

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

MARCH, 1936

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Just Published

A PRIMER OF THE PHILIPPINE CONSTITUTION

BY PROF. VICENTE G. SINCO

A textbook which should be in the hands of every student of civics and Philippine government, *because it is the only up-to-date book on the subject.*

Approved by the Bureau of Education--

COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES

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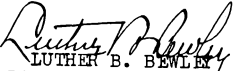
December 27, 1935

Prof. Vicente G. Sinco
University of the Philippines
Manila, P. I.

Dear Sir:

This is to advise you that A Primer of the Philippine Constitution has been approved as a supplementary reader for Grade VII and as a reference book for Grade V and VI. Its approval will be announced in a forthcoming academic bulletin.

Very respectfully,


LUTHER B. BEWLEY
Director of Education

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The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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The Message This Month

VACATION DAYS

Schools are closed this month. There are many things that we, school children, should think about at this time of the year.

First—We are now at the end of the school year. Let us ask ourselves these questions—Did we do the best we could in our school work? Did we study our lessons every day? Did we do our home work honestly and promptly? We ourselves know the answers to these questions. We cannot deceive ourselves. Those of us who have been diligent and earnest in our studies will be promoted next June and those who were not diligent and earnest will not be promoted. If we have not done our best this year, let us decide now that next June we will study hard our lessons and do all our school work.

Second—When the schools are closed we have the long summer vacation. What are we going to do during this vacation?

a. We must play. Certainly we must play because we have been going to school for the last ten months. Now that we have no more classes to attend every day, we can play. We

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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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Mother's Lullaby

By LULU DE LA PAZ
Emilio Jacinto Elementary School

— I —

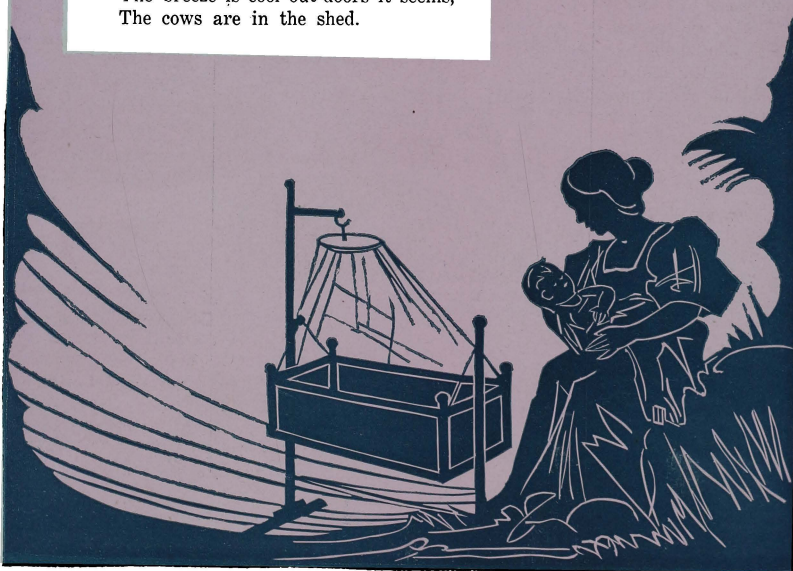
Close your eyes my little darlings
Sleep my children blest,
The sun is set, the moon is high—
The birds are in their nests.

— II —

Sleep my little blue-eyed Bo-Peep,
Sleep my Captain Kid,
Close your eyes my little princess,
Hush, Baby Bunting Sweet.

— III —

The stars are keeping watch, dears,
The sheep have gone to bed—
The breeze is cool out-doors it seems,
The cows are in the shed.



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

The Children's Secret

By AUNT JULIA

THREE young heads were huddled together over a shining coconut shell bank.

"Ernie, break it open with this bolo," Irma whispered.

"Spread out, I might hit you," Ernie warned in low excited tones.

"Do not hit very hard You might awaken Mother." This from Frida.

Ernie raised the bolo and brought it down with all his strength. Centavos black with age and green with mold rolled in all directions.

"Let us see how much we have," Irma suggested. Each got a handful and counted. With a fine stick Irma wrote the numbers on the ground and added them up.

"Two pesos and sixty-six centavos," Irma announced.

Frida, the youngest of the three, rushed upstairs and into Mother's room.

"Mother, Mother! We have a secret."

"A secret? Then I suppose I should not ask what it is about."

"I shall not tell you about it. Sister and Brother will scold me if I do." Frida backed out of the room repeating, "It is a secret."

A few minutes later, the three children entered Mother's room. Finding Mother occupied, Irma suggested, "Mother, it is dark here. How would you like to do your darning out on the porch?"

"Let me carry your sewing basket for you," offered Ernie.



Mother got up and allowed herself to be dragged out by Frida.

Irma opened the wardrobe. The other two looked on.

"Mother has many *ternos*. She will not need any. Besides, our money will not be enough," Irma said.

They looked the dressing table over. Nothing was lacking there.

"Let us give her a birthday cake," Ernie suggested.

"Or some fruit," Frida put in.

Irma was silent. Being the oldest, she must decide for the other two.

"We must find out what Mother wants for a birthday gift," she finally said.

The children went out. They sat around Mother. She did not seem to notice them. They looked at one another. Ernie nudged at Irma and whispered,

"Go ahead, Sister, ask her

what she would like to have."

"Yes, Ate, go ahead," Frida urged.

"Mother," Irma began, "if . . . if a friend were to give you a gift, what would you rather have?"

"I should be thankful for anything," Mother answered. "Of course, I would rather get something useful and lasting. Why do you ask? I wonder if anybody would remember my birthday."

"Why . . ." the impulsive Frida blurted out, but she stopped when her brother poked

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MARCOS IN THE

(A Folklore Story)

By ANTONIO C. MUÑOZ

ONCE a boy was in a thick forest. As he walked he seemed to be looking for something. Sometimes he would stop and examine the piles of leaves and twigs on the way. Then he would go on, only to stop again to see if something lay under a big stone by the pathside. At last, tired and disappointed, he sat down on a log and cried.

"What ails you, my boy?" said a voice from behind.

Marcos looked around and just a few feet away from him stood an old man. His



hair was as white as abaca fiber. The white beard which hang from his chin partly hid his breast. Wrinkles covered his cheeks and forehead. A pipe of bamboo and clay stuck in his mouth.

"What brings you to this place, son?" asked the old man.

"Oh, kind sir, my mother is sick, very sick, and I am here to get something that will cure her," Marcos replied.

"Who told you to come here and how do you know that the medicine that will cure your mother is in this forest?" inquired the old man.

"My mother cannot move. She cannot even move her arms. I consider her a dead woman among the living," explained Marcos.

"Last night," Marcos continued, "I dreamed that somewhere in this forest I shall find the remedy that will restore my mother to her former condition. When I woke up this morning, I lost no time in coming to this place. But I am discouraged, sir, for I don't even know what it is that I'm looking for."

"Don't worry, son, for I can help you and I will help you," the old man assured him.

"Please, sir, help me," begged Marcos. "If my mother gets well, I shall be your servant as long as you want me to be."

"Do you see that rock?" asked the old man pointing to a big black rock a stone's throw away from them. "Behind it is the entrance to the Black Cave. The cave has the shape of a tunnel about two hundred meters long. At the back part, the cave opens to a garden. In the garden, there are many plants. One and only one of them will restore your mother back to health. Its leaves are red. The flowers are white. The bark that covers the stem is blue. One leaf, one flower, and a piece of its bark are all that you need. Will you go and get them?"

