

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 2

NUMBER 6

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



WHAT IF?

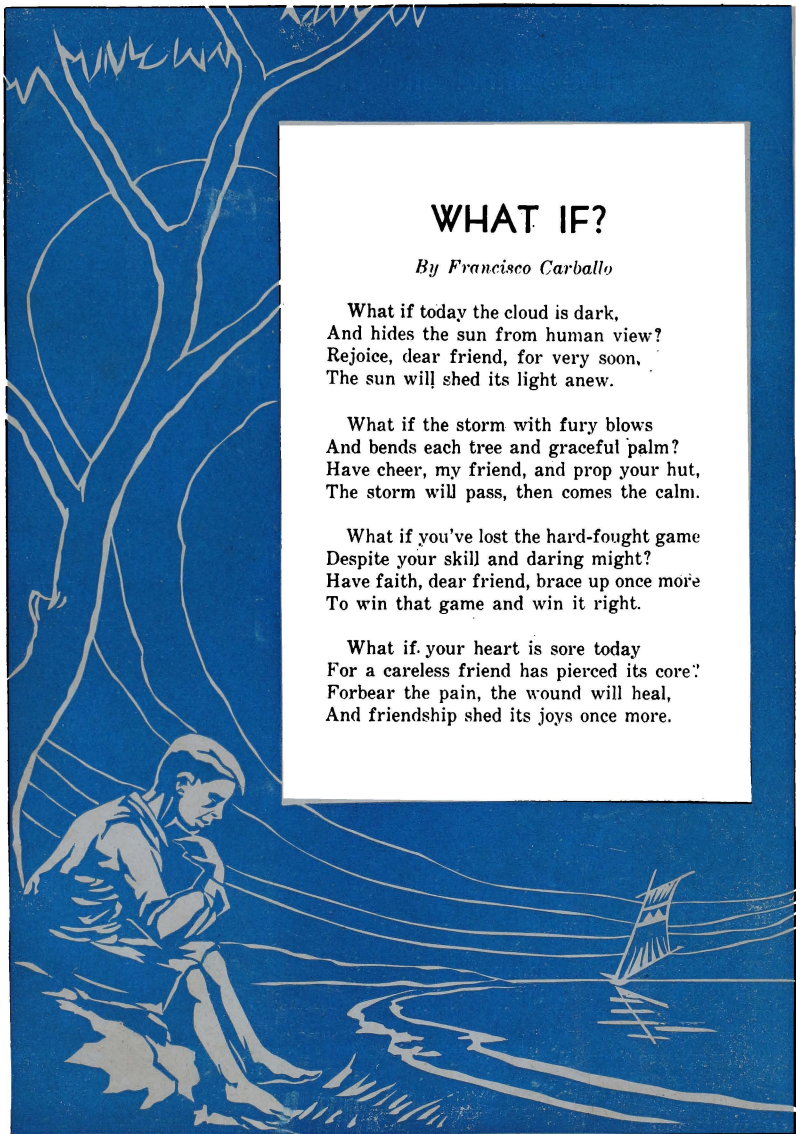
By Francisco Carballo

What if today the cloud is dark,
And hides the sun from human view?
Rejoice, dear friend, for very soon,
The sun will shed its light anew.

What if the storm with fury blows
And bends each tree and graceful palm?
Have cheer, my friend, and prop your hut,
The storm will pass, then comes the calm.

What if you've lost the hard-fought game
Despite your skill and daring might?
Have faith, dear friend, brace up once more
To win that game and win it right.

What if your heart is sore today
For a careless friend has pierced its core?
Forbear the pain, the wound will heal,
And friendship shed its joys once more.



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Aunt Julia

The Zinnia and the Chichirica

A big, red zinnia held herself up. She knew that she was beautiful. She stretched her stem upward and outward above the other zinnias. Everybody that passed by said, "How beautiful!"

The girl who owned the garden came with a friend.

"Look at my giant zinnia," said the girl proudly. "Isn't she a beauty?"

"Yes," the other answered, "as big as a saucer. My zinnias are small."

The girls' words made the big, red zinnia prouder. She looked around at the other zinnias and the little, quiet chichiricas. She seemed to say, "Did you hear what they said?"

When the chichirica said nothing, the zinnia stuck out her lower lip and said,

"Why don't you speak? At least you should be polite enough to answer when you are addressed."

In her soft voice, the chichirica answered, "You are indeed beautiful. I admire your size and your color. But . . ."

"Well, but what?" the zinnia cut in angrily.

"I wonder," the chichirica said slowly, "how long your beauty will last."

"I don't know how long," snapped the zinnia, "but surely I will live longer than you. I am taller. My stalks are bigger than yours."

"Yes, they are. But I am sorry to tell you that I have seen zinnias grow and bloom and die many times. They lived right where you now stand."

"They must be the small, weak ones like my sisters around me."

After a while, the zinnia faced the chichirica again.

"Do you mean to say that you, with your little common-looking flowers, will live longer than I? Of what use are you? Nobody notices you.

"You are right. Nobody notices me. But I stay here even when all the bright zinnias are gone. The mistress does not uproot me to be thrown into the fire."

"How she envies me, the ugly little thing," the red zinnia muttered.

A week passed and the zinnia was still attractive. People stopped to admire her many bright petals. The proud flower cast meaningful glances at her neighbor, the chichirica. The chichirica said nothing.

Then came a day when the zinnia did not feel well. She could no longer meet people's gazes with a broad smile. Some of her petals were no longer bright. She could not hold herself up. All the other zinnias around her were also wilted. The once bright petals were scattered on the ground. The big, red zinnia died broken-hearted.

Soon the gardener came. He pulled all the zinnias and threw them in a heap in a corner. When they were dry, he set fire to them.

"Poor zinnia!" the humble chichirica sighed as she watched the fire.

The girl came. She lingered around the chichirica.

"I like you, my little gentle flower. Anytime during the year I see you smiling modestly at me. You are not very attractive, but you are faithful."

The little chichirica smiled with deep joy.



The Happy Sun-Bird

By N. V. M. GONZALES

ONE clear, bright morning, a red-breasted Sun-Bird was singing from a tree.

A Gumamela Flower which stood there in the sunshine noticed him and said,

"Oh hello, Mr. Sun-Bird! You seem very happy to-day!"

"Well, yes, I am," said the Sun-Bird. "The day is fine, as you know, and from here at my tree-top I can see a good deal of the beautiful world."

And he sang more and more.

His voice was rich and beautiful. A gentle wind fanned the branches of the tree, so it was cool where the happy Sun-Bird sat.

When noon came, a Grasshopper hopped into the shade under the tree where the happy Sun-Bird was, and the Grasshopper said,

"Is that you, Mr. Sun-Bird? You seem very happy to-day."

"Well, yes," said the Sun-Bird to the Grasshopper. "I am very happy, because the day is so fine as I see it here where I sit and watch the world."

And he sang more and more.

Then the Grasshopper hopped back into the grassy lawn where he had come from. On the way he met the Gumamela Flower. The Gumamela was smiling at him very kindly, and was saying,

"Ah, you have come from under the Sun-Bird's tree!"

"Why, yes," replied the Grasshopper.

"The Sun-Bird seems very happy there," said the Gumamela Flower.

"The day is so fine, he said to me," explained the Grasshopper. "And from where he sits he could see the whole, beautiful world."

And so saying, the Grasshopper hopped away further on to the edge of the lawn. He wondered about the Sun-Bird, and even when he had reached the edge of the lawn he could still hear the singing from the top of the tree.

The Gumamela also wondered why the Sun-Bird kept singing up the tree.

In the afternoon the school bells rang, and little boys and girls ran out to the playground. At the edge of the lawn the Grasshopper was unnoticed, creeping low among the grass blades. On the shrubs the sunlight had turned away and no more did the Gumamela bloom there, for a shadow of a leaf had fallen upon it and its red petals became unattractive.

The school children playing around left the Grasshopper and the Gumamela Flower alone, but when they heard the Sun-Bird singing from the top of the tree they were very happy.

"Aren't we just happy and lucky to-day?" some one said.

"Look, there's a bird up there!"

"Oh, he has a nest up there!"

