

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



VACATION

Vacation time again has come,
The school behind us locks its doors
Its halls with silence now resounds,
Though children's voices still haunt.

From cares and worries now we're freed,
Call of the outdoors we shall heed,
While books and paper, worn-out pens
We lay aside for next school year.

Ah—for the green fields, the fresh air,
The wide, flowered meadows now rare,
The gurgling brooks that bubble ever,
The country breeze, the fragrant lanes.

New stories we shall now learn
From birds and fish and bees or flow'rs
With a fishing pole and a hat of straw
Vacation life is life anew!

—Lulu de la Paz Gabriel



Art. Dr. Panlignier &





(Continued)

“**F**RRIEND PIG,” the cock began. He would not offend him by calling him “Old Snout.”

“Hiiiing - - -” the pig grunted as he turned his head lazily. “Yes, go on,” and he sprawled himself deeper in the mud.

“I lost my comb, my blood-red comb last night. Did you happen to see anybody hanging around my roost?”

“Last night?” The pig shook his fan-like ears. “When I eat, Friend Cock, I smack my lips with relish. When I wallow, I do so thoroughly. And when I sleep, hiiiing - - - I sleep with eyes shut and ears closed. I see nothing, I hear nothing, and I grow fat.”

“Just like a pig,” the cock sneered.

“I am a pig, am I not? Did I ever pretend to be a race horse?”

As the cock watched the old swine with disgust, the pig suggested, “Why don’t you ask the turkey? He is always prattling about something. He tries to make everybody believe he knows a great deal.”

LITTLE STORIES

By Aunt

The Cock that

“What a pig-headed animal you are! Don’t you know that braggart is my enemy? He will enjoy my predicament and gossip about it.” The cock turned away muttering, “A pig-headed pig.”



In trying to stay away from the barnyard, the cock wandered into the open field, where the carabaos were browsing.

“Patient Patriarch of the field, could you advise me what to do? I lost my comb last night.”

The carabao slowly munched the dry rice stubble in his mouth before he spoke.

“With patience, you can find anything. Ask the goose. She knows

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Julia

Lost His Comb

everything that goes on at night."

"Thank you, Wise One." The cock hurried back to the barnyard half running and half flying. He came upon the geese with such haste that Grand-



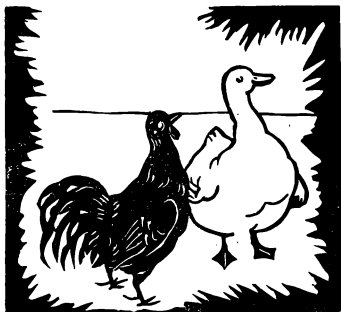
mother Goose stretched her neck threateningly.

"I beg your pardon, I mean no harm. I have come to ask for help," the cock said panting.

"Well?" Grandmother Goose knew that the farm creatures looked to her for help. And she straightened herself up with pride.

"I lost my comb last night," the cock began.

"I know it," the goose cut in. "Well?"



"Who got it?" the cock asked with impatience.

"Hss, Hss, I don't tattle."

"But I must get back my comb," the cock retorted angrily.

"All right. Go, get it yourself." Grandmother Goose turned to go back to her brood.

The cock felt like using his spurs on the old goose, but he remembered the carabao's advice. He spoke softly.

"Please help me get my comb, Granny. I will be very grateful to you the rest of my life."

"Leave it to me. Come back after my siesta hour."

When the cock returned in the afternoon, he found the goose stretching herself lazily.

"Well," the old goose began wriggling her neck, "you may have your comb back on one condition."

"And what is the condition?"

"In exchange for your spurs." The goose blinked her eyes as if she did not care whichever way the cock decided.

(Please turn to page 100)

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Everything in Its Place

“MOTHER!” Emma cried from the foot of the stairs. “Mother, I shall be the leader at our opening exercises tomorrow,” she announced proudly as she kicked off her shoes into a corner.

“That is fine, dear, but I wish you would put your shoes in the rack,” the mother said very gently.

“Yes, Mother,” Emma said without moving from the chair on which she had slumped. “I shall recite a poem and act as toastmaster. I practiced the children who will give a dramatization. I expect to make my program the most interesting.” Emma went on her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm.

The mother was proud of her girl's achievement at school but she was worried over her daughter's carelessness.

“Mother, I shall set the alarm clock at six. I shall take a bath and wear a white dress. Let us have our breakfast early please.”

“Don't you think your shoes need bleaching?”

“Yes, Mother, I'll do that by and by,” and Emma ran out to the back yard.

Emma played until sundown. When she went home she was too tired to eat a hearty supper. She went to bed without setting the Big Ben and without bleaching her shoes.

In the morning, Emma got up long after six o'clock. Dressing hurriedly and eating her breakfast in haste, she was ready to start at a quarter of eight.

“Mother, Mother, where are my shoes? I left them in this corner yesterday.” Emma cried in alarm.

“They must be there. Look for them behind the door.”

“They are not here, Mother. Oh, where can they be! I shall be late and I am the leader.” Emma look into the corners frantically.



She found one under a chair but the other was missing. Eight o'clock struck. Emma threw herself into an armchair and burst into tears.

“I am sorry this has to happen, my dear,” the mother said, “but if you had placed them where they should be, you would not have to waste time looking for them.”

(Please turn to page 98)

ENLARGE YOUR VOCABULARY

By FORTUNATO ASUNCION

LEARNING TO USE *BESIDE* AND *BESIDES*

1. Below are sentences with *beside* and *besides*. Read them silently and understand what each means. In reading them silently, use only your eyes, don't move your lips, and don't make even a very slight sound.

1. My best friend sits *beside* me.
2. Is the child sitting *beside* you good?
3. Three boys *besides* us were reported.

4. Why is that child standing *beside* him?

5. May I sit *beside* you?

2. Fill in the blank with *beside* or *besides*.

1. _____ means by the side of.
2. _____ means in addition to.

3. Read the sentences substituting the meaning of *beside* or *besides*. Example—My best friend sits *by my side*.

I

Use *beside* or *besides* in place of the blank and say the sentence aloud.

1. My naughty sister stood _____ my mother.

2. May I sit _____ you?

3. She does not want to sit _____ anyone except you.

4. I wish to see nobody else _____ you and Jose.

5. _____ abaca and cattle, rice is also important.

6. _____ its schools and colleges, Manila has universities.

7. Who sits _____ the table?

8. _____ I am also bright.

9. Who is sitting _____ the door?

10. Sit _____ me!

If you think you know the use of *beside* and *besides* already, you may rest. Tomorrow you may try the following exercises. Read the model sentences first.

II

Fill in the blanks with either *beside* or *besides*.

1. _____ means in addition to.

2. Can't you say something _____ that?

3. What do you have _____ you?

4. Is he again sitting _____ Jose?

5. _____ means by the side of.

6. _____ Lincoln Birthday, whose birthday did we celebrate in February?

• 7. May I put my books _____ you?

8. Whose desks is _____ the chair.

9. _____ you, Jose sits.

10. _____ that he is attentive.

The correct words for the blanks:

I

1. beside
2. beside
3. beside
4. besides
5. beside
6. Besides
7. beside
8. Besides
9. beside
10. beside

II

1. Besides
2. besides
3. beside
4. beside
5. Besides
6. Besides
7. beside
8. beside
9. Beside
10. Besides

PICKANINNY was a kitten. He was as black as pitch. He, his mother, and his sister had a happy home in an old barn. At least it was a happy home until Pickaninny disappeared and that left the mother cat in great despair. She called and called but her little kitten did not come.

