proceeded to get acquainted. Each of them was a great curiosity to the other. Once or twice in his life Pablo had seen Negritos in his town; but they had worn clothes—ragged ones, indeed—and Pablo had never so much as spoken to one of them.

Now this boy wore nothing at all except for a belt of braided rattan and a loin cloth made of the soft inner bark of a tree. In his belt was thrust a bolo—the same kind Pablo had brought with him. On the other hand, the Negrito lad had never seen a boy like Pablo, and was equally curious about him.

At first they were both a trifle shy and ill at ease with each other, but within a few minutes they began to feel perfectly at home.

The Negrito boy said his name was Ulan. Rain. "Because," he said, "it rained very hard the night I was born." He lived in the little settlement that Pablo had passed through the day before.

Pablo told him about his home with all the cousins and uncles and aunts, and his father's salary cut and the depression—though I am afraid Ulan did not understand salary cuts and depressions very well—and about his coming into the interior in quest of gold and about his getting lost and finding his corn all eaten and scattered by the monkeys.



Ulan listened sympathetically, even when he did not understand; and Pablo finally told him that, if he would help him to find gold, they could each share equally in all the wealth that would come from it.

Ulan thought he had never seen any gold, but suggested that after breakfast they might return to the settlement or camp where he lived and ask the old ones if they knew where gold might be found.

At first Pablo had a little difficulty in understanding Ulan. He spoke Visayan, the language Pablo always spoke at home and with his playmates. But Ulan pronounced some of the words a little differently, and occasionally used a word that was strange to Pablo. Soon, however, each grew used to the pronunciation of the other, and there were few words to be explained.*

It took a long time for the yams to cook, and before the boys raked them out of the ashes they had come down to such details as Pablo's clothes

* So far as is known the only place in the world where pygmies or Negritos have a language of their own is the Andaman Islands. Elsewhere they speak the languages of their nearest neighbors.

and the marks that had been burned on Ulan's arms. Ulan was particularly delighted with the institution of pockets. What a convenience! He had always had to carry things in his hand or in a basket, or if they were small enough, stick them in his ear. Otherwise—except that they looked nice—he did not think he would like clothes. They would always be catching on the branches and making such a noise you could never get near enough to an animal to shoot it. It would be fine to have the pockets without the clothes!

The marks on his arms were burned there, he said, to cure him of a fever.

"Did it really cure your fever?" asked Pablo.

"Why, yes, of course it did," replied Ulan, "and it was a very bad fever, too."

Then he took a bunch of leaves to use as a holder, lifted the can of chicken from the fire, and raked out the pieces of camote. Using their ever useful bolos, they speared pieces of chicken from the steaming soup and laid them on leaves until they cooled enough to be eaten. Thereupon they feasted heartily, and were entirely too busy to indulge in further conversation.

After that they picked up the pieces of camote that were left and started for the Negrito encampment.

When they were about half way, they heard, some distance to their right, a horrible squealing and thrashing about. For the second time that morning Pablo was frightened, but being with Ulan gave him a feeling of safety. This forest was Ulan's home—he would know what to do.

He motioned Pablo to follow him, then plunged noiselessly into the forest on their right. Pablo tried to walk quietly, but he did not succeed very well. His new friend was annoyed with him, and motioned him to be more careful.

Now the frightful squealing was very near them, and they walked more carefully than ever.

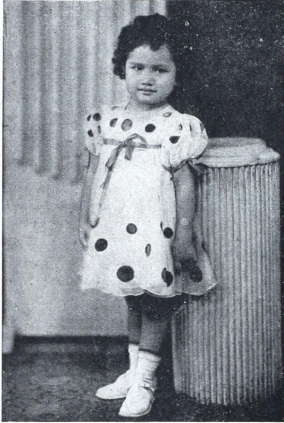
Ulan carefully pulled aside some vines that hung from the branch of a tree and motioned Pablo to approach and look through the tiny opening.

(To be continued)

Answers to questions on "This Earth of Ours":

1. planet.
2. studying bones and stones under the ground.
3. outer part.
4. a mixture of broken rock and decayed matter.

PICTORIAL AMONG THE HEALTHIEST



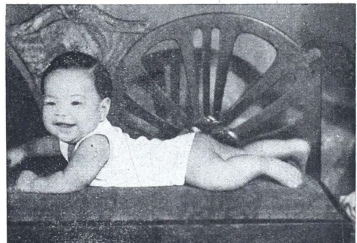
Conchita Noroña



Maria Mercedes Belmonte



Juan Quintos, Jr.