(Continued on page 190)





A GIFT FROM THE JUNGLE

By L. V. R.

LITA, Ben, Lucia and Babing could not go out to play. In clean clothes they sat near the front window, trying to entertain themselves with the antics of the dogs on the street. Their mother, Mrs. Andrade, had left for the market.

"Your father is coming," she had said, "and I want you to be here when he arrives. I, myself, will hurry with my marketing. He wants to see us all here when he comes home from the sea."

So Lita, Babing, Ben, and Lucia remained inside the house. Their father was coming, and they could not leave the house. They loved and feared their father too much to miss seeing him at the instant of his arrival.

"I wonder what he will bring us now," Lita said. All of them looked at the parrot which their father had brought the last time.

"I want a big ship which I can ride when it rains and the streets are flooded with water," said four-year old Ben.

"I want a captain's cap," said Babing.

"I know what he will bring us," Lita said, "Colored fishes for our aquarium."

"There are no colored fish where he is coming from," Lucia said.

"Yes, there are," said Lita.

"There is none, there is none," Ben sang out.

"There is none, there is none," Babing echoed.

Lita faced the other three. She was getting angry when a car stopped near their gate.

"It's Tatay!" all the children cried, and they rushed to the stairs. A sun-burned man in a uniform came rushing up the stairs and tried to embrace all four children at once. The children asked so many questions that the happy father did not know which one to answer first.

Suddenly, a sound of "Curacrakra!" floated above the excited voices. The chil-



dren were surprised. Above the window sill, clinging to the small bannister which parted the wide window, was a small monkey. His eyes were the brightest that the children had ever seen. His wide mouth was drawn in a grin which revealed rows of flashing teeth. A tuft of white on the tip of his small nose gave him a naughty look.

The children gathered around their father while he approached the window and took the monkey.

"This is Unggoy," he introduced, "Unggoy, say how do you do."

Unggoy extended a hairy paw and put it on the head of Babing. Babing laughed delightedly. "Give him to me, Tatay," he cried.

"No, give him to me," said Ben, coming out of his trance. The girls drew away when their father gave the monkey to Ben. Unggoy put his claws to Ben's head and started parting his hair.

Pretty soon, Mrs. Andrade arrived and the children left their father to welcome her. They ran down the stairs and showed Unggoy off to their friends. The little boys and girls of the neighborhood gathered around the little visitor from the jungle. Unggoy gravely pulled the hair of the girls by way of saying welcome.

"Are there many monkeys where you came from?" asked a curious boy.

"Curacura," replied Unggoy.

"That means 'yes,'" interpreted Ben.

"What do you eat?" asked another.

Unggoy waved his paw in a wide gesture, meaning, "Everything."

When dinner time came, Unggoy had made a number of friends. He had pulled everybody's hair and imitated the funny motions of Ben. He lunched on rice and bananas. He was careless about his manners, licking his coconut bowl dry and spilling his water, but the children enjoyed watching him, and he enjoyed the laughter of the children.

That evening, when the children went to bed, Unggoy perched on the top of a bamboo cupboard and went to sleep. Before long, he felt a movement behind him. He



turned quickly. A large robber cat was staring at him with eyes that glowed in the darkness.

"Who are you?" growled the cat.

"I am Unggoy," replied the monkey. "Do you live here?"

The cat just growled, then he sprang upon Unggoy. Unggoy, though small, was very quick, and he sprang aside. Then he jumped on the cat's head and pulled the cat's long whiskers. The cat gave a howl of rage and pain and rushed away into the outside darkness. Unggoy blew cat's fur off his paws, then he went back to sleep.

Early next morning, after the cock's crow, Unggoy woke up. He looked around him. He was surprised to see house walls about him. They looked strange in the dark gray of the morning. They looked neither like the tall trees of the jungle nor the bare walls of the captain's cabin in the ship. He felt a great homesickness. With one bound, he leaped down the cupboard top and out of the window. He clung tight to a small tree that grew directly outside. The feel of the slim branch reminded him of his jungle home and he swung and swung for a while. After some time, he noticed trees around him. "Can this be another jungle?" he thought. Tall trees, small trees, slender trees, big trees grew inside a tall wall. He leaped from tree to tree with joy, screeching softly and working his funny face in a comical manner.

Suddenly, a thought came to him. Why

(Continued on page 167)

The Health Fairies' Victory

(A Play for Child Health Day)

By Lois Stewart Osborn



CHARACTERS:

THE CLEANLINESS FAIRY (*with a cake of soap and a broom.*)

THE PLAY FAIRY (*with a skipping rope.*)

THE GOOD FOOD FAIRY (*with a bottle of milk.*)

THE FRESH AIR FAIRY (*with a fan.*)

THE HAPPINESS FAIRY (*with bright dress and banner.*)

TUBERCLE BACILLUS (*one or more, small—ugly dress—covered face.*)

FLIES (*servants to Tubercle Bacillus.*)

A BABY (*a doll or a small child.*)

SCENE: A Room in Tondo.

TIME: The Present.

(*The baby is seen asleep in its bed with the Sleep Fairy, bending over it, waving her wand.*)

SLEEP FAIRY (*sings*):

Sleep my little one,
Sleep my pretty one,
Sleep.

(*Enter Cleanliness Fairy, who goes to the bed.*)

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. What a pretty baby! Where is its mother?

SLEEP FAIRY. She is sick, but she does not want her baby to get sick also. She has asked the good fairies to take care of him. See how I have made him sleep. We fairies know that babies and little children must sleep a long time.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Yes, that is true, and we know many other things, too. I am going to help keep the baby well by keeping him sweet and clean.

SLEEP FAIRY. How can you do that?

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Oh, I'll help his sister to give him a bath every day and to change his little shirt every day. Then I'll tell her to keep all the flies away from the baby's food because the flies bring dirt and sickness on their feet.

SLEEP FAIRY. Oh, those dirty flies! Sometimes they light on the baby's face when he is asleep.

FRESH AIR FAIRY (*enters*). I heard you talking about the baby and I want to help, too. I know how I can help.

SLEEP FAIRY. Good! What will you do, Fresh Air Fairy?

FRESH AIR FAIRY. I shall tell some one to open all of the windows at night. Night air is good air. It will not hurt any

one, because, you see, night is only a big shadow.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Very good, Fresh Air Fairy. Do you know any other way to help us?

FRESH AIR FAIRY. Yes. Did you say the baby's mother is sick?

SLEEP FAIRY. Very sick, but she loves her baby and wants to hold him in her arms and kiss him.

FRESH AIR FAIRY. Oh, she must not do that. If she loves her baby, she must not give him her sickness by kissing him. We must tell her to let the baby sleep all alone. Sleep Fairy, that is your work.

SLEEP FAIRY. Of course. I'll do that.

(*Enters Good Food Fairy carrying a bottle of milk.*)

GOOD FOOD FAIRY. If you are planning to keep the baby well, I must help you.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Yes, indeed, Good Food Fairy, we can not succeed unless you help us.

GOOD FOOD FAIRY. Let me look at the baby. (*Goes to bed and talks as she examines the baby.*) He is a nice fat baby, isn't he? What food does he get, I wonder.

SLEEP FAIRY. Perhaps his sister gives him rice and a little bread and coffee.

GOOD FOOD FAIRY. Oh! no, I am sure she does not feed him rice and bread. Little babies cannot grow strong and healthy on such food. They must have food that is good for little children. See, I have brought a bottle of fresh milk. This will make him grow strong.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. But are you very sure, Good Food Fairy, that your milk is clean?

GOOD FOOD FAIRY. Yes, indeed, I am very careful about that. You see, this is goat's milk that is very fresh. It was boiled one minute. I like this milk best for babies but there are other kinds of milk that are good, also.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. What kinds are good and clean, too?

GOOD FOOD FAIRY. Cow's milk is good if the cow that gave it is not sick and if no dirt gets into it when the cow is milked.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Anything else?

GOOD FOOD FAIRY. Yes, many kinds of milk that come in bottles and in cans. They are very good, too. The kind that is not sweetened is best.