The mother cat was named Paddy. She took good care of her family. Every morning she gave her children a bath by licking them with her tongue, for that is the cats method of bathing. She licked their ears, heads, backs, and paws. The kittens liked this and purred while the mother made them fresh and clean. After the bath each day the whole cat family liked to go up on the roof of the barn where the dogs or naughty boys could not disturb them and stretch out for a sunning and a long sleep.

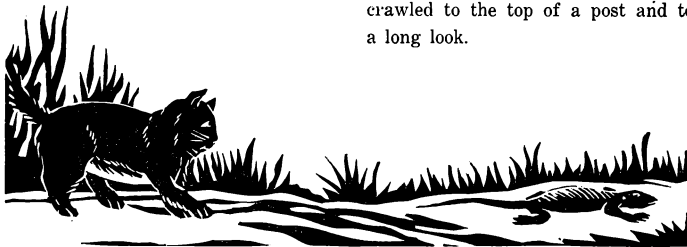
They often had big romps and plays with each other, chasing and hiding

The Adventur

By B. HILL.

about the barn. The mother cat liked the kittens to play for she knew that plenty of exercise would help to make them strong and healthy. She taught them how to crouch and spring for a mouse. She wanted them to know how to take care of themselves.

Once while Paddy and her little kitten, Nan, were sleeping, Pickaninny decided to explore a little and see what he could see. The kittens were still young and the mother had never taken them outside of the barnyard. When they were a little older she wanted to teach them the way to the pond where they could sometimes find crawfish and other things for food. Now Pickaninny was a good kitten and did not want to run away or cause his mother any distress, but he was curious to know what the world on the outside of the barnyard looked like. He crept to the fence, crawled to the top of a post and took a long look.



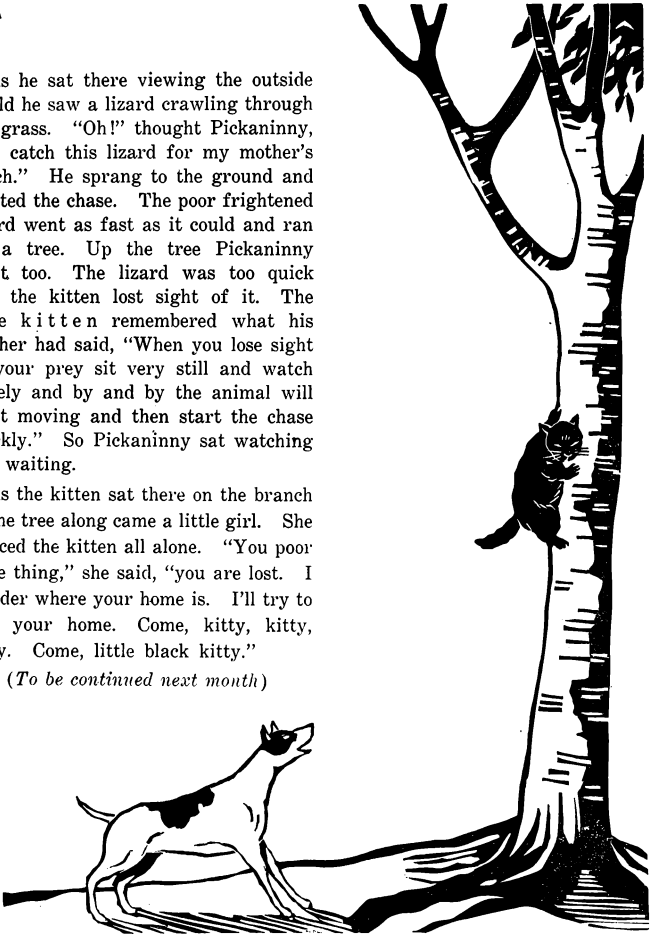
es of Pickaninny

CANOVA

As he sat there viewing the outside world he saw a lizard crawling through the grass. "Oh!" thought Pickaninny, "I'll catch this lizard for my mother's lunch." He sprang to the ground and started the chase. The poor frightened lizard went as fast as it could and ran up a tree. Up the tree Pickaninny went too. The lizard was too quick and the kitten lost sight of it. The little kitten remembered what his mother had said, "When you lose sight of your prey sit very still and watch closely and by and by the animal will start moving and then start the chase quickly." So Pickaninny sat watching and waiting.

As the kitten sat there on the branch of the tree along came a little girl. She noticed the kitten all alone. "You poor little thing," she said, "you are lost. I wonder where your home is. I'll try to find your home. Come, kitty, kitty, kitty. Come, little black kitty."

(To be continued next month)



GRADE ONE

THRIFT

*A centavo a day,
Makes my safe-box gay;
Save one always.*

One morning, Rosa and Pilar were talking together.

Rosa—What fruit do you want to eat?

Pilar—I want oranges best.

Rosa—I want chicos best.

Pilar—Come. Let us go to the Tagalog store. Let us buy some fruit.

The Good Re

Conducted by M

Rosa—I can't. I have no money.

Pilar—Here are two centavos. I saved one last Monday. I saved one last Wednesday. Today is Sunday. The store sells much fruit. Let us buy something good to eat.

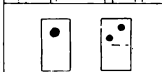
Draw a circle around the correct picture.

Money



chicos

two



store

oranges



eating

GRADE TWO

Jose was a good little boy. One morning, his mother gave him one centavo. His father gave him another. His grandmother gave him still another. In all, Jose had three centavos. Jose wanted to keep all his coins.

Finish each story.

Jose went to the _____.

From the drawer he got his _____.

He dropped his _____ into the safe-box.

GRADE THREE

In a little nipa house lived a father and a mother, their son and their daughter. They were all thrifty people. Nothing was ever wasted in their home. They used just what was enough. They saved many things for future use. Check the things they did:

1. The father went to the cockpit.
2. The father made toys for the children.
3. The mother planted vegetables for the family.
4. The mother spent her time in talking with the neighbors.

*Assistant Principal, G. del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.

Answers' Corner

Miss Dolores Silos*

5. The son kept his books covered.
6. The son threw away clean sheets of paper.
7. The girl wore her school dress at play.
8. The girl mended her torn dresses.

GRADE FOUR

There was much work to do at home. There were the dishes to be washed, the floor to be polished, the clothes to be laundered and the animals to be fed. Juana, a wise, thrifty girl, had to do all the work.

1. Did Juana use too much soap for the dishes? (Yes, No)
2. How much floor-wax did she apply on the floor? (very little, just enough, too much)
3. She did not waste too much _____ for the clothes.
4. Juana gave her chickens more pay than they could eat. (True, False)

GRADE FIVE

A fifth grade boy wanted to save all the money that his mother gave him and to spend what his father gave for the things he needed in school.

Mark each statement True or False.

1. The boy kept some money.
2. He spent some of it, too.

3. Maybe he deposited his money in the bank.
4. Perhaps he asked a friend to keep his money for him.
5. He kept all his coins.

GRADE SIX

Are you thrifty?

Let me see if you can supply the right number words that tell how much of these things you use.

Then underline the correct word in parenthesis.

1. For cleaning my tooth, I use _____ (kinds, kind) of toothpaste.
2. I use _____ (towels, towel) daily.
3. Everyday I keep _____ (cakes, cake) of soap at the washbowl.
4. I soil only _____ (school dresses, school dress) each day.