"I will," readily answered Marcos.

"From the mouth of the cave to the garden, you will meet many obstacles and dangers but you should not be afraid. Destroy everything that may hinder you. Take this package of root powder with you. A little of it in your mouth will make you very strong. Now go on and may all come out



BLACK CAVE

as we hope for," concluded the old man.

Marcos put the little package in his pocket and after promising the old man that he would follow all of his instructions, he proceeded towards the black rock. Just behind the rock, Marcos saw an entrance. While it was broad daylight outside, the interior of the cave was as dark as a gloomy night. Marcos loved adventure and with his desire to help his mother he did not hesitate to enter the Black Cave. At first he could not see anything inside due perhaps to the intense darkness. He stood there, undecided which way to take. Soon he could make out the outline of things in the cave. Opposite him at a distance of about two hundred meters, he saw a tiny bright spot. He was sure it was the entrance to the garden. He started for that place but hardly had he moved a step when something struck him. He fell down but he did not stand up for fear of another attack from an unseen foe. Soon he felt something licking his body. In a short time he was wet. Then he noticed that he was being swallowed and before he could do anything to save himself, he was inside the mouth of a huge snake. It was then that he remembered the root powder the old man gave him. With much effort, he succeeded in pulling the package out of his pocket. He put it in his mouth and bit it. As soon as a part of the powder touched his tongue, he noticed a change in his strength. At once he grabbed the tongue of the snake, twisted it, and broke it. Then he tore the



sides of its mouth and through that opening, he slipped out. The snake was dying but its tail was whirling in the air like the lash of a cowboy. A moment later it fell down and Marcos knew that the snake was dead.

He went on towards the light before him. After he had walked about fifty meters, something made a sound behind him. He looked back and as his eyes were now used to the darkness, he could see a tiger in the act of springing at him. Immediately he put a pinch of the powder in his mouth. The tiger leaped towards him but Marcos



caught its forelegs and whirled the animal about his head. Then with all the strength left in him, he struck it against the rocky wall of the cave. The tiger shuddered and died.

Marcos was now near the entrance to the garden. Just as he was about to pass through the opening, a huge hand pulled him back. He turned around to see what it was and there sitting behind him was a horrible giant.

"You will make a fine supper, my boy. It's many a day now that I have not tasted such a delicacy. I think that stupid old man outside for sending you here," said the giant.

The giant then pulled his knife and sharpened a stick. Then he built a fire. While he was thus occupied, Marcos took a mouthful of the powder and swallowed it.

(Please turn to page 69)

A Legend of the Rosal

By L. V. R.

ONCE, when the night was very dark, Mother Nature wandered over her meadows. She stooped over the starry dots of field flowers and sipped the new honey from their hearts. Then she lay down on the soft, cool grass and gazed up at the stars. Like a million white jewels they twinkled down at her, their bright eyes inviting her to slumberland.

Mother Nature thought, "How beautiful the stars are! How bright and numerous they are!"

She gazed up at the stars for a long while, envying the heavens their wealth of brightness. She then looked around at the flowers scattered about her land—tiny little flowers that were the stars of the earth—and smiled. She looked at the fragrant bloom of dainty sampaguitas, sniffed the heady sweetness of dama de noche which the wind brought her from a distance. Then a thought came to her. She stood up and stretched her arms to the stars.

"I am going to create another flower," she said softly, "and I shall need your help. I shall need the help of the Wind, too, and the sun and the birds and bees. I want to create a flower that will be as lovely as the stars, but sweeter and closer to the people of my earth."

With these words, she bowed her head and thought for a while.

The stars overhead, the Wind and even the slumbering birds heard her words. Even the dew fell softer and slower as they



thought about Mother Nature's words. "We must help her," they said to each other. "We must all help her create another flower."

The next night, Mother Nature had leafy bowers of green leaves ready. She polished the small leaves till they shone with crispness, and she firmly set them up in their boughs. Then she once more made her appeal to the stars and the Wind, the birds and the bees and the dew, to help her with the creation of a new kind of flower—a flower that would be as lovely as the stars, but sweeter and closer to the touch of human hands.

The stars, the wind, the birds and the bees, and even the softly falling dew answered her call. The stars each shed off a silver tip. The wind carried it down to the earth. The birds sang songs of welcome, while the bees buzzed around with their gifts of honey.

The sparkling silver tips melted into petals of softest velvet when they fluttered

(Please turn to page 68)



THE PLANTS AROUND US

IN your garden at home or at school and along the roadside, you see many plants, some little and some big. Look at a camia or a zinnia plant. Touch the body and compare it with a rosal or a gumamela. How do they differ? The camia and the zinnia have soft bodies. Such plants are called herbs. Can you name some more herbs? Herbs do not grow big. Why?

The gumamela has a strong woody body and is bigger than the zinnia or camia, but not so big as a santol or a guava tree. Woody plants that are always small are called shrubs. San Francisco plants are shrubs. Look at the bodies of the rosal and santan. You will find that one plant has many trunks. Shrubs that have many trunks are called bushes. Can you name some more bushes?

When you place a camia or a gumamela beside a santol, you can see the difference right away. Large woody plants like the mango, guava, and champaca are called trees. They are much stronger than herbs and shrubs. Name some more trees. Name some that are useful for their beautiful or fragrant flowers.

Some plants are grown to screen windows or to cover gates and fences. The cadena de amor, morning glory, and yellow bells are among these, for they can climb trellises. Such climbing plants are called vines. What vines have you over your porch? What vegetables grow on vines?

Here is a list of plants. Separate them into groups under these headings: 1. Herbs. 2. Shrubs. 3. Trees. 4. Vines.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| a. mabolo | j. santan |
| b. ilang-ilang | k. squash |
| c. campanilla | l. begonia |
| d. sampaguita | m. banana |
| e. cosmos | n. gumamela |
| f. black-eyed Susan | o. banabá |
| g. rosal | p. bataw |
| h. duhat | q. paraiso |
| i. makahiya | r. mango |
| s. papua | |

INTERESTING INSECTS

The Honey Bee

HAVE you ever tried to eat your oatmeal without sugar or your *chamorado* without sugar? How does it taste? When you come to think of all the different kinds of food you eat with sugar, perhaps you can say that you cannot get along without sugar.

Man makes his sugar from the sweet that plants keep in their roots, in their stalks, or under their bark. Where does the sugar cane store its sweet? But many plants put their sweetest juices into their flowers. The sweet liquid in flowers is called nectar.

Not only boys and girls like sweet. Insects like sweet, too. The honey bee sips the nectar from flowers and changes it into a very delicious syrup called honey. Would you like to know how the honey bee makes honey?

Many hundreds of bees live together in their home called the beehive. The bees that gather nectar and do other work are called workers. A worker bee goes to a flower and crawls over the petals. It sticks out its long tongue into the flower-cup to draw up the nectar. From its mouth the nectar passes into a place inside its body which is called the honey sac. Here the nectar is changed into thin honey. Upon reaching home, the worker puts the honey in a tiny room made of wax. This room is called a cell. Here the thin honey is left open into the air until it ripens. When honey is ripe, it is thicker than when it was first put into the cell.