(*Enters Play Fairy with a skipping-rope.*)

PLAY FAIRY. I am Play Fairy. May I help keep the baby well? You see, I can make children happy if they will follow me.

SLEEP FAIRY. We have heard about that, kind Play Fairy, but the baby is too little now to run and play. Just wait awhile and if we can keep him well, he will soon be ready to let you teach him.

PLAY FAIRY. All right, I'll wait for this baby. I am very busy all the time teaching the school boys and girls to play games. Some of them skip like this (*skips*). Some of them play tag, and the big boys play ball.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. What do the girls like best?

PLAY FAIRY. I think the girls like to dance best. Sometimes they dance on their toes like this (*dances*), and sometimes they wave their arms like fairies.

GOOD FOOD FAIRY. Do you want all of the children to run and play?

PLAY FAIRY. All the children who are not sick. But my friend, the Cheerfulness Fairy, helps me. Here she comes now. (*Enters Cheerfulness Fairy.*)

CHEERFULNESS FAIRY. Did I hear my name? I am always ready to come in if I am called.

SLEEP FAIRY. We always welcome you, Cheerfulness Fairy. When you are around, all the work we do is easier. You seem to help every one. But what is this strange creature? Surely he is not a good fairy. (*Tubercle Bacillus enters. He is small, ugly, and keeps spying around.*)

(*Continued on page 192*)

The Story Of Philippine Cloths

The Ilocano Cloth

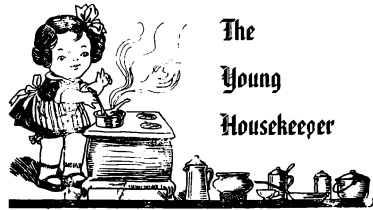
Do you have a dress made of Ilocano cloth? Don't you notice that the dress is very strong and durable? You can wear it for a long time, either to school or when playing games. It can be washed often, for the colors are fast and do not fade easily.

The Ilocano cloth is also ideal for making blankets, towels, bathrobes, and other things that can be used in the home. The cloth is so strong that whatever is made out of it lasts a long time. As the name suggests, it is woven in the Ilocos region. Weaving it is a household industry, and almost every Ilocano woman or girl can do it.

The cloth is made from cotton yarn and threads imported from the United States, Great Britain, Japan and China. Local cotton is also used, and many weavers believe that the cloth made of our own cotton lasts longer than that which is made with foreign cotton. Due to the higher cost of local cotton, however, Ilocano weavers have to use the imported threads.

The looms that the women of the Ilocos use are still primitive in comparison with those used by other weavers. But this should be, since the Ilocano cloth is strong and bulky, whereas the other Philippine cloths are light and fine. These looms have been doing good work for a long time. During the St. Louis and Panama exhibitions the cloth they turned out were awarded prizes.

About five years ago, the Ilocano cloth was sold mostly by peddlers who go from house to house with their goods. Now, however, the spirit of protectionism has made it very popular again. Many school-girls and business women wear dresses made of Ilocano cloth. Stripes in different colors make the Ilocano cloth attractive.



The
Young
Housekeeper

Simple Recipes For The Young Cook

Wilted Lettuce

Have you ever eaten cooked lettuce? It tastes quite as good as the raw lettuce which we usually have for salad. Here is a way to cook lettuce without removing the elements that make lettuce very good food.

Wash about one hundred leaves of lettuce. Shake from them as much water as possible.

Mix together 4 tablespoonsful of vinegar, 5 tablespoonsful of water, 3 tablespoonsful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt. Pour this mixture in a hot carajay where two tablespoonsful of fat have melted. Heat the mixture to boiling point.

Drop the lettuce leaves uncut into the boiling mixture and turn them over several times. After 5 or 6 minutes, the leaves will be wilted, and they can be removed from the carajay and served with fish or meat.

Mongos

Wash mongos and cover them with three or four times as much water. Let the mongos soak for a day or during the night. Pour off the remaining water and boil the mongos for an hour. When the mongos are soft, they may be eaten with milk and sugar.

If you wish to serve mongos for dinner or supper, go through the procedure given above, then cook with the mongos small pieces of fat meat and shrimps. Add enough salt to taste.

Reading Time for Little Folks



Nena and the Dog

Nena was going to school one morning. She opened the door. She saw a strange dog in the middle of the stairs.

"Go away," she said.

The dog would not go away.

"Go away," she said again. But the dog lay still.

Nena saw the broom in a corner. She got it and went to the door.

"I shall hit you with this broom," she said to the dog.

The dog was not frightened.

Nena could not beat the dog with the broom. She felt sorry for the dog.

"I know what I shall do," she said. She went to the kitchen and got a piece of bread. Then she returned to the door.

She threw the piece of bread as far as she could.

The dog saw the piece of bread. He gave a happy bark, then he ran after the piece of bread. Now, Nena could pass on the stairs.



Lita and the Butterfly

Lita went to the garden one afternoon. She saw a big Butterfly. The Butterfly flew from flower to flower.

"What are you doing?" Lita asked the butterfly.

"Go away, little girl," said the Butterfly. "Can't you see I'm very busy?"

"Are you busy?" asked Lita. "I thought you were only playing."

"I am not playing," said the Butterfly. "I am working to get some food."

"Where do you get your food?" Lita asked.

"I get my food from the flowers. My food is the nectar that they have in their centers."

"What is nectar?" Lita wanted to know.

"Nectar is the honey that I find in the flowers." The Butterfly then fluttered its wings. "Go away, I am very busy and you ask me so many questions. Go away."

Lita laughed to see the Butterfly so busy, then she went away.

BUYING

(Continued from

By *Tranquilino Sitoy*
Malaybalay, Bukidnon



"Not so sweet as it should be
Is the song you sang to me.
But I thank you. You may take one,
For now must I be gone."

Then the mouse went down the hill,
To look for other songs for sale.
He met a bird high on a limb,
A kackock who called to him.

"Little Mouse, hear. I pray thee.
Please give some of those to me.
If you like with me a trade
I'll pay you with what he said."

"Sing a song that I may listen
Under trees whose leaves do glisten,
Then I'll give you what I've here,
For sweet songs to me are dear."

"Sago . . . gok," the bird began,
"Sago . . . gok," and all was done.
"This to me is very sweet.
The best that you will ever meet."

"'Tis not pleasing to my ear.
My mother would not care to hear
The songs of the sagoksoks.
Take one, though, taste how she cooks."

He went up and down the hill
Till he saw a big hornbill
Who asked him, "What is that you bring?
What do you want for the thing?"

"A sweet song is all I want.
'Tis a song I wish to hunt.
If your voice is sweet by chance
Sing a song that I may dance."

"Koo, koo, tongkago, koo, koo.
Children call me tongkago, koo.
I live in Lumagapoo.¹
Koo, koo, tongkago, koo, koo."

"Sweeter than the first I've heard
Is the song of this queer bird.
Thank you for what you've given.
For that I'll give you seven."



He desired a song still sweeter.
Perhaps, thought he, there is one better.
And later he met an oriole.
An oriole, yellow and beautiful.

"Little Mouse, how tired you must be,"
The oriole said. "Come and rest with me.
Come in and take a seat.
O, you have something nice to eat."

"I have traveled from morn till noon,
Filled with sadness and some gloom.
If you sing me some sweet songs
I'll give you what to me belongs."

¹In the native dialect this means a mountain where the hornbills live.

A SONG

Last Issue)

"O then, listen while I tweet
The songs that are very sweet.
I will try to let you hear
The songs that I hold dear."

"Tee tee yolao tee yolao,
Children call me tiolao,
Tee tee yolao tee yolao,
They say I am tiolao."

"It is near to being fair,
But it is lost in the air.
You've done your very best.
Your song is sweeter than the rest.



"Now I must go down the plain.
I will come to you again,
And pay the price of your song
If I can't find a sweeter one."

Little Mouse gave him twelve crackers,
Then he bound the rest together,
They will buy a song still unsung,
Sweeter than the rest had been.

Then he saw a lively quail
Running up and down the hill,
Filled with joy . . . and full of mirth,
The liveliest creature on the earth.

"Little Mouse," softly said he,
"What a dinner this would be!
If you tell me what you wish
I will give it all for this."



