

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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## THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

AUGUST, 1935

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# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

The only magazine in the Philippines  
published exclusively for boys and girls—



The YOUNG CITIZEN is read in the  
best homes of this country—

Among our subscribers are children of Senator Osmeña, Secretary Quirino, President Bocobo, Justice Jose Abad Santos, Judge Manuel Camus, Judge Jose C. Abreu, Judge Mariano Albert, Under-Secretary Vargas, Director Arguelles of the Bureau of Science, Director Eulogio Rodriguez of the National Library, Director Florencio Tamesis of the Bureau of Forestry, Dean Francisco Benitez, Major Paulino Santos of the Bureau of Prisons, Major F. Segundo of the U. S. Army, Atty. Manuel Lim, Dr. Gumerindo Garcia, Dr. Pedro Lantin, Dr. Leandro H. Fernandez, Insular Collector of Internal Revenue A. L. Yanco, Architect Juan M. Arellano, Mr. Isaac Barza, Mr. Gregorio Anonas of the Metropolitan Water District, Deputy Insular Auditor Jaime Hernandez, Mr. Arsenio Luz, Editor Mauro Mendez of the Philippines Herald, and other leading professionals, educators, and businessmen of this country.



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THE TRIBUNE

MAY 15, 1935

**MAYBE**

By FEDERICO  
MANGAHAS



If you don't mind, we like to say welcome to "The Young Citizen," the latest entry into the field of Philippine journalism designed primarily for the boys and girls. The new young people's monthly carries a picture in color on the cover and has a format that is easy on the eye and even alluring to the growing intelligence. It is attractively illustrated in the manner of the modern civilized books for children. We think it is the first thing of the sort to be locally concocted for local consumption and such deserves a word of notice from our direction for historical purposes.

From the looks of it, it is not anything hastily gotten up to provide willing space to advertisers who care to be bullied into providing cash for it in the interest of a good cause—in the first and until the second or third issue. A good many contemporary magazines of justifiably short life are like that—born of the aspiration of some intrepid yearling who liked the look of the word "editor" appended to his name socially or otherwise.

"The Young Citizen" appears competently edited; we have failed to notice, from first examination any horrifying infantilisms such as are frequently possible in literary efforts to improve infants. Its material is even healthy and edifying without degenerating into sappy pap; we have not detected—as yet—any note of special propaganda for any coterie educational, political, welfare or whatever you have. A surprising thing for a publication intended for people at their most susceptible period. Apparently none of our potential fascists have as yet taken hold of it for purposes of special indoctrination. But don't tell us we are giving some people ideas.

Anyway, we hope "The Young Citizen" will live on to see its readers become adults without being handicapped by arrested emotional development such as afflicts the advanced cases of youthful messiahship. Our ideal is that young citizens should grow up balanced and responsible and properly fortified and we submit that even a magazine if competently handled can help much to pilot the young through the tricky shoals of their most impressionable years with suitable literature of the moment.

Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

*Call the*

# The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY • Volume 1 Number 7

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This Magazine is Approved by the Bureau of Education for Public Schools

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## The Message This Month

### HELPFULNESS IN THE COMMUNITY—ITS CLEANLINESS

Last month we discussed something about helpfulness at home. We said that helpfulness at home is one of the habits that every school child should cultivate. We also said that if everyone at home,—father, mother, brother, sisters, and servants—helps one another, the whole family will be happy.

Helpfulness, however, should not stop within, among the members of the household. There is a greater happiness to which every member of the community should contribute. That is the happiness of the community, the happiness of the whole barrio, the happiness of the whole town, the happiness of the whole province, yes indeed, the happiness of the whole country!

There are many ways in which a school child can be helpful to his community. We will discuss these ways from time to time.

The first thing that a school child can do toward the happiness of his community is to help everyone make it clean and healthy. If everyone makes the surroundings of his own home clean, the whole community is clean.

Pigs and chickens should have a special place in the yards so that they may not run around the streets or plaza. Leaves, sticks, empty cans, papers, and the like, should not be left scattered all over the yards, streets, and plaza. The school buildings and yards, the church, the theatre or "cine," that is, all public buildings and places should be kept clean.

If school children would keep these things in mind and do them, they could help one another to keep the community clean and healthy.

I. PANLASIGUI

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## VERSES FOR CHILDREN

By *Francisco G. Tonogbanua*

### ROSES

I've watered them and watered them,  
I've also watched them grow,  
They are the prettiest little things  
All in a row.

First I spied a pink one,  
Then a red one peeked;  
Today I went to the garden  
In hopes of more roses to seek.

### AN OLD DOLL

Here I sit in the corner all day;  
How I wish some one would come to play!  
My dress is torn, and my shoes are worn,—  
I am not beautiful any more;  
So here I sit day after day.  
O please, someone, come here and play!

### A ROSE AND A PICTURE

Beautiful rose in a blue vase,  
Standing near a picture of a sweet, kind face,  
When I look at you I sigh,  
Thinking of the times gone by.  
I have seen roses in other places,  
In gardens and in costly vases,  
But you are the loveliest one of all,  
For you beautify a face that is on the wall,  
The face of my mother.

### A PIECE OF SILK

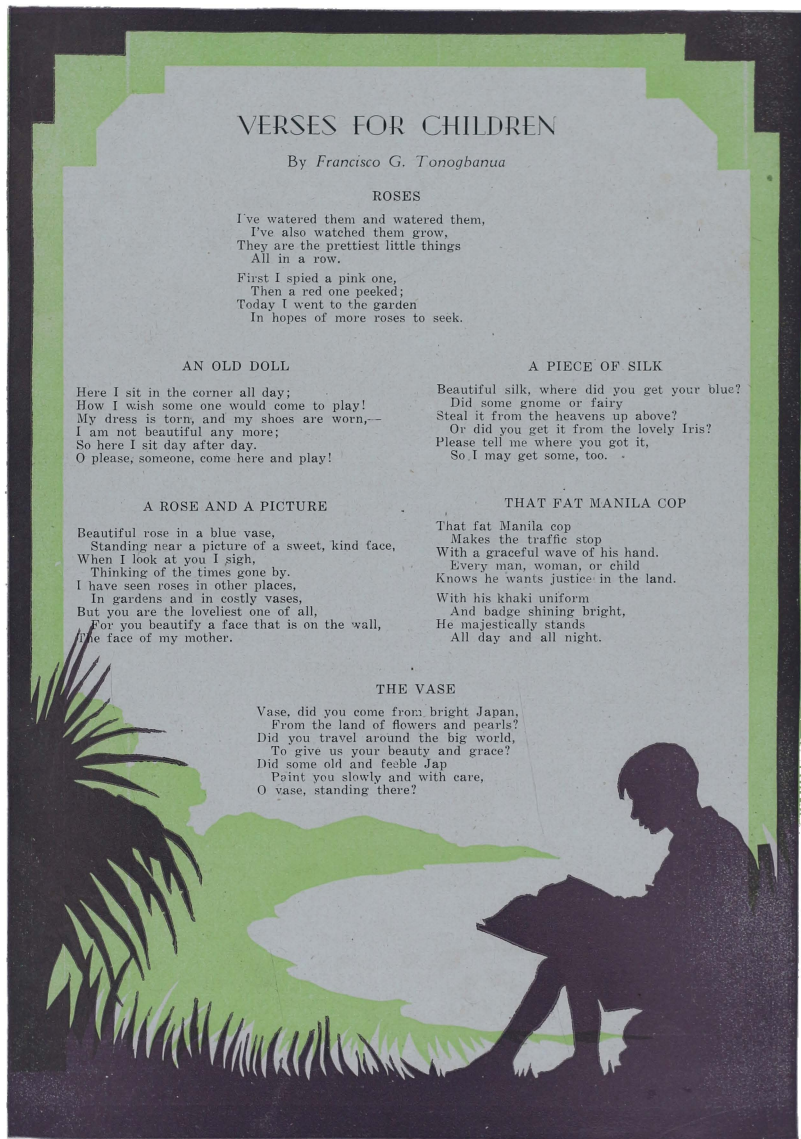
Beautiful silk, where did you get your blue?  
Did some gnome or fairy  
Steal it from the heavens up above?  
Or did you get it from the lovely Iris?  
Please tell me where you got it,  
So I may get some, too.