GRADE SEVEN

Juana was in the sewing class, making an apron for herself. Her teacher watched her as she worked. She was glad to see that Juana practiced thrift in the use of her materials.

1. Did Juana cut many patterns before being able to cut one enough for herself? (Yes, No)
2. Did she need more than two meters of cloth for her apron? (Yes, No)
3. Would she get a very long piece of thread from the spool each time she wanted to thread her needle? (Yes, No)
4. Was one needle all right for her need? (Yes, No)

(Turn to page 101 for the answers)

CHARACTER EDU

How Choy

By LORETO

WHEN he was a baby, he was very fat and round. So his parents nicknamed him Bachoy. Later it was shortened to Choy. Now he was four years old, a sturdy, grave-eyed youngster, but he was still Choy to everybody who knew him. His father was very proud of him because he was bright, neat, and obedient. But Choy was not a perfect boy. He was afraid, terribly afraid of the dark. Now that he was four, his father thought he should not have such a childish fear. It was so shameful, and he a boy! Choy was often whipped for this cowardice.

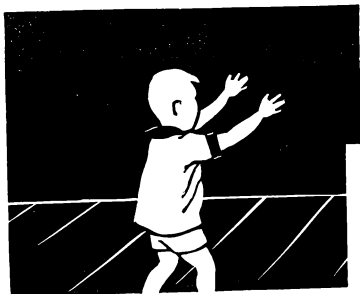
Choy's mother said nothing but she often cried by herself when she saw her boy torn between two fears—of the father, and of the dark. When there was no one around to hear, she would take Choy aside and ask him, "Why are you afraid of the dark, honeycomb?" Choy knew that when his mother called him honeycomb she loved him dearly. He told her that he saw a man in the dark staring at him as if he wanted to snatch Choy.

"But that is not true, my Choy," protested his mother. "You do not see anyone there. See, everything is the same as in daylight. Only instead of sunshine and light we have darkness because the sun has sunk into the ocean to rest until morning. When it is dark,

try to remember that everything is the same and that there is no strange man, will you, Choy?"

Choy promised. He tried very hard but he could not be brave at once. Then his mother went away for two weeks leaving Choy with his aunt.

When she came back, she had a baby sister for Choy. "Call her Nani," in-



troduced his mother who was still pale and weak, "and love her always." Choy nodded in sheer delight. What a soft, delicious, pink baby! He wanted her to grow up at once so he could give her playthings, fruits, and biscuits.

CATION SECTION

Became Brave

PARAS-SULIT

One evening when they were waiting for Father to come home, the lights suddenly went out. Choy was in a corner playing with his marbles. Choy gave a startled cry and called his mother.



"Hush, dear," answered his mother from her bed. "You will wake up sister. There is nothing to be afraid of. We shall soon have light. Mother cannot go to you. It is bad for her to walk. So you have to come here."

Choy continued to cry in little frightened sobs. "Choy, Choy, come here," came the calm voice of his mother. It calmed Choy too. It seemed almost that she was taking him by the hand. His eyes had become accustomed now to the dark and he could make out his

mother's bed. He crept slowly towards it but stumbled against sister's cradle. That woke her up and she began to cry.

His mother near the edge of her bed drew Choy to her breast. She kissed him softly. "Is this not fun?" she asked him. "Rock Nani, honeycomb." Choy found himself obeying his mother and losing his fears. "Let us play a game, dear," suggested Mother. "Let us see if we can locate the things in this room. Where is the sewing-machine?"

"There," pointed Choy in the direction of the machine.

"The phonograph?" And then father's table, the typewriter, Choy's small chair, books, bottles, playthings. It was fun locating things in the dark. Then Mother asked if he could locate a candle and a match.

"Yes, Mother. In one of the drawers of Father's table."

"Get them, dear, if you can find them."

"Of course I can, Mother."

And Choy strode across the room to Father's table and with an unerring hand found the candle and the match and brought them to Mother.

Choy was very sorry when Mother lighted the candle.

"Mother," he said, "I hope tomorrow the lights will go out again."

His mother smiled her love.

MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH



Do you remember the first doll you had? How did you feel when you first held it in your arms?

Read the poem "The Dear Old Doll" through. After the first reading, you should be able to tell who is talking in the poem. Try to tell in a sentence how dear the doll was to her.

Read the first stanza again. Try to see the pictures in your mind in the order in which they come in the stanza. Answering these questions will help you. What had the girl once? Describe the doll. What happened one day? How did the girl feel?

Read the second stanza. What do the first two lines say? How did the doll look then? Read the three lines that tell how the doll's looks had changed. What do the last two lines say about the girl's feeling toward the doll?

These words may be difficult: heath, trodden off.

A heath is a piece of land overgrown with a kind of weed.

trodden off—stepped on until broken.

THE DEAR OLD DOLL

By Charles Kingsley

I had once a sweet little doll, dears
 The prettiest doll in the world;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white,
 dears,
 And her hair was charmingly curled.
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day;
 And I cried for her more than a week,
 dears,
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day;
 Folks say that she is terribly changed,
 dears,
 For her paint is all washed away,
 And her arm trodden off by the cows.
 dears,
 And her hair not the least bit curled;
 Yet, for old sake's sake, she is still,
 dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

Read the poem several times until you can remember the lines. Recite it to yourself, looking at the line when you cannot go on. Then recite it to someone at home who knows English.



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz *



"Health Through Knowledge—Safety Through Skill"

The Health and Safety Magazine of the Boy Scouts has this as its famous slogan: "Health Through Knowledge—Safety Through Skill."

It is the Health and Safety slogan of the Boy Scout Movement,—the second most important objective, aside from developing "Men of Character Trained for Citizenship."

Especially at this time, when every effort of the Commonwealth should be concentrated on the intensive cultivation of its Youth, more stress should be placed upon the vital importance of Health and Safety. Ten years hence, each registered Boy Scout will be a full-fledged citizen. What kind of citizen will he be? It depends on us, the leaders of this generation, to impart whatever useful knowledge we can, in order that we may feel at least a thrill of pride in knowing that we have contributed even a single grain of sand to that edifice which we may fondly call the "Philippine Republic."

The importance of Health and Safety cannot be overestimated. We can never hope to acquire strong wills and strong minds without strong bodies. Wealth, itself, is nothing when compared to Health.

Especially should we be careful of a child's health. So many unfortunate children are in the Philippines,—suffering from uncorrected but correctable defects. As to why these defects persist,—there is but one answer: **NEGLECT!**

Very little realization is made of the fact that were these defects to continue uncorrected, these children would carry them until they grow, until they are men and women, until they die, perhaps. These defects are correctable. Why are they left uncorrected?

The Philippine Council, B. S. A., has de-

cidated definitely on certain Health and Safety policies in order to safeguard and insure the physical well-being of its boys.

The law requires the exercise of "ordinary care." Scouting goes beyond that. Each Scoutmaster and each leader treats his boys as he would his own sons.

The observation of Health and Safety rules and regulations does not necessarily imply the formation of the "milksoy" type of boys. No, we do not "mollycoddle" these boys when we set down these definite rules. Nor is it our intention to discourage their leaders. Rather, we want each and everyone concerned to know that it is with the aim of teaching a boy how to get the maximum amount of fun and enjoyment without harming himself, that we have made it a point to exercise more than ordinary care over our boys.