"A song is what I wish to cherish,
A song so sweet is all I seek,
A song is what I wish to cherish
A song so sweet is all I seek."

"A song is what you wish to cherish.
I will sing the song you wish.
If that is all that makes you sad,
With my song will I make you glad.

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
Happily, happily singing as I play.
Merrily, merrily dancing all the day."

" 'Tis the seventh song I've heard.
'Tis the one by me adored.
First, here's one cracker for thee,
Then please sing again for me."

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
Happily, happily singing as I play.
Merrily, merrily dancing all the day."

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yo—eek . . .
This is the sweet song I seek.
Sing it once more, line by line.
This is the song I wish were mine."

"Pee pee yogo. Pee pee yogo.
Singer of the meadow low.
That is what you next should say.
Sing it fairly in that way."

(To be continued)



THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

by Julio Cesar Peña

Chapter Sixteen

The Story of a Foundling

LOLO had hardly recovered from surprise at the old cook's strange behavior when Mrs. Del Valle rushed in very much excited.

"Tony, my boy!" she cried as she threw herself upon Tonio, who was lying on a bamboo bed. "Something told me. I was a fool to have doubted," she said brokenly as she stripped the boy of his pants.

Mr. Del Valle, who had followed her, helped in turning the astonished boy on his back. His pelvis exposed, they saw a purplish-red birthmark as wide as a man's palm.

"My own! My precious!" and Mrs. Del

Valle smothered the boy with kisses.

Mr. Del Valle carried Tonio in his arms and walked out of the room.

"To his own room my dear, my baby's," Mrs. Del Valle told her husband as she followed him.

"I thought so. I thought so," the old cook pronounced solemnly, slapping the blind man on the back.

"Do you mean they are convinced my Tonio is their own child?" Lolo asked, his voice tremulous with great emotion.

"Yes, the birthmark will not lie."

"What birthmark?" Lolo was puzzled, for he did not know that Tonio bore any.

"The big, red mark on his pelvis. Now, Lolo, tell me the story. They won't care to hear it. It is enough that they have found their baby."



The blind man turned his sightless eyes heavenward. Passing his hand over his brow, he began slowly, "It was June, almost ten years ago, and the transplanting season was in full swing."

"Why, where did you live?" the cook interrupted.

"Very far, at a small *sitio* about two hours' walk from the provincial road of Bulacan."

"Bulacan! That is not far. The Master spent a great deal on public and private detectives. I cannot see why they failed to find the baby."

"Perhaps because I lived in a small *nipa* hut set apart from the center of the *sitio*. As I was saying, it was transplanting time and all the men and women of the *sitio* were out in the field the whole day. I was staying with my widowed daughter, who made a living by helping the farmers with the planting, harvesting, and threshing. On Saturdays and Sundays she also peddled rice cakes.

"It was a Saturday and my daughter had an unusually hard day. She came home late and we ate our supper at about eight o'clock. We lingered over our meal as she recounted to me the farm gossip.

"Mang Juan's boy has reported having seen a very dim light in the haunted shack," she said.

"Ho, the old story," I poohed. "Everybody believes the shack is haunted, but nobody has seen the ghost."

"This is different, Father," she countered. "The dogs howl fearfully at odd intervals in the night. The neighbors declare that the dogs are seeing things which are invisible to man."

"Just then our dog gave a piercing cry. We were silent for a while. I got up and felt for my cane under the *papag*. My daughter washed the dishes right where she was, using our drinking water. I sensed that she was afraid to go out to the *batalan* where our jars of wash water were."

"Did you not go out, Lolo?"



"Not right away.. Presently there was an insistent barking. 'Bring the lantern,' I told my daughter as I went out cautiously with my cane.

"*Susmariosep!*" my daughter exclaimed and she rushed forward. "'A baby, Father.'"

"Well, to make a long story short, we found Tonio on our *batalan*. He was just a few months old, for he could not even turn on his side yet. The child was clothed in a single shirt and wrapped in a piece of gray muslin. A little piece of paper was pinned on the shirt. On it was scrawled the name *Antonio*. I gave him my family name and so he has been known as Antonio Ramos."

"What about the person who had brought the baby, Lolo? Was anything found out about him or her?"

"Nothing at all. But since that day, no ghost haunted the deserted shack. Now it is your turn to tell me how Tonio happened to get lost."

The old cook passed her fingers through her thinning hair—

"I know all the details connected with the kidnapping. You know, I have been in

(Continued on page 191)

ESSAY CONTEST

18 GRAND PRIZES

Cash Prizes For Winning Students Library Books For Their Schools

THE YOUNG CITIZEN, the only magazine published in the Philippines exclusively for young boys and girls, announces the opening of an essay contest in which pupils from grades V to VII may take part.

The contest begins on July 15th, 1936, and closes on March 31, 1937.

Subjects of the Essays

For the Fifth Grade Contest:

Why I Should Be Truthful.

For the Sixth Grade Contest:

How I Keep Myself Healthy.

For the Seventh Grade Contest:

Why I Should Know the Constitution of My Country.

Length of the Essays

Each essay should not have less than three hundred words nor have more than five hundred words.

Each essay should be clearly and neatly written (if possible typewritten, double-spaced) on one side of the sheet only.

Basis of Selection

The winning essays will be selected on the basis of quality of English and originality of presentation of the subject matter.

The judges will be selected by the publishers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. They are not in any way connected with any school taking part in the contest.

Conditions

There are, in fact, three different contests: one for all fifth grade pupils, an-

other for all sixth grade pupils, and a third for all seventh grade pupils all over the Philippines.

To enable the pupils in the fifth grade of a school to take part in the *Fifth Grade Contest*, every section must have at least two one-year subscriptions for THE YOUNG CITIZEN. These subscriptions may be either class subscriptions or individual subscriptions of the pupils or the teachers, or both. Having two subscriptions, the section may take part in the contest. Out of all the essays submitted by the pupils in the section, their teacher selects the best one. This one represents the class and will compete with all the other winning essays selected from the other fifth grade classes. The principal teacher of each school sends the winning essays of his school to THE YOUNG CITIZEN, 405 P. Faura, Manila, where a board of judges will select the best essay out of all the winning essays from that school. The essay thus chosen will compete with the winning essays representing the different schools. The best essay, selected in this manner will be awarded the grand prize, which consists of a prize for the author and a prize for the school from which he comes.

If a class pays for four (4) subscriptions, it is entitled to two representatives in the contest. If it pays for six (6) it will have three representatives in the contest. In other words, a class is entitled to one representative in the contest for every two subscriptions for THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

CONTEST TO BE WON !

The contest for the sixth graders and that for the seventh graders are to be conducted in the same manner as that described above for the fifth graders. The conditions for entrance are also similar. Thus, a sixth grade class having two subscriptions for THE YOUNG CITIZEN may take part in the contest, and the best essay selected by the teacher of that class will represent it in the final contest. If the class has four subscriptions, it has the right to have two of its essays selected for the final competition.

A seventh grade class will have the same rights for every two annual subscriptions for THE YOUNG CITIZEN paid either by the class or by individual members of the class.

The subscription price of THE YOUNG CITIZEN for this contest is ₱2.30 a year.

Grand Prizes

This contest is designed to stimulate the interest not only of the individual pupils but also of the different schools. For this reason, prizes are given not only to individual winners but also to the schools in which the winners are enrolled.

The fifth grade student writing the winning essay will receive a prize of ₱100 in cash, and his school will receive a prize of ₱150 worth of library or supplementary books.

The sixth grade student writing the win-

ning essay will receive a prize of ₱100 in cash, and his school will receive a prize of ₱150 worth of library or supplementary books.

The seventh grade student writing the winning essay will receive a prize of ₱100 in cash, and his school will receive a prize of ₱150 worth of library or supplementary books.

A second prize of ₱50 in cash and ₱75 worth of library books or supplementary readers will be awarded to the student and his school, respectively, getting second place in the contest.

A third prize of ₱25 in cash and ₱40 worth of library books will be awarded to the student and the school, respectively, getting third place.

Subscriptions for THE YOUNG CITIZEN paid by the school library are counted in this contest. The principal teacher of the school must notify the Business Manager of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, Manila, for what grade such subscriptions shall be used.