Dante Cruz

HOBBY PAGE

conducted
by gilmo baldovino

How To Make An Aeta Doll

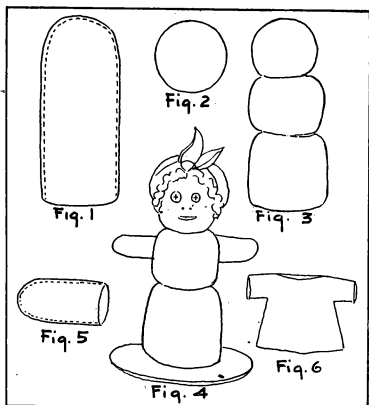
Before you make an Aeta Doll, I will ask you a question: Do you know who Aetas are? I have no doubt that you can answer this question without opening your geography. But in case you have forgotten, I will tell you about the Aetas. The Aetas are the original people of the Philippines. The Aetas are commonly called negritos. The adult Aeta is very much shorter than an average Filipino. He has a flat nose. His eyes are far-apart. His hair is black and kinky. The Aetas do not build houses like yours. They live in the forest and mountains. They do not cultivate the soil. They live by hunting wild animals. Most of them wear no clothing. Now that you know about the Aetas, let me tell now how to make an educated Aeta Doll.

Before you start, get these materials: an old black stocking or a piece of black cloth, cotton or kapok, needle and thread, a piece of organdy, a piece of colored cloth for your doll's apron, a piece of thick cardboard, some paste and two small white buttons.

Whether it is a black stocking or a piece of black cloth that you found, cut it and sew on the dotted



line as shown in Figure 1. Leave the bottom open. Through this opening, stuff it with cotton or kapok evenly. Cut the piece of cardboard as in Figure 2. Cut it in a way that its diameter is larger than the diameter of your doll. On this cardboard, sew, nail or paste the bottom of your doll to make her stand. To make the neck and waist, you must tie a black thread around where you think her neck and waist should be. In this step, she will look as in Figure 3. Now sew the two small white buttons for her eyes. Now make her mouth and two dots for her nose with your needle and thread. Untangle the threads of a small piece of black cloth. Gather the threads and crumple them in your hands. These crumpled threads will be her kinky hair. Then apply a little paste around her face and drape the crumpled threads on it. Sew on a little turban as shown in Figure 4. Now make her arms like that in Figure 5. The procedure is like Figure 1. Make her a dress as shown in Figure 6 (a straight kimono). Finish her with a colored apron and place a colored cloth like a big handkerchief around her neck.



LIFE OF A TRAINEE

By Fortunato Asuncion

(A trainee is one who undergoes training. In this case it is military training that was undergone.)

A trainee—he was a father, to be exact—released a sigh of relief when he came out of the gate of the once Manila Garrison. Directly, he went home. How happy the small family was! The son who was the noisiest of the group stared at his father from head to foot. The father upon noticing this stood at attention, perhaps to impress the young son, or perhaps to display his uniform—a sanitary inspector's uniform, as someone remarked.

"I will be a soldier like father," boasted the boy who stood erect, put his chest out and gave an awkward military salute. Happily, the couple laughed.

"You are eager to be a soldier. Cesar, aren't you? You might change your mind when you learn the hard life I spent there," said the father to the son.

"Do tell us, Father, what you did there."

Father, mother, and son gathered in a small room. The father began—

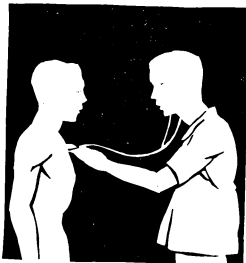
We were in the assembly hall passing a line of doctors and their assistants.

"Take off your shirt!" commanded the first assistant. "Your pants!" barked the second. " . . . your shoes!" " . . . your socks!" " . . . your everything!"

"Father, do you need to do that to be a soldier?" interrupted Cesar. "Aren't you ashamed to take off your clothes there? I think, I just can't. I'll be terribly embarrassed."

"But you have to," continued the father. "Obedience is the first thing to observe in military life." Then he continued.

The hall offered a very peculiar sight. In one corner was a tall man—exceedingly tall for his head pro-



truded over the limit of the meter stick. His height and weight were being determined. In another corner was a dreamy-eyed fellow who found much difficulty in passing the vision test—how would he when he said blue for orange and C for E? In the other corner was a human sack filled to the very neck hopping and jumping with much difficulty. In the center of the hall was a man whose heart was being examined by a physician. The physical examination was long and thorough. I was filled with joy when the head doctor pronounced me fit for the work.

In the afternoon of that first day we were given our supplies—rifle, bayonet, belt, sling, etc. After finding our quarters, we retired. Thus, ended our first day in the training camp.

Incredible, But--

By A. B. L. R.

A mounted white crow is owned by Mr. Adriano G. de Gorastiza, of Pasay, Rizal. Another crow, spotted with white, was once kept alive by Mr. Felix Asuncion, of Magdalena, Laguna.

Beef can be preserved for three or four months when elevated thirty feet from the ground at Haight's Place, Mountain Province, believed to be the coldest place in the Philippines. Meat easily spoils when kept inside the house at Haight's Place unless it is preserved some way.

When the waters of the Pasig River and the Manila Bay rise only a few feet, most parts of the City of Manila become flooded. Manila stands on ground which is but one foot above high water, and there are even places in the city which are below high water.