### THAT FAT MANILA COP

That fat Manila cop  
Makes the traffic stop  
With a graceful wave of his hand.  
Every man, woman, or child  
Knows he wants justice in the land.  
With his khaki uniform  
And badge shining bright,  
He majestically stands  
All day and all night.

### THE VASE

Vase, did you come from bright Japan,  
From the land of flowers and pearls?  
Did you travel around the big world,  
To give us your beauty and grace?  
Did some old and feeble Jap  
Point you slowly and with care,  
O vase, standing there?



**MISSING PAGE/PAGES**

# The Girl With Curly Hair

by Amparo C. de los Reyes\*

EVERY night I end my prayers this way: "And please, dear Father in Heaven, teach me to control my temper." Yet it doesn't seem to improve my temper at all.

"It must be her curly hair," I overheard Grandmother saying to Mother. "Curly hair and a fast temper always go together."

"Is that so!" I thought to myself. "Then, that is easily cured." I went to the kitchen and wet my hair and it lay back flat and straight. I looked in the mirror and laughed when I saw how funny I looked with my hair plastered down.

"Aba!" said a mocking voice behind me. "Laughing all by herself. Crazy!"

I turned around swiftly. There was Pedro (my brother) making a face at me from the doorway. He is twelve (I'm only eleven) and he ought to have known better than to tag around and tease me all the time.

"You let me alone," I told him fiercely.

He danced a few fancy dancesteps. "You let me alone!" he piped; mimicking me.

I turned my back on him and just to show him I wasn't paying any attention, I began to powder my face.

"Oho!" he crowed. "Trying to make herself beautiful! Even though you powder very hard, you'll always remain b-l-a-c-k—black!"

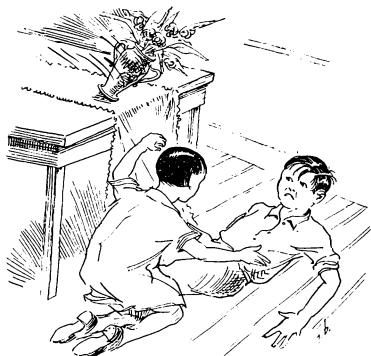
"Will you go away?" I cried, my voice rising very high.

"Hoh! Hoh!" he said. He made a graceful twirl, then mincing out of the room he began to sing:

*Tinta, violeta, negra!*

*Negra, negrita, ita!*

(Have I told you before that I am quite, quite dark? I am the darkest of all my sis-



ters and because my hair curls, they call me Negrita. Pedro had made up that song just to plague me.)

*Tinta, violeta, negra!*

*Negra, negrita, ita!*

He kept on singing and it seemed to me that he was coming back! I closed my eyes and began to count a hundred. The angry blood was making my ears very hot. I opened my eyes.

Pedro peeped into the room just then.

"*Tinta, violeta, negra!*" he sang, "*Negra, negrita!*"

I flung myself on him like a tiger. We both fell on the floor. He clutched at the table. The table-runner slipped down and Mother's favorite flower jar came crashing just a few inches away from his head.

We both got a beautiful spanking afterwards. I cried hard because I was spanked. I cried harder and shuddered to think of what might have happened if the jar hit Pedro on the head. (One part of my mind said—"It would have served him right!") I cried hardest yet when I saw that my hair began to curl once more as soon as it dried. Oh my hair and my terrible temper, is there no way of getting rid of them?

\* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.

## HEALTH SECTION

## FAMOUS MILK DRINKERS

**Y**OU have been told repeatedly by your teachers that you should drink milk.

Some of you think that milk is food for babies only and that it is not fit for big boys and girls. A study of the habits practiced by many famous people shows that many of them today are leading statesmen and scientists, athletes and educators, aviators, and professional men.

Thomas A. Edison said, "I came in with milk and I guess I'll go out with it. It's the only balanced ration—balanced by the Great Chemist." Working on his innumerable inventions, Edison slept only three or four hours a day. Still he maintained his splendid health and lived beyond the eighty-fifth mark.

Gautama Budha, who lived five hundred years before Christ, had milk for his chief food. In one of his books, it is written: "The cows are our friends, they gave food, they give strength, they likewise give a good complexion and happiness."

Marco Polo, the famous Italian traveller at a time when few men dared go out of his own country, found that Kublai Khan, the great Mongol conqueror, and his family subsisted mainly on milk. When traveling, they had dried milk.

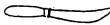
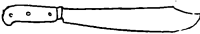







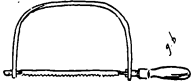
Many famous centenarians lived largely on milk and other dairy products. (What is a centenarian?) Zaro Agha, the venerable Turk who lived more than 150 years was a heavy drinker of milk. Dr. Stephen Smith of New York, is said to have eaten almost nothing else but milk and bread during the first seventy years of his life.

In the present time, milk has aided many notable men to perform their duties properly. Mussolini is said to consume at least five glasses of milk a day. The famous aviators Lindbergh and Byrd use plenty of milk. Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Max Schmeling, heavy-weight champions of the world in their time drink large quantities of milk.

(The facts in this article are taken from Hygeia.)

## LEARNING THE NAMES OF THINGS

Do you know the articles pictured below? You use them in the kitchen and in the shop. Both boys and girls should know their names and their uses. Study this list and test yourself afterwards. Turn to page 188 for the test.

	Drawings	Names
1.		paring knife
2.		chopping knife
3.		chopping board
4.		kettle
5.		sauce pan
6.		frying pan
7.		dish pan
8.		Jack plane
9.		screw driver
10.		coping saw

## WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG

**E**VERY ambitious person dreams of some day occupying a high position or piling up money because men usually measure a person's success by the importance of the position he occupies or by the amount of money he has accumulated. Mrs. Josefa Jara Martinez is one of the few who use service as the yardstick of success. A woman of keen intellect, practical ability, and indomitable energy, she gives the best in her wherever her services are needed, whether she is paid for the work or not.

As a young girl she had a definite ambition in life—to be of service to others. Believing that taking care of the sick was a beautiful form of service, she thought that nursing was the course for her. Circumstances, however, did not permit her to realize this early dream of hers.

Born to a family of modest means, Josefa might have remained in her hometown to finish the ordinary general course in the public schools and to work in obscurity, if Fortune had not taken a hand in shaping the girl's life. She was chosen pensionada to take the teaching course in the Normal School. So in spite of her mother's misgivings because of the girl's "temper and lack of patience," she became a teacher, graduating from the Philippine Normal School in 1912. The girl with a temper turned out to be a highly efficient teacher and an effective speaker, so much so, that she was selected to represent the Bureau of Education at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, California, in 1915.

Seeing America and the opportunities it offered fanned the spark of ambition in her and she determined to go back again some day. Her most cherished dream then was to go to college and wear a toga. Having set her heart on it, she found a way by which she could be transferred from Iloilo, her



Josefa  
Jara  
Martinez

home province, where she had been teaching, to the Philippine Normal School. Here she worked as a critic teacher for almost two years. As such she had a chance to attend evening classes in the University of the Philippines and at last she thought she was on her way to the goal which would qualify her to wear cap and gown. But fate had other plans for her. She was meant for another field of service than that occupied by a teacher.