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The Publishers reserve the right of calling off the contest if the response of the schools does not justify its continuance.

The enclosed form should be used for entry in this contest.

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AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

SEA SCOUTING

By Horacio Ochangco*

What is it?

There comes a time in the life of every boy when the desire for adventure is one of the great compelling forces. Sea Scouting gives the boy an opportunity to satisfy this desire.

Sea Scouting is a program of maritime or seamanship activities carried out by the Philippine Boy Scouts through the Sea Scouting Department of the Boy Scouts of America. It prepares the boy for emergencies on land and water, and gives him a varied program of graded seamanship which develops his knowledge of the sea and its ways.

No boy is entitled to be a Sea Scout unless he is a registered Scout, at least 15 years of age and a member of a group of at least 8 boys who are or-

* Manager, Publicity Department, Boy Scout Headquarters, Manila.

ganized as a unit known as a Ship.

Program for Older Boys

The Sea Scouting Program is essentially a program for older boys. Its ultimate objectives, promotions and carrying out of the program are similar in almost all respects to land Scouting, except in its type of activities, the Uniform and requirements.

Local Organization

The Sea Scouting Department of the Philippine Boy Scouts is operated, as all other departments of the Philippine Council, through its Executive Board.

A committee, known as the Sea Scouting Committee serves as advisory body to the Executive Board in all matters relating to Sea Scouting. This Committee is made up of men who are interested in the Sea Program for Scouts.



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ESSAY CONTEST

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CONTEST ! TO BE WON

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The Publishers reserve the right of calling off the contest if the response of the schools does not justify its continuance.

The enclosed form should be used for entry in this contest.

Date _____, 1936

Community Publishers, Inc.
405 P. Faura, Manila

Sirs:

We want to take part in the Essay Contest of THE YOUNG CITIZEN.
Inclosed P_____ for _____ subscriptions for THE YOUNG CITIZEN.
(No. of yearly subs.)

These subscriptions are for the contest for { Grade V _____
Grade VI _____
Grade VII _____
(Indicate by a cross the grades to take part in the contest)

Sgd. _____
Principal

School

Municipality and Province

FILIPINO GAMES

MUSICO-MUSICO

'Musico-Musico' is a game which can be played by ten players or more. The children select the instruments that they want to play. One may select the drum, another may select the trombone, and so on, until every one has an instrument. Then the players form a circle. A director stands in the middle of the circle.

At a signal from the director, the players go through the motion of playing their instruments. While they are doing this, the director keeps time with his hands, as real directors do. After a while, the director imitates the action of one of the players. The one imitated must play that he is the director or he will be fined. The former director now plays an instrument, while the new director waits for a while, then imitates the action of another player.

PASE EN ORDEN

"Pase en orden" is a game played by a "Mother Hen" and her "chickens." The "Mother Hen" says: "Pase en orden" or "Pass in order." The "Chickens" reply: "Conventong malalim," meaning, "a very deep convent." The "Mother" then says, "Take a flower . . . the gumamela," or "rosal," or "sampaguita."

The chickens rush away to get the flower named. The one who arrives first with the flower may stay with the mother. Those who are late answer some

Activities

The activities of Sea Scouting are connected with water—swimming, sailing, rowing, sea history, marlinspike seamanship, ground tackle, life aboard ship, rules of the road at sea, foreign commerce, navigation, piloting, signalling and cruising.

The Ship's Company

A group of 8 to 32 boys of Sea Scout age (15 years or over) with an adult teacher, the Skipper (who corresponds to the Scoutmaster of the land Troop), and one or two Mates (corresponding in rank to the Assistant Scoutmaster), comprises the Ship's company. This corresponds to a Scout Troop, and, as stated above, must be registered as such after being transferred to the Sea Scout Division where it is known as a Sea Scout Ship.

The successful working of the Ship rests chiefly on the Skipper who is the mainspring of the program.

Open to All

The Sea Scout Program is open to all boys who are fifteen years of age and over, but it is recommended that none but First Class Scouts be registered as Sea Scouts at this time.

questions that the "mother" may ask. For example: "Why were you late?" "The 'chicken' may reply, "Because I met a lizard on the way," or some such thing. After all have been questioned, they repeat the first part of the game. They continue doing this till all the "chickens" are gathered around their mother.

Try Memorizing These--

"My boy," a father advised his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

—Alabama Times

"Happiness is a rebound from hard work. One of the follies of man is to assume that he can enjoy mere emotion. As well try to eat beauty. Happiness must be tricked. She loves to see men work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will not be found in palaces, but lurking in cornfields and factories and hovering over littered desks. She crowns the unconscious head of the busy child."

Let us not pray for a light burden, but a strong back.

—Theodore Roosevelt

"A champion is a fellow who gets licked two or three times a week and keeps right on calling himself a champion."

"Courage consists in hanging on one minute longer."

"One ship goes east, another west,

By the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That determines the way they go."

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COMMON SHRUBS

Shrubs are bigger plants than the herbs, a number of which you read about in the past issues of "The Young Citizen." Shrubs have hard bodies like trees but much smaller than trees. They are usually a meter or two in height. Shrubs that have many trunks are called bushes. Rosal, santan, sampaguita, dama de noche are bushes. San Francisco is a shrub.

The most widely known and the best beloved of all bush flowers is the sampaguita. Because its modest blossom and delicate fragrance typify the nature of the Filipino, the sampaguita has been designated our national flower. The sampaguita is worn as necklaces, coronets, and garlands. It is used profusely in churches, at weddings, and at processions. Can you name other uses of the sampaguita?

The rosal is taller than the sampaguita. Rosal shrubs dot many plazas or line the sidewalks of many Philippine towns. Why is the rosal so popular? Its white flower with a heart of gold is attractive and exceedingly fragrant. When in bloom, the entire crown of the shrub is covered with flowers. Like the sampaguita, the rosal is used in churches and at processions. Like the camia, the ilang-ilang and the champaca, the rosal is used as a cross at the end of a sampaguita rosary.

The sampaguita and the rosal are widely popular, but the dama de noche is the sovereign of the garden at night. Its tiny greenish white flowers that grow in clusters do not attract attention in the daytime.


But at night the blossoms on a small plant will fill a whole neighborhood with a sweet perfume.

Santan is about as big as the rosal. Its little flowers grow in big attractive clusters. There are white, pink, red, and cream santan. This bush is used as an ornamental plant like the rosal. The pink kind is delicately fragrant but the others are almost odorless.

Shrubs are cultivated as ornamental plants not only because of their attractive or fragrant flowers, but also for their attractively bright foliage. You are familiar with the San Francisco. Its leaves are of different shapes and colors. What other shrubs have brightly colored leaves? Look about the school ground, the town plaza, the municipal or provincial buildings. Ask for the names of shrubs that owe their value to their yellow, red, and purple leaves.

typify	coronets	odorless
designated	sovereign	foliage
profusely	ornamental	clusters

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THE DOG

Do you have a pet? The trouble you take in caring for a pet is more than compensated by the pleasure you reap and the fine traits of character you develop in yourself. Dogs, cats, rabbits or Guinea pigs, goldfish, birds, and monkeys make interesting pets. Even the most selfish child will learn thoughtfulness and develop a sense of responsibility when he keeps a pet.

A dog is the most faithful and useful pet. He makes a devoted companion, a faithful guard, and an excellent hunter. In return for all his services, you should give him the necessary care and consideration.

Two things are sacred to a dog: his bed and his food. From earliest puppyhood, the pet must be trained to stay in places that belong to him. He must have his own corner for a bed. When asleep, he must not suddenly be disturbed. Give a soft word or a whisper to awaken him. When a dog is busy on his choice bone, he must not be bothered. Someone has said that stealing a bone from your pet is an outrage on his self-respect. A dog will always use his teeth to protect his bed and his food.

(Read more about dogs in the coming issues of The Young Citizen.)

How The Month Of JULY Was Named

This month was named by the ancient Romans in honor of Julius Caesar, the founder of the Roman Empire. His birthday was on the twelfth day of July.