The population of Cebu, a small island, is almost equal to that of Mindanao, one of the largest islands in the world, which is believed to have enough natural wealth and resources to support the whole population of the Philippines.

The smallest bird in the Philippines is only as large as an ordinary person's thumb.

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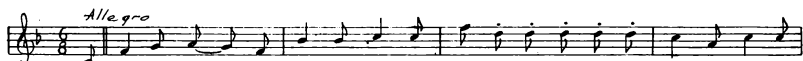
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RAIN

Lyric by Lulu de la Paz

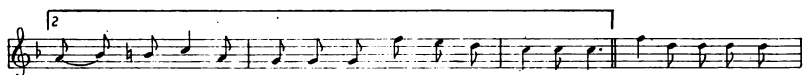
Music by I. Alfonso



1. I hear the drip—ping drops of rain, They fall drip, drip, drip, on the win—dow pane, Or
2. pret—ty lit—tle chil—dren at play, Hold out their hands to catch the drops of rain, Or



pit—ter, pat—ter like swed lit—tle feet on the broad side-walks or or the street And
blithe young peo—ple with



white bare feet wade on the pools the rain left on the street Ah—for the sil—ver



drops of rain, That keeps the trees and all leaves green, For the pit—ter pat—ter and



the drip, drip, drip of the won—der—ful rain that lulls me to sleep.



From original drawings by Pedro Felipe

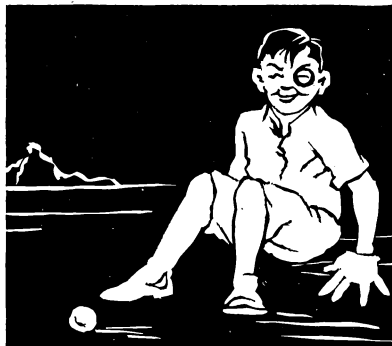
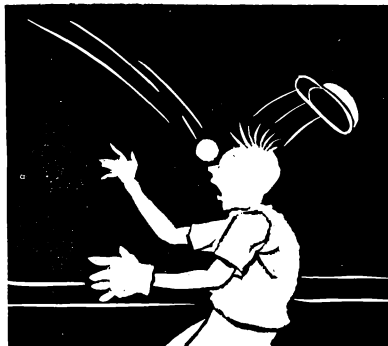
SUN PRANKS

By Winifred Lewis

I saw some leaves on the way to school,
Made green by the yellow sun;
The vine ran over an old brown house
And on to another one:
The vine was covered with flowers red—
If you were that yellow sun,
Would you make red blooms on bright green
vines,
And houses brown, for fun?

Kiko's Adventures—

by gilmo baldovino



BOYS and GIRLS
of
OTHER LANDS



IN the market place or business center of every town, you find Japanese bazaars and ice cream parlors run by Japanese. The Japanese are successful businessmen. They are courteous to the customers. Would you like to know more about them and their country?

The Japanese live in Japan. There are so many Japanese that their country is crowded. Many of them work hard in the factories for small wages. The Japanese are industrious people. Their country is one of the greatest manufacturing countries of the world.

The children of this country have yellow skin. Their hair is shiny black like ebony. Their eyes are black and slanting. Some are

Half an hour walk from the newly constructed Camp Murphy, still stands the Santolan Barracks which have withstood the test of time—why not, they were constructed out of stones and hard wood. Marks of old age can be detected in and outside the deserted buildings.

From a curve, as the road to the place is sloping downward, the site looks desolate and abandoned—save for a few nipa shacks that line the right side of the stony path. A huge black water pipe can be seen on the right terminating in a building which was once the litter house of Manila's water supply—so the people say.

A lonely iron gate, without any fence attached to it, idly stands to greet the strayed visitors of the place. Low-rooted buildings which have outgrown their usefulness are lined on the left side. Just in front of these is a yard in the middle of which is a tall flowering tree without any flower and a warm-out fountain without any water. In closing these are wide-spreading branches of mango and acacia trees.

dressed as we are, in European costume. Others, who looked the best, are clothed in beautifully colored kimonos. These kimonos look like long gowns. Their favorite food is rice and uncooked fish. Japanese children always take off their wooden shoes before entering the house. This is the reason why Japanese houses are very clean. Both boys and girls have their own special holidays. One of these festivals is called the Feast of the Dolls. This is celebrated by the girls early in the month of May.

INTERESTING PLACES

Santolan Barracks

By Fortunato Asuncion

Protected by a bamboo fence is a deep ravine where water lazily flows.

Standing against the bamboo fence, you can feast your gaze at the beautiful sight—below is a clear winding stream; further away is a vast expanse of green things dotted here and there by the roofs of distant houses; and above is the beautiful blue sky.

True or false?