We have just said that the cell is made of wax. Where does the wax come from? When wax is needed for the cells, the workers make it. They first eat as much honey as they can. Some workers hang themselves from a wall in the hive. Others catch hold of the hind legs of those already hanging. After a while wax forms in little pockets which are on the under side of the bees' bodies. Other workers chew the wax to soften it. Then they build their six-sided cells with the soft wax.



Chapter Twelve

RURAL EXPERIENCES

MONTHS followed one another in quick succession. When Tonio first went to live in the Del Valle mansion, the rice seedlings were still in the seedbeds. From day to day, Tonio watched with anticipation the gradual lengthening of the light green stalks which later changed into a darker hue. He noted when the heads began to bend with the increasing weight of tilling grains. He watched with amazement the green heads turning to golden. To him it was a miracle, a convincing evidence of the love of God for His children.

Before he realized it, the harvesting season had come. The once standing yellow stalks were bundled and piled up in tall stalks. In a few months Tonio learned a

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Peña
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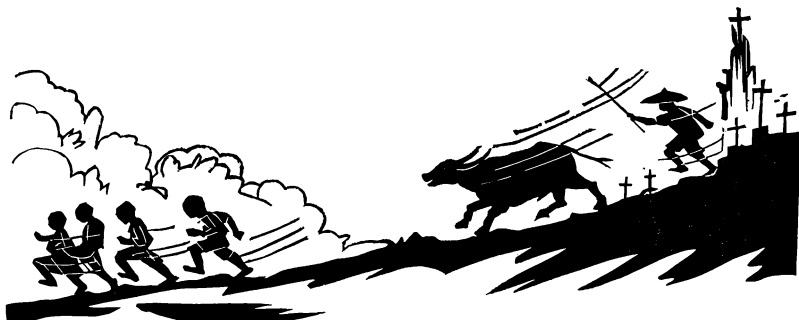
great deal about the world around him. What he saw in the fields from the windows of the speeding car were to him more interesting than all the wonderful man-made things in the City.

One Saturday, Tonio went with his friends to a farm. The farmers were celebrating their thanksgiving season in the native way. Scores of guests from the barrios and towns were served "*suman*" and *guinatan*. The "*guinatan pinipig*" with rich coconut milk, was so delicious that Tonio could not help whispering to one of his companions.

"Andres, what makes this so delicious? I have eaten *guinatan* many times but nothing tasted so good as this."

"You must have used old *pinipig* that had been softened only with water and green coloring."

Chewing a mouthful of the soaked *pinipig* slowly, Tonio remarked, "Yes, that must



be the reason. This *pinipig* really tastes different. How is it made?"

"It is newly ripened rice, the kind that is called *malagkit*. The grains are roasted just long enough to make the hull crisp. They are pounded in a mortar with the old-fashioned pestle, the workers keeping double time to prevent the grains from cooking. They are winnowed in big shallow baskets to remove the hull. They are pounded again until all the grains are flattened into *pinipig*. The *pinipig* is sprinkled with the juice of banana or areca nut leaves to give it this green color which makes it the more tempting."

It was long after dark when the boys left the cemetery. At first they whistled and crooned in high spirits. As they approached a long narrow path completely shaded by the thick branches of mangoes and the bent heads of bamboos, they gradually fell into an oppressive silence. For sometime, nothing was heard but the heavy thump of the boys' feet broken by the cracking of breaking sticks. The boys, without knowing why, fell into a running pace. They had a vague feeling that they were being followed, but nobody would dare look back. Tonio, his teeth chattering, be-



There was merry-making all about them. Some young people danced the "fandango" to the strumming of a single guitar. The older men cracked jokes and teased the younger ones. Everybody was happy and thankful for the plentiful harvest.

On their way home late in the afternoon, the boys passed the small cemetery in the outskirts of the town. Men were already decorating the graves as it was the eve of All-Saints' Day. They strolled about and vied with one another in telling the most gruesome ghost stories.

gan to say a prayer, which the others caught and joined. The biggest boy whispered, "As we say Amen we shall all turn about face." They did so and confronted the thing that had been following them. It was a herdsman driving home a carabao that had gone astray.

As they struck the main road to the town they heard the distant strains of some bamboo instruments.

"That reminds me," one of the boys said, "we must prepare our midnight lunch.

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BIRDS IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE KINDS OF BIRDS

THE Philippines is rich in birds. Being a tropical country, it has many forests and woods where birds can build their homes and live. In this country, there are no winters, no long cold season which kill the birds. Every day is a spring day. Even during the rainy season, the birds do not have to fly away to some other country, because the forests offer them protection from the heavy rains and the strong winds.

Do you know that there are about nine hundred kinds of birds in the Philippines? Some of these are land birds; others are water birds, while still others are shore birds. Water birds are those who live in the water. They build their homes there and their food consist of things that they can find in the water. The land birds are those who live away from the water. They fly from tree to tree, eating fruits and insects or animals. Shore birds can live on both land and water.

Among these nine hundred kinds of birds, there are those which are known as birds of prey. These birds hunt animals and birds which are weaker than they are. They are the terror of the woods. Eagles and hawks are well known examples of birds of prey.

The song birds, on the other hand, are best loved among the birds. Their melodious singing makes the forest ring joyously. When they are caught, their music delight little children. They are also among our best friends, for they eat insects that harm our plants and flowers.

The fruit-eating birds form another group. They may be beneficial or harmful. They eat fruits from the trees. They also make good pets, for most of them are nice to look at.

We also speak of birds as beneficial, harmful, or neutral. The beneficial birds are those who help farmers, gardeners and others. They eat up insects or other harm-



ful animals like rats and snakes. They produce fertilizers which enrich the ground for planting. Their feathers and meat and even their nests are of great value to those who take the trouble to get them. Have you ever heard of edible birds' nests? These are made into soup and sold for good prices afterwards.

The harmful birds are those who destroy our plants and kill our chickens. The mayas or weaver birds, the crows, hawks and eagles are examples of this group. The mayas and the crows are enemies of farmers. They feed on the grains and the fruit that are grown in the fields. The hawks and the eagles carry away chickens and use them for food.

The neutral birds are those who neither do harm nor do good. They just exist without distinct characteristics which make them the friends or the enemies of man. A well-known example are the game birds, or the birds which are hunted for their food value.

Around you, birds live and die. Some of them are your friends. Others are your enemies. A great number are helpers whom you do not recognize. When you see a bird sailing against the sky or resting on a bough, think of this great feathered brotherhood which inhabit your forests and woods—such a great variety of them, nine hundred strong in all, each wearing a different color and built a different size from the other.

(Next month: The biggest bird in the Philippines.)

INTERESTING PLACES

THE RUINS OF GUADALUPE

By Francisco Carballo*

With Illustrations by the Author

(Concluded from the February number)

DURING the Spanish regime, the convent served different purposes at different times. It was at once a monastery, a printing shop, an ecclesiastical library, then a college, and an orphanage, and at various times, a summer home for the members of the order. During the revolution of 1896, the Spanish *cazadores*, hard pressed by the Katipuneros, barricaded the church and convent and defied the forces of General Pio del Pilar. The local revolutionists headed by Captain Urbano Carballo laid siege to the detachment and after some desultory fighting with a few of the besiegers wounded, the Spanish commander surrendered the garrison to the Filipinos, together with one hundred fifty guns and a few rounds of ammunition and some provisions. The Spanish commander also presented his sabre with a gilt handle to Captain Carballo.

