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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

DECEMBER, 1935

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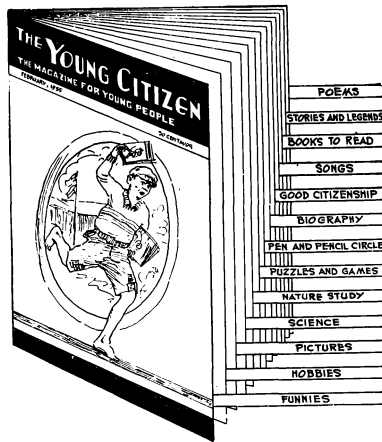


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OFFICE OF EDUCATION

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

*The Best Christmas Gift
for Boys and Girls*



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

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*Approved By the Bureau of Education
for Elementary Schools*

(See Academic Bulletin No. 11, Series 1935)

Community Publishers, Inc.

405 P. Faura, Manila

Tel. 5-76-86

The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
PUBLISHED MONTHLY • Volume 1 Number 10

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Manila Post Office on May 16, 1935

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

The Message This Month

COURTESY

We like to see and to have things that are beautiful. Pictures, paintings, statues, flowers, and the like are everywhere—in our homes, in public places and buildings—because they are beautiful—and their presence makes the place comfortable and pleasant. We like to live, work, and play in places that are very attractive, pleasant, and comfortable. But we do not like things that are ugly, because ugly things make us uncomfortable.

Courtesy makes our manners and relations with other persons pleasant and delightful. It is very pleasant to be with a courteous person but it is disgusting even to see a discourteous person. Such a person is like an ugly object, rough and unpolished.

A teacher once said, "Jose is a good boy because he is courteous". And everybody likes Jose. His teachers like him. His classmates enjoy to play and talk with him. His parents are proud of him. Why? Because his manners are very pleasant. He is not rude.

He knows how to greet people. He can say with a smile "good morning" or "good afternoon" and the

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Every Month

In THE YOUNG CITIZEN you will always find:

Stories

Young people will read again and again—stories that build character, folklore, fanciful stories, and educational stories.

Poems

that the young people of the Philippines love.

Contests and Things-To-Do

Games, puzzles, things to make, cooking, drawing, etc.

Art, History, and Nature Study

Beautiful photographs and entertaining articles and stories which can really entertain and interest young people in these important subjects.

Interesting Features

The Pen and Pencil Circle, which stimulates creative expression; the Hobby Page, which opens the way to new interests and develops initiative; and the Citizenship Page, which instills practical ideals of good citizenship in the boys and girls who tomorrow will be the leaders of the world.

Book Chats

About books and authors young people will be interested in.

Science and Health

Talks on scientific subjects, special recipes and menus, articles on health and sanitation.

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Published by COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.,
405 P. Faura, Manila, Philippine Islands.

Subscription Price: P3 for one year of 12 issues; \$2.00 in the United States and foreign countries. Single copy, 30 centavos.

Subscriptions are to be paid to
COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
405 P. Faura, Manila, P. I.
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WHY WE GIVE THANKS

I

To-day to God our minds we turn,
 To thank Him for a million things,
 For air that cools and fire that burns,
 For perfumed flowers and rainbowed
 wings.

II

The butterfly for wings of gold,
 The chirping birds for feathers warm,
 The trees for leaves and branches bold
 Today give thanks in unison.

III

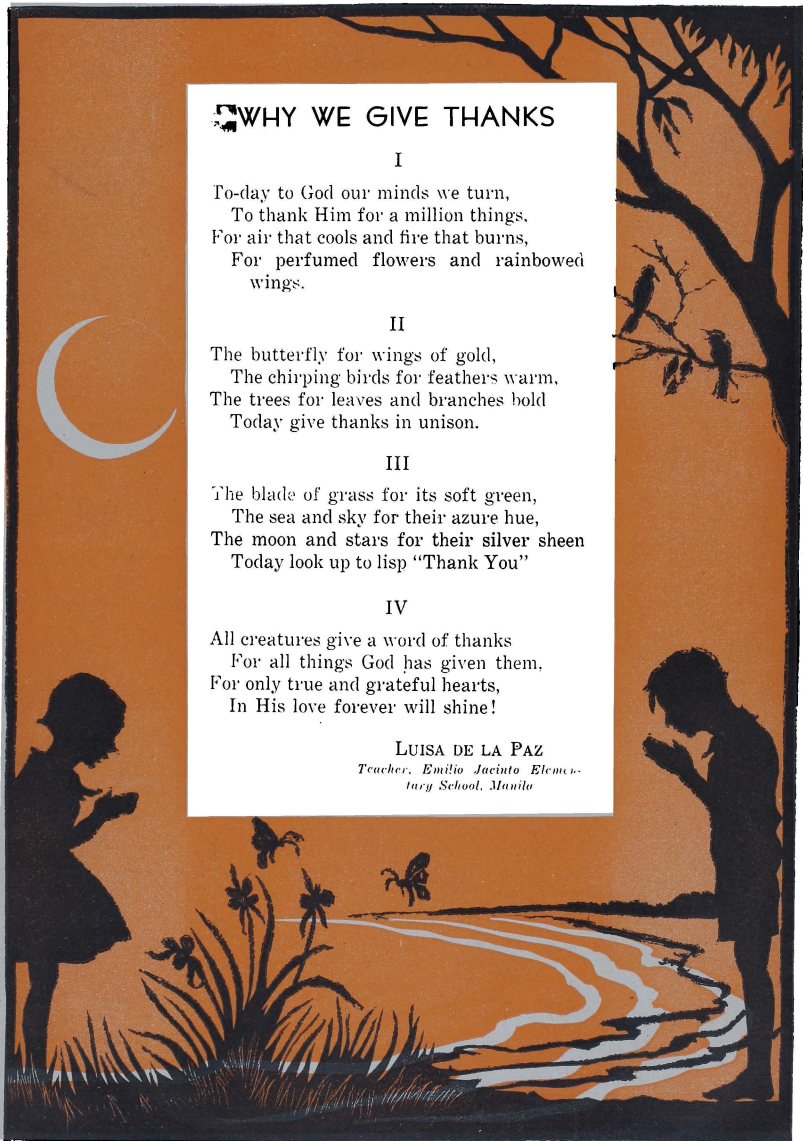
The blade of grass for its soft green,
 The sea and sky for their azure hue,
 The moon and stars for their silver sheen
 Today look up to lisp "Thank You"

IV

All creatures give a word of thanks
 For all things God has given them,
 For only true and grateful hearts,
 In His love forever will shine!

LUISA DE LA PAZ

Teacher, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School, Manila



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

THE FOOLISH LIZARDS

By Aunt Julia



A little lizard watched a moth. He would catch the moth with his strong jaws. He could eat it up before you could close and open your eyes.

"I will not catch it yet. I shall just watch it. It cannot get away." The lizard thought.

Another little lizard came. He did not wait. He jumped upon the moth. He held the moth in his strong jaws.

"Hey, that moth is mine!" cried the first lizard. I have been watching it for a long time."

"Yes," the other lizard said, "it was yours. Now it is mine. Get it if you can."

The first lizard was angry. He could see the moth trying to get away from the other lizard's mouth. If he could only steal it from the other!

The second lizard wanted to make the first one angry. He would not eat the moth. He played with it only.

"Give me half of it." The first lizard shouted.

"Take it." The second shouted back laughing.

The first lizard was very angry. He ran after the other. He bit the other lizard's tail. The other lizard cried "Ara!" He opened his mouth. The moth dropped from his mouth. A third and bigger lizard caught it and ate it up.

"Good for you, you greedy lizard!" The first lizard shouted.

"You didn't get it either, did you?" the second lizard mocked.

The foolish lizards went to bed without supper.

HEALTH SECTION

How to Avoid a Cold

by Dr. Cesar A. Peralta

HAVE you not often heard people say, "It is only a cold. I can go to school. Oh, it is nothing."

Those people are ignorant. They do not know that a cold may develop into a serious disease of the throat or of the lungs. Everybody should try to avoid a cold.

The best way to protect yourself against cold, as well as against other diseases, is to keep your bodies strong. A strong body will easily kill germs that get into it.

Have plenty of air and sunshine. Play out of doors. The exercise will make your

blood circulate well. Have plenty of sleep. Primary children should have as much as ten hours of sleep. Go to bed at eight o'clock and get up at six o'clock in the morning. Take a bath everyday. Rub your skin well after the bath to harden your skin against cold. This rubbing is called a "rub down." Wear just enough clothing to make you feel just comfortably warm. Do not expose your chest and back to cold air or sit around in wet clothing. When your shoes get wet on your way to school, remove them and dry your wet feet.

