

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Joe and the Burglar

By ANTONIO C. MUÑOZ

There are times when burglars are busy. People then are scared for they fear not only for their money and belongings but also for their lives. In this story you will read how Joe, the little detective and his assistant Rod, outwitted a burglar. Try to find out how they did it.

As Joe was coming home from school one afternoon, he passed by a group of men. One of those in the group was telling a story. The listeners were paying close attention to him. Joe approached the group and joined the attentive listeners. The man was telling about the loss of his money the previous evening.

"I don't have any idea as to who got the money," he said. "Last night I was so sleepy that I forgot to put the money in the wardrobe."

"How much did you lose?" asked one.

"I had sixty-four pesos in my shirt pocket and this morning when I woke up, money, shirt, belt, and trousers were gone. Someone must have entered the house through the window and took

away the things while I was sleeping soundly," he replied.

"It's too bad you did not wake up while the burglar was inside," commented another.

"If I did wake up, I would not bother him," the man said.

"Would you let him run away with your money?" a third man asked.

"Of course, I would," he replied. "Anyone entering a house at that hour of night is armed and ready for whatever may happen. I am sure that the person who entered my house last night was armed and would surely kill me if I bothered him.

I would not allow my wife and my child to get hurt for sixty-four pesos."

A car came. The story teller got in. The others went away. Joe went home.

Joe's father and mother were school teachers. That night a dance in honor of a new supervising teacher was going on at the school. Joe was left in the house with two maidservants. After Joe had studied his lessons, he brushed



his teeth, said his prayers, and went to bed.

A sound awoke him. It came from the window of the room. Joe did not move. Soon a hand grasped the wire that held the blind. Then a head appeared. A minute later a man stood in the room near the window. He looked all around. Satisfied perhaps that he came at the proper time, the intruder moved forward. He went to the dresser and opened the drawer. He found nothing except a box of face powder and some other toilet articles. He saw the aparador in the corner. At once he pulled something out of his pocket and approached the big aparador. The burglar was either picking or breaking the lock judging from the sound made by his instrument.

Joe knew that his mother kept all the money in that aparador. He was about to shout for help but he remembered the words of the man that afternoon, "I WOULD NOT ALLOW MY WIFE AND MY CHILD TO GET HURT FOR SIXTY-FOUR PESOS."

Luck came. Footsteps sounded on the stairs. The burglar put the instrument back in his pocket, walked noiselessly to the window, and then disappeared behind the blind.

It was Joe's parents who came from the dance. Joe did not report the matter to them for he had thought of a plan to outwit the burglar. He knew that the intruder would come back to complete his unfinished work when opportunity came. That opportunity, Joe thought, would only come when his parents were away.

Friday came. *Queen Christina* was to be shown at the REX THEATER.



Joe's mother would never miss a Greta Garbo picture, so Joe thought that the opportunity he had been waiting for had come.

At 3:20 that afternoon, Joe asked the principal teacher to excuse him and Rod from gardening.

"Yes, Joe, Rod and you may go," the principal granted the request. "I know that you always do something useful when you stay out of school."

Rod and Joe went home. They got a piece of lumber measuring two by six inches and ten feet long. A piece of wire was tied to the center of the wood. With the aid of two bamboo ladders, they placed the heavy wood on the upper window sill so close to the edge that a slight jerk on the wire would cause it to fall.

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JAR-MAKING

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vincial customers. The *tapayan* is generally used for holding water, but it is also used for storing *bagoong*, syrup, native sauce, salted fish and other food products. These sizes of jars are manufactured in the kamalig:¹

	Capacity	
	kerosene cans	liters
Kaang	6	108
Primera	5½	99
Segunda	4	72
Tercera	3½	63
Gusi	1½	27

Other sizes and shapes of jars for various purposes may also be ordered according to specifications and prices agreed upon. Defective jars are mended with cement and sold at reduced prices. Broken ones are sold to Parañaque customers who use them for lining their salt field beds.

Workers in a jar factory are paid by quantity production, the master potter and the beater being the highest paid.

Jar making is a very old industry. The methods and implements used are primitive. Some of the terms used show later Chinese influence. The output is not large due to foreign competition in the form of empty oil drums, and galvanized iron and glazed containers imported from abroad. With government assistance and private initiative, the quality and the quantity of the locally produced jars may be improved and thus save this useful industry from finally dying out.

¹ Most of the data in this short article were secured at the factory located in Baranka, Mandalayon, just opposite Makati, Rizal. The owner is Mr. Ceferino Francisco.

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Father and Mother came home from school at five o'clock.

"Get ready, Joe," the mother said. "We shall all go to the show after supper."

"May I spend the night at home with Rod, Mamma?" Joe asked. "Rod's mother has already given her consent."

"They are showing a beautiful picture at REX, Joe, but if you prefer to stay at home with Rod, you may do so," the mother replied.

At eight o'clock, father and mother were ready for the show.

"We're going, Joe," said the mother as she descended the stairs. "Be good boys, while we are away. We will not be back until eleven o'clock."

As soon as his parents were gone, Joe and Rod went to the window and loosened the ends of the wire that held the window blind. They replaced it in such a way that a little weight placed on it would cause the blind to drop down. Then they tied the lower end of the wire that hung from the wood above to the center of the wire across the window.

"All set, Joe?" asked Rod.

"All set," Joe replied. "Now let's lie down and pretend to be sleeping."

With eyes shut but ears open, they waited patiently for any sound from the window. The clock struck ten. Nothing happened so far. Ten minutes later, they heard a faint sound. Then there was a light tap on

EARTHQUAKES

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No one feels safe during an earthquake. All that one can seem to do is to pray and go out under the open sky, far from houses and buildings, and wait in terror until the earth is safely stable again for frightened feet.

the lower part of the window.

"That's a ladder," Joe whispered.

In reply Rod gripped Joe's hand.

Then something below the window creaked at short intervals.

"He is climbing the ladder now," again whispered Joe.

Rod gripped Joe's hand harder.

Soon the blind moved. A hand grasped the wire. One end fell down. The man pulled it with a jerk. The wood above fell down hitting the man on the head. Man and wood fell to the ground. The two boys jumped up from the bed and ran to the window. The man was lying flat on the ground with the wood across his body. He was unconscious.

"Rod, run to the municipal building and report the matter to the Chief of Police," said Joe. "They must come to arrest him before he regains consciousness."

"I'm off," Rod said as he ran toward the door.

Ten minutes later, the Chief of Police and two policemen came. In a few words, Joe explained what had happened.