After entering the convent, the revolutionary captain came upon a gruesome sight. Scores of Spanish soldiers wounded at different battle engagements and sent to the Guadalupe convent for treatment were suffering due to lack of adequate medical attention. Some of them were in a dying condition and were huddled on the cold bare tile floors in the convent ground rooms. Some of the sisters of charity who had fled from Mandaluyon with their girl wards and had taken refuge in the monastery were doing their best for the wounded soldiers but they were handicapped due to lack of proper medical supplies. The wounded soldiers,



the sisters, and their wards were taken in cascos to Manila for treatment and safety. The *cazadores* as prisoners of war were civilly treated and assigned for detention at the different revolutionary garrisons encamped outside the city.

During the Filipino-American war, Guadalupe became the center of military operations. The church and convent were taken and retaken by Filipino and American forces. The Americans under General King made a final effort to retake the village where the Filipino garrison was quartered in the convent, and with the aid of reinforcements from Santa Ana and elsewhere, the Filipino forces led by General Paciano Rizal with soldiers mostly from Laguna, and aided by some of General Del Pilar's men, made a stiff defense of Guadalupe. Due to the superiority of arms of the invaders, the rev-

(Please turn to page 73)

* Formerly Principal, Intramuros Intermediate School.

Come Into My Garden



“COME into my garden.”

This is an invitation which you and I hope to give some day. Think of the pride or saying it. Think of what it can mean. It means that we have grown something that is our very own—a flower plant, perhaps, or a nice luscious fruit. It gives the picture of a little garden, well planted and well trimmed. It means success with tiny seeds.

“The Young Citizen” will help you build a garden that will grow slowly but surely. Every month, we shall invite a guest gardener who will tell us how a plant is grown. If you have a little garden and have grown a very fine tomato or a pretty flower, write us and let us help the others, who may wish to grow the same plant. This month, our guest gardener comes from the Bureau of Agriculture. He will tell us how to grow celery—a salad crop.

HOW TO RAISE CELERY

The celery grows best in a place which is rather cool, like Baguio. It needs plenty of sunshine in the daytime, and coolness at night. It is first planted in seed beds.

The seeds are very small, so care should be taken that they are planted well in the seed beds or seed flats. Let them remain in the seed beds until the young plants have reached a height of 10 to 12 centimeters. When they have reached this height, they may be transplanted in the garden plot.

The Air

By J. C. P.

YOU must have learned the different things we need in order to live. We need food but we can go without food for a number of days and not die. We need water. We suffer if we do not drink within a whole day. But there is something without which we cannot live even for a short time. It is air. Close your mouth tightly and press your nose so that you cannot breathe. See how long you can endure not breathing.

Air ocean of air is all around us. This ocean of air is called atmosphere. Plants, animals, and man all need air. Without air, we shall hear no sound. The world would be absolutely silent. Rain and wind and other weather conditions are the results of the air's behavior. These conditions come about because of certain characteristics of the air.

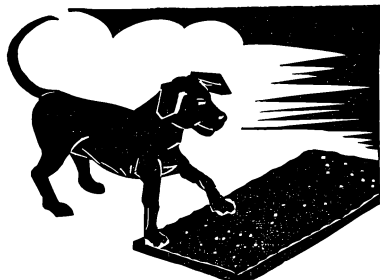
Warm air is lighter than cold air. Therefore, warm air rises while cold air settles near the ground. Wind is produced when warm air goes up and cold air remains near the ground. If you live near the sea you notice that there is a strong sea breeze at noon. It is because the land is warmer than the sea.

Another thing to remember about air is that it has the power to hold water. This ability of air to hold water brings about rain and dew.

Be sure that your soil is fertile, moist, loose and friable. Plant the young celery in rows that are 30 centimeters apart. Have a space of 20 centimeters between the rows. About three months after planting in the garden, the celery is ready to be harvested. If your celery is of the American variety, you may whiten it in the sun for a little while. If it is the Chinese variety, it need not be blanched.

Talking About Pets

EDUCATING A PET DOG



DID you know that dogs should be educated? Not the "sit up," "jump," "kneel" sort of education, as most of you must suppose, but training which will make them healthy and happy pets. With proper training, a pet dog can be both useful and agreeable. He can be both a friend and a guard.

The first step in the training of a puppy is teaching him habits of cleanliness. Like any child, a puppy should realize as early as possible that he should be clean in order to be healthy and happy. The pet owner should be patient in this teaching of health habits, but he should never allow them to be overlooked. It is not necessary to use a stick on a puppy who forgets, but repeating the instruction again and again will be a great help.

One good habit to teach a puppy while he is still young, is the habit of wiping his feet when he first comes in from the streets or from the yard. It is likely that he had been playing in wet puddles, and if he is not taught to wipe his feet, he is going to get a chill. The trick of wiping the feet is easily taught and has two good uses. Besides preventing a chill, it keeps the house clean and tidy.

Have you ever felt like running away? If you have, then you can understand why a dog wishes to run away when first it goes out for a walk. When he shows the tendency to run away, he needs to be disciplined. Perhaps showing him a piece of stick will be enough. If it is not, do not beat him, for beating is as bad for a little dog as it is for a little boy. Get a thin cord and fix one end in a slip-knot around your pet's neck. Tie the other end to your wrist. When the dog runs away, a lesson will be easily taught by the cord. The farther he runs away, the harder the cord will tie around his neck and hurt him. This pain will make him remember that it is not wise to run away from those who love him.

Proper exercise is as important to a puppy as it is to a growing child. Keeping the dog indoors chained to a post is not very healthy. He should be allowed to run out of doors for a length of time daily. This will keep his muscles well exercised and strong.

The Children's Fancy Dress Ball

Philippine Carnival

The Children's Fancy Dress Ball was very successfully held last Feb. 23, at the Carnival Auditorium. Mrs. Jose Yulo was chairman of the committee in charge of it.

Four groups of children presented pageants and dances during the Fancy Dress Ball. The Filipino group presented "Cinderella at the Ball" which won a prize for the most beautiful number. The Japanese group presented a Nipponese Dance. Sixty

girls took part. This group won the prize for the most picturesque number of the program. The Spanish group showed "The Sleeping Beauty." This won a prize for the most elegant. The American group gave a tap dancing revue. It won a prize for the liveliest and most typical. The Chinese group showed a pageant portraying the coming of the Chinese to the Philippines. This won the prize for the most original number.

CHARACTER BUILDING

Diligence

HAVE you ever heard of Epifanio de los Santos? He was a famous Filipino writer and art collector. He loved and collected beautiful music, literature and painting. He was among the best art collectors of the world.

Don Panyong, as he is better known, cultivated early in life a love of diligence. He had a hatred of laziness. He thought that no matter how gifted a man might be, he could not become great if he did not study well and work well. He gave a good example of diligence in this little story of how he studied Spanish:

When Don Panyong left the University of Santo Tomas where he graduated as a lawyer, he did not know Spanish very well. He could not speak the language as fluently as his friends: so they made fun of him. He suffered very much for his ignorance.

One day, when he could no longer stand the jeerings of his friends, he made up his mind to learn Spanish. He bought a dozen good Spanish novels and began to read. He kept on buying and reading books until his library grew. At the end of three years, his knowledge of Spanish was far beyond



that of his friends. It was then his turn to laugh.