KIDNAPPED

By Amparo C. de los Reyes*



TODAY you read of sons of rich men being kidnapped by gangsters for ransom, but how would you like to read of a little boy who was kidnapped by "a matanda sa punso" because the *matanda* took a liking for him?

The little boy was named Mariano. He lived in the country, in Tiaong, Guiginto, many years ago way back in the 1880's. He was my mother's uncle.

One afternoon his father sent him to fetch their carabao home from the pasture. He went away before sunset; but the angelus bell had rung, the evening prayers had been said and their supper had cooled on the *dulang*, yet Mariano did not show up.

His father became uneasy. He went to his cousin's house to inquire if he had seen Mariano pass by. No, they had not seen him. He went to another cousin's house—Mariano might have stopped there. They had not seen him either. He went still to another cousin's house, to an uncle's, then to an aunt's and pretty soon, the whole barrio knew that Mariano was missing.

In those days if a boy was missing, one did not notify the police. Instead all the

men turned out to search for the missing person with lighted torches held high to lighten the gloom of the night and with glittering bolos strapped to their hips.

That evening there must have been at least fifty men in the searching party. The town crier was with them beating his huge drum and stopping once in every while to call Mariano's name. They had gone through the woods and around it twice; shouting "Hu! Mariano-o-o-o-o-o-o!" till they were hoarse but still there was no sign of him.

At midnight, weary and disheartened, they came slowly back. Mariano's father, however, lagged behind, thrusting his torch into the deep shadows, scanning every ditch into which the boy might have fallen.

They had passed the last clump of bamboos that crouched like a high shadow by the roadside and were turning into the village when they heard a sudden glad shout.

Mariano had been found. He was imprisoned in the clump of bamboos, wedged in so tightly that he could move neither hand nor foot. Mariano's father wept with joy but to their surprise when Mariano had

* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.

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MELINDA

A Story

By Antonio Muñoz



ONCE upon a time a baby girl was born to the wife of a rich man. The husband was exceedingly happy because it was their first child. Unfortunately the wife died on the following day; but just before she died, she said to her husband, "Baptize her yourself and name her Melinda. Then put her in the big trunk in my room. Get a large supply of milk and biscuit and store them in the same room. Do not forget to put in the kitchen utensils that may be needed in the preparation of our child's food. Neither should you forget to furnish the room with all the things that our daughter will need when she grows up. When these are done, close the room and lock it. Keep the key and do not open the door until after eighteen years. I shall take care of her until then."

The husband promised to do all that his wife asked him to do. The wife died immediately after her husband had made the promise.

The husband made good the promise he made to his dying wife. He provided the room in which the child was kept with all

the things that his wife asked him to put in. After the door was closed, it was never opened again.

A week later, he longed to see his dear child. He wanted to open the door but on second thought, he decided not to offend his dead wife.

The following year, he married again. The second wife was different from the first in that the former was haughty and cruel. A year after their marriage, the wife gave birth to a baby girl.

The years rolled swiftly by. The husband had never parted with the key to the door of what he considered the sacred room. His second daughter grew up to a beautiful young woman.

The eighteenth anniversary was drawing near. Only one more month was away. One day the husband went to visit his farm. Fate had its way for on that day he forgot to take the key with him. The wife who had always been anxious to open the door saw her chance. When her husband was gone, she got the key and opened the door. Finding no one inside, she went to the big trunk and opened it. What did she find? A beautiful young woman lay at the bottom of the trunk. She held her by the hand and pulled her out. She was dazzled by the beauty of the girl before her. Then her wicked instinct took possession of her for without any word she grabbed the girl and dragged her to the kitchen. With the help of the soot from the pans and kettles, she succeeded in making her black. After the

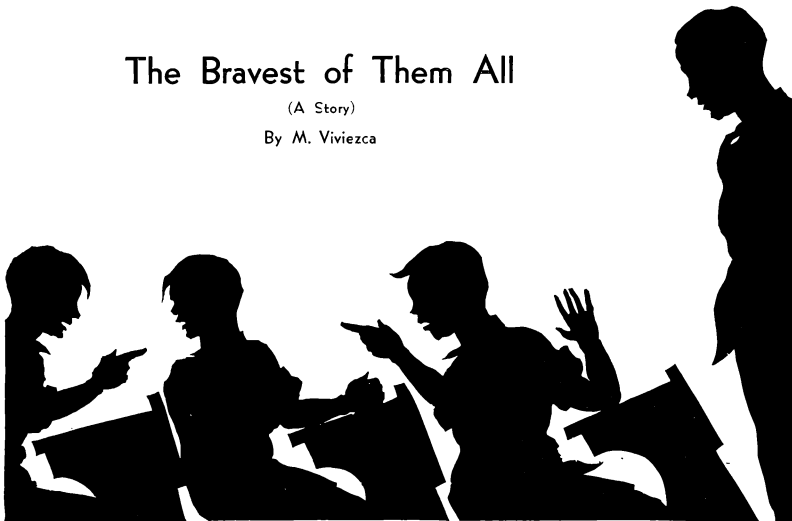
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The Bravest of Them All

(A Story)

By M. Viviezca



MANUEL, Sofronio, and Victor were in Grade III in the Emilio Jacinto Elementary School. Victor was the youngest of the three. They were among the best children in the class. They loved reading stories about kindness, helpfulness, cleanliness, and other good stories. They had read several times the story of "Jose Rizal", "A Good Boy", "How Andy Helped", "First Day At School".

Such stories had made them not only best story tellers, but also kind, helpful, clean, and obedient. These points had earned for them the love and admiration of their teacher.

One day, these boys were given a number for the opening exercises. They were told to tell the class about the bravest little act they had done. They were given a week to prepare. This is quite hard for the young folks. But for Manuel, Sofronio, and Victor, it was rather easy.

Several days had passed. Manuel and Sofronio had made known to their teacher that they were ready to tell their stories. As for Victor, he found it hard. The past

days did not give him a chance to do or accomplish a brave act. To cross a street where automobiles, trucks, streetcars and other vehicles were passing, or to fight with a boy for no reason at all, was not a brave act to him. Neither is it courageous to walk in the dark nor to go near a live wire. What could he do? The next day was Monday. It was the day set for their number. Could he endure the shame of attending his class with this failure? For him, not to attend his class would be more painful. Under no condition would he miss his class unless due to illness. This year he would make his mother and teacher more proud of him by keeping his attendance record 100%. He had no choice then. He had to try his best.

While he stood by the window thinking what his teacher would tell him, Virginia, his older sister, came in with a magazine, *The Young Citizen*.

Virginia was in Grade Six. She borrowed the magazine from her classmate to find some materials fitted for theme writing.

"Virginia," Victor called. "Will you

* Teacher, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

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A THANKSGIVING STORY

THE LITTLE COOK



By Aunt Julia

"I shall ask my mother to prepare a thanksgiving dinner like what we read about." Lety announced as she and her friends stepped out of the school building.

"With turkey and pumpkin pie?" asked Nora.

"Yes, stuffed turkey," Lety answered.

"We can have chickens only," put in Nora.

Idad listened to her classmates' prattle, but said nothing. She knew she could not even hope to have beef stew on Thanksgiving Day.

"If Mother would buy some vegetables and pork, I could prepare the dishes I tried at the school kitchen," Idad thought. She even feared to hope for anything better than herring, milkfish, and clams.

Meal after meal she patiently made-believe that she relished boiled *halaan* seasoned with a little ginger and salt, or milkfish *sinigang* seasoned with too much tamarind.

Idad's father was a fisherman. He sometimes caught big shrimps and big fishes, but these were sold by her mother. Idad's mother was frugal. She believed that her only duty as a mother was to make money and hoard it.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear. Idad's father left earlier than usual. There would be a great demand for big fish. Idad's mother awakened her before leaving.

"We shall come home late," she told Idad. "Take care of your younger brothers and sisters. Send Andoy out for some *halaan*. There's a milkfish in the *banggera*." She threw a twenty-centavo piece on the mat where Idad was lying and hurried to the beach.

Idad got up and squatted on the mat. Thanksgiving Day! She thought of the stuffed turkey Lety would feast on and the chicken stew that Nora would have.

"We, too, could afford chicken stew and omelet and salad," she thought. "If Mother were only willing to spend half of Father's earnings, we would have a special dinner, too!"

After breakfast, Idad took her twenty-centavo piece to the market. With her younger brothers and sisters she worked on the family's thanksgiving dinner. By twelve o'clock the lunch was ready.

"Father, Mother, just see what we have for lunch!" The younger children greeted their parents.

"I pared the potatoes," a little girl announced with pride.