Physical Examinations

The matter of physical examinations is extremely important. Every Scout unit must have yearly physical examinations of its boys. Just as we regularly look after the moral and mental growth of the boy, so must we not neglect his physical condition. A healthy boy today may be a sick and worn-out individual tomorrow. The human body is like a machine that requires regular care and attention. Just as we have our Ford overhauled each year, so must we have a complete examination of our physical condition every now and then.

At this time, especially, when the camping season has just settled in, and camps are in full swing, the matter of physical examinations should not be overlooked in the excitement. Even if the boys have had their annual physical examination, it is essential that they be examined again before their departure for camp.

(Please turn to page 101)

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

THE GOLDEN IMAGE

By ALICE FRANK

(Continued from



AT sunrise next morning the boys awoke relieved, but were hungrier than ever. A beam of sunlight was streaming from the hole in the roof. It seemed an oblique golden bar, one end thrust through the hole, the other end resting against a part of the wall near the boys.

Their eyes at once turned toward the illuminated bit of the cavern. "Look, Ulan," said Pablo, "Doesn't that look like a shelf over there?"

The two boys hurried to the spot. Indeed, there did seem to be some kind of shelf or table carved in the living rock. But it was so covered with dust and guano that the boys might never have noticed it, if the sun had not been shining on it. They began to clear it off with their bolos, and found the top of it to be flat and smooth.

Ulan was cleaning the center of it. "There must be a stone here," he said. "It's heavy."

"Let's see," said Pablo grabbing the heavy object Ulan was about to shove onto the floor. He had seen something gleam where Ulan's bolo had struck it. He rubbed it and held it to the light.

"This is not a stone," he said, still rubbing and cleaning the object. "Look, it is a man sitting with his legs crossed. See, here are his feet, and here are his hands put together in front of him. I think he is made of gold. Isn't he strange? He doesn't look like any saint I ever saw. Ulan, we shall have some gold to take home after all!"

And Pablo grabbed the little black boy by the hands and danced around until he was out of breath and dizzy.

They decided that Pablo would hide the image, while Ulan went out to make sure that the Moros were gone. Ulan was sure that he could escape easily even if he should see the Moros.

Soon he came back to report that they were gone, and their *vintas* were no longer to be seen in the river.

Then both boys sallied forth, leaving the image well hidden in the cave.

OF SRI VISAYA

LIN BRYANT

the March issue)

Their first desire was to get food—lots of it, and just as soon as possible. Ulan's bow and arrows were lost with the raft, and Pablo's matches were ruined by being soaked with water; and the boys did not want to take the time necessary for hunting and digging wild camotes, making a fire without matches, and waiting for the food to cook.

So they took the little path leading along the river to the shore. On the way they found a particularly big air plant, and Ulan climbed the tree in which it was growing, and brought it down.

When they reached the shore, they saw a house nearby and went up to it. A woman was in front of the house feeding her pigs.

"Good morning, Ma'am," said Pablo. "Do you see what a beautiful air-plant we have? We will give it to you to hang in front of your window, if you will give us some breakfast. We are awfully hungry."

"All right," answered the woman. "Help me hang up the plant, and then

I will get you something to eat."

So they helped her to hang it from the eaves of the house, and she gave them a pan of cold cooked corn meal and a few tiny salt fish. How good they tasted!

Pablo thanked her sincerely. "And, ma'am," he said, "can you not also give us a match box with just two or three matches in it?"

The woman gave them some matches, and the boys started back to the cave. On the way they collected some dry palm leaves to use as torches and some pandanus leaves from which to weave a bag.

Inside the cave they lit a torch and

explored the cave thoroughly—the little room at the entrance, the passageway, the high vaulted cavern to the left. This part of the cave, with all its roof hung with great stalactites, looked like a Gothic cathedral.

And last of all they explored again and more thoroughly, the round domed room in which they had spent the night and found the image. But nothing else did they find.

So they set to work to make as quickly as possible a pandanus sack in which to carry their newly found treasure.

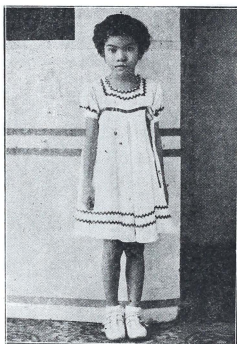
They finished the sack and packed the image in it carefully as Pablo had planned. Then they followed once more the little path to the shore and turned

(Please turn to page 103)





*Home Economics Class
Legarda Elementary
School, Manila*



*Florida Ruth Pineda
Winner, Phonics Con-
test, Grade III, Rizal
Elementary School*



*Rest exercis
Rizal Elem*



*Eleuterio Kintanar
Salutatorian, Mabini
Elementary School
Manila*



←
*Leonardo Cordero
Salutatorian, Emilio
Jacinto Elementary
School, Manila*

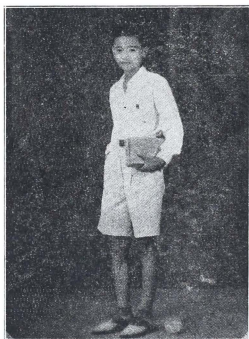
PICTO

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

PICTORIAL



*Rest exercises, Grade Three
Rizal Elementary School*



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*Ricardo A
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School,*

DRIAL



*A Library Class
Burgos Elementary
School, Manila*



*s, Grade Three
entary School*



*Virginia Sol, Francisco
Valedictorian, Mabini
Elementary School
Manila*



*Alfeo D. Zapanta
First Honorable Men-
tion, Emilio Jacinto
Elementary School
Manila*

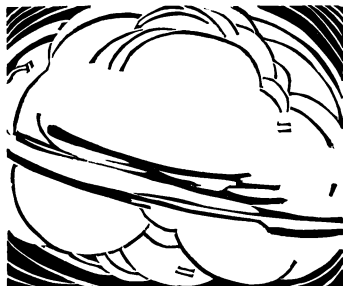


*Ricardo Aguinaldo
Valedictorian, Emilio
Jacinto Elementary
School, Manila*



ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

THIS EARTH OF OURS



CLOUDS

Have you ever noticed clouds that looked like ships sailing up in the heavens? And perhaps you have seen many other cloud shapes. Sometimes clouds seem to look like people, or animals or floating islands above us. When we want to decide whether we shall carry an umbrella or not on a doubtful day, we look at the clouds. And if they are dark and heavy and low on the horizon, we regretfully pick up our umbrella or raincoat.

At sunset when some of you fly your kites, have you never wondered how clouds can be so beautiful as to seem like fairy palaces created by Aladdin's wonderful lamp? But it is not any fairy or magician that makes clouds for us.

You must have often noticed how drops of water form on a cold glass when it is taken into a warm room or how drops of moisture appear on a mirror when you breathe on it. These things show you that when warm air with moisture in it touches something cold, the moisture comes out in drops.

Now, when the warm, moist air from the earth rises in the sky it often meets cold currents of air and the same thing takes place. It forms in tiny drops because the air is full of particles

(Please turn to page 98)

AUNT JULIA'S

HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

THE HOME OF THE SNAIL

Sometime or another this vacation you may go on an excursion or a picnic. If in the place you will visit there is a river, look under the big stones in the river or under fallen trees in the water and surprise a snail. Do not try to catch it but watch it walk away. You will discover that it has only one foot. It is big and broad and flat and spreads out under the snail's body. When it creeps a snail looks as if it were walking on its stomach; so it is sometimes called stomach-footed. The foot of the snail is sticky to help it travel; it pushes ahead and sticks as it goes on its way.

