

## YOUNG FOLKS

## MOTHER'S FACE

By MARGARITA SANTOS



"On Monday, children, each one of you will tell me the prettiest thing that you have ever seen," said the teacher. "What will you tell me, Ernesto?" inquired Miss Faustino once more.

"I shall tell you the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen," replied Ernesto. Ernesto was the best-behaved boy in that class (IV-A<sup>1</sup>). He seldom raises his hand but whenever he does he always give the best answer.

Monday morning came and all the children were dressed in their best because it

was Mothers' Day. Everyone had either the red or white "cadena de amor."

Miss Faustino asked, "Children, are you ready to tell me the prettiest thing that you have ever seen?"

"Yes, teacher," responded the children. Everyone had his hand raised. All were eager to recite.

"The prettiest thing I have ever seen," began Aurora, "was the Shirley Temple doll at Beck's show window. She looks very much like the true Shirley Temple. Her cheeks are as rosy as the red apples and her eyes are like two little stars. I wish she were mine and I would be very happy."

"The prettiest thing I have ever seen was the toy army band at the Philippine Education. The soldiers seem to be very brave and proud to fight for their country. They were marching and I wish I were one of them. Oh! if I could only have that toy army band, I would not wish for anything else," related Jacinto.

Ernesto stood next. "The prettiest thing I ever saw was just My Mother's Face."

The children all put their hands down. No one dared to recite for they all knew that Ernesto had given the best answer again.

A RICH GIRL'S CHRISTMAS  
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arms and ran out again. She ran across the street and called the children.

"Little girl," Caridad said, "I like your little doll. Would you exchange it for this big one?"

The little girl's eyes grew big with surprise and admiration for the lady doll in skirt and camisa.

"Take it," Caridad urged.

"The handkerchiefs and sweater are for you," she told the bigger girl.

"Here is a horse for you" she addressed the little boy.

Caridad gave every child some presents until she had given away all that she had brought. As she was walking back home, she heard the little girl's voice.

"Mother, Mother, look at what the rich girl gave us."

"Rich!" Caridad had not realized before that she was a rich girl. She saw only on that Christmas Day how much happiness a rich girl could give the poor. And how a rich girl could be happy, too!