"I flaked the fish," another shouted.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

A BLESSED ACCIDENT

ANXIOUS to increase his earnings for his Lolo's medicine and doctor's bills.

Tonio decided to work every hour of the day. Having finished his newspapers early, he offered to carry two kettles of steaming tea for a woman "puto" peddler. For a pole he used his Lolo's cane, which was not rounded like ordinary canes, but flattened. It rested snugly on his shoulder, the two kettles dangling on its ends.

While the woman hawked her "puto", Tonio followed, but his mind was back in the little cottage. Before him he saw the old man gazing at him intently, his eyes fixed as if they had a story to tell. Close behind the woman, he crossed the street in front of the market. His eyes grew dim and he sobbed in spite of himself.

Suddenly the grinding of brakes and the sharp screams of women rent the air. And all went black to Tonio.

When he came to, he was in a hospital room, a nurse all in white bandaging his head. An unknown lady was seated beside the bed. Collecting his wits, he asked excitedly,

"Why, where am I? Where is my cane? Let me go please. My Lolo will be anxious about me."

"Your cane is not lost. But you cannot go home yet." A gentle but unknown voice answered.

Tonio looked at her, a question in his anxious eyes.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

by Julio Cesar Peña

"You met a slight accident. You cannot go about for a while, but you need not fear, I shall take care of you."

It was a strange woman who spoke. She had a sweet smile but a pair of wistful, almost sad, eyes.

"But my Lolo is sick. I must go to him. He will miss me." And Tonio made an effort to get up.

A soft hand was laid gently on his arm.

"If you will go to sleep, I shall go to your Lolo. I have your address."

"You must not tell him that I am hurt at all. Anyway, I do not feel any pain. My Lolo! My Lolo! Who will look after him?" Tonio turned about and buried his face in the soft pillow.



"There, there, dear. I shall see to it that he is taken care of."

The low, caressing voice of the strange lady soothed Tonio. He looked long at her face. There was something familiar about her, her looks, her hands, and her voice. But he could not recall where he had seen her before.

His face brightened as a thought flashed in his mind.

"Please, Madam, send me home and let my Lolo stay here in my place. He is very, very sick. I am all right." Tonio begged.

"Yes, child, I'll bring him here if you will go to sleep."

Tonio closed his eyes and kept still. He felt a strange faith in the kind lady. When he awoke, the lady was gone. After a while, the nurse came in to inform him that his Lolo had been brought to the hospital.

"He is in another room. He cannot be here with you. He has a different sickness." The nurse explained.

Tonio asked no questions. He murmured a prayer of thanks to God for the accident which had brought the benevolent lady into his life.

"Was not my cane lucky?" He said to himself.

After three days, Tonio was pronounced well. The strange lady came with a man.

"Tony, Dear," she was saying to her companion, "I want you to tell him now about our plans."

"His name must be Antonio, just like mine." Tonio thought.

The man helped Tonio sit up on the bed. He began,

"Now, child, my wife and I feel that we must do something for you. We were to blame for the accident. How would you like to live with us?"

Tonio's face suddenly lit up with pleasant surprise, but as suddenly grew serious.

"I should like to, if I were alone. But I cannot leave my Lolo. He is all I have and I am all he has." He spoke slowly with his eyes on the white sheet that covered his feet.



"But you don't have to leave your Lolo," the lady explained. "We shall take him, too, as soon as he is well."

"And we shall send you to school," the man added.

"Oh, how good you are!" Tonio exclaimed. "I will serve you as long as I live. I am big enough to do anything." He boasted. "But I must ask my Lolo what he thinks about your offer."

His Lolo accepted the offer with endless protestations of gratitude. With Tonio in kind hands, he could die in peace if God so willed.

The kind couple took him back to his old home. They drove in a roomy and luxurious car through the narrow and dirty streets of the slums until they reached the head of the alley that led to Tonio's home. He gathered his Lolo's few belongings and picked up the small rattan trunk that contained all their clothes. He cast a last loving look about the little home. He paused at the head of the stairs to take in a last glimpse of the beautiful sea and the more beautiful sky splendid with the fiery tints of the setting sun.

(To be continued)

One-Scene NEPA Playlet



By F. Carballo*

The Cast

BAYANI - - - A schoolboy
 INOCENCIO - - - His classmate
 LIGAYA - - Another classmate

(A street scene on the way to school. On the post waves a NEPA banner. Bayani is dressed in Filipino baró and is on his way to school. Later he is joined by Inocencio who is dressed in ordinary school clothes. Ligaya wears an Ilocano or Madrigal school dress and carries an abaca or buri book-satchel. She later joins the two near the end of the conversation. As Bayani walks leisurely, Inocencio hurries behind him.)

INOCENCIO—Say, Bayani, please wait for me.

BAYANI—(Stops and faces Inocencio) So it's you, Inocencio; good morning.

INO.—Good morning, Bayani. By the way, what does that banner there with NEPA

mean? (Points to the banner.)

BAY.—Why, Inocencio, I am surprised! You a city boy and a seventh grade pupil do not know NEPA? Don't you read the daily papers at all?

INO.—I do, occasionally, and once I came across the word NEPA and I thought it was an advertisement for a new brand of nipa roofing.

BAY.—NEPA is not nipa; don't you see the difference in spelling? You are the limit!

INO.—I see the difference now, but pray tell me what it means.

BAY.—NEPA is the abbreviation for National Economic Protectionism Association, a society of patriotic citizens who are trying to educate our people to patronize Philippine-made products and industries.

INO.—Do you mean that we should all buy Filipino-made products only from Filipino stores?

BAY.—Let me explain. If we need certain articles which are not made in the Philippines, we have to buy these things eith-

* Formerly Principal, Intramuros Intermediate School.

er from Filipino or foreigner's stores which sell them, but if certain Philippine-made goods are on sale, we as Filipinos should naturally buy them first in preference to foreign-made ones if we are convinced that the quality of our local products is just as good as or even better than those from abroad, and that their prices are reasonable. We have locally-made cloths which are suitable for Philippine wear. I am referring to Ilocano, Batangas, and Madrigal cotton cloths, Visayan piña and jusi, Malabon and Hagonoy silk, Bicol sinamay, and others.

INO.—But what about shoes and other kinds of footwear? I buy mine from Gandara; they are very cheap there.

BAY.—It matters not where you buy them provided they are Philippine made, but when you buy so-called "cheap" things do you ever for a moment consider their quality,—how long will they last? We have the Elpo and Mabuhay canvas-rubber shoes and they are as good as any from abroad and their prices are reasonable too. The improved Marikina shoes are as good as ever. Other brands of footwear are: the famous Ang Tibay, produced by Filipino capital and labor; the Esco and Hike which, though they are capitalized by foreigners, employ Filipino laborers and it is well that we should patronize them.

INO.—But what benefit do we get by patronizing Philippine-made products and industries?

BAY.—Well, if we buy local farm and garden products, we help thousands of our own people earn their living, and when we buy Philippine-manufactured products we help thousands of factory workers earn their living, and when we consume more and more local products, more people will be able to earn their livelihood, business will increase, and taxes will be paid on time to be used by the government for public improvements, such as schools, hospitals, roads, and many other things. NEPA is not anti-foreign, for we still have to buy from foreigners those

things which we do not produce locally. With this point clear in mind, we shall understand and appreciate better the real aims of NEPA. Our motto should be: "Live and let live, but buy Philippine first." This is practical patriotism.

INO.—(Enlightened) I see! I am now beginning to understand.

(Ligaya, also on way to school enters from opposite direction.)

INO.—Ah! Here comes our classmate Ligaya.

BOYS—Good morning, Ligaya.

LIGAYA—Good morning, boys.

INO.—Your dress is very becoming of you, Ligaya.

LIG.—(Surprised) Is it—really?

BOYS—(Admiringly) Indeed it is!

LIG.—(Bashfully) Thank you, boys.

BAY.—Ligaya, in your dress made from Philippine cloth you will easily pass for Miss NEPA.

INO.—So will she—

LIG.—(Smiling and blushing) Oh! I do not deserve the compliment, but thanks just the same, boys. But pardon me if I say so myself. We are a NEPA family. Father and mother are A-I protectionists, and at home, from grandmother to baby, all of us practices NEPA principles as far as we are able. Don't you think we should feel proud of the things we own and make?

BOYS—Certainly we should.

BAY.—Ligaya, your remarks give me an idea. With the help of our adviser, let us take up with our classmates the question of organizing a NEPA chapter among the seventh graders, and I will nominate our Miss NEPA for president.

LIG.—A fine idea,—but I am out of your nomination. I believe in doing things—not presiding and talking.

BAY.—That's the girl! But we shall see about that later.