1. Santolan Barracks, like Camp Murphy, is in Rizal Province.

2. It will take you about thirty minutes to reach Santolan Barracks from Camp Murphy.

3. Many soldiers are still stationed in Santolan Barracks.

4. People say that one of the buildings was a filter-house.

5. Clear cool water shoots upward from the fountain.

6. Many people have built their own homes near Santolan Barracks.

7. Santolan Barracks is a gay place.

8. A tall tree loaded with flowers is in the middle of the yard.

The other festival is given to honor the sons of the family. And this is celebrated later in the same month. In this occasion, big fishes made of paper are hung in front of all houses. A little fish is hung in honor of the baby boy. The bigger ones are for the older boys. Perhaps you often wonder why Japanese here in the Philippines hang paper fishes in front of their houses or stores in the month of May. They do so to celebrate their Boys' Day.

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP

My First Fight

By RESTITUTO CARPIO *

(You might have had a fight with some boys of your age. As you read this true story of Crispulo, find out whether you did the same thing that he did in his first fight.)

I think I must be six or seven years old at that time. Poroc, whose real name was Fructuoso, lived just across the street. He was my playmate. We used to shoot at swallows with bows and arrows as they darted down the street at sundown. It so happened that we both took aim at one whose flight was very low. Swiftly whizzed our arrows into the air and soon I saw something fall to the ground. Both of us took to our heels, I ahead of him. The bird was only stunned because we used blunt arrows. "That bird is mine," Poroc demanded.

"No, it was my arrow that got her," Crispulo answered, for that is my name.

"So you won't give it to me, eh?" he growled.

"No, I won't," I shouted at the top of my voice.

Before I knew it, he had grabbed me by the waist, thrown me down against his right leg, and away I fell into the ditch. As I got up, I ran straight home crying, and related the incident to my father. He, however, did not sympathize with me. Instead, he gave me three sound whippings with a piece of rattan the size of your small finger by causing me to lie on a bench face down. He said with a firm voice, "If you can't fight, don't fight!"

I've had several fights afterwards and never reported about it to my father. I've learned to have confidence in myself. Happily, I owe it to my first fight.

Questions on the Story

1. Why was Crispulo whipped by his father?
2. What did Crispulo do when he had other fights afterwards?
3. Do you know of some boys who acted like Crispulo in his first fight? Relate it.
4. If your lessons are hard, do you usually ask someone to help you?
5. Tell an incident of how you overcame a difficult task either at home or at school.
6. Select partners and have an informal play of



this story.

7. An American woman was walking along Rizal Avenue. Her child stumbled and fell as he tottered after her. If you were in the place of this woman, which of the following would you do?

- a. I would help the child stand up.
- b. I would encourage the child to get up by himself.
- c. I would spank the child.



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AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Horacio Ochangco and Ricardo de la Cruz

A Scout

HOW CAN YOU BE ONE OF US?

(Continued from the September issue)

5) *Adventure in Woodcraft*

It is proposed that each progress level in Senior and Rover Scouting that each individual or Team or Circle plan with the adult leader involved a real outdoor adventure, securing advance recognition of it as qualifying as an "adventure" and involving mastery of being comfortable and safe in all weathers in the out-of-doors. This may involve the construction of his own comfort equipment and devices; it may involve making the necessary precautionary plans for a band of such Scouts going on a canoe trip, a cruise (Sea Scouts), building trails in National Parks, making studies of bird migration, exploring watersheds for State authorities, surveying Indian trails, co-operation with museums in excavating Indian mounds or geologic "finds."

While we should recognize that in many cases these young men are already well leaded up with things to do in church, school, work, social life, it is well to chart these opportunities not implying that each will do all these things, but enriching by

such listing the choice which they shall make in terms of the demands upon their own time. After all, this is a supplementary program to home, church, school and community life.

6) *Rover Socials*

Under proper auspices and leadership it is quite desirable that a program of social activity involving the presence of young ladies be developed in Rover Scouting. The exact nature of these occasions will vary with the community and the churches and schools and homes involved, but the tone and quality and spirit of them can be of the best, everywhere.

Musicals, literary evenings, amateur dramatic events, dinners, dances, bridges, are among these already used. The presence of the Rovermasters and committeemen and their wives provides not only a proper chaperonage but a fine opportunity for these adults to enjoy association with these young men and women and to give indirect training in such experiences which are an important phase of adult life.

7) *Health—Recreation—Athletics*

Rover Scouts should "Be Prepared" by keeping in good health and to that and should undergo at least an annual health check-up. Also each should plan out a program of health practices involving definite recreation. The truly broad life is a balanced life and in it recreation is essential for both physical and mental health. Young men of these ages need opportunities for vigorous outdoor physical activity. Since most Senior Scouts will be in High School (more because of the new leisure and employment trends) it is natural to expect them to take advantage of the abundant opportunities for athletic activities afforded there.