The group of pensionados to the United States in 1919, the Philippines' brightest and best, included the bright-eyed, sweet-smiling young woman, who had already made a name as Miss Jara. She was chosen by the Department of the Interior to specialize in family and child welfare work. While other pensionados were sent to college and universities, Josefa Jara was sent to a "school." Once more her dream of getting a college degree was farther from realization, but she buckled down to her studies. A two-year course in New York School of Social Work, a few courses in English in Columbia University, and extensive field work in the slums of the great metropolis and visits to institutions for delinquent and defective children and orphanages amply prepared her for the task of

(Please turn to page 182.)



## • THE LOST LOCKET •

By PACIFICO BERNARDO

**E**LENA was very happy that day. And who wouldn't be happy? It was the last school day of March. She had just received her card, and she learned that she was promoted to the Fifth Grade, with the highest honors. Besides, a week later was to be her tenth birthday. On that day, her father promised to give her a birthday present if she would pass. What the present was, she didn't know, but she was told that it would be something she would be proud to wear on her birthday. And here, she had the card to show her father that she deserved the birthday present he had promised to give.

Mang Pedro, her father and Aling Maria, her mother were also very happy when they learned that Elena was to be in the Fifth Grade the following June. Father and Mother planned how to make her birthday a joyous one. Elena was busy thinking how she would celebrate it and what present her father would give her. Just on the eve of her birthday, Mang Pedro came home with a cute little box tied with a pink ribbon.

"Come here, Elena," he called out. "I have a surprise for you."

Elena came running to her father. "What is it, father?" she asked.

"This is your birthday present from me," he said as he gave her the nice-looking box tied with the pink ribbon.

"I am very happy" she said. She opened the box quickly, anxious to find what was inside. And what do you think she found? Inside the box a yellow object greeted her eyes. It was a necklace with a golden locket.



"What a beautiful necklace!" she exclaimed. "I can wish for no better present, Father," she added. That night she was so happy that she dreamed about her birthday party.

The next morning she woke up early. She helped her mother prepare for her party. She was busy the whole morning, cleaning the house and preparing the table. Just before her guests arrived, she put on her new dress, which was given to her by her mother, as another birthday present. She wore also the necklace which was given by her father. "And oh! how lovely she looked" she thought, as she looked at herself in the mirror.

Pretty soon her friends began to arrive. There were Anita, Naty, Rogelia, and Amelia. These four girls were her best friends in school and they came in a group. The last one to come was Carmen, a new friend of Elena. Each one greeted her with "happy birthday." There was also a work of admiration for her necklace and locket, from every one. There was talking, laughing, and singing. In school they were always together. So on that day they were again as happy and as noisy as they used to be in school.

But Carmen was the most silent of all. She was not in the crowd. True, she was a friend of Elena but Elena's friends were new to her. Besides, she was by nature timid and shy. While the others laughed out loud and giggled, she only smiled at Anita's jokes, who was the clown of the group.

*(Please turn to page 191)*

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 THE SKY AND THE STARS
 

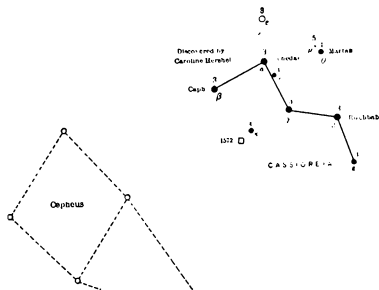
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## CASSIOPEIA

The Lady in the Chair



CASSIOPEIA

**Y**OU have studied about the constellation of the Great Bear, seven stars of which form the Big Dipper. The two stars forming the side of the Dipper opposite the handle point to the North Star. On the other side of the North Star is the constellation Cassiopeia or the Lady in the Chair. Cassiopeia is one of the oldest and most popular of the constellations.

As the stars of this constellation revolve about the pole, they form when below it a slightly distorted capital "M". This is reversed when Cassiopeia is above the pole, and we have a celestial letter "W".

According to the Greek legend, Cassiopeia was the wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia. Conscious of her matchless beauty, she boasted that she was fairer than Juno, the Queen of the heavens, and more beautiful than Nereids or sea nymphs. The ladies of

(Please turn to page 181)

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 THE ISLES OF BEAUTY
 

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## THE CAVE IN TALBAK

by Fortunato Asuncion



**H**AVE you ever gone on an exploration? Of course, not in the wilds of Africa; not in the jungles of India; nor in the desert of the Sahara. What I mean is penetrating a nearby forest or groping into the darkness of a cave the depth of which is unknown to you. One dares, not for the glory it yields, but for the thrilling experiences it affords.

Several kilometers from the historic town of Antipolo is a cave well-known as a hide-out of the recent law-breakers, the Sakdalistas. It is indeed a good hiding place. In fact it was used as such by the rebels during the Spanish regime, so they say. It is so deep that they say it leads to a place nobody knows where. Old folks living nearby even boasted that no one had ever measured its depth.

This place can be reached by two ways. One, by the winding road to Teresa, a road which reminds one of the zigzags in Baguio. Another, by the mountain trails. If thrill is the object of the excursion, I will suggest the latter.

Reaching the side of the mountain, one will doubt the existence of so famous a cave. Openings abound, but not one is large enough to admit a husky fellow with ease. Once you squeezed yourself through the opening, you will gasp with amazement. You will find yourself in a very spacious hall with glittering walls. Holding your candle upward, you will marvel at the beau-

(Please turn to page 181)



## Chapter five

## A NARROW ESCAPE

THE more Tonio thought about the strangers' offer, the more he was tempted to accept it. But when he remembered that he had been enjoined not to let his Lolo know about it, he became suspicious and decided to tell the old man what the strangers had offered to do for him.

When the old man learned that the two men had mentioned something about an easy but gainful occupation he was alarmed and exclaimed,

"O my boy, avoid such men. I don't believe they are honest. They may be pick-pockets or shoplifters. Be patient, my boy, God will provide. To whom he gives life, he will also give means of livelihood. Go to bed. You need plenty of rest after a hard day."

Tonio, then and there, decided not to see the men.

The week that followed was not a profitable one for Tonio and his Lolo. Their alms consisted mostly of rice and they had to draw upon their saving. The old man decided to confine his begging activities in the market and in front of churches.

Saturday morning found the pair soliciting alms from the shoppers and vendors. They were about to station themselves at the entrance to a big bazaar facing the market when they heard the shouts of "Thief! Thief!" and people threw themselves upon

## THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

•  
by Julio Cesar Peña  
•

two men and a boy. When the men were searched, undershirts and socks were found concealed in their wastes. The boy had a pocketbook in his shirt. The salesmen held the men by the collar while a shopper caught the boy by the breast. When the policeman arrived, the boy, who was trembling all over, cried aloud and said,

"They made me do it, Sir, those two. They would beat me if I did not obey them."

Tonio recognized in the two shoplifters the men who offered to train him in an easy but gainful occupation. Horrified he clutched at the old man's trousers.

"Lolo," he whispered, "those are the men I told you about."

"Susmariosepl!" the old man murmured crossing himself. "Thank God you did not fall into their hands."

On their way home, the old man impressed upon the boy's mind the danger of going with unknown people.

"Poverty is nothing to be ashamed of, but dishonesty brings disgrace that will follow you all your life. You are growing fast. Still I hope you will always confide in me."

"I will, Lolo," Tonio promised.

After a long silence, the old man resumed,

"You must go to school in June. It is not enough that a person be good. He must be informed. I cannot see how I can send you to school, but I will."

"I am old enough to work, Lolo. I can shine shoes. Smaller boys than I do."

"Yes, child, you can. But I am afraid you might fall into bad company."

"I will take care not to, Lolo. Let us make use of our saving. I shall sell newspapers in the morning, peddle ice drops in.