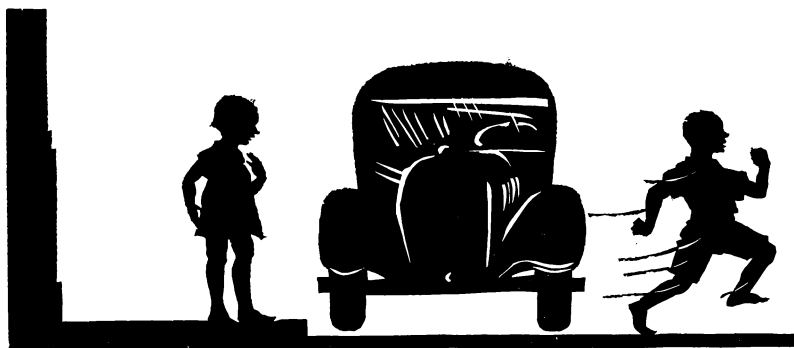
(Admission bell rings.)

INO.—There's the bell; time's up, everybody!

(Exit-everybody.)

SAFETY SECTION

LOOK BOTH WAYS



By Mariano Pascual *

"GOOD-BYE, Mother," shouted Rita and Ricardo from the stairs. "Good-bye, children. Take care of yourselves."

The children ran down the stairs merrily. It was early morning and they were going to school. Rita put the piece of bread that Mother gave her in her basket. Ricardo put his in his pocket. Many other boys and girls were walking in the street. They were also going to school.

Two blocks away near the corner of the street, they saw many people standing. They pushed against each other trying to look into an open door. Several men at the edge of the crowd stood on their toes gazing over the heads of those before them.

"Look!" Ricardo pointed excitedly. "It must be a fight, Rita. Let us go and see."

Rita followed Ricardo's finger with her eyes. Perhaps there was really a fight there. She wanted to do as Ricardo said. Many children had already joined the crowd and several others were going to join. But many more children were already in the school yard. It was about time for the bell to ring.

"Come, Rita, hurry up," urged Ricardo.

"We shall be late, if we go," said Rita.

"It is about time now, Ricardo. The bell is going to ring."

"Oh, just a while. Let us see only what they are looking at," insisted Ricardo.

Rita shook her head.

"We shall be late, Ricardo. Let us go to school now."

"Well, you can go alone."

Ricardo was angry with Rita. Without saying another word and without looking to the right and to the left, he started to run across the street. He did not know that an automobile was coming toward him. Rita screamed aloud to warn Ricardo, but it was too late. With a loud squeak of brakes the driver turned the wheel violently to avoid hitting Ricardo. The automobile turned sharply to the right hitting a garbage can. The front wheels of the automobile fell into the shallow canal nearby. Some persons who saw what happened rushed toward Ricardo, but finding that he was not hurt they let him go.

When Rita and Ricardo returned home from school, Mother asked, "Did you take care of yourselves, children?"

Ricardo hang his head in shame.

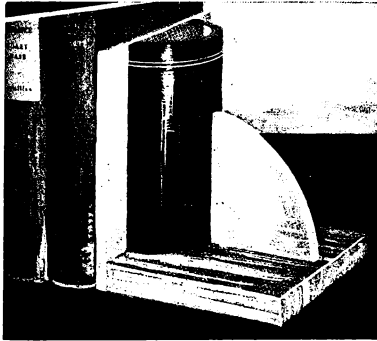
"I forgot something, Mother, when I was crossing the street this morning," confessed Ricardo.

"And what was it that you forgot?"

* Assistant Principal, Tondo Elementary School.

HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by gilmo baldovino



BAMBOO BOOK ENDS

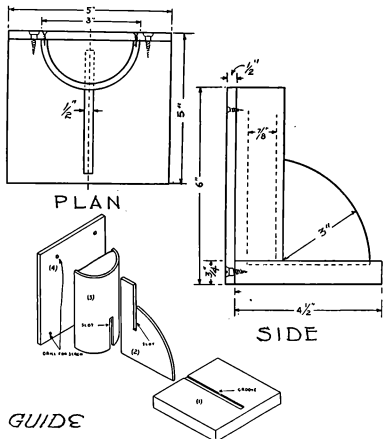
BOYS and girls, here is an easy project. It is a pair of book ends made of bamboo and beautifully combined with wood. They can be built with the aid of the simplest tools.

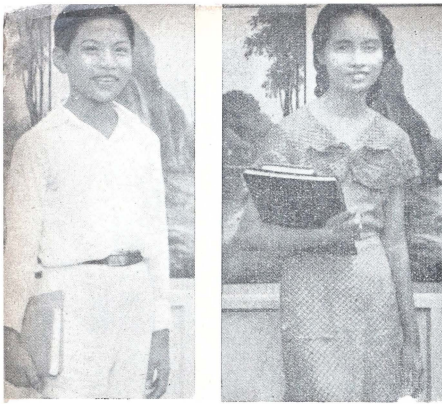
One book end is composed of only four parts. (See the guide illustration). The base (No.1) the round fin, (No. 2) and the vertical piece (No. 4) are made of wood. The cylinder (No. 3), attached to the vertical piece, is made of bamboo.

First, cut two blocks of hard wood $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick each, 5 inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, for the base. In the center of each block cut a groove $\frac{1}{8}$ inch deep by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. This groove is to hold the vertical fin firmly in place. Then cut two blocks $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, 6 inches by 5 inches, for the pieces that face the books. Get a piece of bamboo, 5 inches high with 3 inches diameter. Cut it exactly thru the center, then clean their edges. In making the two

round fins, use only 3 inches diameter for the quarter circle. After the fins are cut, cut the slots on the two bamboos and on the fins. The slots on the two pieces of bamboo are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide each. On the fins cut the slots exactly of the same thickness as the bamboo. This is done so that these two pieces will interlock with each other. You can assemble the pieces easily by following the guide illustration. And when they are already assembled, locate the four points where the screws are placed. Drill the holes and then place the screws.

In painting these book ends, the pieces could be painted before or after they are assembled. The pieces of wood may be stained and then varnished. But for the bamboo, I suggest that it should be painted a dark color. It may be black, dark blue or dark green so that contrast of colors will be attained.

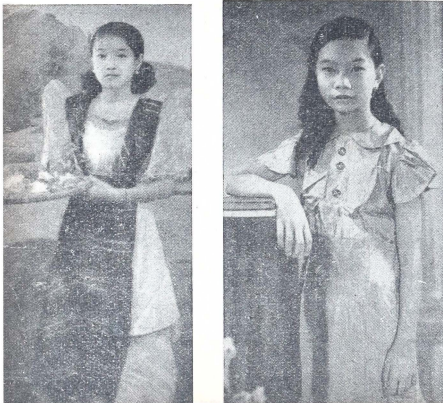




Above: Victor Peña, valedictorian, and Lourdes Yaneza, salutatorian, Gagalangin Elementary School, Manila.



Below: At the left is Lydia Chua, valedictorian, and at the right is Virginia Flores, salutatorian, Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.



Honor Students



Above: Rosa Giron and Tranquilina de Jesus, valedictorian and salutatorian respectively, Rizal Elementary School, Manila.

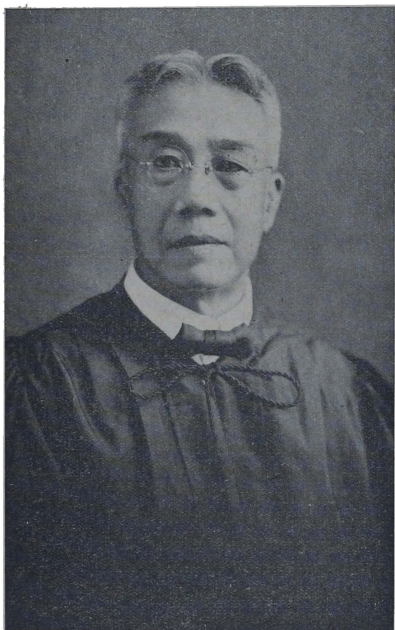
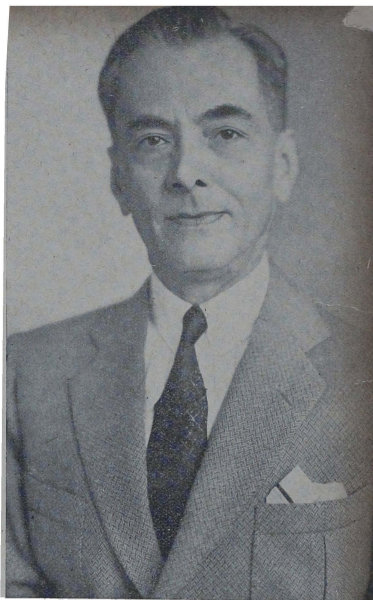


Above: Francisca Reyes and Rosa Galvez, valedictorian and salutatorian respectively, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School, Manila.

