

CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

Playing Host and Hostess

By B. HILL CANOVA

“PABLO,” called Mrs. Santos to her little boy, “I am going down the street to leave this material with the dressmaker. I’ll be back in a very short time. You play in the garden and do not wander into the street while I am away.”

“Yes,” answered Pablo.

As Mrs. Santos was leaving the dressmaker’s house, Mrs. Cruz passed along the street.

“Good morning, Mrs. Santos, I have just been to your house,” said Mrs. Cruz.

“And Pablo told you I was here, I suppose.”

“No,” he didn’t tell me,” replied Mrs. Cruz. “I asked him where you were but couldn’t get a word out of him. He is rather shy, isn’t he?”

Mrs. Santos skipped over the question and answered, “I am sorry I was out. I am going right back home now, won’t you come with me?”

“Thank you, no,” said Mrs. Cruz. “I

meant to stop only a minute to tell you about the club meeting tomorrow afternoon at two. I just happened to pass this way and am glad I saw you.”

The two women talked for a few minutes and each went her way. As soon as Mrs. Santos was alone she asked herself, “Why did Pablo not answer Mrs. Cruz’s questions? The boy is too timid. He must overcome it, and I must help him. Every day I must help him.”

When the mother reached home Pablo was sitting on the steps. “Did any one call while I was out?” she asked the little boy.

“Yes, Mrs. Cruz came.”

“What did you tell her?” questioned the mother.

“I didn’t tell her anything,” answered Pablo and looked uncomfortable.

Mrs. Santos knew that to scold her little son was not the thing to do. She went in the house without saying anything. All day as she went about her work she thought of ways to help Pablo to gain courage to speak up and talk to people. It worried her. “In many ways he is so clever, but when some one speaks to him he tucks his head and does not reply,” she told herself. “I must help him.”

That evening they had supper earlier than usual. When everyone had finished eating, Mrs. Santos said, “Children, let’s clear away the dishes and play some games together. It is early.”



"Good!" shouted Anselma.

"Fine," agreed Emilio.

"Are you going to play with us?" asked Pablo.

"Yes, I want to play," replied the mother.

The three children hurried about to clean up the dishes. They loved to have mother play with them.

"What shall we play?" asked Anselma.



"Let mother name the game," suggested Pablo. "She can think of such nice things to play."

"Very well," agreed the mother, "let's play Host and Hostess."

"How is it played?" asked all three children at once.

"It's lots of fun," began the mother, "you play as if you were someone else other than yourself."

"Whom shall I be?" asked Anselma.

"Well," said the mother, "suppose you and Emilio play as if you were Mr. and Mrs. Ramos. Pablo, let us pretend that we are Mr. and Mrs. Lucas."

"This is going to be fun," suggested Anselma. "What do we do?"

"The first thing, you choose a place for your house and pretend that you live there."

"Come Emilio," said Anselma, "we will play as if this end of the porch is our home."

"Pablo, shall you and I live here on the other end of the porch? Play as if it is our home."

The two "play-like-families" went to their "play-like-homes."

"You see," explained the mother, "the man and wife who receive visitors are called the host and hostess. Now that we are two families living in two homes, we will make "play-like-visits" to each other. Remember, Anselma and Emilio, you are Mr. and Mrs. Ramos and Pablo and I are Mr. and Mrs. Lucas. We must talk and act just as we think those two families would."

"May Emilio and I be the host and hostess first?" asked Anselma.

"Yes, you may, but what are you going to do when Pablo and I come knocking on your door. Remember, we are Mr. and Mrs. Lucas."

"We will say, 'Good afternoon, come in, how are you, take a seat'," explained Anselma.

"That is right, and don't forget to take our umbrella," reminded her mother, "Then you and Emilio must keep

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PLAYING HOST AND . . .

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an interesting conversation going. When we leave you must ask us to come again, and we must thank you for a pleasant afternoon."

Everything was ready. All the players understood how to play the game. Pablo and his mother pretended to dress to go out to make a visit. The play-like-Mr. and Mrs. Lucas knocked on the play-like-door of the play-like-home of the play-like-Mr. and Mrs. Ramos.

"Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas," said Mrs. Ramos (Anselma).

"Come in," added Mr. Ramos (Emilio).

"Good afternoon," replied Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, (Pablo and his mother).

"Will you sit down?" asked Mrs. Ramos.

"Thank you," replied Mr. and Mrs. Lucas as they sat down.

"Let me put up your umbrella," offered Mr. Ramos.

"Thank you," said Mr. Lucas.

The game was going very well. The hard part now was to keep the conversation going. Mr. Ramos and Mr. Lucas talked about the campaign against noise. Mrs. Ramos and Mrs. Lucas discussed their flower gardens.

After a while Mr. Lucas said, "it is time for us to go. We have had a very pleasant afternoon."

"Indeed, we have," added Mrs. Lucas.

"We are glad you called" said Mrs. Ramos.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN .

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and drop into a saucepan of water with lime. Leave for some hours. Rinse.

Boil a little water and pour over the rinsed santol. Squeeze out the juice. Soak in rice water for 24 hours. Squeeze the juice being careful not to break the flesh. If the water is not sour anymore, prepare the syrup in the same way as for Sweet Condol.

SWEET BREADFRUIT

(Rimas)

1 breadfruit
 ½ kilo sugar
 5 cups water

Pare and slice the breadfruit. Soak in limewater overnight.

Boil some water and drop in the breadfruit. Press out the juice gently. Prepare the syrup as for Sweet Condol, put in the breadfruit until it is tender.

"Yes, come again," urged Mr. Ramos.

"Thank you," said Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, "and we hope you will come to see us."

"Thank you," said Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, "and we hope you will come to see us."

They played again and let Pablo and his mother be the host and hostess while Anselma and Emilio were their visitors. Pablo was not timid to talk to his mother and brother and sister when they were playing together. Host-and-hostess was their favorite game for several weeks. Sometimes the father played with them, too. They had happy times with

WIND AND RAIN

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they can suck it up with their roots; and animals, including man, can satisfy their thirst from the wells and springs and rivers. The water that has seeped through the earth in this way is better to drink than the rain water as it falls from the sky. The earth acts like a filter, and, as the rain water slowly passes through the sand and gravel, all the impurities that have been washed from the air are filtered out.

Not all the rain that falls stays in the soil for plants and animal to use. Much of it is evaporated right back into air when the sun comes out hot. In moist climates much of the water drains off into the rivers which carry it to the sea. Here it may once more evaporate into the air, and start the round again, to fall later as rain.

these play-like-visits with each other.

A few weeks later, the mother was down town. She met one of her neighbors. "Good morning, Mrs. Santos, I stopped in your house on my way to town."

"I am sorry I was out," said Mrs. Santos.

"I spoke to Pablo, and like a little man he said, 'I'm sorry mother is out. She went to town and will be out most of the morning. Will you leave a message and will you call again?'"

Mrs. Santos smiled and she and the neighbor continued their shopping tour together.