(Please turn to page 181)

## HOBBY PAGE

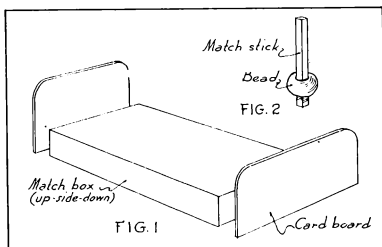
Conducted by gilmo baldovino

MAKE THIS MODEL BED  
For Your Doll

Do you know, little girls, that with match boxes and other things like cardboards, glue and ordinary paint, you can quite easily make all the furniture for your doll's house? I will tell you a very simple way to make a small model bed.

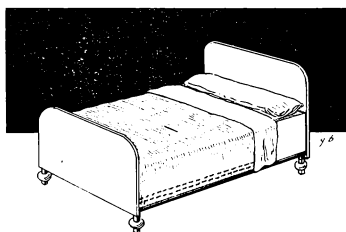
First, you must get a match box tray. Cut two pieces of cardboard and glue them to the ends of it as shown in Figure 1. But before you paste the cardboards, turn the tray up-side-down.

Now get four wooden or glass beads and stick a piece of match-stick through each. (Figure 2) The hole of these beads must not be too small or



too large for the match-sticks. You must select those that will hold the sticks firmly. Invert the tray (as in Figure 3) and glue the legs to the corners on the inside of the tray.

To make the bed clothes, lay some cotton flat on the top of the tray. And on top of the cotton,

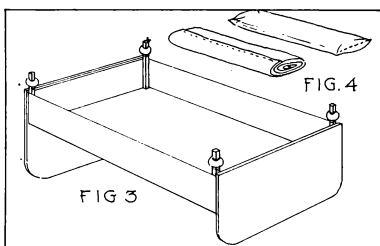


place a piece of white material as white cloth or white flannel and stick or sew it down the sides of the tray.

For the pillow, roll up a piece of white rag and sew up the ends. (See Figure 4.) Lay this pillow on the head of the bed as shown in the illustration of the finished model.

Now, all you have to do is make the sheet for the bed.

Cut a piece of colored cloth for a blanket and a piece of white cloth for the sheet. To arrange the sheeting as shown, lay the white cloth. Then turn over the top end of the sheet and sew or glue the sides of both to the tray. After you added your own finish-



ing touches, you will have a cute little model for your doll's bed.

You may not have a doll's house to put this nice little model in, yet you will have great fun in making it.

## PIPE DREAMS

*(Continued from page 169)*

Solemnly, he went out of the town and began trudging the way back home. And when he was about half-way and the night was setting in, it rained. It not only rained,

It poured. Poured in big angry torrents until Hody-Dody was soaked and shivering and weak.

Hody-Dody tells me that he sat under a clump of trees and waited forlornly for the rain to stop. Finally, a car drew up and Hody-Dody, wet as he was, was charita-

bly taken into the car and deposited in his house to an anxious and frightened mother.

And that was the end of his day with Adventure. Hody-Dody tells you and me that big and grown-up as he is, we must believe him when

*(Continued on page 190)*

# A FESTIVAL FOR AND THEIR DOLL

by Elisabeth Latsch

**J**UST before spring has fully arrived in the land of cherry blossoms the little girls of Nippon have a festival of their very own. And what a great event it is for those little girls who have had the joy of playing with a large doll family throughout the year! Of course, taking care of dollies, washing their clothes, putting them in the warm sun to dry has been

lots of fun. Sometimes, too, there has been mending to do, especially, on rainy days when one couldn't play out-of-doors. It seems that even dollies' clothes would get torn through the year or a button or two would get lost. But on this festive occasion all every day clothes are neatly folded and put away in dollies' clothes chest. Yes, a little Nipponese girl with a doll family has just as much work with her doll children as a real mother.

The Doll's Festival has been celebrated



for a long, long time. Just a little after the time when Ferdinand Magellan landed in the Philippine Islands Japanese children were already having a real holiday for their doll families. So that the Doll's Festival is over three hundred years old. It was first observed in celebration of a marriage which had taken place in the Emperor's Family.

When the festival begins all the dolls are dressed up in as fine clothes as the parents of the little girls can afford to buy. One

Retold by Elisabeth Latsch

## The Story of Sess

**S**ESSHIU, like many other little boys of Nippon loved to go to gaze at the cherry blossoms. He would stand where the most beautiful and where the greatest number of them could be seen as closely as possible. Aside from admiring the things that were pretty he also enjoyed participating in all the sports that his companions care for. When New Year came around he was restless waiting for the Good Luck Branch which carries so many inter-

esting things. There would be the bows and arrows for shooting games; gorgeous kites for the windy days; jumping jacks for sheer fun; dolls for the girls; and many other amusements. For instance, the drawing box fascinated him a great deal. Very often while his brothers and sisters or his little friends were having a wonderful time playing games, Sesshiu was eagerly brushing away one picture after another

## R LITTLE GIRLS FOR CHILDREN



doll is dressed like a princess; another is dressed like a prince; others wear the clothes of maids of honor and others those of court musicians. Certainly since the Doll Festival commemorates a wedding in the highest ranking family of the nation all dolls must be dressed and placed just like the royal personages at court functions.

There are seldom less than fifteen different kinds of dolls on exhibit in a little girl's house during the Doll Festival. They are placed on platforms or shelves arranged

like a stairway. On the top-most platform appear the Prince and Princess in beautiful court costumes. On the next shelf are the maids of honor. Below are the lovely enchanting flowers for decorations and the dainty things to eat and drink, it sounds and looks almost like Christmas Day to the children of other lands!

Perhaps, you have guessed already who eats those "dainties of the mountain and deli-

cacies of the sea." Of course, it's the little doll mother and her many little girl friends who come to visit her during the Doll's Festival. Although, the Festival is only one day, most of the little girls keep their dollies on exhibit for a whole week so they can enjoy them longer and have a chance to invite all their little playmates.

*See page 185 for titles of other interesting stories about Japan*

## niu and the Mouse

of the things that he saw.

When those well trained soldiers of his country would pass his house he thought he would like to be among them some day. And yet deep in his heart he wanted something else still more. He was yearning to become a great artist. And when he painted away his whole heart and soul ran through every stroke that his fingers would make with the little brush.

It so happened that Sesshiu's father did not know of what his little son's dreams were made. Sesshiu's father was seriously planning to have his son trained for the priesthood. He wanted to think of him as serving some day in the Lord Buddha's temples. Thus one day Sesshiu was requested by his father to prepare himself for a long stay in the temple of Hofukuji. The priests in the temple had been informed that they were to guide and instruct Sesshiu. "I wish you to be a priest, yourself, some day," said Sesshiu's father to his son. Alas,

*(Please turn to page 189)*

## AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS— THEY ARE OFF

by Fernando Pimentel



ON THE 17th of last month, a group of boy scouts left our shores on board the *S. S. President Grant*, amidst the cheers and yells of their brother scouts who were left behind. (Perhaps, you will have your turn when the next big send off takes place. There's always a chance.) The scouts who sailed were selected by the local committee appointed by the Executive Board of the Philippine Council, Boy Scouts of America. They are the chosen ones to represent our country at the coming Washington Jamboree—August 21-30, 1935. 30,000 scouts and scouters from all over the world have been invited to participate. High ranking government officials and businessmen, as well as scout officials of the local council, were present to witness the big "sent-off" celebration which was held on board the ship just before its departure. Unfortunately, the parade which was scheduled for the afternoon of that day had to be cancelled due to the extremely heavy downpour of rain. Nevertheless, since all the Boy Scout Troops intending to participate in the "big parade" had been instructed by headquarters to be at the pier to bid farewell to their brother scouts, they all put in their appearance full of enthusiasm and loyalty.