Julius Caesar was one of the greatest generals of all times. He extended the boundaries of Rome to Asia, Africa, and to Great Britain. He became the first supreme ruler or emperor of the Roman Empire. Although exercising great powers, he did not want to be crowned king.

He was not only a great soldier. He was also a wise statesman and a historian. He had many plans to make the Romans happy and prosperous. But he was unable to carry out his plans because he was killed by his own friends who were jealous of his power.

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YOUNG WRITERS

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

The cat said, "Mouse you are so small."

Why don't you come some day to call?

I would like to see you sometime
When I am about to dine.

"A fine idea you call that
Well do you know I'm very fat.
And if I went into your house
You'd eat me right up," said the mouse.

*Manuela de Guisá
VII-B*

AT SUNRISE

When the sun came creeping from
the East,

Birds from their sleep wake and fly
on the trees,

Singing their cheerful song as they
fly along,

"How lovely is the morn."

Cocks begin to crow and flap their
wings,

To tell the world how bright the
day is,

Children from their beds wake up
and play,

God the Saviour keeps them safe
all day.

*Leonardo Carlos
IV-A'*

A CHINESE BOY I MET

I met once a Chinese lad,
With dirty hands and face,
He had long finger nails and hair,
And clothed in a meanly way.

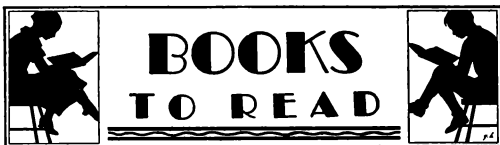
I asked him why he was dirty as
could be,

He just looked at me.

With never an answer he passed me
by,

How miserable is that Chinese boy,
thought I.

*Maximino Franco
IV-A'*



LUCK OF THE "ROLL AND GO"

By Ruth and Latrobe Carroll

This book tells the story of an adventurous cat who was not contented with simple life ashore. One foggy night, he roamed around the docks. He saw a ship which was just going to sea. He boarded that ship, and very soon was on his way to the South Pole. The sailors named the little cat "Luck," in the hope that he would bring them luck. Luck became a friend of everyone on the ship. He fought with the mice and watched dangerous waters from a distance. He even flew in an airplane over the South Pole. His life was filled with excitement.

Luck's life makes very interesting reading for those who are fond of animal stories. His adventures will carry any little boy and girl over the waves, across strange islands and on perilous flights. There

are nine full-page pictures in the book and many small pictures by Ruth Carroll.

WHO GOES THERE?

By Dorothy P. Lathrop

Have you ever wanted to give a party for your small animal friends? If you have, then you will enjoy this very interesting book about some children who gave a winter party to the animals that they love. They set out nuts, berries, and other bits of food to attract their little friends. Then over the snow, from every hole and tree came chipmunks, squirrels, rabbits, and other creatures of the woods. The children and the animals all had a very lively time making the snow fly.

The book is beautifully illustrated by the author. The text is very simple and even little children can read it. This will make a very lovely present for a little friend in the primary grades.

MY DAY'S COMFORT AND RECREATION

After obeying the orders of Mammy,

Running her errands as she says,
"The Young Citizen" I next consult,

For my day's recreation and comfort.

In days when I'm weary and blue,
Away from playmates who are true,

"The Young Citizen" makes me happy soon—

My only day's comfort and recreation.

By Francisca San José

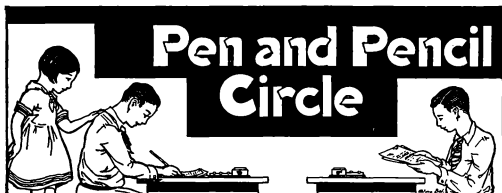
NEXT MONTH

Beginning

The Golden Image of Sri Visaya

By Alice Franklin Bryant

A story of a boy's treasure hunt in the wilds of Negroes.



Dear Aunt Alma,

I'm IV-A¹ in the Burgos Elementary School. I'm nine years old. I am fond of reading books and comic sections in the newspapers.

In school, I often read magazines, and among them is "The Young Citizen." I like this magazine because it contains Philippine stories. The stories I like very much are: Little Stories for Little People, The Adventures of a Beggar Boy, and the poems. I like also "Kiko's Adventures" because every month Kiko is doing different things.

Aunt Alma, when I grow up I would like to write stories. Is it hard to write stories? Will you tell me how I can write one?

Sincerely yours,

Lydia Raagas

Dear Lydia,

Writing stories is not very hard for those who have read many stories. Boys and girls who are fond of reading and who think about what they read learn much about story writing, and before long, they can write stories themselves. Simple stories about animals and flowers or about people that you know are easy to write. Try writing some and send them to your

Aunt Alma.

633 G. Tuason Int.
Manila, P. I.

Dear Aunt Alma,

Our school is subscribing for *The Young Citizen*. I enjoy reading the stories in it. I like the story of Happy Little Nena for it teaches children a good lesson. The lesson I have learned is that I should love my baby sister better than my doll for a sister is a real breathing thing, and a doll is only a toy.

I told the story to my mother and sister and they asked me to repeat it over and over again until I was tired. However, I told them to read it from the *Young Citizen*. Father promised to buy us a copy of the next issue.

Aunt Alma, give us more nice stories. I hope for the success of your magazine.

Truly yours,

Albertina Sobrivas

Dear Albertina,

"Thank you for your interest in 'The Young Citizen.' I hope that

you will continue reading the magazine, for there are fine stories and poems in it which you can later tell to your mother and sister. Why don't you subscribe for it? Subscribing for a magazine will make each copy cost cheaper than if you bought it at the stands.

Aunt Alma

UMBRELLA SONG

Rain, rain, pit-a-pat,
Rain on this and that,
Fall upon my wide black top
And never, never stop.

Fall upon the trees,
Wet the birds and bees,
Fall upon my wide black top
And never, never stop.

Wash the dust from streets,
Tear the streams in sheets
But even if you never stop,
You can't pass through my black top.

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Mix Klim with water, and you obtain rich, creamy delicious liquid milk — with the natural flavor, the good nourishment of milk fresh from the cow.

Wonderful for infants

In the powdering, Klim is made more digestible than ordinary milk. And from the cow to your pantry, its purity and uniform goodness are protected by the strictest scientific care. That is why doctors recommend it for even the feeblest babies — and for growing children.

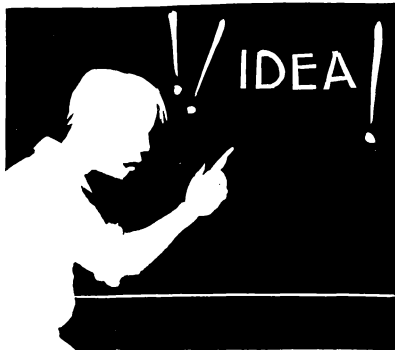
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2-11-94

Kiko's Adventures—THE BIG FISH!

by gilmo baldovino



A RIDE ON THE SEA

Words by
LUIZA DE LA PAZ

Music by
ANTONIO C. MUNOZ

O — for a ride on the deep, blue sea, With a cloud for a boat that's
built for me, I'd dance o'er the waves, the bubbles I'll chase, I'd play with,
fishes and the gold sun's rays, I'd sail till I know where the God Sun
lives Or where the moon comes from at each twilight, I'd gather the stars that
blow in the deep, For playmates I'd leave when I make the trip.

A GIFT FROM THE JUNGLE

(Continued from page 169)

doesn't he run away? He wanted to go back to the jungle where bigger trees and more luscious fruits could be found. He thought that if he traveled through this forest in which he found himself, he would end by getting to the jungle where he had come from.

Unggoy swung from tree to tree until he reached the edge of the garden. There he stopped by the wall, uncertain what to do. Suddenly, he heard a low growl. Unggoy shivered with fear.

"That's a lion!" he thought. "I must be very near."

Very carefully, he crawled upon the wall. The growl was nearer and more fierce than before. Unggoy chattered with fear. He carefully clambered down the wall, then he stopped. A huge animal was waiting for him at the foot of the wall.