He once said that young boys and girls should be well prepared for their future work in life. As a rule, they try to bluff their way through life, getting what they want by hook or by crook. Many young people seem to think that knowledge is not as important as courage. This is not so, Don Panyong thought, because without proper knowledge there will be no good results. Artists cannot turn out masterpieces without preparation. Success cannot be had without diligence, and the sooner young people find this out, the better it will be for them.

The Most Beautiful Child of 1936

How would you like to be the most beautiful child of 1936? Little Edilberto Cuenca must have liked it very much. He must have taken plenty of good milk, fresh air and sunshine to become the most beautiful child of this year.

Little Edilberto is only one year and a half old. He is the son of District Engineer and Mrs. Nicolas L. Cuenca of Vigan, Ilocos Sur. He came to the Fancy Dress ball dressed in a bright Juan de la Cruz costume. When he was given the prize and told to stand near the judges, he raised his hands and ran very fast to the middle of the au-

ditorium. Everybody was delighted. He seemed such a happy, active child.

Carmen Rivera, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Rivera of Manila, won the second prize. She is a very healthy little girl. She wore a pretty costume of white tulle.

Pacita Go, "Little Curly Top," won the third prize in the most beautiful child contest. Five children won the fourth prize: Violeta Nava of Dagupan, Pangasinan, Francisca Portes of Manila, Mariano Ilano, Jr. of Tarlac, Adoracion Glorioso of Manila, and Ramoncito Lopez of Manila.

(Please turn to our Pictorial Page for Pictures.)



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS— SCOUTING IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Horacio Ochangco*



The Beginning—There is no exact data about the first boy scout troop. Whether it was organized in the American-European Y. M. C. A. at Manila or by an unknown Jesuit Father in Zamboanga—whether it was organized at Boac, Marinduque by the Hon. Pedro del Mundo, is not clear. The first Troops appeared to have been organized in 1911.

Troop I, has a record of 12 years of registered service during the period 1911 to 1933 and is the oldest troop now in existence in the Islands.

The real pioneers were those early Scouters. Most of these Scouters, including all the members of the Office Staff of the present Headquarters, are still pioneering to meet the great challenge of providing a spare-time program of Character and Citizenship training for over 800,000 boys of Scout age in this Island.

When Lord Robert Baden Powell, the Chief Scout of the World, visited the Philippines prior to the World War, there was aroused in the hearts of the Philippine Youth considerable interest in the Boy Scout movement. In 1923 the Boy Work Committee of the Manila Rotary Club organized formally and enlisted the American Legion to assist to finance the expense of a Boy Scout Headquarters. A Boy Scout Headquarter (Philippine Council) for the Philippines was established and David T. Ritchie, a Warrant officer in the U. S. Army was employed as Acting Scout Executive during his spare time. When Mr. Ritchie returned to the United States at the end of his tour of duty, he was succeeded by Warrant Officer James Fitzpatrick. During those years, Major P. D. Carman, the first President of the Philippine Council and other Council Scouters were very active in organizing troops of Boy Scouts in and around the city of Manila.

Hon. Manuel Camus who is now our Scout Commissioner was the Scoutmaster of Troop 3, which was organized in the Central Student Y. M. C. A., at that time. He has served the movement faithfully and actively ever since.

Late in 1923, Major P. D. Carman while on vacation in the United States convinced the National Executive Board that national cooperation was necessary if the movement was to grow and prosper like it should.

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

Accordingly, in January, 1924, Mr. F. S. Macfarlane, a trained and experienced Scout Executive, was sent to the Philippine Islands, and in 1926 while on leave; brought back Messrs. Irving Wiltse and Joseph R. Greenan as Assistant Scout Executives.

Mr. Irving Wiltse, was allotted the field of the island of Luzon with headquarters at Manila and Mr. Joseph R. Greenan was assigned to the Visayan Islands with headquarters at Cebu.

Mr. F. S. Macfarlane was sent to Porto Rico to organize a Council there in the latter part of 1928. Mr. Irving Wiltse was forced to return to the United States early in 1929 due to a serious accident to Mrs. Wiltse. He replaced Mr. Macfarlane in Porto Rico in January, 1930. Mr. Joseph R. Greenan transferred to San Antonio, Texas in July, 1929 after employing Mr. Jose P. Caoili as Assistant Scout Executive in February after the departure of Mr. Irving Wiltse. Mr. Caoili served in this capacity until March, 1930 when he left the movement.

All of these Executives rendered faithful service as evidenced by the rapid growth of membership and standards during their terms of office.

Past Presidents Major P. D. Carman, 1923-1927, Joseph H. Schmidt, 1928-9, Frank B. Ingersoll, 1930, Arthur F. Fischer, 1931-32, Major Vicente Lim, 1932-1933, all rendered splendid service to the cause of scouting during their respective administrations. They helped to solve progressively, many of the problems confronting the future growth and development of the movement.—From the *Annual Report of the Scout Executive, 1933.*

(From now on, there will be published a series of questions taken from the 'Scoutmaster's Correspondence Course,' for you to test your knowledge in Scouting.) The following are the first five questions. Answer them with True or False. Answers will be published in the next issue of 'The Young Citizen.'

QUIZZ I—

1. The fundamental aim of the Boy Scout Movement is to provide boys with Scouting Activities that will keep them out of mischief.

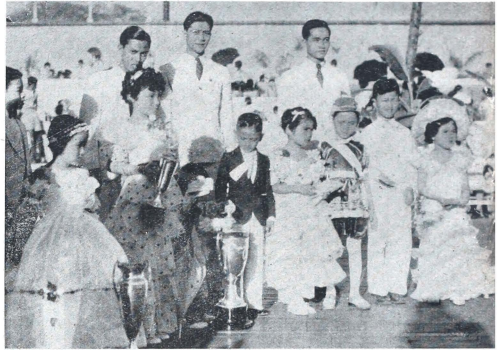
2. The Scoutmaster should delegate routine detail to other officers instead of doing such formal work himself.

The Most Beautiful Children of 1936--

Proclaimed During the Children's Fancy Dress Ball, Philippine Carnival



Little Ediberto Cuenca, winner of the first prize in the DMHM Ideal Child Contest, is only a little taller than the cup which he won. He is about a year and a half old. His parents are District Engineer and Mrs. Nicolas L. Cuenca, of Vigan, Ilocos Sur.



Here are the most beautiful children of 1936. The boy in the middle is Joe Shaw, most beautiful child of 1935, who presented the cup to this year's prize winners. Little Ediberto Cuenca is hidden by his cup.

Pacita Go, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Egmidio Go of Manila and winner of the third prize, appeared as "Little Curly Top" in the Children's Fancy Dress Ball. With her is Joe Shaw, last year's most beautiful child.



Carmen Rivera, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Rivera of Manila, won the second prize in the contest. In this picture, she is dressed as an old-fashioned bride.

MOVIE PAGE

A REAL CHILD ACTRESS



HAVE you seen the picture called "Bright Eyes"? If you have, then you have been introduced to one of the most promising child actresses of the screen, Jane Withers. In that picture, Jane played the role of a mean selfish little girl. She was as naughty as could be. She was just the opposite of sweet little Shirley.

In spite of that role, movie producers saw in Jane a really gifted actress. They gave her a big role in "Ginger," the story of a poor little girl who became the object of a social worker's interest. Jane showed what she can do, making the most of the delightful character of "Ginger." She laughed and cried, sang and played, was sweet and naughty at amusing intervals. As a result of her good work, she was rewarded with another starring role in "This Is the Life," one of the most entertaining pictures for children that has been filmed this year.