The Leaders of the New Philippines

The Honorable MANUEL L. QUEZON

President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines inaugurated on November 15, 1935. He is the first Filipino who has held the office of chief executive of the Philippines.



The Honorable RAMON AVANCEÑA

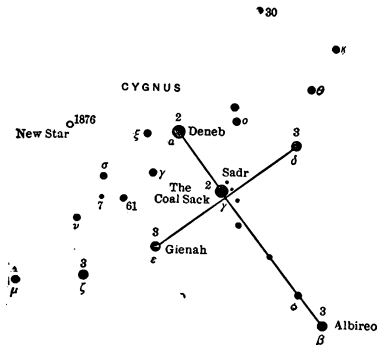
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

The Honorable SERGIO OSMEÑA

Vice-President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines.



THE SKY AND THE STARS

CYGNUS
THE SWANor
The Northern Cross

CYGNUS

YOU have undoubtedly heard your elders refer to certain groups of stars as the "Three Marys", "Judas' Purse", and the "Cross". Last month you read about "Judas' Purse," which is known in English speaking countries as the "Pleiades". This month we shall study about one of the two Crosses, the Northern Cross. The other is called the Southern Cross. The Northern Cross is more perfect in form than the Southern Cross. The Northern Cross is especially beautiful when seen standing upright on the western sky at nine o'clock on Christmas Eve.

(Please turn to page 287)

CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

Be Truthful

By Jose Feliciano*

THE whole world likes a person who always tells the truth. Such a person, though he may be poor, is above the price of gold. He may not possess any worldly goods at all, but he possesses that which mankind has always admired and respected—courage to tell the truth. Therefore, should you not like to be someone of whom it will always be said that he is as good as his word? Surely, you should.

Have you ever heard of the story of the shepherd-boy who cried "Wolf! Wolf! Wolf"? I shall tell it to you now, hoping you will learn a lesson from the unfortunate experience of this boy.

While caring for his flock near a village, a shepherd-boy used to pass away his time by crying "Wolf! Wolf!" But there was no wolf; he cried to the villagers merely for fun. Several times the people of the village ran out to help him, but they were only laughed at by the foolish boy. At last, one day the wolf really came, and he cried in earnest "Wolf! Wolf!" But this time the villagers did not come to his aid, thinking he was only playing his old trick. The wolf killed some of his sheep and devoured them, and he could not do anything. Too late he learned that liars are not believed even when they tell the truth.

You know very well why the shepherd-boy was not believed even when he was telling the truth. And there is nothing more pitiful indeed than to find oneself not to be believed by one's fellows when one knows one says nothing but the honest truth. This is what happens when a person has been found to have fallen into the habit of deceiving his fellows. The habit of telling a lie or the truth is formed just as any other habit is formed—by repetition of the act. One should therefore be careful not to tell a lie, for each time he does so he finds it easier to repeat the act.

Children are oftentimes tempted not to tell the truth because they want to escape punishment at all costs. A person may succeed in escaping punishment once by lying, but the second or the third time he will surely be found out. One should not try to cover up one's fault by lying; wrongdoing cannot be hidden for long. If the truth about one's mistake is at once told, the guilty person may not be punished at all; he may only be given a warning or some advice as to proper conduct. Therefore, one should always tell the truth, and be man enough

(Please turn to page 281)

* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

LONE SCOUTING

By Fernando Delgado*



THE LONE SCOUT plan permits individual boys to become Scouts, who, for good reasons, find it impossible to affiliate with a Troop or Patrol.

LONE SCOUTS, with the approval of their parents or guardian, choose an outstanding man in their community to act as their Friend and Counselor. This Friend and Counselor examines the Lone Scout in his advancement requirements, from Tenderfoot through to First Class rank, and then assists him in making the proper Scout application blank for the signature of this friend and Counselor.

WHAT REGISTRATION AS A LONE SCOUT BRINGS TO YOU

1. Membership in the greatest Boy-Man organization in the world, a brother scout to over 12,000 Scouts and Scouters in our Philippines, and over 2,000,000 through the world.

2. The cooperation and service of the Philippine and National Councils of Boy Scouts of America.

3. The right to participate in Scout camps, Jam borees, and other Scouting events.

4. A Boy Scout membership Registration Certificate when you pass the Tenderfoot requirements, which then entitles you to purchase and wear the Scout Uniform, Membership Badge, and other in-

signias.

5. One year's free subscription to THE LONE SCOUT PAPER, issued monthly.

6. The privilege to earn and achieve ranks, honors, titles and Merit Badges on the same basis as all other Scouts, and to participate in the program fun, adventure and achievement in playing the game of Scouting.

7. The privilege of participating in all local, regional and National events, special activities, and Scout program, on the same basis as do other Scouts.

8. A chance under Scout authority, to select the best man in your community to be your Scout Friend and Counselor, and to receive the benefits of this contact.

Every boy in the Philippine Islands over twelve years of age and who is not connected with any Boy Scout troop should be a Lone Scout. Scouting produces "MEN OF CHARACTER TRAINED FOR CITIZENSHIP" The Lone Scout program was specially adopted for the boys who live in the farm where Boy Scout troops do not exist. In other words, Lone Scouting was established to give every boy a chance to enjoy the Game of Scouting.

A minimum of five registered Lone Scouts may organize as a Lone Scout Tribe, under the leadership of a commissioned adult, who is known as the Tribe Scoutmaster. Get in touch with the Philippine Council, write to Mr. Fernando Delgado Jr., Lone Scout Commissioner, P. O. Box 878, Manila, for further information.

* Lone Scout Commissioner, Philippine Council, B.S.A.

MELINDA

(Continued from page 265)

finishing touches, Melinda looked exactly like a Negro girl. The wife was greatly relieved. She warned her not to tell anybody who she was and where she came from. Then she locked the door again and behaved as usual.

When the husband came back, everything looked as if nothing strange had happened. At dinner, he asked, "Who is this girl?"

"Oh she is our new servant," answered the wife. "She came this morning from the mountain while you were away."

Melinda had to go to the river every day to fetch water. One day while she was filling her jar with water, a big fish put its head out of the water and greeted her. The girl and the fish talked for a long time but nobody knew what they talked about. The following day the same thing happened but when Melinda came home, her mistress or rather her step-mother scolded her and punished her.

"Why did you stay long at the river?" she thundered.

"A fish talked to me," Melinda told her the truth.

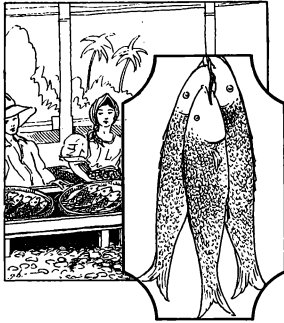
"What did it say to you?" asked her step-mother.

"I cannot remember now what we talked about. I forgot everything it said as soon as it disappeared under the water. I only remember now that I was very happy during our conversation. Yes, I was so happy that I thought I was a queen then," replied Melinda.

The next day when Melinda was ready to go to get water, her step-mother said, "If the fish comes out again, bring it home with you, otherwise, I'll punish you severely."

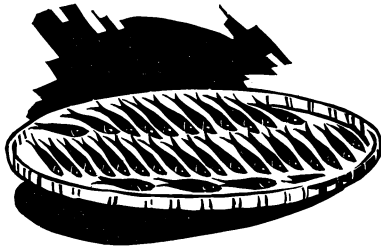
When Melinda reached the river, the fish was there waiting for her. "My mistress wants me to take you home. Please do something to

(Please turn to page 288)



IS there anybody who is not acquainted with the popular *tamban*, *tunsoy*, *lapád*, or *silinias*? They come to you in cans as "sardines", of which the Spanish sardines are the best liked in the Philippines. People who live near the sea can have the fresh fish almost any time during the year. Those who live far from the sea eat the fish either smoked, salted, or dried. The smoked fish is called *tinapa*, the salted, *balbakua*, and the dried, *tuyo*. Another name given to the sardines is herring. About twelve kinds of the herring family are found in the Philippines, but the best known are those named above. They are all small, silvery fishes usually about a decimeter long, or a span.


The fishes of the herring family are suitable for canning because the bones soften readily. Go to a grocery or an ordinary *sarisari* store. Find out in what different forms the herring can be obtained. Where do they come from? What kinds come from the United States? From Spain? Have you tried a can of "tinapa sardines"? How does your mother prepare it?