As you may follow the snail, you will find out at once that it carries its home with it wherever it goes. Its shell is a thin and pretty house,



and always exactly the right size. When the snail first hatches, its house is a tiny one with but a single "turn" in it. As a snail travels and eat and grows until its foot is bigger and broader, the house has more and bigger turns in it so that the dweller and the dwelling fit each other all the time. The shell grows on the snail's own body.

(Please turn to page 99)

TRUE STORIES

PLANTS ABOUT US



LEAVES AND THEIR USES

(Continued from last month)

Last month you learned the uses of leaves to men. This time let us know the benefits that animals and the plants themselves get from leaves.

Like men, animals use leaves for food. These of course are the grass-eating kind like the carabao, the cow, the pig, the horse, the deer. Now, leaves to protect themselves from these animals have ways of making themselves undesirable so that they will not thus be consumed. Some leaves have a bad odor, some leaves are thin and reduced to needle-points while others are covered with prickly hairs like the squash, while others of course have a disagreeable taste. What leaves that you know have these characteristics?

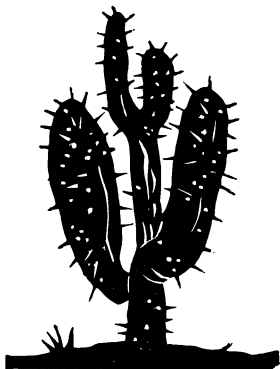
Why do trees have leaves? They look as a decoration to them, don't they, and when a tree is bare of them, it seems that it is naked and cold. Leaves are very important to trees.

The green color that they have are little bodies that, with the help of sunlight, manufacture food for the plants. They are like the red corpuscles that give color to our blood. The tree sends up water and other food elements it gets from the soil to the leaves and it is only in the presence of sunlight that leaves can change these different elements into the food needed by plants. Sunlight is seen to be very important. In order to get the most of sunlight, leaves assume different positions in the tree, thus giving the tree its shape. The banana tree spreads out its large leaves; the pine tree of cold regions assume a cone shape, while others are vertical and tall to rise above neighboring trees.

Leaves in their process of food manufacture give out moisture as persons perspire. Now in deserts where all the water is needed by the plants, leaves are reduced to tiny spines or ear-like things. In cold countries when snow comes, the leaves fall. In these ways the water is kept in the plants' bodies.

Of course, you all know that we breathe in oxygen and give out carbon dioxide. Plants, too, like us breathe but instead they take in carbon dioxide and give out oxygen. This is, of course, for the benefit of animals and human beings because there is a balance in nature. That

(Please turn to page 102)



ANT WAYS

SLAVE-MAKING ANTS

You have already learned that ants in their nature of living show the virtues of intelligence, thrift, and foresight or laying something for the future. But there are some kinds of ants that possess evil habits which would make them be called criminals if they were human beings. These are the slave-making ants. These insects capture ants of another kind and compel them to work for them. These conquerors are called Amazon ants and those enslaved are the Dusky ants. The Amazons, many of you perhaps know, were women in the olden times who fought wars of their own.

Let us see how these Amazon ants enslave their brother insects. These slave-makers advance on the nest of the dusky ants like soldiers in companies of eight to ten feet long and three or four inches wide. They march eight or ten abreast. When the nest is reached, the raiders overpower any resistance on

the part of the owners: they rush and fall on the occupants; if any should attempt to fight, it is bitten through the head or thorax and killed. The invaders then leave the nest, each carrying a grub or a pupa. These are given to enslaved nurses in the raiders own nest. The captured grubs or pupae when they become fully-developed ants, serve the lordly and lazy slave-owners all their life. The raiders do not even trouble to feed or clean themselves: the slaves actually put food into their mouths and brush and wash them. It is only when they want to capture slaves that these Amazon ants are

energetic; at other times they are completely lazy. They will slave rather than engage in honest work and they die quickly when they lose their slaves.

Another kind of ants which have this slave-making habit is called the Blood-red ant. They march in disorderly fashion upon the nest of the dusky ant, surround it and overcome any resistance offered. The raiders carry home a number of larvae and pupae which are raised into slaves. But these ants, unlike the Amazon ants, can manage for themselves quite well if their slaves are absent from the nest.

Perhaps after reading these little stories about ants, you have become interested in them and

observed their ways at home. Tell the class if you have some other information about them. There are some kinds of ants that live in dry plains where food is abundant for only short periods. Workers feed



on honey of many kinds at night and go away with their bodies greatly distended with honey. They feed any hungry stay-at-home in the nest and the rest they store in their stomachs. These ants then hang on to the uneven surfaces of the ceiling of special store-chambers and it is from them that the colony is fed when the supply of food is gone.

Then there are ants that cultivate an ant-garden by heaping in their chambers leaves that they cut from trees. On the soil formed by the decaying leaves tiny thread-like plants grow that we call fungi. After a short time the fungi

(Please turn to page 102)

SAFETY SECTION**SAVE OTHERS FROM A FALL**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ *

"Momoy, please put the banana peelings in the garbage can. There are many persons passing on the sidewalk, and . . ."

"Oh! Stop that nonsense, Jose. I'm fed up with such foolish things. Save others from a fall! Pooh!" Momoy interrupted Jose as the latter began preaching. "Why? They can take good care of themselves. If they fell it would teach them a lesson." and he continued eating his bananas, throwing the peelings carelessly here and there.

"You don't mind what you learn in school? Why go to school? Better stay at home and help your parents."

"Aw! shut up. Mind your own business.

What do I care anyhow?" bowed Momoy. "I know what I am doing."

"If that's the way you feel about it, I cannot do anything. Go ahead with your fine ideas," replied Jose sarcastically. Momoy went home. When Momoy had gone, Jose picked up the banana peelings and put them in a garbage can near by.

The next morning brought Jose and Momoy together again, but this time they were with other boys playing in the school yard.

"Come with me Nonong," Jose whispered to a smart little boy. When they were together out of sight of the other boys, Jose again whispered something to Nonong. Nonong laughed loud and said,

"Well, what a swell idea. That would be fun and service. All right come on." The two boys joined the group.

"Who, among you boys, is brave enough to go to the girls' yard? The patrols there are strict. Anyone who dares would surely find

(Please turn to page 102)



* Teacher, Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School.

Pedro and his parents moved into the nice new house that had been built on the beach. It was the nicest house in the town. The neighborhood boys had been wondering if there would be any boy in the family of the new house.

Well, they moved in on Saturday morning while the neighboring boys were having a volley ball game in the vacant lot near by. Pedro, the son of the new-comers, heard their shouts. At first he was too interested in looking through the new home to think of the boys he would meet there.

It was not long, however, until he slipped out to the back fence and peeped through the crack. For some time he watched the boys but they could not see him. The boys continued to play and Pedro stood watching in his hidden place he said to himself, "I wonder what that one's name is who serves the ball so high. Look! how that other one can jump to return the ball. The one next to the net is about my size. I wonder how old he is."

After watching for a while he lifted the latch and stood half inside and half outside holding the gate against himself. One of the boys in the volley ball game noticed him. "Oh look!" he exclaimed. "the people of the new house must have moved in. There is a boy at the gate." Pedro realized that they had discovered him and drew back a bit.

"Shall we call him to play?" asked Alejandro.

"Yes, call him," suggested Medio.

"Say, fellow, want to play?"

Pedro drew back further.

HEALTH SECTION

Winning

By B. HILL

"I will go over and ask him," offered Jose.