In "This Is the Life," Jane Withers reverses the old formula of from rags to riches. She goes from riches to rags to find true happiness. As a child performer who makes a success of herself for her guardians' benefit, Jane missed the real fun of childhood. She was lonely for real friends and real experiences. Her life was one long rehearsal for performances that would bring in the money for her guardians.

At last, unable to bear the strangeness of her existence, Jane ran away and went around with a man who was unjustly accused of robbery. With this wandering hobo, Jane met with the joys of childhood. She lived the life of a normal child. She became just a happy girl who had found true affection. In the end, she was given the right to live the life of the ordinary child, and she was able to plead for her new friend.

Tears and laughter will be your contribution to "This Is the Life," when it shows in your neighborhood theatre. The singing and dancing, the gaiety and very fine acting of Jane Withers will endear you to this little nine-year-old who is considered among the best actresses of Hollywood.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S LATEST PICTURE

If you have seen Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel," then you will remember how beautiful she looked in old-fashioned clothes. In her new film, "The Littlest Rebel" which comes to the Metropolitan Theatre on March 6, Shirley will wear long pantallettes and crinoline again. Shirley will play the part of a pretty little girl during the time of the American Civil War. She is going to sing old songs and dance old dance steps for us once more. She is going to laugh and cry to our delight.

"The Littlest Rebel" tells the story of a once happy family who suffers because of war. The peaceful home of John Boles and Karen Morley (Shirley's parents in the picture) is disturbed by the enemy, and Shirley loses her mother. Jack Holt plays the part of a gallant officer of the opposite army who aids the father of Shirley in his escape. Throughout the pic-



ture, you will see a more beautiful and bigger Shirley sing and dance. You will pity her in her suffering, and you will be made happy when she laughs. Beautiful Southern scenes will be the setting of this newest and most delightful of the pictures made by Shirley Temple.

For Your Cooking Games

VACATION is here again—the time for play and fun. You will put away your books once more, bring out the skipping rope and the dolls. But you cannot play skipping rope and dolls every day, especially if you are a big girl in the intermediate grades. You will need some games that will show your parents and your brothers and sisters and friends what you have learned in the past year. You will need new cooking games.

For the benefit of those girls—and even boys—who intend to spend lazy summer afternoons playing with pots and pans, we have a number of cooking recipes which are healthful and easy to prepare—recipes which even your parents will enjoy. You do not have to cook rice and fish always—vegetables are more delicious and easier to prepare.

STRING BEANS

String beans fit in very well with games. Ask your mother to buy some for you and your friends when she goes to market—the amount you need will depend on how many you are in the game. *Sitaw*, *habichuelas* and other string beans are very good for children and go well with rice.

Here is one way of preparing string means:

Wash the string beans and remove the "string," or the fiber which you will find if you break the tips of the bean. If the beans are not very long, you may cook them whole, but if you want them shorter, you may cut them into three or four pieces each. Drop them into boiling salted water. Let them boil for about 25 minutes or more. A small piece of fat cut into small pieces and cooked with the beans will improve their flavor. Shrimps, salted and shelled, will make your string beans more attractive.

The Balloon

I am a red, red balloon. I sail above your heads. Far from the reach of your hands I float. The sun shines warmly about me, while the breeze play gently with me. I bob up and down, then I sail to the length of my string, far, far above your heads.

I see farther than you can see, for I rise high above the streets, high above the heads of people lined for the parade. The sound of music comes clear in the distance, greeting me first, for I float so high. I can see the lovely ladies in the beautiful floats. I can see the foolish monkey and the big-headed man. I can see the tip of the nose of the small elephant which sits so still upon its legs of wood. I can see the ring of the queen as it glints in the sun, and the beads of fatigue that gather above her pretty mouth. I can see these things better than you can.

You think you choose me. I choose you. I know whom I like, whom I would wish to own me. For I'm a pretty red balloon, and my home is the sun. I choose the little girls and boys who may hold me for a while. I feel so happy when a pretty little girl with clean little hands pats my back. I feel so gay when a clean little boy with fingers well trimmed play ball with me. For clean hands do not hurt, short nails do not prick with points that leave me so weak. Clean boys and clean girls must have homes that are clean and happy—a home in which I would love to stay. So when a little dirty-fingered boy with his hair in his eyes looks up at me with desire, I strain away. I try to hide, to be away from the stare of his eager eyes. I can not feel happy with a boy whose nails are claws, whose palms are beds for all the harmful things that are left by dirt. And when this little boy buys me, I strain away. I long to be free from him. And if he holds me, pricking me with the ends of his darkened nails, I scream with a long blast of air, free at last leaving him with a length of string and a piece of shattered rubber in his hand.

The Story of March

BECAUSE of its howling winds and stormy weather, the month of March was named by the Romans after Mars, the God of War. Mars was represented as a big giant with a frightful face bearing a spear in one hand and a shield in another. He it was who incited people to go to war.

Many stories have been told about Mars. One story tells why the cock crows at dawn. It runs thus:

Mars and Venus loved each other. Wishing to keep their love a secret they met only at night. They did not want Apollo the Sun God to see them, so

he had his servant Allectryon keep watch. Allectryon was to warn Mars of the approach of Apollo. One night the servant fell asleep and failed to call Mars at dawn. Apollo saw the lovers and told the other gods about them. For failing in his duty, Mars changed Allectryon into a cock that must always crow before sunrise.

Another story tells how a son of Mars founded the glorious city of Rome which became a powerful empire. The Romans believed that they were under the special protection of the God of War. They thought that he himself led them into battle and gave them victory.

HOB BY PAGE

Conducted by gilmo baldovino

The Dancing Dick

THIS funny little fellow, Dancing Dick, is easily and quickly made if you follow the instructions given below. It can be made to dance. If you make two such toys, they can be made to stage a boxing match.

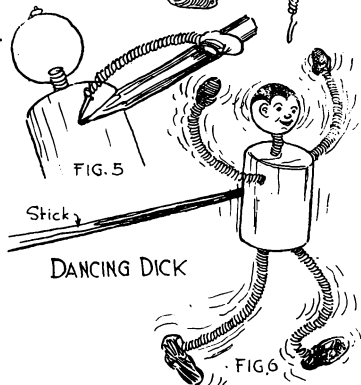
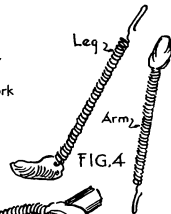
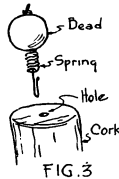
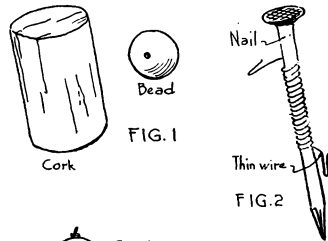
Get a cork for the body and a bead for the head (Figure 1).

Make a small spring by winding very thin wire around a nail, as shown in Figure 2.

Then fix the head to the body. Push one end of the spring you made into the bead. Put the other end into the body as in figure 3.

Now, make four more springs for the arms and legs. To one end of each of the springs place a piece of sealing wax or pieces from a candle stick to form the hands and feet, as in Figure 4. You can easily soften the wax or wax-candle by placing it in hot water. After you have put the wax on each end of the springs, push the arms and legs into the body with the point of a pencil as in Figure 5.