"A tiger!" he thought, seeing that the big animal had no heavy mane. He quickly climbed up the wall, his teeth chattering with fear. Below, the growling had turned into a sharp bark, as the neighbor's dog cried after the strange little monkey to come down and

fight.

Unggoy ran as fast as he could. He did not know that the huge animal was only a dog. Unggoy swung from tree to tree till he got to the low santol tree which he had discovered that morning. There he paused, tired and frightened. He heard the rustle of broad leaves, a sound that was familiar to him. Looking to where the sound came from he gave a shout of joy, for there, before him, was his old friend, the banana tree.

"I'm so glad to see you here," he cried.

The banana said not a word, but it ruffled its leaves with pleasure. Unggoy swiftly ran up the smooth trunk and embraced the big bunch of ripening fruit which hung down the trunk. He seized the first fruit that shone gold in the sun. He started to eat.

The children woke up. They ran to the dining room and looked at the top of the cupboard. It was empty!

"He is gone!" Ben cried, and got ready to cry. The others searched all about the room for Unggoy. Babing looked out of the window. "There he is!" he cried pointing to the banana tree that stood in the orchard.

The others put their heads out of the window and, sure enough, there was Unggoy, grinning and eating to his heart's content. A mound of banana leaves had formed on the ground, and the children wondered at the number of bananas he could eat.

"He is going to eat all the bananas!" cried Babing.

"Come down!" shouted Ben. "COME DOWN!" the others shouted.

Unggoy slowly went down the banana tree. He patted his fat stomach and grinned at the children. Then, on all fours, he returned to the house.

"I don't suppose you need any breakfast," said Mother.

"Curacura," replied Unggoy. But he accepted the piece of bread that Ben handed to him. He ate this as fast as he could, then he put out his hand for more. The children watched him with fear while he ate. What if his stomach should burst! But Unggoy merely patted his big stomach and went on eating whatever was given him. He drank a cup of milk, then grinning and screaming, he jumped up and down.

"Life is good," he thought. "this is a fine home."

MOVIE PAGE



Harold and Carl "Alfalfa" Switzers

MOVIE SHORTS

Do you know what movie shorts are? I am sure you have seen some. A short is sometimes a comedy, a newsreel, a revue or program of songs and dances, and such other small features which make a movie program complete.

These shorts are interesting. They make you feel rested after

seeing a long picture. They give variety to the program. Most of them are so good that you wish they were not so short, but of course, their shortness make them seem very good indeed. Many important studios spend a lot of money in making good shorts, because they know that people who go to shows are not satisfied when the shorts are not good.

The "shorts" have many fine players. Mickey Mouse is one. So is Popeye, the sailor. Then there are dogs and monkeys and even birds who play in shorts. There are also many pretty children who cannot stand working for a long time and so are just right for short features. On this page you will meet some of them. These boys and girls are members of "Our Gang," and they do comedies for MGM studios. Don't you think they are very pretty? The boy and girl dressed in their best clothes are Scotty Beckett and Darla Hood.

Darla looks very cute in her long, white pants and nice sweater. Scotty is holding a flower against Darla's breast. He thinks that the flower makes Darla prettier still.

I wonder if you know how to sing and how to play the guitar. Harold and Carl "Alfalfa" Switzers, can do both. They sing very well about the country and the cowboys. They each have a musical instrument with which to accompany their song. These brothers are also in "Our Gang" comedies. Have you ever seen them play?

In beautiful Chinese pajamas, little Juanita Quigley lays herself down to rest. But before doing so, she kneels and prays for health and happiness. Little Jane seems to have both, for she is not only a pretty, healthy little girl, but she also earns a great deal of money for herself and her family. When she grows up, she will be a rich girl. Don't you wish you were in her place?



Little Juanita Quigley



Scotty Beckett and Darla Hood

The Stories In The TALKIES

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" tells the story of a little American boy who became a Lord. He had to live in a castle with his Grandfather and was separated from his mother whom he called "Dearest." The Grandfather was angry with his mother, so he would not have her live in the castle.

The child was so sweet and charming that the Grandfather changed from a bad-tempered old man to a loving one. He even felt kinder towards the little boy's mother, although he was too proud to ask her to live in the castle.

The pleasant life in the castle was disturbed by another boy who claimed that he was Lord Fauntleroy. His mother tried to make the Grandfather believe that the first boy was not the real Lord. This lie was found out, and the Grandfather was so happy to discover that the boy whom he had learned to love was his own grandson, that he sent for Dearest and asked her to live in the castle. The end of the story finds everybody happy and contented.

This interesting story is going to be shown this month at the State Theatre. Freddie Bartholomew, the beautiful English boy, is playing the part of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Dolores Costello Barrymore is "Dearest," and C. Aubrey Smith is the "Grandfather."

JANE WITHERS IN "GENTLE JULIA"

Jane Withers has a new picture. It is called "Gentle Julia." In this picture, Jane wears old-fashioned clothes, but she is as naughty as ever.

In "Gentle Julia," Jane plays the part of *Florence Atwater*. *Julia Atwater* is her cousin, and the prettiest girl in town. Julia has two suitors, Mr. Crum and Mr. Dill. Florence likes Mr. Dill better than the other. She tries to help her cousin choose this one because she believed that the other was not good enough for her. At a party, the other suitor was going to make an announcement about an earring which Julia had lost. Florence thought that the man was going to announce that Julia was going to marry him, so she let loose a collection of insects and animals which a boy cousin of hers owned. The guests were frightened. Some women fainted. The others ran away.

From that time on, Florence watched her cousin Julia closely. She followed her wherever she went. She listened whenever Julia and Mr. Crum talked, and she did everything in her power to help Mr. Dill. At last it was found out that Mr. Crum was not as rich and as good as he pretended, and Mr. Dill was able to marry Julia. This made Florence very happy.

"Gentle Julia" will be shown at the Metropolitan Theatre beginning July 21.

Incredible, But--

By A. B. L. R.

Mlle. Galli-Curci, world-famous singer, earned P100.00 for every minute of singing at the Manila Grand Opera House in 1929.

The mere arrival of a photograph of King Ferdinand VII of Spain in 1825 was accorded a whole week's celebration by the city of Manila with music and ringing of church bells. The decorations alone along the city streets cost P16,000.

The City of Baguio can be seen from the City of Manila! On a clear morning, from an aeroplane flying at a height of 2,000 feet over Manila, Mt. Santo Tomas at Baguio can be discerned with the naked eye. The buildings at the pines city may be seen with the aid of a strong telescope from an aeroplane flying 10,000 feet above the City of Manila, given a clear atmosphere.

Dr. Mariano Pilapil, author of the famous "Pasion Mahal," memorized the whole text of the New Testament.

There was once a time, during the Spanish regime, when Chinese caught sleeping inside the Walled City at nighttime were arrested and punished severely.

Names which the Philippines have borne: Tawalis, Maniolas, Puloan, Baroussi or Barusas, Islands of Gold, Mai, Islands of Luzon or Luzones or Lucones, Archipelago of San Lazar, Islas de Li-quios Celebes, Islas de Poniente, Islas de Oriente, Islas Manilas, Vall Seu Parigne, and Filipinas (from which Philippines or Filipinas was derived).

Half of the population of the province of Bataan can be seated at the million-peso Rizal Memorial Stadium, believed to be the largest in the Orient.

THE HEALTH FAIRIES'

(Continued from page 171)

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Aha! I want to get at that baby. He is so pretty and fat that he will be a fine meal for me. I'll call my servants to help. Come on, Flies.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Who are you? Why do you come here?

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Oh, I am a germ. My name is Tubercle Bacillus and I go every where.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. What an ugly name!

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Do you think so? Well, I can't help having an ugly name. It belongs to our family.

PAY FAIRY. Do you have any brothers and sisters?

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Millions of them. You see, we germs are so very small that people can not see us. I'm not really as big as I look. If you were not a fairy, you could not see me now.

FRESH AIR FAIRY. Where do you live?

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Most of my family live in the lungs (*hits his chest*) of sick people. We make them sick. We make them feel tired and make them cough. When they cough, some of us jump out of the sick person's nose and mouth. I came from the mouth of the baby's mother.

FRESH AIR FAIRY. How did you get here?