The trip made by the boat on its way to Hongkong was spent by the boys adapting themselves to the roughness of the sea. Almost every member of the delegation—even the leaders—were sea-sick on account of the bad weather. Consequently, the delegation had no opportunity to rehearse the native dances which they are expected to perform at the Jamboree. Their first stop-over en route to Seattle was Hongkong.

### *Hongkong*

In Hongkong our Philippine Scouts were the guests of honor of the "Seaman's Mission," a den of the British Deep Sea Scouts. Accompanied by a group of British Deep Sea Scouts, the delegation spent their short stay in Hongkong sightseeing the beautiful city. Their eyes beheld many a lovely panorama and many a beautiful vista. The British Deep Sea Scouts certainly provided our delegation with very interesting entertainments. Such successful hosts were the Britishers that each and every member of the party totally forgot about the gruesome experiences of the beginning of the voyage.

### *Shanghai*

The delegation of Philippine Scouts next found their boat anchored at Shanghai for a one day stop over. It will be interesting for you to know that the Philippine Council, Boy Scouts of America, has under its jurisdiction two Troops of Boy Scouts in Shanghai. Both of these Troops are composed entirely of American Boys. Naturally, being under the local council, the Troops in Shanghai appeared at the dock to receive our delegation. The party was escorted to the Shanghai District Headquarters for a brief reception and a scout ceremony which had been previously prepared by the Shanghai Troops. All Scouts and Scouters of Shanghai were very friendly. They informed our delegation that for years they have been eager to meet and make a closer contact with the Boy Scouts of the Philippines. They also remarked that they were agreeably surprised to meet such a splendid group of Philippine Scouts. After making several visits to interesting places in Shanghai our delegation admitted that they had had an unusually good time.

### *Kobe, Nippon.*

Upon leaving Shanghai the delegation sailed for Kobe, Nippon. In Kobe, Captain Hara, accompanied by several Troops of Boy Scouts of Japan, met our delegation at the dock. Captain Hara is the Chief Scout of the Imperial Japanese Boy Scout Association. It will be recalled by everyone in Manila that Captain Hara has been in our metropolis on a GOOD WILL VISIT with some thirty Sea Scouts of Japan. So that, in some instances an introduction proved unnecessary. Our scouts were the guests of honor of the Imperial Japanese Boy Scout Association and were escorted in separate groups to the most interesting places of Kobe. Our Scouts were greatly and duly impressed by the unusual clever ability and skill of the Japanese Boy Scouts when scout entertainments were presented in Japanese style and form for their Filipino guests.

### *Yokohama*

Leaving Kobe, our scouts' next destination was Yokohama. There, too, they were met by Japanese Scouts. The Yokohama Boy Scouts played the role of hosts as guides to our delegation when making a round of the interesting places of Yokohama.

### *Nagoya*

A brief stop was also made by the boat in Nagoya. There was sightseeing again in the company of  
(Please turn to page 182)

THE ADVENTURES OF A

(Continued from page 176)

the early afternoon, and shine shoes later in the afternoon. We don't have to beg anymore. We shall need money for rice only. I can catch small crabs and dig for clams and mussels." Tonio said with the seriousness of a man.

The old man realized that Tonio was no longer a small boy. He was beginning to think for himself and to demand his own share of responsibilities.

"Sooner or later he will have to take care



of himself. He should learn early what it is to struggle. He must know the pitfalls of life and learn to avoid them. I shall not live forever to watch over him," the old man mused.

Aloud he said,

"Yes, my boy, we may have to try your plans."

(Read about Tonio's interesting experiences with street boys in September number of *The Young Citizen*.)

CASSIOPEIA

(Continued from page 175)

the sea were offended and complained to Neptune, the god of the sea. As a punishment for her insolence, Neptune sent a frightful monster to ravage her coast and

THE CAVE IN TALBAK

(Continued from page 175)

tiful domes overhead with sparkling spikes drooping downward. Closer observation will reveal numerous names and dates inscribed on the smooth and conspicuous parts. Some names are of those who had played important parts in the Philippine history. Dates as early as the eighteenth hundreds abound. Once inside, you will feel a very peculiar sensation. In spite of the water oozing between the cracks and the moisture dripping from above, you will feel very warm. However death larks behind this magnificence. Treacherous pits are scattered here and there not very deep though, but enough to break one's neck.

To avoid any mishap should you explore this cave, extreme care must be taken.

to devour Cassiopeia's daughter, Andromeda. Cassiopeia appealed to Jupiter, who placed her in the heaven out of reach of Neptune.

**SWEETSTAKE  
BUBBLE GUM**

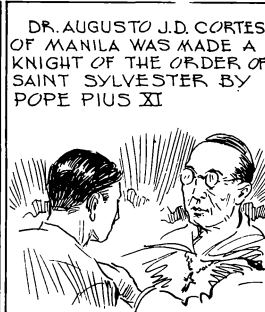
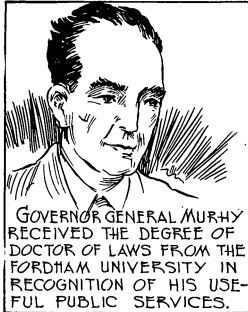


**SENSATION  
of the  
SEASON**

**O'RACCA CONFECTIONERY**  
67 BARRACA  
MANILA, P. I.



## NEWS IN CARTOON



WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

(Continued from page 173)

helping in the improvement of social conditions in her homeland. But they did not qualify her for a toga. She had to give up the dream of wearing one in response to the call for service.

Upon her return to the Philippines she found plenty to do. Constructive social work was then in its infancy and trained social workers were badly needed. While employed by the Office of the Public Welfare Commissioner, she had to be loaned to various organizations from time to time to train workers and help the needy. Among the organizations and institutions that reaped the benefit of her services are the Associated Charities, the Red Cross, the government orphanage, the reformatories for boys and for girls, puericulture centers, the Settlement House of the Damas Filipinas, and the Young Women's Christian Association. Wherever expert opinion in family and child welfare was needed she was called upon to contribute her share. Whether in subordinate or executive capacity, she was always glad to help in the best way she could.

Her ability, earnestness, and integrity did not pass unnoticed; for when a chief was needed for the Division of Dependent Children in the Office of the Public Welfare Commissioner, Mrs. Martinez was

(Continued from page 180)

the Japanese Boy Scouts of Nagoya. Wherever our delegation went in Japan, the Japanese Boy Scouts showed a keen interest in their visitors. Even though some of the lads of Nippon could not converse in English their conduct and contact was of an extremely friendly nature. In other instances when Japanese Scouts could speak the English language there was an interesting exchange of impressions on scouting conditions and scouting life in both countries.

On Board the S. S. President Grant

After the departure from Hongkong, the delegation was able to begin the intensive training planned in preparation of the exhibition which they are to give at the Jamboree. Since all of the boys had greatly recovered from the familiar yet so unfamiliar sea-sickness (for there is nothing worse when it gets you and nothing like it either) they at last could enjoy participating in all activities on board the good old ship.

The dances, according to the head of the delegation, have created considerable interest among the passengers and officers of the President Grant. A special request came from

appointed to the post, becoming thereby the highest paid Filipino woman in the Civil Service.

the first class passengers on July 21, to have the boys present the "tinkling" dance on the deck of the first class. The efforts of the boys were well rewarded by the continued applause of an appreciative audience. So we hope, that this particular dance will make a great hit in the Land of Uncle Sam. It is one which would appeal anywhere because of its beautiful movements and its attractive rhythm.

A dress rehearsal will be conducted above five days before landing in Seattle to help the boys get over their stage fright.

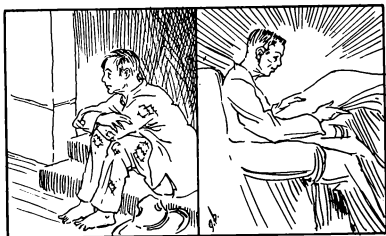
The delegation will also take advantage of the friendships they have made with the sailors. They are hoping to learn a lot about knots from the old sailor boys. Since sailors are known to have all sorts of knot tricks up their sleeve, our boys will surely arouse much interest and enthusiasm if they remember all they are shown. The sailors have been very kind to the scouts. The excellent treatment accorded them has been commended upon by all scouts.