The Sardines or Herring

Aunt Julia's True Stories

Many people do not want it said that they eat "tinapa" and "tuyo". "Tinapa" and "tuyo" are considered poor man's food. While they are cheap, they are rich in food value. Of course, they should not be eaten alone with rice. Tomato sauce and vegetables should go with the humble dish of "tinapa" or "tuyo". Have you tried *tinapa* with tomato and pickled or "red" egg? *Tinapa* is served, not only as a dish by itself, but flaked *tinapa* is used in garnishing "pansit" and different kinds of salad. It is also used in preparing various vegetable dishes when shrimps are not available.



My mama says
it's good for me
to Drink Carnation
Milk



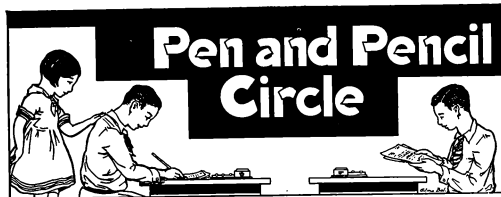
It makes me
grow so strong and tall
It keeps me in good
health.

AT ALL DEALERS

Carnation

Evaporated Milk

FREE Write to P.C.C.
PREMIUMS Manila for New
Premium Catalog



Dear Aunt Alma:

I am at present a student of the Emilio Jacinto Elementary School and in the seventh grade. I am one of the admirers of the *Young Citizen* and I found out that this magazine is truly worth while. Every time I receive a new copy of the *Young Citizen* I don't give it to my sister until I have finished reading it. Mother also said that the *Young Citizen* is indeed good for youngsters like us.

This is all I can tell you and I wish for the success of the *Young Citizen*.

Sincerely yours,

ADELIA B. FUGOSO

Dear Adelia,

So your mother thinks highly of THE YOUNG CITIZEN! Isn't that fine? The magazine is not for children only but for mothers also. She can use the stories during your own story hour. Don't you think your younger brothers would enjoy having the stories retold by your mother? As soon as they can read, they will want to read books and magazines.

AUNT ALMA

840 Velasquez, Int. 166
Tondo, Manila
Oct. 18, 1935

Dear Mr. Romero,

The magazine you publish for the young citizens of the schools is indeed an interesting one. *The Young Citizen* copy for September is very interesting. The stories arc

very interesting especially the story "Brave Brother". There are many other stories and poems which are very good for children.

Yours truly,

CORNELIO AGUIRRE, JR.

Dear Cornelio,

It is kind of you to tell us what you like in THE YOUNG CITIZEN. Next time tell us also what you want to be added to the materials in the magazine.

AUNT ALMA

Oct. 18, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma:

How would you like to hear something from me about *The Young Citizen*? I have read the stories which teach us moral lessons. I have learned that there is a mud spring in Los Baños.

I have a cousin who is a subscriber for *The Young Citizen*. When I know that this magazine will be due, I approach her so that she will lend me her copy. It is a great pleasure indeed to know the names of the different utensils in the kitchen. Our teacher gave us a short test in cooking. I did not know most of the questions. But when I began reading this magazine, I learned the names of those utensils that I do not know. I have learned to like it more and more.

Sincerely yours,

CORAZON B. HANDOG
E. Jacinto Elem. School

Dear Corazon,

I am glad to know that you obtain practical help from THE YOUNG CITIZEN. It is the aim of the magazine not only to entertain its readers, but also to help them in their school work. Reading it will help you build up your vocabulary.

AUNT ALMA

Oct. 18, 1935

Dear Mr. Romero,

How interesting are the stories in this magazine, *The Young Citizen*, especially the story of Aunt Julia "The Brave Boy", and other stories. It teaches children how to speak before an audience and how to write good oral compositions. I also forget my sorrows when I read some of the interesting stories and poems in the library. Young people love reading and reading stories that build character, folklore, fanciful stories and educational ones, and poems that appeal to young people of the Philippines. I also enjoyed reading the "Science and Health" which helped me keep healthy and strong.

I would like to subscribe for *The Young Citizen* beginning with the November number.

Sincerely yours,

CASTILLO JOSE

Dear Jose,

We know that growing children need plenty of things to read. We are also trying to find out what they like and what they need. We are still trying to make every number of THE YOUNG CITIZEN better than the last.

I am glad you have decided to have your own copy.

AUNT ALMA

YOUNG WRITERS' PAGE

HOME WITHOUT MOTHER

My mother had gone out to attend a funeral in the province. We were left very lonely at home. That day we quarreled about who would cook the rice. But none of us would. So we did not eat our dinner that afternoon.

ANTONIO CINCO
VII-B'

A DAY I WOULD NEVER FORGET

Happy days are never forgotten by some people while sad days are never forgotten by me. This incident took place during vacation. It was a windy day. I got my kite and let it fly. Suddenly another kite got entangled with my kite. The owner of the other kite was an old man who was also fond of flying kite. He pulled the string of his

kite quickly. I also pulled my kite, but since my thread was finer than his, it was broken. Tears came rolling down my cheeks as my beloved kite disappeared from sight. So from then on when I saw any kite flying I always remember my sad experience.

ROMEO GOYENECHEA
VII-A'

HOME WITHOUT MOTHER

Last vacation my mother went away. We felt lonely. No one told us what to do. At night no one tucked my sister in bed. So she had to do it herself. When we said our prayers, we did not kneel beside my mother as we did before. When we had any trouble there was no one in whom we could confide. The days

THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL

(Continued from page 266)

kindly help me prepare my lesson for tomorrow?"

"I am sorry, I cannot help you today. I am preparing for my written composition. Mother will soon arrive and I am sure she would ask me to cook the rice. After our supper I'll attend to my other assignments."

"Please, Virginia, help me," he pleaded with much disappointment.

Virginia saw in her brother's eyes the importance of the lesson assigned to him.

"All right, I'll help you," she finally said.

Early the next day Victor took a bath and brushed his teeth. Then he took his breakfast and after a few minutes he was on his way to school. He was very lively.

The bell rang. The children formed their lines. Victor's class entered the building. When they had seated themselves, the teacher greeted them good morning. Everyone was feeling fine.

The program began with a kundanman song. It was followed with a recitation and a harmonica selection. Then came the number of

the three boys. They were given stools to sit on. Manuel was the first to relate his story.

He said that a boy who lived in the neighborhood was too proud to tell the other boys that nobody could beat him in fighting. He challenged the boy to a fight and he won. The boys looked upon him now as the best fighter.

Sofronio had another story. He said that while a group of boys and girls looked at an electric wire that hang from the roof of a house, he stepped in and surprised them by holding the wire with his hands.

"Does he think he is brave?" Emilia whispered to her seatmate.

"No, he is not," was the answer. "He has forgotten what our teacher told us about wires."

Victor's turn came. He moved his stool a little, looked at his teacher and began.

"One night, after we were put to bed, little sister asked for a drink. I heard her call for grandma. Grandma was asleep. All the lights were out. I felt my way to sister's bed. I told her to go with me. I held her by the hand while we went downstairs to the dining room. I

seemed years to us. We were eager to see her again.

IRMA PINEDA
VII-A'

A BOY I KNOW

I know a boy who had refined manners. He acts like a gentleman. He is not like those boys who wander at night and tease the passersby, but, instead, he stays home and studies his lessons. He is a hard-working boy. He never forget to respect his elders. After praying he kisses his parents' hands. He is never ashamed to guide his blind grandmother, on the contrary, he is proud to guide her.

This is an example of a model boy that every one admires: so boys, be careful about your manners and some day you will also be admired.

took a glass of water and gave it to sister. She was very thankful.

When Victor had finished everybody turned to the teacher. The teacher told the class that Victor did the bravest act. She even added that bravery is admired best when shown as a help.

The time for dismissal came. All the pupils left the room except the monitors. Victor returned to the room and walked straight to his teacher.

"Did you forget something?" Miss Trinidad asked.

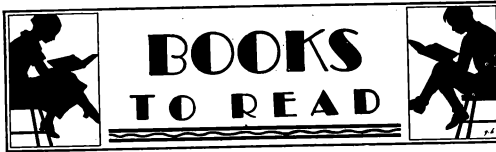
"No, Miss Trinidad," he answered feeling a little confused. "It is about my story this morning."

"It was fine! How old is your sister?"

"But— that story did not happen to me. I read it from a magazine, *The Young Citizen*. The title of the story is "Brave Brother".

"It is all right too, Victor. Whether you did it or not, that was the bravest act for a young boy like you. That boy in the story was the bravest brother a sister could wish for."

After a while, Victor left the room with all the worries gone.



"And here, upon the stroke of three,
Half-way 'twixt dinner-time and tea.
Cosily tucked in her four-legged chair,
With nice clean hands and smooth brushed hair,
In some small secret nursely nook,
She sits with her big picture Book.