As Jose approached, Pedro drew back still more and almost closed the gate. When Jose was near enough to speak quietly he said, "My name is Jose, what is yours?"

"Pedro," answered the new boy shyly.

"Will you come and play with us?"

"I don't know how to play volley ball," admitted Pedro.

"Never mind, we will show you. It's easy."

The two boys joined the players and Jose told Pedro the names of each boy. "Pedro doesn't know the game," Jose explained to his playmates. And then to Pedro, "You watch for a while and when you catch on take my place."

The game looked easy to Pedro and he soon felt that he could take part. Jose gave him his place and stood looking on. When the ball came Pedro's way he usually dodged it, or if he did strike at it he couldn't get it over the net.

"Never mind," encouraged the boys, "with practice you will get it over."

In a short time Pedro said he was tired and went home.

"We play here every Saturday morning," suggested one of the boys.

"Come out and play with us again," invited Jose.

At noon Jose told his mother about the new



The Game

CANOA

boy. "I asked him to play in our gang."

"I am glad you were nice to the little stranger. In a few days I'll go over and get acquainted with his mother," said Jose's mother.

The next time the boys met the game was *sipa*. They invited Pedro to enter the play.

"The ball will hurt my foot," he complained.

"Never mind," said Alejandro, "your foot will become accustomed to it."

"I'll watch only," Pedro insisted.

Jose stepped aside with Pedro and asked, "What do you like to play? Maybe the boys will make another game, something you like."

"I like to play in the sand on the beach."

"We play there sometimes, but it is the rule of the crowd to play hard games on Saturday mornings."

Jose asked his mother if he might have Pedro and Medio in for lunch.

"Yes, I'll be glad for you to invite them," said his mother.

There was a very large stone at the back of Jose's house. It was a favorite pastime for the boys to see who was strong enough to move that heavy stone or lift it clear off the ground

That is what Jose and his friends were doing Sunday morning while they waited for lunch.

"You ought to see Alejandro lift this right off the ground," Jose told the boys.

"He is the strongest boy in our gang," said Medio, "and you should see how he eats. He likes everything."

"What does he eat?" asked Pedro plaintively.

"Everything—*galay*, *pechay*, *camotes*, *dabong*, eggs, fish, unpolished rice, milk, *gabi*, *ubi*, *ta-long*, oh, everything."

Pedro made no reply but he was thinking.

Jose went on, "My mother says that green leaf vegetables, such as *pechay* and *galay* are a big help in making growing boys strong."

"Yes, and plenty of milk and eggs and all kinds of fruits and root vegetables and other kinds too," added Medio.

Pedro continued to think but had little to say.

"It's the strongest boys that usually win in the games," remarked Medio.

At lunch Jose and Medio ate heartily of everything the mother served—unpolished rice, pork, *calamongay*, squash and *bingka*. Pedro ate only a little of his rice and left all of the *calamongay* and most of the squash on his plate. The *bingka* was the only thing he seemed to enjoy. Jose's mother noticed that the little stranger ate so little and asked what he would like.

(Please turn to page 103)

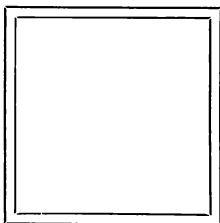


THINGS TO DO

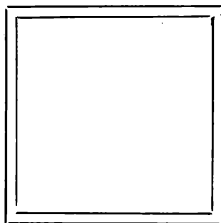
By B. Hill Canova

Notice the pictures at the bottom of the page and the titles under the picture frames. Copy the picture in the frame that fits the title.

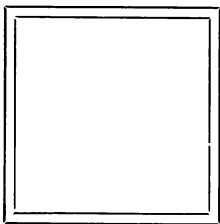
Color the hen brown with yellow bill and feet and a red comb. Color the flower red with green leaves and stem. Color the fish gray and the bananas yellow.



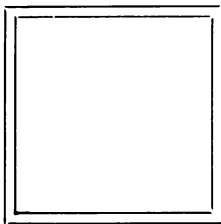
Hen



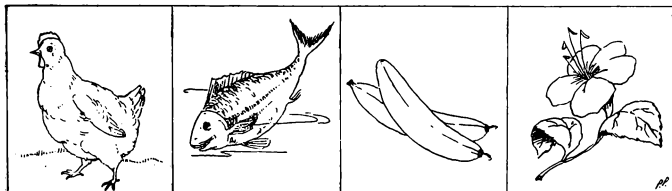
Flower



Fish



Bananas



YOUNG WRITERS

A DISCOVERY I MADE

Sept. 25, 1936

Great navigators and discoverers have dared the ever-restless and cruel seas just to make a discovery. Columbus and Magellan are two of those daring seamen. They were rewarded by Nature, because they kept the fire of courage.

How about me? Is it not possible to make discoveries of my own, without daring the wide and boundless seas? I shall relate an amusing discovery of mine. It was simple.

Monday was fast approaching. I remembered that Mr. Trinidad told us to solve the problems on how to find the areas of circles, rectangles, prisms of all kinds, cones and many more. In truth, arithmetic makes my head ache. I at once got my arithmetic book and began solving. Every time I referred to the answers at the back of my book, I always found my answer wrong. I was already impatient, so I gave up everything. But my conscience urged me to go on. I tried once more, after I failed many times. I drew a diagram of each and carefully thought of the steps I shall follow. "I did it." I uttered with a smile, after I had checked my answers with the answers of the book. They were all right and clearly solved. And now, I asked, do you know what discovery I made at that single second, without crossing the widest ocean? Or without moving away from my seat? It was "self-determination," that qual-

PEN and PENCIL CIRCLE

39 General Malvar St.
San Pablo, Laguna
March 3, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am glad to tell you that I am very fond of reading your *Young Citizen* magazine. I am not a subscriber of your magazine but still I am able to read it. Every month as soon as the magazine arrives in the library I borrow it at once. But Aunt Alma, I want to be a subscriber but later on I shall be able to subscribe for your magazine. During vacation I shall save money. You know my sister like it very much.

Yours truly,

Apolonia Catipon

Dear Apolonia,

Continue reading "The *Young Citizen*." You will get not only entertainment by reading it, but also useful and interesting information. It is good to subscribe for this magazine because rain or shine it goes straight to your home.

Affectionately yours,

Aunt Alma

ity of a person which gives him power and patience to do a certain thing!

Virginia Sol. Francisco

A RAINY DAY

Oct. 19, 1936

Rainy days are here again—rain with lightning and thunder as companions.

San Pablo, Laguna
508 Zamora St.
March 8, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I want to tell you that I am one of the readers who appreciate your magazine. This magazine of yours teaches us a good lesson, especially the section about safety. I have already memorized some of your poems. If I am rich I will subscribe for your magazine. Please put my letter in your magazine and answer it.

Respectfully yours,

Gloria Esguerra

Dear Gloria,

You are indeed making a good use of "The *Young Citizen*." If you could have many copies in your school library, all the pupils would be able to read the magazine and the poor ones do not have to subscribe. Your principal would perhaps be willing to increase your subscription if he would see how much the pupils like the magazine.

Affectionately yours,

Aunt Alma

Rainy days, wet clothes, muddy streets!

It was a gloomy day. The sky was frowning. The sun had hidden behind dark clouds. Lightning flashed across the dark skies. Thunder roared like so many angry giants that meant evil.