The Philippine Delegation is at present on its way to Seattle. There, they will be the guests of honor for one week of the Seattle Area Council Boy Scouts. A reception is planned in their honor and various entertainments also. All these will surely impress our Scouts. They are bound to have a good time in Seattle!

## CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

## THRIFT

By Jose Feliciano\*



**A** GREAT many people who suffer from want could have avoided poverty if they had only learned how to live frugally. We look about us and we see needy families that we know are victims of their own thriftlessness. The misfortune of a family that I am about to tell you is nothing unusual: misfortune like theirs we see every day. Yet we do not seem to learn a lesson from their experience.

Here is a man, the sole support of his family composed of his wife and six children. The family live very happily, and they seem to have no worry over the future. Their table at every meal is filled with rich food. They keep servants and own a car. They entertain their friends lavishly. All the children go to school, except the oldest, a young woman who teaches school. They continue to live in this manner until one day, without the least warning, the father dies suddenly from heart failure. To his family this man's death comes like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The family, needless to say, are now left quite destitute.

There are some facts that must be told about this family, for whom we feel nothing but the deepest sympathy, in order that we might understand their situation and profit by their mistake. As a government employee, the father earned a substantial salary. Every month he received more than three hundred pesos, an income which, by our standards, is not small for a fair-sized family. But what did he do with all his money? He spent it all on his family, saving nothing whatever for a rainy day. Instead of building or acquiring a home of his own, he only rented one and he was perfectly satisfied to do it. His children were accustomed to enjoy

(Please turn to page 186)

## SAFETY SECTION

## Going to the Estero

By Mariano Pascual\*

"RAIN! RAIN!"

Ramona jumped with joy. The rain was falling hard. Each little raindrop hit the iron roof like a piece of stone. Ricardo came running to the window.

"Rain! Rain!" shouted Ricardo. "Let us walk in the rain, Ramona."

The two children ran down the stairs without asking their mother permission. They wanted so much to play in the rain.

Outside, they ran up and down the street shouting with joy.

At the end of the street, the water in the estero had risen as high as the banks. Many boys were in the estero. Some were in bancas, some were swimming, some stood on the bank watching those who were swimming.

Ricardo and Ramona went near the estero. They watched the children swimming and they wanted very much to swim also. They were about to jump into the water when they heard somebody shouting. In the middle of the estero a boy was acting in a strange way. He sank into the water, then appeared again. Every time he appeared, he shouted, "Help! help!" Everyone knew that the boy was drowning but no one was brave enough to go near him. Fortunately, a man in a banca came down the estero. The man saw the drowning boy and saved him.

After that, Ricardo and Ramona did not feel like playing anymore. They went home quietly and stayed home all day.

After supper that night, Ricardo and Ramona followed their mother silently wherever she went.

Mother looked at them and said, "Why don't you go to sleep, children? It is time to go to bed."

"We have something to tell you, Mother," said Ricardo. "We went to the estero without asking your permission."

"I know it, children, and I am very glad you told me the truth."

"But we shall never do it again, Mother," promised Ramona softly.

"Why?"

"Because we saw a boy get almost drowned in the water."

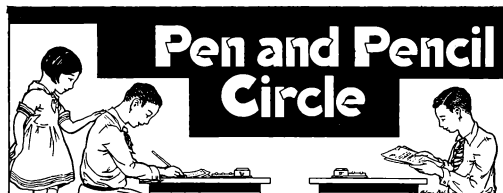
Mother looked at her children knowingly.

"I see," she said, "But it is not only drowning that you should be afraid of. Do you remember

(Please turn to page 186)

\* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.

\* Assistant Principal, Tondo Elementary School.



### THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE I HAD

Last April I was invited to a boating party. I was very happy because I could experience the thrills which I had not had. My friends and I started early in the morning. While boating, I touched the calm water and the water lilies that were within my reach. We did not carry a single umbrella because we wanted to enjoy the sunshine. While the boatman rowed, the young ladies sang. We had a happy time.

At about ten o'clock, I felt the heat of the sun. It seemed to penetrate even to my bones. So I wet my arms with sea water. When it was about twelve o'clock, a big roaring, waves rocked the boat. Every time the boat moved, we all shouted. I was nervous and I thought of what I would do if the boat would capsize. While the boatmen were rowing toward the shore, an angry wave dashed over it and overturned it. I thanked God that we were all saved. The rowers emptied the boat quickly and we rode again in the empty vessel. When we reached the shore we were tanned and dripping. Even then, I was very happy because I had had the most exciting ride on a boat.

By FRANCISCA B. REYES  
VII-A E. Jacinto Elem. School

### THE ORIGIN OF ROSAL

Once there was a girl who lived in the town of Mabulaklak. She was very fond of wearing white because it means purity.

One day when she was away her mother died. She was very sad because she lost her mother. She

was also sad because she could not buy any more white dresses.

One day she went to her mother's grave. She cried bitterly. The Goddess of Flowers came. She asked her why she was crying and what her name was. She said that her mother died and that she could not buy white dresses. Then the Goddess asked her name. She answered "Rosa". Then the Goddess felt sorry for her and changed her into a white flower which was called Rosal.

By PRECIOSA IRMA PINEDA  
VI-B, E. Jacinto Elem. School,  
Manila

### THE TWO FRIENDS

Once there was a girl. Her name was Rita. She had no father or mother. Rita was hungry. So she went to her friend Juana.

Rita said, "Please give me some food."

Juana gave Rita some oranges and apples.

Rita said, "Thank you, Juana."

Juana said, "Take some fruit to your mother."

Rita answered, "I have no more mother or father but I have a doll."

Juana said, "Go home, get your things. You may live with me. You may call my mother "Mother", and my father, "Father".

By FLERIDA RUTH PINEDA  
Grade II-B,  
E. Jacinto Elem. School, Manila

Quiapo, Manila

Dear Aunt Alma:—

I am in Grade Two-A. I am seven and a half years old. Our teacher let us read "The Young Citizen." I like the nice stories.

Aunt Alma, please write some more stories.

Thank you, Aunt Alma. Good-bye.

Your friend,  
FLORENCIO V. FERNANDEZ  
Mabini Elementary School

Dear Florencio,

In this number of the *Young Citizen* you will find a very easy story. Read "The Little Moth and the Lizard." I am sure you can read it. Write to me again and tell me what you think of it.

AUNT ALMA

13 Paris  
Manila, P. I.  
July 22, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma:

I am Francisco Mariano. I am in the fourth grade. I like to read stories from books specially those in "The Young Citizen." I like the story of Kiko's Adventures. I like to make friends with other boys and girls.

Your friend,

FRANCISCO MARIANO

Children:

Who would like to exchange letters with Francisco Mariano? Send your letters to Aunt Alma.

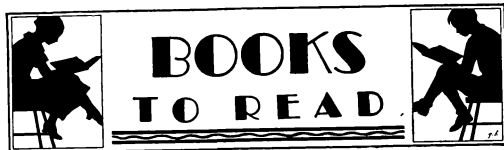
4 Paris  
Manila, P. I.  
August 5, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma:

I am a boy. I am seven years old I am studying in the De La Salle College. I am fond of reading stories and specially *The Young Citizen*. I like best the story of The Order of the Short Pants because in the morning when the boys lined up, seven were missing. When they came one of them was trying to hide his swollen lips, another had his hands in the pocket, the others were trying to cough off something which seemed to be stuck in their throats. The cake they ate was full of big red ants, a reason why it was unguarded. So the Order of the Short Pants never met again. That was what they got from stealing a cake.