—Walter de la Mare.

November is here. Next month comes Christmas! Some boys and girls are making out their Christmas shopping list. What will they buy? A certain little girl, she lives in Manila, has saved up sixteen pesos during the year 1935. "This year," she said, "I am going to spend it all on books and magazines. Most of my friends are planning to buy other gifts. They will have a hard time finding everything they want. That is why I think books are the best choice. Among the many books there certainly are some for all of my sisters and brothers. Books will last a life-time. It is always such a pleasure to have friends come to my house and enjoy my books. And I, too, like to go into my friend's home and discover a book on her shelves that I haven't yet read. So here is my shopping list. I must make those sixteen pesos go a long way."

To *Josefa*—my three year old sister, I do so want to give a bright and cheerful little book. The lady in the bookshop once

showed me some little square books. They are just big enough to hold in a little hand. The books are full of lively pictures and they are called *The Happy Hour Books*. I am going to choose *HUMPTY DUMPTY AND SOME FUNNY PEOPLE*. This little book will cost me 60¢.

To *Juan*—who is five years old, an animal story. He likes animal stories very much. I'll also choose his book from the *Happy Hour Books*. I think *THE THREE LITTLE PIGS* would be nice. It will cost 60¢.

To *Benita*—she is seven years old. Benita likes religious stories. There is a book called *A BABY'S LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST* by Mary Rolt in *The Little Library Series*. It isn't for a baby. It is merely called that because it is so simply written. This book will cost ₱2.00.

To *Marcelo*—he is nine and loves reading books with many verses. Perhaps, I shall give him *SILVER PENNIES*, a little book of poems arranged by B. J. Thompson. It is ₱2.00. But if the bookshop does not have this title, I shall try to get *NOW WE ARE SIX* by A. A. Milne (₱4.00) or *TAXIS AND TOADSTOOLS* by Rachel L. Field, also ₱4.00. It is very difficult to find inexpensive books of poetry. I suppose, it is because poetry is the most beautiful kind of literature

Ricardo could only shake his head.

"He will not forget it again, Mother," put in Rita.

"Why, Rita?"

"Because he was almost run over by an automobile."

To *Rita*—my eleven year old sister, a fairy tale. Mother can never find enough fairy tale books for her. So I am going to buy *EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON* by Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen. This book will be ₱2.00.

To *Pablo*—he is only a year older than I am. He is thirteen and is very fond of knight-hood stories. I do wish I could afford to buy him *WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD* by Eva Tappan. But, alas, I shall not have enough money left. It costs ₱6.00 (I better tell Daddy to get it for Pablo). Since he is so fond of hero tales I shall buy *THE SPARTAN* by Caroline D. Snedeker. This will be ₱3.50.

Now that I have finally decided on what books to buy for my brothers and sisters, I must choose one for my dearly beloved chum Paz. She lives only a few doors from my house and so we do everything together. Paz, also has many brothers and sisters. I would like to give each one of them a nice book. But I simply have not saved enough to cover so many expenses. The books I selected cost me ₱12.70.

I have an idea: Our teacher told us about a children's magazine, for boys and girls. That will make three pesos go a long way. Paz and her sisters and brothers will have something to read all the year around—for the magazine comes out every month. There will be entertaining stories and things to do for all the children. I shall order *THE YOUNG CITIZEN* for ₱3.00. (This will leave me 30 centavos for transportation to the bookshop).

—E. M. I.

LOOK BOTH WAYS

(Continued from page 272)

"I forgot to look to the right and to the left before crossing the street."

"Well, are you going to forget it again?" Mother wanted to know.

BE TRUTHFUL

(Continued from page 276)

to suffer the consequences of his act. As the saying goes, "Tell the truth and bear the blame." A man of character would do no less, and I am sure you want to be just such a man.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES

HALLOWEEN
NIGHT

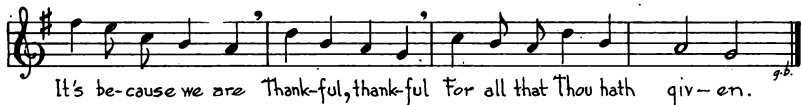
by gilma baldovino



We Are Thankful

A Thanksgiving Song

Words & Music by Primitiva R. Miranda
Tea-her, Emilio Jacinto Elem. School



MELINDA

(Continued from page 277)

saw me talking to a severe beating," begged Melinda.

"Take another fish with you," suggested the fish. "Your mistress will not know the truth."

Thereupon the fish pushed another fish to the side of the river. Melinda picked it up and carried it home. Her step-mother gave it to the cook. They had a fine dinner that day.

The next time Melinda went to the river, the fish talked to her again and she was happy. She came home late but her step-mother pretended not to notice it for she had a plan in her mind to find out why Melinda did not come home on time.

In the morning of the next day, Melinda was again on her way to the river. Her step-mother followed her. Safely hidden among the tall grass and bushes nearby, the cruel step-mother could see what was going on at the riverside. Yes, the girl was there talking to a fish. She

went home and waited for Melinda. When she came, the step-mother was furious. With a whip in her hand, she commanded Melinda to tell her the truth. The frightened girl told her step-mother that she met the fish again. She even told her that it was not the talking fish that she brought home the day before.

"What did the fish and you talk about?" she asked.

"Oh, that I cannot tell you for I don't remember anything now. As I have already told you, all that I can remember is that I was very happy in the presence of the fish. I even felt that I was a queen and not a servant," replied Melinda.

"I'll give you one more chance," the step-mother warned her. "Bring the talking fish here tomorrow."

Early the next morning, Melinda got her jar and went to the river.

"Why are you sad today?" asked the fish.

"Because my mistress wants you," answered Melinda.

"She will have me," said the fish, "but she will regret it. Take me home, dear child, but save the scales, fins, bones, and all other parts of my body that they will not need. Wrap them all in a piece of cloth and immediately after dinner today, take the package to the side of the brook behind the hill near your house and bury it there. Visit the place after three days and you will be happy thereafter. You must not eat any part of my body. Remember that, will you?"

"Yes, I'll do all that you say," Melinda assured the fish.

Melinda picked up the fish and took it home. She stayed with the cook and gathered all the parts that were to be thrown away. After dinner, she also collected all the bones and wrapped them in a handkerchief. When the members of the family were taking their siesta, she ran to the brook behind the hill and buried the package in a mound nearby. Then she went home.

(To be continued)

CHILDREN:

Here is a story told in the form of a poem. Be able to name the characters in the story and tell what happened to the little flower.

MY FLOWER

By Iluminado G. de Castro

Lovely and beautiful to you—

Yes, but the sweetest to me
Is the golden champaca
High up in the tree.

“Come down, dear golden Flower,
And play with me
In the early morning hour
When you and I are free.”

“Why not, sweet little girl,
I will try my best to be—
If you will only promise
That you will not keep me!”

* Principal, Zamora Elementary School, Manila.



So they play together awhile
Under the shade of the champaca tree,
But when the Sun goes up
They run away in glee.

Then Mother Champaca wonders
Where her little one can be,
And she looks around patiently
’Till the Sun goes down the blue sea.

At last, she asks, “Little girl, little girl,
Where can my dear golden Flower be?
Is she still playing with you
Or running away from me?”

Lonely and sad, the little girl gives a sigh:
“There’s your sweet little Flower—
Above the clouds so high,
And spreading her petals like a golden
star.”
Even if she does not bid me “good-bye”
Still she is my golden champaca high up
in the sky.

Here is an easy way of making a "cut out" of the head of our most helpful animal—the carabao. Just follow the four steps illustrated below and you will be surprised to find how easy it is to make it.

Can you recognize the outline on your right? What is it? It is a bird—a parrot. Can you draw its eyes, bill, wings, feet, and tail, and then color it? It would be great fun to do it. Just try.