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Oh, a fly carried me here on his feet. Some of my brothers came on a dirty drinking cup and some on a little boy's fingers.

CHEERFULNESS FAIRY. Go away! We don't want you! We don't want any of your family, Tubercle Bacillus. You shall not touch the baby. We are its friends.

PLAY FAIRY. You are an ene-

my of all children. You shall not come near our baby.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Come, Fairies, let us kill his servants, the flies.

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Oh no, please don't! What shall I do to find a new house? I shall die if I have no servants.

SLEEP FAIRY. Go on and die. We do not care. You want to make the baby sick.

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Never mind. I have more servants. I'll get in the baby's food.

CLEANLINESS FAIRY. Oh, no, you won't. I am watching that.

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Then I'll come in the bad air.

FRESH AIR FAIRY. No, indeed, you shall not. I am watching.

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Then I'll get on the baby's lips when his mother kisses him.

PLAY FAIRY. Ah but his sick mother does not kiss him. We have told her.

TUBERCLE BACILLUS. Then, I am afraid that I and my brothers and sisters cannot get him. Never mind, we can find many other children who are not guarded by fairies. Come away, brothers. Let us catch the little boy who does not wash his hands before he eats. He has no fairies to keep us away. *(Goes out slowly.)*

All fairies join hands and dance around the bed. They cry. He's gone! He's gone! Our baby is saved.

Then they sing softly:

Sleep my little one,
Sleep my pretty one.
Sleep.

(or another lullaby).

(CURTAIN)

THE HAPPY SUN-BIRD

(Continued from page 167)

"Come, let us climb for the eggs!"

The boys started to climb for the eggs. They were clever little boys and good at climbing but when they reached the top of the tree they could not find the happy Sun-Bird there. He had hopped upwards and hidden himself among the thickest cluster of leaves at the topmost branches of the tree. And there he kept on singing and singing.

"Oh, I am so happy. From here, I have indeed a good view of the world!" he kept on thinking to himself.

The school boys were angry because they could not find any nest. They could hear the Sun-Bird singing still but did not know where he was. They were very clever boys, but they could not find the Sun-bird at all. At last they decided to stone him and drive him away from the tree. So they stoned him and tried to drive him from the tree.

But even then, the happy Sun-Bird would not be driven away from the tree. The boys who were trying to be cruel to him got tired and when twilight fell they all ran home.

At last it was night. The stars appeared one by one, and then the moon rose, clear and bright above the hills bordering the town.

"Oh," said the Sun-Bird to himself, "how I wish the Grasshopper were the Gumamela Flower were here now, for the night is so beautiful! Oh, how beautiful the world is!"

red-breasted	edge
noticed	lawn
grassy	unattractive
further on	thickest
	bordering

The Adventures of a Beggar Boy

(Continued from page 177)

the service of the family for twenty years. I was originally employed by Mrs. Del Valle's mother.

"In brief, they had a pretty young woman for a maid. She was given charge of the child. It seems to me that the girl conducted herself in a most unwomanly manner toward Mr. Del Valle. The Master prevailed upon Mrs. Del Valle to dismiss the girl. Well, she had not gone a week when the child was lost, simply disappeared from his room. The mistress never lost hope. The child's bedroom has always been tidied up and the bed made every day."

The next morning, Mr. Del Valle came to Lolo's room.

"We owe you more than we can ever repay. Is there anything you desire to do or acquire? Give us a chance to do something for you." Mr. Del Valle's voice was pleading.

Lolo replied, "There is nothing I want now. The child has been my only concern. Now that he has found his parents I can die happy."

Tonio came in and embraced his Lolo. "Lolo dear, Mother wants to remind you about tomorrow. We shall take you to the hospital."

"The eye specialist is almost sure that he can restore your sight," Mr. Del Valle added.

"And Father says I may stay with you in the hospital after school hours."

The old man shed tears of joy. "Because you have been such a good boy, God has brought all these blessings upon you," he said as he stroked the boy's forehead affectionately.

"I am good because you have made me so," Tonio declared. "Promise, Lolo, that you will never leave me."

"Never, my boy, so long as you want me."

Mrs. Del Valle soon entered. In

her usual gentle manner, she addressed Lolo,

"Your room is ready for you Lolo. It is near Junior's room. He would not let you out of sight."

"The dear child," Lolo murmured with mixed pride and affection. He wanted to say, "My own Tonio," but he checked himself. His boy was no longer his own. He belonged to his parents. And he was not Tonio anymore. He was Tony, or Junior. He sighed in spite of himself.

Mr. Del Valle motioned to Mrs. Del Valle to leave the room. Both tiptoed out to leave the old man and the boy alone.

Left by themselves, Tonio found much to say to the old man.

"Lolo, they were asking me what you want most. They feel as though they cannot do enough for you."

"If I were young," the old man said slowly, "I would want to get back all the lands my family had lost. But I am old and with no kin. I have clung to life only for you, my boy. There is nothing I want except to be with you. Your future is secure. I understand your parents are very rich and they own extensive fields."

"I will be a farmer, Lolo. As soon as you can see again, we shall take long walks in our fields."

"My boy, I have no treasure to leave to you but my cane. I am convinced that it had something to do with our unbelievably good fortune. Get it from the corner and take it to your room. Do not part with it for anything."

"Why, what use can a small boy make of a cane?" the old cook asked as she took a seat near the blind man. "I came to congratulate you, Lolo," she continued. "You have brought happiness to this house and fortune upon yourself."

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

1. How did Nena drive the dog from the stairs?

2. What is Sea Scouting? How is it operated?

3. How did Mrs. Del Valle prove that Tonio was her son?

4. Repeat the song of the quail. Why did the mouse like it best?

5. Name the health fairies. How do they guard us from disease?

6. What do you think of Unggoy? Would you like to own him?

7. Compare the zinnia and the chichirica. Which would you rather be?

8. What are movie shorts? Name some that you have seen.

9. How can we become men and women that our country will be proud of?

10. For whom was the month of July named?

11. Describe some shrubs that you know. Which grow in your garden?

12. How can you enter *The Young Citizen Essay Contest*?

"As I always say, God never sleeps. He sends his blessings to the deserving in due time. Besides, my cane must have had something to do with the whole thing."

"Your cane? The camangong cane? How? Tell me." The cook who enjoyed all kinds of stories made himself comfortable in a wooden rocking chair.

And Lolo, drawing one leg up on the chair, began the tale he always enjoyed repeating: the old story of the camangong cane.

—End—

The Message This Month

What Do You Want To Be?

Some years ago a teacher asked his young pupils—"When you become men and women, what do you want to be? What occupations do you like to study?" Some answered that they wanted to be soldiers, policemen, lawyers, doctors, carpenters, housekeepers, and nurses. Others mentioned other occupations.

To become a teacher, a lawyer, a nurse, or a soldier is good because our country needs this kind of men, and many others who can work to make our country prosperous and our people happy.

But while we are yet in the grades we must remember that to become a teacher, a nurse, or a policeman we should study diligently. Only to wish to become a teacher or a doctor does not make us a teacher or a doctor. We should wish, certainly, but we should work diligently toward getting our wish.

Let us study diligently now that we are in school. Let us try to learn well our daily lessons. Let us form the habits of working hard and honestly. Little by little, year after year, we learn much and form many good habits which will make us good teachers, good lawyers, or good soldiers, and good citizens.

Let us, therefore, begin to work now for that which we want to be when we become men and women.

I. PANLASIGUI

July, 1936

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HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by gilmo baldovino

JUNGLE PETS

Let me introduce you to Mr. Pig, Miss Giraffe and Mr. Tiger. Would you like to have them for your pets? If you do, I will show you a way by which you can have them.

Get pieces of soft board about 1/2 inch or 3/4 inch thick. Plane them smoothly on both sides. Draw each of these animals on the surface of each piece of board. You may draw it as big as the model on this page or larger. A bigger figure is easier to saw, so make your animals as big as the board allows.

After drawing the outline of the animals, get a small coping saw and cut along the edges. Finish the edges smoothly and mount them as shown in the pictures. Paint each animal with lacquer paint. Be sure you paint spots on the giraffe and stripes on the tiger.