Your friend,

LEANDRO SINCO  
Grade II, De La Salle College,  
Manila



## TRAVEL

*"I should like to rise and go  
Where the golden apples grow;—  
Where below another sky  
Farrot islands anchored lie,  
Aid, watched by cockatoos and goats,  
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—  
Where in sunshine reaching out  
Eastern cities miles about,  
Arc with mosque and minaret  
Among sandy gardens set,  
And the rich goods from near and far  
Hung for sale in the bazaar;—"*

From "A Child's Garden of  
Verses by R. L. Stevenson.

## STORIES OF OTHER LANDS

Young people are generally very curious to know about the things that boys and girls of other countries do at home, how they live, how they dress, how they play and what holidays they celebrate.

Many young people have classmates or playmates who have come from that beautiful land of *Nippon*. They especially, are the boys and girls who would want to know more about Japan in order that they may understand and enjoy their little Japanese friends all the more fully.

The stories in the following books were at one time written in the Japanese language only. Now these stories have been translated into English and retold by people who hoped that some day the English-reading boys and girls of the world would enjoy them.

If you are fond of fairy tales, **THE JAPANESE FAIRY BOOK** by Yei Theodora Ozaki is one of the most attractive books in which the stories are very Japanese in spirit. Then, too, this book has been illustrated by a Japanese artist. It is the kind of book which makes a lovely gift. If you happen to be wishing for a nice book, you can put this one on your "wishing list."

Another book is **JAPANESE FAIRY TALES** retold by Teresa Pierce Williston. It is illustrated by Sanchi Ogawa. Some of the stories in it are:—"The Wonderful Teakettle"; "The Wood-cutter's Sake"; "The Mirror of Matsuyama"; "The Eight-Headed Serpent"; "The Stolen Charm"; "Urashima"; "The Tongue-Cut Sparrow"; "Shippeitaro"; "The First Rabbits"; "Lord Bag of Rice"; "Peach Darling"; "The Old Man with a Wart"; "The Eighty-one Brothers"; "The Bamboo-Cutter's Daughter".

Here is a beautiful title for a book. **THE WEAVER OF FROST**. It is written by Ken Nakazawa and illustrated by S. Mizuno. Any boy and girl between the ages of eight to twelve will find the story of the princess who was exiled from Moonland very entertaining. The story goes that any one bringing a stranger to Moonland will be exiled. It so happens that the lovely princess carries an insect in the sleeve of her gown. When the princess's disobedience is discovered she is exiled to the earthland. And of course, many things happen to her. There is quite a choice of stories in **THE WEAVER OF THE FROST**. Here is the contents:—"The Weaver of the Frost; The Blossom Makers; The Moon Bird; The Bamboo Princess; The Coming of the Paper Carp; The Carp Rider; One Laugh too Many; The Crack; The Rain Forecaster; Hoppie's Famous Kick; Sting Me!; The Poison Frog; The Last Gift.

Japanese **FAIRY TALES** by Lafcadio Hearn cannot be left off this list. Lafcadio Hearn is the one person who studied Japanese folklore and Japanese life so closely that he himself seems like a Japanese story-teller. But only four of the

stories in this book are written by Lafcadio Hearn. The other stories are by Grace James, Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain and others. Gertrude A. Kay did the illustrations.

In order to know a little more about the Japanese, how they live, what holidays they celebrate, what the boys and girls play, **JAPAN, KOREA AND FORMOSA** by Eunice Tietjens will tell you all sorts of interesting things. The book is very entertaining. The pictures are all real photographs and the print is quite large.

Perhaps you already know the little book called **THE JAPANESE TWINS** by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Miss Perkins has written so many books about children of other lands that are read over and over again by many boys and girls. This book is easy reading. See if it isn't in your school library.

**IN KIMONO LAND** by Emma S. Yule is interesting reading because it tells us what the boys and girls of Japan do. The photographs are in colors so we can see the colors of the flowers, of the dresses worn by the children and of the interiors of the homes. There are both stories and poems in this book.

**YASU-BO AND ISHI-KO. A BOY AND GIRL OF JAPAN** is written by P. A. Sowers and illustrated by Margaret Ayer. This book, too, is not so very thick. It has only one hundred and forty three pages. The little sister Ishiko and her brother Yasu-bo have a little playmate in their house who was found on their mother's doorstep one day. Certainly a very mysterious thing, isn't it? But you read the book yourself to find out about the "mystery."

If any of the Japanese boys and girls who read this book page know of any other good story books, please let Aunt Alma know about them. Then we can add them to our Japanese booklist and give the other boys and girls a chance to read about them.

Next month there will be a list of good books about China and also a list of Chinese stories.

(Please turn to page 190)

## THRIFT

*(Continued from page 183)*

every luxury of life. With the exception of the eldest, they were not trained to fit themselves into any useful jobs. So when the blow came, they were not prepared to meet it.

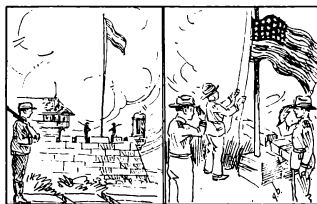
Nobody denies the fact that money is a thing to be spent, and not a thing to be locked up in a chest as a jeweled possession. But even a young child ought to know that money is not meant to be spent in just any manner or for just anything. A person who spends his money thoughtlessly or foolishly soon finds himself in want. It is necessary that one should learn how to spend his money wisely if he is to keep away the wolf from his door.

Thrift is nothing but the wise spending of money; it should not be mistaken for stinginess or miserliness. A miser would deny himself the necessities of life, even if he could well afford to have them, just to satisfy his greed for gold. A person who is really and truly thrifty would not hesitate to buy himself the necessities of life provided he has the money to pay for them. Being thrifty does not mean hoarding money—only a miser does that; it means spending money with good reasons.

Thrift, in the true sense of the word, means the prevention of waste as much as possible. We see how wasteful most people are: they squander not only their money but also their time—even their health. They little realize or they do not realize at all that it is the conservation of these things that makes for security and happiness. Little things saved, like the centavos, may accumulate and amount to something really big some day.

We should learn to practice economy, strict economy because for most of us it is the only way by

## This Month Years Ago



On August 13, 1898, the American forces occupied the City of Manila. That was thirty-seven years ago. Manila was then under the control of the Spanish government. The American fleet, commanded by Admiral Dewey, bombarded the city. At the same time American soldiers were landed. At about 11:20 in the morning, the Spanish forces raised a white flag. General Merritt arranged the terms of surrender with the Spanish Captain-General. The Spanish flag was then pulled down, and the American flag was raised over the Walled City. General MacArthur was appointed Civil Governor of the City. American government was thus introduced for the first time into the Philippines.

As a result of the fight for the occupation of the city, the Americans suffered the following losses: Four men killed, and three officers and 32 men wounded. In the Spanish forces 49 men were killed and 300 were wounded.

The American forces which took part in the attack on Manila consisted of 335 officers and 8,595 enlisted men. In the occupation, the Americans took 13,000 prisoners of war, 22,000 arms and \$900,000 public funds.

## GOING TO THE ESTERO

*(Continued from page 183)*

why your cousin Pablo died? What was his sickness?

"Dysentery!" shouted the two children together.

"Right," agreed Mother. "He died of dysentery. He liked swimming in the estero very much. One day he swallowed some water while swimming. He got sick with dysentery and died."

The children looked at each other which we may provide against the uncertainties of the future. Very few indeed are they who are born with a silver spoon in the mouth.

The vast majority of us have to work for a living and provide against a rainy day.

er afraid.

"But besides dysentery," continued Mother, "you might also get cholera and typhoid fever."

"Why, Mother?"