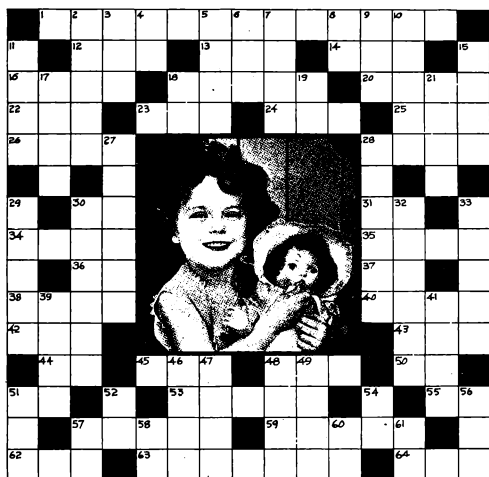
DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

by *gilma baldovino*



Cross-Word Puzzle No. 7

Prepared by George Fletcher



ACROSS

1. The name of the girl in the picture
2. A conjunction
13. Likewise
14. A unit
16. Skin of a fruit
18. Turns
20. Plant cultivated for fodder (hay)
22. To sum
23. A fowl
24. Opposite of stand
25. Hurried
26. A trial
28. To and in
30. Cloth measure
31. A verb
34. "Island" in Spanish
35. Doing nothing
36. Man's nickname
37. Three-toed slot
38. An entrance
40. Naked
42. Before
43. To stain
44. I would (contraction)
45. Abraham Lincoln's nickname

48. A color

50. Street (Abbrev.)

51. Doctor of Divinity (Abbrev.)

53. Mistake

55. A Syllable (Stammer)

57. A grandchild of Mohammed

60. A thrifty rich man

62. Female deer

63. One who steps

64. To help

DOWN

2. Gives

3. India (Abbrev.)

4. Road (Abbrev.)

5. English School boys

6. pronoun in the second person

7. Small children

8. Month (Abbrev.)

9. Philippine National Type (Abbrev.)

10. Study

11. Small child

15. Capital of Nevada

17. A Mental Image

18. To exist

19. "Yes" in Spanish

21. Proposition

COURTESY

(Continued from page 261)

like.

He knows how to say "thank you" to anyone that does him a favor: a friend gives him some candy, or helps him in his lesson.

He knows how to say "please" if he asks anyone for anything. "Please, Juan, may I see your book," to his friend. "Please, Miss Rillo, or Mr. Castro, may I go out of the room," to his teacher.

If he makes a mistake, he knows how to say "excuse me" or "pardon me", or "I beg your pardon".

The habits of saying "good morning", "thank you," and "please" and the like makes our manners beautiful and the people around us happy. On the other hand, if we do not have these habits our manners are crude and ugly.

If we like people to enjoy our company let us cultivate the habits that make them like us. We do not like ugly things much less ugly manners. We do not like a person who is not courteous. People do not like us either if we are not courteous.

27. A Mexican product

28. A Native of North America

29. A funeral song

30. Made happy

32. Blame or hatred

33. At no time

39. Dry

41. A palm fruit

46. Dash with force

47. Eagle

48. Skip about in play

49. One of the Greatest lakes (N.A.)

51. Father

52. Mother

54. "Of" in Spanish

56. A long slender stick

57. A pronoun

58. San Sebastian (Abbrev.)

60. Senior (Abbrev.)

61. Sun God.

The solution of the Cross-word puzzle No. 7 will appear in the next issue of the *The Young Citizen*.

INTERESTING PLACES

AROUND LAGUNA DE BAI

MANY people have the mistaken notion that, to see wonders, they have to make a tour around the world. Only a few kilometers from our own homes are beauty spots which have been the very object of our dreams.

A most thrilling journey is a bus ride through the provincial roads of Laguna and Rizal. Now you thread your way along hillsides covered with graceful palms; then on mountain roads overlooking knolls and plateaus carpeted with velvety grass of the lightest shade of green. At times on the shore of the lake barely a foot over its surface; at other times, you find yourself on dizzy heights hundreds of feet above the lake. From time to time you catch a glimpse of the placid and glimmering water of the great inland sea whether you are in Laguna or in Rizal. The road between Mabitan and Pili-lla is a miniature Baguio as is the Teresa-Antipolo highway. A person does not have to spend more than two pesos to make a complete circuit around the beautiful and historic Laguna de Bai.

BABY SMILING

"I saw Baby smiling. Mother!"
Little Lilita said.
"Why is Baby smiling, Mother,
When she is asleep in bed?"

"When Baby is sleeping, Lili,
And smiles and does not stir,
She is looking at heaven, Lili,
And the angels talk to her."

—C. Faiquo

CYGNUS

(Continued from page 276)

The Northern Cross is a part of the constellation the Swan or Cygnus. Various legends are told to account for the presence of the Swan in the starry skies. According to one of the stories, the Swan represents Orpheus. Orpheus, so the Greeks said, was a wonderful musician. Animals, trees, and stones danced when he played his magic harp. In a book on Greek legends, you can read the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Orpheus was treacherously killed by a priestess of Bacchus, the god of wine. Jupiter then transformed him to a swan and carried him to the heavens. He was placed near his beloved harp, the constellation Lyra.

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KIDNAPPED

(Continued from page 264)

been extricated from his person he struggled and would have broken away.

"I want to go with my grandfather!" he cried. "I must follow him or he will leave me behind. Let me go! Let me go!"

Then they knew that he had been bewitched. All the way home he kept trying to escape. He bit them, he scratched them, he scolded and cried; begging his unseen "grandfather" who seemed to be following them to rescue him.

When they reached home he did not recognize even his own mother. Instead he kept calling his grandfather, jumping up and down and behaving like a mad person.

Finally they had to tie him. They made him swallow a drink made from potent herbs that was said to be an antidote against witchery. They dressed him in *saya't baro* to disguise him from the *nu-rio*. When these did not avail, they called the village priest. The reverend old man prayed over the bewitched boy and sprinkled holy water over him.

Towards morning, the boy stopped his mad cries and fell asleep. When he awoke, ten hours later, he was cured.

Then he told a strange story. He said he saw his grandfather sitting on a low mound under some bamboo trees. His grandfather had taken him upon his back and they had climbed a *duhat* tree. The *duhat* was not in season then, yet he claimed that they had gathered large, luscious berries better than any fruit he had ever eaten.

Afterward they went across the sugar cane fields. His grandfather, still carrying him on his back, had walked lightly on top of the sugar-canes and not even a leaf stirred or fell away.

His grandfather, he said, promised to show him many wonders when they reached his home but just then they heard the drum and saw the torches flaring through the

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS FOR GROWING BOYS AND GIRLS

Many children like to eat fish and meat only with their rice. They leave out the vegetables in a dish. They look upon vegetables as "grass" that is fit only for rabbits and other animals. They like fruit, not because they consider it an important food, but for the pleasure they derive from eating it.

Vegetables and fruit are rich in mineral matter which the body must have to build and repair the bones, teeth and other parts of the body and to keep it in good running order. Their bulky material helps pre-

vent constipation. You are constipated when you do not go to the toilet every day. The vegetables and fruit also contain vitamins. Vitamins are elements in food which we do not know much about. But this much we know. If we do not have enough vitamins, we are subject to many different diseases. To have enough of them, you must eat some vegetables and fruit at every meal. Children who do not eat vegetables and fruit do not grow fast. They do not have strong bodies. They are subject to skin diseases, diseases of the bones, and "sore" eyes.

THE LITTLE COOK

(Continued from page 267)

"And I removed the clams from the shells," a little boy added.

Father and Mother could not believe their eyes. The bare table was richly laid with dishes they had never had before. A bamboo vase holding gay *gumamelas* was at the center.

"Where did you get all these?" Mother asked with a little resentment.

"Please be seated and I shall tell you all about it." And *Idad's* eyes sparkled with pride.

"The soup is chopped *halaan* with diced squash and finely cut *pechay*. I added a little cream and thickened the broth with mashed squash."

"I chopped the *halaan*," a boy interrupted.

So they hid in the Clump of bamboos, his grandfather cautioning him to keep quiet lest these "tulisanes" catch them.

"That old man was not your grandfather," they told him. "It must have been the 'matanda sa punso' who lived in a little mound guarding, so they say, priceless treasures below it. If he had taken you to his home, you might have seen those treasures. They should be worth seeing, yet who knows whether he would ever have let you come back?"

"Our fish dish is called *milkfish 'en blanco'*," *Idad* continued. "It is the *bañgas* that Mother left. I just boiled it in water with a little salt, vinegar, and lemon juice. The broth is thickened into a sauce with powdered *biscocho*."

"How attractive it looks now," the father put in. "A garnishing of potato, tomato and *kinchay* can work wonders. Why, it is good enough for a big party!"

"Our fish balls are made out of our left-over *tunsog*," continued *Idad*.

"It was I who flaked the fish," a little girl piped.

"Yes, Mother," *Idad* seconded. We mixed the flaked fish with mashed potato and a little butter. We then cooked it in a little lard until brown."

"Where did you get the money for all the ingredients?" the mother asked.

"From the twenty-centavo piece you gave me."

"Well, well, *Sion*," Father said, "you have to admit that *Idad* is a better cook than you."

"I learned all that at school. Our teacher taught us to make use of left-over food and how to prepare attractive and palatable dishes from cheap fish."

"I have to confess it is the best I have tasted in my life." *Idad's* father pronounced with finality.

AN ANSWER ON

Why Printing Estimates Seem To Differ

Sometimes you receive a wide range of quotations on what is apparently the same piece of printing.

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