Then paint the head by drawing a funny mouth, a nose and eyes. The hair may be painted also. If you wish, you may make a small paper cap or hat and glue it on the little fellow's head.



Finally, fix him on the end of a thin stick as shown in figure 6. By moving the stick up and down, back and forth, left and right, you will have great fun with your Dancing Dick.

Aunt Julia's True Stories

Philippine Fresh Water Fishes

The Mudfish or Dalag

THE most important true fresh-water fishes are mudfish or *dalag*, climbing perch or *martinico*, and the catfish or *hito*, and *handuli*.

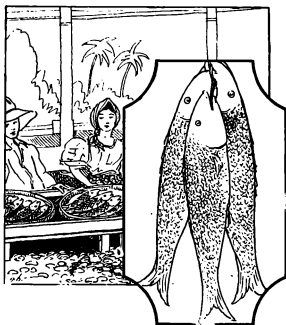
The *dalag* is the most highly prized of the fresh-water fishes. It is well known as it is found throughout the Philippines. It is very much liked by people in Central Luzon, but it is not eaten by many Visayans and Bicolanos. It is not so popular because of its dark gray color and because of the fact that it is found even in ponds and mudholes. But its flesh has a fine flavor if the fish is thoroughly cleaned and well prepared. Ask your mother how she dresses the *dalag*. Does she simply remove the scales? How is the skin whitened? It is generally believed that two broad scales under the fins, when not removed, give a strong fishy smell to the cooked *dalag*. Find out if this is true. You obtain *dalag* from the market strictly fresh. When your mother buys a *dalag*, what does the seller do before the fish is handed to your mother?

Dalag boiled in water with ginger and white squash, *pechay*, or *upo* makes a very popular dish among the Tagalogs and Pampangos. It is eaten with tomato sauce mixed with a kind of soya bean cake called *misó*. Have you tried it?

Dalag is different from other fishes in that it does not breathe by the gills alone. Do you notice a cavity or hollow space in its head? The fish goes to the surface of the water for air. It is taken into the cavity.

Dalag are very hardy; that is, they can live under unfavorable conditions. Sometimes they travel through wet grassy or muddy ground until they reach ponds and flooded rice fields. The widespread belief that they are buried under sun-baked mud is not true.

How is *dalag* caught in your locality?



The Climbing Perch or Martinico

The *martinico* has become famous because of its ability to live out of the water, to move about on the land, and even to climb the rough trunk of certain palms.

The flesh is good, but the fish is small and has many hard bones. It therefore does not command a good price.

Like the *dalag*, the climbing perch takes in air through the cavity in the head and through the gills. It can live even in semi-liquid mud. It is said that it can stay out of water as long as six days if kept in a moist earthen jar.

The Catfishes

Hito is a catfish that lives only in fresh water. Why do you think it is called catfish? It is not very popular because of its slimy skin. It has to be thoroughly cleaned and carefully prepared.

The *handuli* is another catfish. It is found in both fresh and salt water. Many people have a strong dislike for *handuli*. Find out why. In many places far from the sea, however, these fresh-water fishes are the only fish that can be obtained fresh.

LEARNING THE USE OF NEW WORDS

Find out if you remember the words you learned last month by supplying the names of the objects in this story.

Every night my sister takes a warm bath. She wears a fresh night gown which she gets from her _____. Then she sits before her _____. She looks at herself in the _____. She passes a _____ through her hair. She uses a _____ afterwards. With a _____ she powders

her face. She files her nails with a _____. While filing her nails, she notices that her hair falls over her eyes. So she gets a _____ and cleans her hair for a while, then she braids it and puts it up with the help of a _____ and a _____. After this, she gets a book from her _____ and reads for an hour. She takes care that the light from the electric _____ passes her left shoulder. The pink _____ of her lamp softens the light. At ten o'clock, she goes to bed.

HEALTH SECTION

The Magic of Sleep

By Miss DOLORES TENSUAN *

DO you know that there is a certain magician who helps much in giving you strength, growth, and beauty and in making you more active, alert and cheerful? Well, that magician is sleep. No doubt, you wonder how sleep does all these.

Have you ever experienced sitting up late at night? Of course, you all have. When you come to class in the morning, you feel very weak, tired, cross and inattentive. No matter how hard you try to keep your eyes wide open and to understand your teacher's explanations, you can't help but sleep. It is because your tired muscles and your tired brain need rest. They are too weary to work, so you must rest them, and that can be done by sleeping.

Do you notice how little babies sleep and how fast they grow? Sleep, more than anything else, helps children grow. Some say that the only time you grow is while you sleep. Children need to grow fast, that is why you need more sleep than grown-ups.

A baby is like a machine, say, an automobile. It wears out with constant use, but it is better than the machine because it can repair itself and be as good as ever if it has a chance for sleep, fresh air, and nourishing food. The most important, however, is sleep. It makes no difference how much water you drink or how much nourishing food you eat, but you will not be able to work and grow unless you get plenty of sleep. Not only does sleep show in your health and the growth of your body but it also shows in your school work and in your habits of mind. A child who has sufficient amount of sleep is more active and attentive in both studies and play than one who lacks sleep.

* Teacher, Washington Elementary School.

Furthermore, sleep makes a child more cheerful and more beautiful. A child who lacks sleep is usually thin, pale and cross, whereas one who gets the proper amount of sleep is healthy, rosy, and cheerful. You see that sleep is indeed a magician.

To have the full benefit of sleep you must observe these rules:

1. Have a regular bed time. [1



order to get at least ten hours of sleep every night, you must go to bed at eight o'clock. Don't be late.

2. Wash your face, neck, hands, and feet or take a sponge bath or a quick shower.

3. Change the clothes you have worn during the day.

4. Brush your teeth and hair.

5. Open the windows.

6. Use enough covering to keep warm but do not sleep with your head under the covers.

7. Use a mosquito net.

8. Go to sleep promptly. It is not good to think about things after you go to bed. Think only of how sleepy you are as soon as you lie down.

Strange Facts

China's first railroad was built in 1876. It connected Shanghai and Wusung. But there were several riots because of age-old superstitions that the government put a stop to the operation. They tore up the rails and ran the engines into the river.

*

More than 160,000,000,000 cigarettes are smoked each year.

*

There is a law in Indiana which prohibits cigarette smoking.

*

A modern machine for making cigarettes can produce more than 1,200 a minute, while a handworker can make only five a minute.

The oldest newspaper in the world is the Peking News. It is 1400 years old already. It began publication 950 years before printing from movable type was invented in Europe.

*

Tibet has only one newspaper. It is a monthly.

*

It was found that Jews do not have the longest noses. Surgeons report that the Armenians and the tall English have longer noses.

*

In China, there is a very sacred custom of politeness between a host and a guest. If the host invites his guest to enter first, the guest is supposed to refuse the invitation. And if the guest enters first, the host will be insulted. Thus, after the little ceremony of invitation and refusal, the host and his guest enter together.

*

In Java, a person of a higher class pays the lower class a high compliment if he offers one of them his half-chewed betel.

*

In Turkey, all beauty prize winners are forbidden from teaching school.

Have you ever heard the story of Captain Kidd? Captain Kidd was a mighty pirate of the sea. He was feared by many people of his time. Today, little people love to read about his daring adventures.