"Because the water in the estero is very dirty. The dirt from the toilets and the kitchens go there. People throw garbage, dead animals, and even waste into it. Do you remember the dead pig that you saw, Ramona, when we went to market last week?"

"Oh, yes, Mother," replied Ramona. "It smelled so bad."

"Well, it is still raining, children. Will you not play in the estero tomorrow?"

The children hang their heads in shame and promised never to play in the estero again.

**MISSING PAGE/PAGES**

## THE LOST LOCKET

*(Continued from page 174)*

Dinner was served and all enjoyed the "pansit", "lumpia", and jelly which Aling Maring had prepared. There was also ice-cream at the end of the meal. They were so jolly while they ate. When dinner was over, the children went out in the garden under a mango tree. There was a swing, where the children played for hours. Later, when their stomachs were lighter, they played games such as Jump the Spine, Skipping Rope, and Running Around.

While the rest were having such fun, Carmen was but an onlooker. She was content to sit on a swing and watch the others play. She wanted to play with the other girls but her timidity kept her away from them. Suddenly Elena stopped playing. She became pale and silent. She was holding her necklace which was hanging on her neck and was looking around.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Anita.

"Why, what happened?" the girls asked.

Elena was speechless for a moment. Then she said, "I have lost my locket."

"When did you lose it?" Naty asked.

"I must have dropped it here while we were playing," she answered.

Everybody began to look for the locket. They went all over the garden where they had been playing and running around. All the while they were looking for the locket, Carmen was still the silent bystander. She watched them uncomfortably undecided as to whether she should help or not in the search for the lost locket. They went over the garden three or four times, looking for it among the grasses and under the swing, but it was nowhere to be found.

It was only then that they noticed how indifferent Carmen had been. Anita began to suspect that

Carmen might have seen it and kept it for herself. She called the other girls and whispered something into their ears. Then the rest cast side glances on Carmen. Each looked suspiciously at Carmen. Carmen understood their looks, but she knew she had done nothing wrong. She had nothing to be ashamed of. Embarrassed by their attitude, Carmen told Elena that she was going home. And she did.

When she was gone, Amelia said, "You see, that girl is ashamed. She would not have gone home if she did not take it."

"Yes, I think she has it. She didn't even help us," echoed Rogelia.

Soon Aling Maring learned that Elena's locket was lost. She wanted to join them in looking for it but it was getting dark.

The children told her of their suspicion on Carmen, that she had kept herself away from the group, and that she didn't even help in looking for it.

"Don't be so fast in your judgment. Don't think that because she did not help you she had it," continued Aling Maring. "I know her to be a perfectly good child. She is honest. If she found it she would have given it to Elena," she added. "Perhaps it is still in the garden, but you did not see it."

"I don't think Carmen got it," Elena spoke as in defense of her friend. "If she found it she would have given it back to me. Once when I lost my fountain pen, she returned it to me," she explained.

The other girls said nothing more. Elena was a great favorite among them and they dared not displease her.

"Well, it is getting dark," Aling Maring broke the silence. "You may go home now, and I shall look for it in the morning."

The children parted and went home, but each of them still believed that Carmen got the locket. They promised to come back the next morning and help Elena look for her locket. That night Elena

could hardly sleep because of her loss.

Very early the next day she was up with her mother. The first thing they did was to go to the garden. As Aling Maring swept the dried mango leaves she heard something roll with a ringing sound. And what do you think she found? The lost locket was there as bright as it was the day before. It seemed to say "Did we not play hide and seek?"

Elena was full of joy. She got her locket back and would have reason to tell her friends their great mistake.

"You were right mother, I knew when you said that Carmen did not get it," Elena told her mother.

"My friends made a foolish mistake in suspecting that Carmen got it."

Soon the other children arrived. "Here's the locket, children. I found it among the dried leaves," Aling Maria told them. "You made Carmen very unhappy yesterday by thinking that she was not honest. It is wrong to suspect anybody until you are sure of your suspicion. Go and tell Carmen that you were sorry for what you have done."

The other girls were very much ashamed of what they had thought and said about Carmen.

Following her advice, the children went to see Carmen.

"Good morning Carmen," the children said.

"Good morning," was Carmen's reply.

"We have done you a great wrong," Anita spoke.

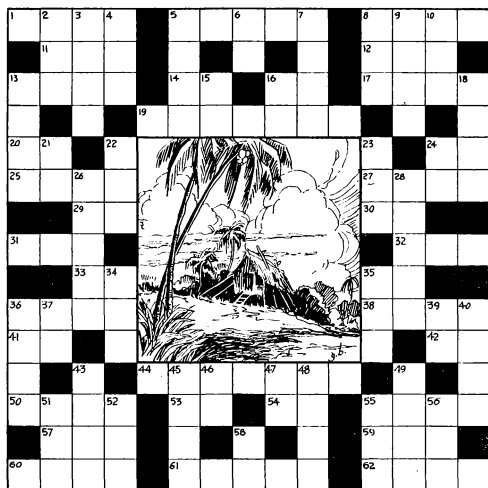
"We are all sorry for what we have said," the girls chorused.

"Can you forgive us?" asked Amelia.

"Certainly, I will," answered Carmen smiling. "I knew you would soon find out your mistake."

From that time on they became friends. They learned to love Carmen because of the good lesson they learned from her.

## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



## ACROSS

1. Something that floats on water.
5. What is in the picture?
8. A young woman.
11. A long period of time.
12. Another word for everything.
13. Short for written.
14. Sun God.
16. A note in the musical scale.
17. Story.
19. Not friendly.
20. Negative answer.
25. Russian Ruler.
27. A sign.
29. A note in the musical scale.
30. To perform.
31. Part of the body.
32. To go fast.
33. A preposition.
35. North America (abbr.)
50. Comparative degree of measure.
58. A man's name.
61. What you say when you stammer.
62. Spanish for the word "of".
64. A man who is a girl's close relative.

## DOWN

2. A pronoun.
3. Part of eye.
4. Slap on the back.
5. Leading character of a story.
6. United States.
7. Wicked.
8. Something on which you sleep.
9. Exclamation of sadness.
10. Be sick.
13. Past tense of go.
15. A conjunction.
16. Possessive pronoun (Spanish).
18. The name of the first garden ever made.
21. Old style (abbr.)
50. Meat.
53. Preposition.
54. A conjunction.
55. Something to attract a fish.
57. Name of a girl.
59. A rare word for old.
60. Something shining in the sky.
61. Word by which persons are called.
62. Remain.

22. A form of the verb "to be".
23. Our Creator.
24. Plural Pronoun.
26. A dress or arms for defence.
28. Conduct.
34. A trap.
35. Negative answer (old English).
36. Flesh.
37. Correlative of either.
39. Time after Christ.
40. Clean.
45. The word for "mine" in Spanish.
45. Water from above.
46. Preposition.
47. Stop (coach driver's word).
48. Making a mistake.
49. Something to flavor food.
51. A mischievous animal.
52. Spanish word for sea.
55. Burgos Elementary School (abbr.)
56. Girl's name.
58. First person singular present indicative of the verb "to be".

## THE LITTLE MOTH

(Continued from page 167)

"It cannot fly," the moth said. It cannot move so fast as I can."

He looked at the eyes. The eyes were open, but they were still. The eyes were fixed upon the moth. The moth had a queer feeling. He wanted to look away, but he could not. He wanted to move his wings, but he could not. He kept looking at the lizard and the lizard kept looking at him. By and by the lizard moved slowly. He was creeping toward the moth. The moth wanted to fly away to his mother. He could not flap his wings. He stood still, looking at the lizard. The lizard leaped. The moth found himself in the lizard's mouth. He flapped his wings. He tried to get away. He was held fast between the lizard's teeth. In a moment, the moth was gone. The lizard swallowed him whole. That was the end of the moth that asked too many questions.



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