Increasingly, we are being reminded of the ills and evils attendant upon competitive athletics and of the desirability of young men having vigorous physical expression not necessarily competitive but more concerned with vitality. The whole emphasis of Scouting on the out-of-doors points here to the opportunities for hiking, skating, skiing, coasting, mountain climbing, canoeing, rowing, and swimming. These offer a fine supplement to the types of school athletics widely practiced.

(To be continued)

JOKES

Teacher—"Ricardo, form the three degrees of comparison of brave."

Ricardo—"brave, braver, bravest."

Teacher—"Good. Gregorio, form the three degrees of comparison of much."

Gregorio—"much, mucher, muchest."

Teacher—"Delfin, why do we have skin?"

Delfin—"to protect the *meat* inside our body."

Teacher—"How would you stop the bleeding from a cut in the head?"

Juliano—"I will tie a handkerchief with a knot around the patient's neck."

Pacifico giving a riddle.

"What is in the middle of the street?"

Floro—"Stones."

Pacifico—"No."

Class—"what?"

Pacifico—"A traffic policeman."

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



THE
Young Citizen
 PANTRY



Cereals are grains or seeds of cultivated grasses used for food. They are the staple food of mankind and hold first place in their diet. They contain all the food groups but not in the right amount and are therefore, eaten along with fish, meat, and other foods to provide the correct amount needed by the body. They are generally classified as heat-and-energy-providing foods because of the large amount of starch they contain. Some, however, like oatmeal, wheat, and corn, contain a considerable amount of protein also and are then classified as tissue-building foods, too.

There are many kinds of cereals like rice, corn, wheat, oats, barley, and rye. But of these, the most widely used are rice, wheat, corn, and oats.

Rice, the staple food of the Filipinos and other Orientals, is generally divided into non-glutinous (ordinary rice like elon-elon, macan, calivo, etc.) and glutinous rice (malagkit). Non-glutinous rice, the daily food of the Filipinos, is generally prepared hard-boiled (sinaing). Other Orientals, however, like the Chinese and Japanese, prefer it soft-boiled (rice gruel). "Whole grain rice is sometimes popped (pop rice) or prepared into rice pudding and porridge (champorado). Ground rice is also prepared into "puto seco" by the Tagalog and into "bijon" and "misua" by the Chinese. Palay is sometimes popped also and together with a little syrup is sold in the form of "ampaw."

The tender grains of glutinous rice (malagkit) is often prepared

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

THE IMPORTANCE OF
 CEREALS

Miss Juliana Millan *

into "pinipig"—pressed, pounded and winnowed—a preparation similar to rolled oats. The mature grain is generally prepared into "puto maya, suman (ibos, libia, antala, maruekos), bico, puto sulot, guinatan, bibingka, and champorado" (porridge). All of these preparations, except the last, call for the help of sugar and coconut for serving.

Glutinous and non-glutinous rice are often combined and ground into a paste-like consistency (galapong) with the aid of the native grinder (gilingan) and prepared into "bibingka (rice cake), puto bumbong, bola-bola, buche, puto, cuchinta, palitao, mayablanco, tikoy and okoy." Most of these require coconut and sugar either in the preparation or serving.

A third variety of the native rice is the colored one. (pirurutong) which is commonly used in the preparation of "suman," "puto maya," and "puto bumbong." This one hasn't gained the same popularity as the other two, probably because it is only used as a sort of garnish and not as the basis of most native cereal dishes.

Corn is another cereal that goes hand in hand with rice as the staple food of the Visayans. It is prepared in much the same way as the hard-boiled rice of the Tagalogs and eaten with fish, meat and other viands. It is also boiled and broiled on the cob, when it is served between meals. Tender grains of corn sautéed with lard, garlic and a little salt is palatable. Mature grains are generally popped (pop corn) or boiled into "binatog" (hominy). Like rice, it is ground into a paste-like consistency and prepared into "calamay" and other native dishes.

Wheat is the staple food of most Occidentals. It is ground into flour and baked into breads, biscuits, cakes and cookies. While this is the daily bread of the Occidentals, the Orientals resort to it only to break the monotony of their diet.

Macaroni with cheese is the most popular Italian dish. Macaroni is the staple food of the Italians while rye or brown bread is the daily food of the Russians and Germans.

We can conclude then, that, while "cotton is the fabric that clothes the world," cereal is the food that feeds the people.

Below is a table showing the composition of some cereals:

Cereal	Protein	Fat	Starch	Mineral matter	Water
Rice	7.8	0.4	79.4	0.4	12.4
Corn	8.9	2.2	75.1	0.9	12.9
Wheat	10.4	1.0	75.6	0.5	12.5
Macaroni	11.7	1.6	72.9	3.0	10.8
Oatmeal	15.6	7.3	68.0	1.9	7.2

HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

The Sanest Wish

DOLORES TENSUAN *

One day, before the silent reading of the story, "The Wishing Ring," I asked my pupils this question: "If each one of you had a wishing ring which was good for only one magic wish, what gift would you ask for?"