All within the house were

(Please turn to page 102)

VACATION

Lyric and music by I. ALFONSO

School is o-ver and what fun we, chil-dren now
will have. Think of the eats and play-ing. And
rest-ful sleep till late. No les-sons to fill our minds
Nor scold-ing should we fail. But care-free life
a- waits us. 'Cause va-ca-tion is here.

THIS EARTH OF OURS

(Continued from page 90)

of dust and moisture collects about each of these. If they are high in the air, we call them clouds. As the sunlight strikes the clouds much of it is reflected and it sometimes makes the cloud look very white and dazzling to us. If the cloud is between us and the sun, the light is reflected away from us, and we call the cloud a black cloud.

How many different kinds of clouds there seem to be! After reading this, go out and try to distinguish these classes of clouds in the sky. On clear days we often see long, wavy clouds

high up in the air. They are parallel to each other. We call them *Cirrus* clouds. Sometimes great masses of clouds all seem to rest on a great flat base and change form continuously until they look like many white waves tossed about. These are *Cumulus* clouds and usually indicate fair weather.

Then there are clouds that are continuous level sheets which are never far from the earth. When we have these clouds, it is dark and gloomy. On a bright day when most of the sky is blue and bright sometimes a dark, shapeless cloud darkens the earth for a time.

EVERYTHING IN ITS

(Continued from page 76)

Emma took off her pretty white dress and started to tidy up the house. As if knowing that she was not wanted there, the dog got up and moved slowly out. There where the dog had lain was the white shoe.

These are the *Nimbus* clouds.

Clouds not only distribute water over the land surface, thus causing some regions to be fertile while others are barren and dry, but they are important in holding to the earth the heat that it receives from the sun.

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The Young Citizen PANTRY



(Continued from March)

"Suman Antala"

1 liter glutinous rice
1 coconut
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
4 c coconut milk
young banana leaves (*Bu-tuan*)
Sort and wash the glutinous rice.

Grate the coconut and extract the milk. Boil in a *carajay* until a little oil comes out. Add the salt. Put in the rice and stir once in a while to prevent it from sticking to the bottom of the *carajay*. When half-done, press with a clean piece of banana leaf to form a smooth mass. Cover and leave over the live charcoal.

Wash and wipe the young banana leaves and hang to evaporate some of the water. Cut into the desired size. Wrap the

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilie Jacinto Elom-ntary School.

BY
MISS JULIANA MILLAN *

half-cooked rice and tie by pair. Arrange nicely in a pot and put 4 cups of water. Boil until the rice is thoroughly done. Serve with either sugar or chocolate.

"Suman Maruekos"

1 liter glutinous rice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ kg. sugar
2 coconuts
4 c water
young banana leaves
Sort, wash and soak the rice in clean water overnight. In the morning, grind in the native grinder, put in a clean bag of cloth and press between the 2 pieces of the grinder to press out as much water as possible.

Grate the 2 coconuts separately and extract the first milk of one. Boil to get the oil

Mix the ground rice, sugar and the other grated coconut. Oil the young banana leaves

that have been prepared in the same way as in "Suman Antala." Wrap the mixture in this and tie by pair. Boil in the 4 cups of water until the mixture is cooked. Serve.

"Corn Suman"

1 liter finely ground corn (*darak maiz*)
1 coconut
 $\frac{1}{4}$ kg. sugar
8 tbsps. water
young banana leaves

Mix the sugar with the ground corn. Add the coconut meat and the water to form a moist mixture. Wrap in clean and partly dried young banana leaves. Tie by pair and boil in 4 cups of water until cooked. Serve.

Note: In the March issue, under "Suman sa Ibos," in the various ways of serving, number 1 should be:

Cover with hot ashes. Remove the wrapper and serve with chocolate.

THE HOME OF THE

(Continued from page 90)

A snail takes comfort in its own home. It keeps the wetness of the rain outside and it keeps the moisture of the snail's body inside. The wind cannot blow through the walls.

We have a saying: as slow as a snail. But there is one thing that this slow creature can do quickly. It can vanish inside its house at once and fasten the door after itself. If a bird or a person or some other animal comes suddenly near.

the snail folds its broad flap of a foot lengthwise and pulls itself into its shell.

Then there is nothing to be seen but a quiet shell house, across the doorway of which is drawn a snug, smooth shutter held fast as a bolted door.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES



THE COCK THAT LOST

(Continued from page 75)

"My spurs?" The cock shook his wattles angrily. "Whoever heard of a he-cock without spurs? Tell me who said so and I'll show him."

"Hss, it is up to you. You may have either your comb or your spurs."

The cock started to go. Across the barnyard he saw the hens scratching. He crowed his afternoon call. The hens looked up without answering. Then they went on with their scratching.

The cock turned to the goose.

"All right, give me back my comb and you may have my

spurs."

"Take them off," suggested the old goose.

"Where is my comb?"

"You shall have it. If you do not trust me, you may get your comb yourself."

"Here, pull them off," and the cock lay down to hold up his legs.

"Come back at bedtime and you will have your comb. You can wear it tomorrow morning."

Very early the next morning, the cock flew to the house top. He crowed his daybreak call with all his might and waited. The hens came out cackling but did not answer. They looked up and saw the

big red cock with his comb standing out straight on his head. All the hens in their thin voice crowed. "Here we are!"

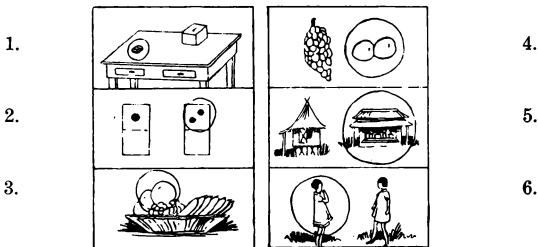
The cock was pleased. But before he could chuckle, the other cocks of the poultry yard came out and crowed. "Here we are, too!"

The big red cock poised himself to strike and teach the impudent young cocks a lesson. Then he remembered! He had given away his spurs! What a fool he was.

The big red cock was still admired by the hens, but he was no longer feared by the young cocks. He walked about only as one of them.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGES 80 and 81

GRADE ONE



GRADE TWO

1. bedroom
2. save-box
3. money

GRADE THREE

- 2.
- 3.
- 5.
- 8.

GRADE FOUR

1. No
2. just enough
3. water
4. False

GRADE FIVE

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. True | 3. True |
| 2. True | 4. False |
| | 5. False |

GRADE SIX

1. one (kind)
2. two (towels)
3. one (cake)
4. one (school dress)

GRADE SEVEN

- | | |
|-------|--------|
| 1. No | 3. No |
| 2. No | 4. Yes |

AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

(Continued from page 85)

The preparation for camping should include precautions for safety just as it provides for equipment and provisions. Sources of drinking water should be carefully analyzed. The entire locality should be inspected. Poisonous plants or snakes may be lurking in the vicinity. The place for swimming must be carefully studied. Boys who do know how to

swim must be separated from the rest and set off in the shallow part of the lake or the stream. No swimming is to be done without the consent of the Scoutmaster. The Health and Safety member of the Troop Committee should make at least one thorough inspection of the camp and its premises. Unsanitary conditions should be noted and improved. In fact, every possible care should be taken with regards to the

Health and Safety of the boys.

Scouting is a great game of youth and activities. One of the rules of the game is to look after the health of each member in the Movement, and to train each individual boy in lines of how he can enjoy himself without incurring any danger to his health. Let's play the game for all its worth!

"Health Through Knowledge—Safety Through Skill!"

SAVE OTHERS FROM

(Continued from page 93)

himself in the office of the principal. Would you, Danny?"

"I won't. That's against the school regulation," replied Danny.

"What school regulation do you mean?" asked Momoy very proudly. "Why should I be afraid of those patrols. Just see me do it," and he elbowed his way out of the group.

The girls' yard was several yards off the place where the boys were gathered, so Momoy went half-running and looking every now and then at his friends who were watching his daring act.

"Hey, fellows!" he shouted looking back at his friends. Just in front of him were some banana peelings. He did not see them because he was proudly grinning at his comrades. "Here I go!" and down he really went. He fell and it was a pretty bad fall. The boys saw him and ran to his aid.

"What happened?" the boys asked.

"Ouch! If I only knew the careless fellow who threw these banana peelings here, I would . . ." Momoy said threateningly.

"Tsk . . . tsk . . . tsk . . ." That fellow didn't know he ought to save others from a fall," said Jose, shaking his head and looking at Momoy with seeming sympathy.

"So it was you . . . you," cried Momoy angrily. He tried to go after Jose but he was hurt and couldn't stand stead-

SLAVE-MAKING ANTS

(Continued from page 92)

produce small white little beads of food that the ants feed upon.

As a whole we have found that ants are admirable insects. It is only the slave-making ants that destroy the reputation of the race. When you meet with an ant, don't kill it thoughtlessly but try to follow it and observe what it is after. It may teach you a lesson in perseverance and industry.

Something to do:

1. Dramatize the part of a slave-making ant. Relate to the class how it captures a slave.

2. Take the part of an enslaved ant. Tell your classmates how you have been captured, made a slave and what your duties are.

3. Be an ant that stores food in its body for its fellow ants. Tell your teacher how you act as a living storehouse.

4. What do you admire most in ants?

5. Tell the class what you have observed about ants in your home.

ily.

"I'm sorry. But that was the only way I could make you realize the danger of what you did yesterday. You can box me to even up if you want to. Come on. I won't get angry," replied Jose.

"Oh, forget it," Momoy replied after a moment's thought. "What a pal you are! You taught me a lesson, all right. Thanks a lot to you, CRUEL TEACHER," and he laughed. Jose laughed too and everybody present laughed.

YOUNG WRITERS

(Continued from page 97)

sitting in groups, their hands tightly pressed to their ears to shut out the deafening sounds that now and then echoed through the closed windows. Candles had been lighted at the altar. I went to the window and opened a part of it. The rain beat against my face like sharp needles. But I did not heed it, for I wanted to see what the rain had done to our street. Because of the hard rain, the river near our house had risen and spread out over the street. The water was not clean. It was muddy. I watched the flowing water.

I intended to take my toy-sailboat and play with it on the street. But a blinding lightning flashed and I thought it passed over me, and the thunder roared so angrily, that I closed the window and joined my brothers sitting beside my mother.

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LEAVES AND THEIR USES

(Continued from page 91)

is why to make the water of the little aquarium you have at home clear, your mother or father places with the fish some plants that can live in the water. These plants use the carbon dioxide given out by the fish and they give out the oxygen needed by the fish. Leaves have their important places in the world, even as this boy or that girl has in his mother's heart.

Interesting Places

THE OYSTER EXPERIMENTAL STATION

By

FORTUNATO ASUNCION *

You might have experienced to be in a banca or in a ship in the sea, nothing to see but the blue skies, the bright white clouds following your way, the deep salty water like crystal plates that reflect the bright light rays of the sun or the moon, and some landscape if you are near islands.

Lucky are those who have experienced this ride and sorry for those who haven't. But just then, don't be sorry for if you haven't here is a place I am going to tell you to go if you want to experience banca riding, bathing, etc. with less expense.

The place I am referring to is the Oyster Experimental Station of the Bureau of Science in Binacayan, Kawit, Cavite—the town of the Great General of the Philippine Revolution.

From Manila you can take any bus bound for Cavite and in about an hour or less you will reach the place. Kind people of Binacayan will direct you to the station.

This station is a house by itself, situated in the bay about a mile from shore. In this house you will actually see and learn how the people of Binacayan with the help of the Bureau of Science produce oyster even far better than the well talked of

* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School.

THE IMAGE OF SRI

(Continued from page 87)

onto the road. Pablo had found out from the woman who had given them breakfast where they were, so they turned without hesitation in the direction of his home.

For two hours they walked along in the heat of early afternoon. Passenger trucks and other automobiles passed them occasionally, but none stopped to pick up the little waifs. Ulan was frightened when the first automobile came by and dashed into some bushes. But Pablo reassured him, and when the second whizzed by, he simply walked a little closer to Pablo.

Finally a neighbor of Pablo came along in a battered little old car, recognized him, and stopped.

"Pablo Reyes," he said, "where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Oh, just taking a walk," laughed Pablo as he and Ulan climbed into the old rattle trap. "My friend and I have been out finding a few wild camotes. Guess I did tear my clothes a little."

An hour later the boys climbed out of the car in front of Pablo's home. Some of his cousins were playing under the house. When they saw him, they began to shout, "Pablo's here! Mother, Pablo's here! Auntie, Auntie, Pablo's here!"

Everyone in the house rushed out and began asking him questions. But his father took him

oysters of Malabon, Rizal. Cavite has her independent oyster field now at Binacayan.

WINNING THE GAME

(Continued from page 95)

"I have had plenty," insisted the little boy.

With more questions from the mother, Pedro explained that he was not accustomed to unpolished rice and had never eaten *calamongay*.

"You will have to eat plenty of food if you play with our gang because we like hard games," Jose told his new friend.

Pedro believed this was true and tried his best to finish his plate of food.

That night at the dinner table Pedro asked his mother, "Why don't we ever have *calamongay*?"

"That is the very common vegetable that the very poor people use?"

"Some of the poor people are very strong and can do hard work without getting so tired."

From that day Pedro kept trying to develop a taste for all kinds of vegetables, milk and eggs. After that he did not eat so much polished rice and sweets. It was not long until he started gaining weight and soon took part in all the games. By the end of the year he was as skilled as any boy of his own age in anything the gang tried to do.

by the arm and drew him into the house.

"Where have you been?" he asked. We found out only yesterday that you were not visiting your cousins. We have been terribly worried."

(To be concluded next month)



I am now on my vacation.

I am enjoying it very much because the schools are closed and now I can do anything I like to do. I can play, I can read books, I can work if I want to, and I can even go to places to visit my friends.

My parents told me I could do anything I like during my vacation. Certainly my parents are very kind to me, and because of that kindness I am going to spend my vacation as best as I could.

First of all I am going to try to make my parents happy. I am going to try to help them in any way I could. Perhaps my mother needs some rest. I could do some of her work—cook, mend old clothes, clean the house, or some other things that I could do for her. Perhaps my father wants some rest also. I could take care of the store, the farm, or the animals. I could be an errand boy for him, or do anything he likes me to do for him.

Second, I could read books, newspapers, and magazines when I am not working. Perhaps I could even read some of the books that are required next school year.

Third, of course I must try to have plenty of rest in order that when school opens next June I would be strong and healthy. I should have plenty of exercises—play in the open, swim, hike, and try to go camping with some friends.

Fourth, this is not least. During my vacation I shall try to apply the lessons I learned in school in arithmetic, language, science, and specially my lessons in character education.

—Dr. I. Panlasigui

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