All hands were in the air. Everyone was very eager to express his greatest desire in life. Majority of them wanted to have wealth above everything else, some boys wished to have automobiles, guns, yachts, etc.; others wanted to have success, whereas, some of the girls desired beauty. Each one tried to explain

why he chose the particular wish he mentioned.

There was one little girl who sat very quietly. She is Rosario, the modest, sickly girl, who always seems to prefer listening to talking.

"Now, Rosario, you have not told us what wish you will ask your wishing ring. Do tell us what you desire most to have," I asked.

The girl stood up with a soft, trembling voice, as if afraid to let her classmates hear, answered, "I wish to have good health, Miss Tensuan."

Some of the pupils laughed at what they considered a queer wish



* Teacher of Health, Washington Elementary School.

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and timid, thin and pale Rosario, covered in her seat as if sorry about what she had said. I was so much touched by the pitiful condition of the girl that I realized then and there the great suffering she must have endured from being sickly. With a silent prayer that God grant her that wish, I told the class that Rosario's wish was the sanest and the best of all wishes mentioned. From the expression on the faces of the pupils, I could see that they found it difficult to believe that good health must be the uppermost desire of everyone. I was so eager to make them realize the importance of good health that I forgot entirely about the story which was to be read. Before I knew it, I had already talked on the importance of good health for three minutes. I'm glad to say that the moment I finished the talk, the doubtful looks of my pupils were changed to smiles of pleased approval. For the benefit of other pupils who consider wealth, beauty, and success as more desirable than good health, I repeat in writing what I told my class.

Do you know that good health is the most precious wealth? It is the second great blessing that mor-

(Continued on page 268)

How A Candle Started A Fire

When the discussion of daily news came up in Jose's class, he reported this item: "A Child Was Burned to Death." Jose told the following story:

Mang Sebio was a very thoughtful father. Many times during the night, he got up to see if his children were sleeping peacefully. Sometimes he would wrap a child up in a blanket or kill mosquitoes that dared enter the mosquito net. There were five children lying side by side under a very wide mosquito net.

As usual *Mang* Sebio got up that night. Holding a lighted candle up, he peered into the mosquito net. A number of mosquitoes were flying around while some were on the children's faces. By their distended stomachs, *Mang* Sebio saw that they had already feasted on his children's blood. With an oath, the

old man crawled into the mosquito net. Placing the candle in a corner, he began crushing the ill-fated mosquitoes between his heavy palms. He was so absorbed in catching mosquitoes that he did not notice that a corner of the flimsy net had caught fire. The fire spread instantly. In a panic, *Mang* Sebio roused the rest of the family. He carried four children out of reach of the fire. When he returned for the fifth, the fire was so big that he could not reach for the child anymore.

Jose's teacher asked, "How could the accident have been prevented?"

This was Jose's answer: "A candle should not have been used. A lantern was better."

Another boy said, "The safest thing to use in that case is a flashlight."

What do you think?

and erect posture, and hard muscles.

Many of you think that good health simply means, not getting sick. It is more than that. Don't you experience some days when everything goes on like a song? You just cannot walk, you feel like skipping and running. It seems as though you cannot keep still; you like to laugh, and shout and sing! Nothing worries you; you could not be angry! You are cheerful, and happy, ready for everything—play, work, or whatever comes along. That, children, is the feeling of Health! What would you not give to have everyday of your life a day like that one?

Do you now agree with me that being endowed with good health is the sanest and best wish?

It's Not Too Late

Determination

By NOEMI VARGAS *

When once my teacher told me that
I practice simple cleanliness,
I little heeded what she said,
For my own benefit.

But I'm still young, it's not too late
To make up for what I haven't
done;
I have resolved to do it all,
So now, I have begun.

At morn, when I wake up to start,
I brush my teeth and take a bath,
I keep myself neat, very clean,
And now, I'm very glad.

I don't forget to brush my teeth,
At evening 'fore I go to bed,
I don't stay up too late at night
To lose my full night's sleep.

I did not think that I could win—
Such kind respect from all my
friends
Since having practiced cleanliness,
I say, It's Not Too Late.

* Teacher, Intramuros Elementary School.

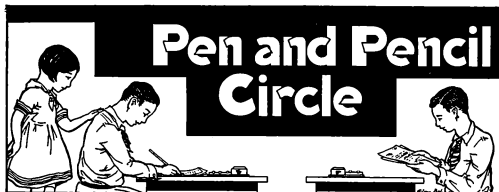
THE SANEST WISH

(Continued from page 267)

tal are capable of; a gift that money cannot buy. Many of you desire wealth, success, and beauty. Of course, all these things are necessary in life, but have you ever stopped for a moment to consider just how useless these things are if you don't have good health? Can you enjoy all the luxuries that wealth can give you if you have to stay in bed? Of what importance is success if you are too sickly to make use of it? Let us say, you finished your career with the highest honors, but can you make use of your learning if you are a tuberculous person? Many of the girls desire beauty above everything else, but do you know that beauty is absolutely useless if you are sickly?

On the other hand, if you are healthy, you can attain success, and to some extent beauty. Good health helps boys and girls and men and women to do to the best of their ability their daily tasks at home,

in school, on the playground, in business, and everywhere. Without it, the biggest and best things in this world would not have been done. Nobody will be successful in any undertaking if his health is very poor because success, like a big building, needs a good foundation and that foundation is good health. With good health for your capital, you can also attain wealth. How does good health give you beauty?, you may ask. Good health, more than anything else, makes you better-looking. Have you ever seen any of your playmates after they have been ill? If so, you know how pale and thin they looked. What happened as they began to get well? Did you notice how round and rosy their faces became? Even beautiful girls and handsome boys will begin to look ugly and unattractive if they neglect their health. Good health usually means rosy cheeks, a clear skin, glossy hair,



Emilio Jacinto Elem. School
Manila, P. I.
Sept. 3, 1936

*you other ways of making every
day a Nepa Day.*

Aunt Alma
Tanjay, Negros Oriental

Dear Aunt Alma,

It gives me great pleasure to tell you about the Nepa Day in our school. All the teachers wore native dresses. Some of the children, too, wore clothes made in the Philippines. I attempted to wear my native dress but I was afraid the boys would tease me. So, I just satisfied myself with looking at those in their nepa dresses. The lady teachers in their modern balintawak costumes were as beautiful as fresh flowers blooming in the garden.

Respectfully yours,

Elizabeth Santos

Dear Elizabeth,

Wearing native costumes is one way of observing Nepa Day. I hope, however, that your teachers taught

Teachers:

Do you want to motivate theme and letter writing? "The Young Citizen" offers you a long-awaited chance.

Encourage your pupils to correspond with our young writers whose names appear in the "Pen and Pencil Circle" and in the "Young Writers' Page."

We shall publish the best themes, letters, even poems written by your pupils. Please see to it that they are your pupils' own work.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

YOUNG WRITERS

A SPANKING I RECEIVED

A mischief I did nearly cost me my life. A cart pulled by a carabao and loaded with big bundles of firewood was the cause. The pile seemed to beckon to me. I climbed up the pile and sat proudly on top of it. The bundles rolled down and I rolled down with them. How I escaped being killed was a miracle to me. When my father heard of my accident, he gave me the worst spanking I got in many years.

Timoteo Pascual—VI-A
Rizal Elementary School

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I was born on one of those frightful days when there were frequent fights between Chinese and Filipinos. My mother took such good care of me that I grew to be a very healthy baby. When I was three years old, I was sick with dysentery. I pulled through because of my mother's care.

I had a very dreadful experience. I shiver even now when I remember it. An insane man ran toward me when I was playing. He almost succeeded in killing me. Once I was almost run over by a truck.

I lost my father years ago. I am supported only by my mother, who works in the cigar factory. My ambition is to earn money and make my mother happy.

Pilar Rovero—VI-A
Rizal Elementary School

find a good friend among the children whose letters are published in different numbers of "The Young Citizen." I am Aunt Alma and am therefore old enough to be your aunt.

Lovingly yours,
Aunt Alma

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am sending you this letter to tell you how popular "The Young Citizen" is. In our school there is a big library. We have several copies of your magazine. When we are told to read magazines, the boys and girls rush to "The Young Citizen." We like your stories because they are interesting and easy to understand.

Your admirer,

Asuncion Villaflores

Dear Asuncion,

It is good of you to tell us that the children in your school like "The Young Citizen." I have received many letters about the magazine from pupils of Tanjay. I think that the children of your school are active and wide-awake.

If you have a picture of your school, send it to me for publication.

Lovingly yours,

Aunt Alma

Tanjay, Negros Oriental

Dear Aunt Alma,

I live in Barrio Buyao but I am studying in Tanjay. I am your admirer. Please tell me your name and where you live. I should like to have a picture of yours.

Your admirer,

Basilía Torres

Dear Basilía,

I am sure you are more interested in young girls like you. You may

DRAWING LESSONS

CUT-OUTS OF WHITE PAPER You Can Easily Make Your Own Posters

It is easy to fold a piece of paper or a piece of thin cardboard. After folding, we can make a fan, or cut it freehand and we can produce a string of funny paper figures. But cutting a piece of folded paper freehand is not easy. Cut-outs like the ones on this page can be done easily with the help of a small pair of scissors.

They say, practice makes perfect. You may practice cutting figures like these on the page: Simple pictures from magazines or your favorite storybooks will make very good models for you. But if you wish to make your own, you may sketch your ideas on a piece of white paper. Arrange your figures as you wish them to appear. The pencil line will be your guide in cutting. After cutting, get a piece of colored paper for the background of your figures. The best colored paper for these cut-outs are dark green, dark blue, dark-brown, dark red or black. Heavy colored paper for the background will make your figures appear very well. The last thing to do is to paste your cut-outs on the colored paper. You may think that pasting is the easiest step. Pasting is easy but it is also hard. It is hard because if any of the paste scatters on the colored paper, your work is a failure. Remember that cut-out is an art. If your work is not clean, it will not be presentable.



FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

by *gilme baldovina*

LITTLE ENTERTAINERS

Shirley's Charming Manners

There is no doubt that Little Shirley Temple is a bright little actress. Her numerous successful pictures are proofs of beautiful performances. Every time her new picture comes to town, we crowd the theater to see her. To us, she is a good little entertainer. We know little Shirley from what we see of her in the movies. But people who know her personally think she is not an actress at all. Why? Because what we see of Little Shirley in the movies, is the real Shirley Temple. The Shirley Temple of the movies is the Shirley Temple in real life. She is naughty in most of her pictures. She is really naughty, like other girls, in real life.

Her charming manners in the pictures are her own. When you see her in a picture, remember, she is not acting. She is giving us what she really is.

One day, a month ago, she gave a luncheon. Her guests were grown-ups. They were ladies and gentlemen who write for the newspapers and magazines. While all were enjoying eating, one of the guests had an accident. This guest spilled a glass of water all over the tablecloth. The guest was very much embarrassed. But Shirley said, "That's all right. I do that too, quite often. I just spilled mine a little while ago!" Now, dear children, is she not a little lovable girl?



GINGER, A Young Singer
She makes her way to people's hearts with her smile and her voice.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

Like the month of September, October was not named after a god

or a goddess. Its name was taken from the Latin word which means eight because it was the eighth month in the old Roman calendar.

The most important festival celebrated by the ancient Romans in the month of October was the festival held in honor of Ceres. Ceres was the goddess of harvest. It was she who caused plants to grow and flowers to bloom. She had a lovely daughter whose name was Proserpina.

One day, Proserpina was picking some flowers on a meadow. Pluto, the king of the underworld, saw her and carried her away in his chariot. He took her to his dark palace which was never reached by the sun's rays. Proserpina was very sad. She wanted to be with her mother. She missed the birds and flowers. She refused to eat the food prepared in Pluto's kingdom. Pluto sent messengers to the earth to find some fruit. The messengers came back only with some dried pomegranate seeds.



Ceres worried so much over her daughter that she neglected her duties. Flowers wilted. The grains failed to ripen. The people began to complain. Heeding the people's cry, Jupiter asked Pluto to let Proserpina return to her mother. Pluto promised to do so provided the girl had not eaten any food. It so happened, however, that Proserpina had already eaten six pomegranate seeds. Jupiter, therefore, decided that Proserpina must stay with Pluto for six months and live with her mother on earth during the remaining six months of the year.

The Message This Month

Closing the First Semester

October is the end of the first semester of the school year. We have already gone one half of the year and another half is still before us. It is good at this time if we try to make a list of a few things that we should do while we are in school. Let us, for example, look at the following list:

1. Attended my classes every day.
2. Came to school on time every day.
3. Studied and prepared faithfully my lessons in all my classes every day.
4. Have learned many new things in different subjects.
5. Obeyed my teachers willingly and gladly.
6. Helped in the necessary work that must be done in our school buildings.
7. Helped keep the classroom clean and neat.
8. Helped keep the ground of our school building clean and beautiful.
9. Helped my classmates when they needed my help.
10. Have done my home work promptly.
11. Wrote my examinations without help.
12. Have not prompted my classmates during recitations.
13. Have not destroyed any property of the school—books, desks, tools, etc.
14. Played with my classmates according to the rules of the game.
15. Obeyed all the rules of the school.

There are many other things but these are enough to give us good samples of what we should do in school. Let us score ourselves on the list. See how many we have done and how many we have not done. It should be our aim to have a 100% score. How many of us have a perfect score?

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI

A Word to School Principals—

CONSIDER THESE FACTS:

THE YOUNG CITIZEN PUBLISHES MATERIALS FOR COURSES IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE, HEALTH EDUCATION, CHARACTER TRAINING, CIVICS, HOME ECONOMICS, HISTORY, AND READING.

THESE MATERIALS ARE FRESH AND PURELY PHILIPPINE. THEY SERVE MOST PERFECTLY FOR *SUPPLEMENTARY* MATERIAL FOR GRADES I TO VII. TWENTY SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR YOUR SCHOOL COST ₱46.

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WHY NOT THEN CONSIDER 20 SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR *THE YOUNG CITIZEN* FOR YOUR SCHOOL?



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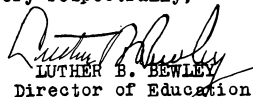
September 21, 1936

The Community Publishers, Inc.
405 Padre Faura, Manila

Gentlemen:

This is to advise you that Panlasigui's Stories on Conduct has been approved as a supplementary reader in Grade V. Approval of this book will appear in the forthcoming Academic Bulletin.

Very respectfully,


LUTHER B. BEWLEY
Director of Education

39047

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