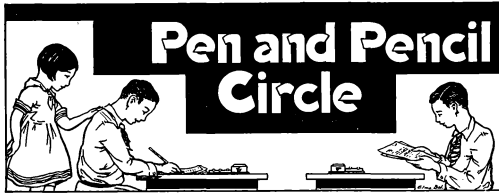
Here is a picture of a boy. He is trying to imitate Captain Kidd, the pirate. I am sure you will have great pleasure in coloring it.

DRAWING LESSONS

FOR LITTLE
ARTISTS

by *gilmo baldovino*





Pen and Pencil Circle

Dear Aunt Alma,

The article about the boy scouts interested me very much. What a lot of fun the boys must have had when they went to the United States. I would like to learn their yells and their cheers. I intend to be a boy scout and go places, too.

I am a Cub of Pack Number: Two, Den Three. I also learn to cheer and yell. Every Saturday, we have a meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association. Our Den Chief is Ramon de la Rosa. Our Cub Master is Mr. Jose Trinidad.

I am glad you published an article about the Cubs. It was very interesting.

Sincerely yours,

Jose Ma. Cristobal
Sta. Mesa Elem. School
Grade IV-A

Dear Jose,

I am pleased to find out that you enjoyed our article on the Cubs. I hope you found something useful in the article mentioned. Why don't you ask the other Cubs of your den to look over the article? Then you can discuss it afterwards in one of your meetings. Write to us again about your experiences in your Den. I am sure other children will enjoy them.

Aunt Alma

Dear, Aunt Alma,

How would you like to know about the arrival of Hon. Jose E. Romero in our place last January twenty-sixth? We had prepared for his coming. The cannons were fired when he arrived. We decorated the school, and we had a parade. After the parade, we went to the monu-

ment of Rizal where a program was held. After this, there was a banquet. Speaker Gil Montilla, ex-Speaker Manuel Roxas and Pres. Manuel Quezon spoke through the radio.

I hope you will be interested in reading my letter.

Sincerely yours,

Pilar Samson
Tanjay, Negros Oriental

Dear Pilar,

Of course I was interested by your letter. The welcome you gave Hon. Jose Romero must have been very enjoyable. Were you with the parade and did you take part in the program? I am glad to find out that your school participated with such civic spirit.

Aunt Alma

Dear Aunt Alma,

I have read much about other schools and other children in *The Young Citizen*. I believe other children will be interested to know something about the Santa Mesa Elementary School.

Our main building is on Puraza Street, Santa Mesa. This two-story building has a wide hall and ten very big rooms. Each room can accommodate a hundred pupils, so you can just imagine what a hard time we have trying to keep our room clean. I am proud to say that our floor is so shiny that we can see our faces on them.

There is a white fountain in the front yard of our school. It is great fun to watch the pretty gold fish and the yellow water lilies in it. There is a flower garden around it, too. We have tall palm trees and wide grass lawns. The whole school

(Please turn to page 73)

YOUNG WRITERS

MY GUAVA TREE

There is a little guava tree
That grows beside my kitchen door.
It stands alone, upright and free,
The sky its roof, the earth its floor.

Full many a day when school is
done,

And out the window I would look.
The birds are there though fruits
are gone,

Just like the picture in a book.

Manuela de Guiza
VII-B

THE GIRL I MET

I met a little girl,
Chasing a dragon fly,
told her not to try,
For she can't be so spry.

At last, she came to a little brook,
And down she fell,
And that was the punishment
Of such a cruel girl.

Loreto G. Yee
IV-A *

THE FISH AND THE BIRD

I

High, high, on the tree top
A little birdie sings;
Down deep in the blue sea
The Angel fish swims.

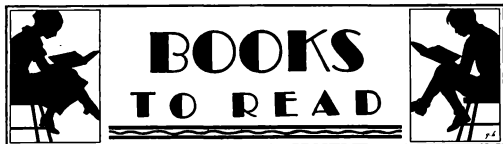
II

A fish in the sea,
A bird on the tree,
Make a home and a life,
Sweet as sweet could be.

III

With a hook and a line
That I have in my mind
The little fish and the bird
Will soon be mine.

By Praxedes B. Tupas



BREAD AND CHEESE

By Doris and George Hauman

Here is a jolly fairy tale for even the smallest children. It tells in a gay, sprightly manner the story of Buttercup, a yellow cow, and Daisy, a little white lamb, who lived in a big blue barn under a smooth green hill. Life was very serene for them. They munched grass on the green hillside, lay under the crooked apple tree, and produced milk for Two Happy Children.

But Buttercup, being as near a fairy cow as any cow could be, had to obey the wishes of a Little Old Woman who lived on the other side of the hill. This Little Old Woman loved bread and cheese. Once Buttercup forgot, and a dreadful thing happened!

The book is attractively illustrated. The Haumans, parents as well as artists, seem to know just how to catch that irresistible humor which belongs in books of this happy age of childhood.

THE CHILDREN'S SECRET

(Continued from page 47)

her on the side.

Irma got up and went in. The other two followed. A long conference was held. Then they went to their aunt.

"Tia Ibana, here is the money. Two-fifty in all." Irma placed the pile of centavos on the table. "Have it placed in a beautiful box."

On Sunday the children got up very early. They entered their mother's room on tiptoe. They swooned upon her on the bed and kissed her on the face and on the hair. After placing a box on Mother's lap, they sang,

"Happy birthday to you!

THE LOST MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Dorothy Lathrop

All children who love merry-go-rounds and the other fun-machines of childhood will find "The Lost Merry-Go-Round" a new and fascinating adventure into the world of imagination. The book contains a delightful collection of animal adventures which centers around the discovery of a grass-grown, rusty merry-go-round in Flittermouse Wood by children who were looking for a lost ball. While the children were playing with it, faint music was heard, and the merry-go-round began to move. And as each child clings to his chosen animal, the adventure stories are told—of Denny on the big dog; of Jim on the dragon which flies over the sea to Cockle Shell Island; of Peter on the bear; Rosemary on the Deer which go deeper into the woods, and so on.

The book has many interesting illustrations by the author. Pictures in color and in black and white will delight the children.

L. V. R.

Happy birthday to you.

Happy birthday, dear Mother.

Happy birthday to you."

"That is our secret, Mother," Frida declared proudly.

"We got all the money in our bank," Ernie explained.

"Thank you, my darlings. This is a very pleasant surprise." She drew them all to her breast.

"Open the box now, Mother, and see if you like our gift," Irma suggested.

Mother carefully untied the golden ribbon and removed the pretty wrapper. Pressing the cardboard box, she asked, "Is it a little book?"

"No!" shouted Frida.

"Is it a birthday cake?"

LEGEND OF THE ROSAL

(Continued from page 50)

close to Mother Nature. She formed them into pretty sets of petals and laid them upon the bowers of green which she had prepared. The Wind gathered the fragrances of the night and breathed them upon the newly-formed flowers which shone like soft stars in the evening darkness.

The next morning, the sun, peeping out of its mountain bed, spied the starry flowers. Touching them with his rays, he gave them lovely hearts of gold—his gift to Mother Nature's new creation. The bees and the butterflies hovered around the flowers, humming and buzzing with joy at the pretty sight.

This happened a long time ago. Today, when you go into your garden, do you ever notice the lovely flowers that glow so white and sweet among their leaves of dark green? Perhaps you call them the Rosal, but once upon a time, the velvet white petals that you touch and admire were the silver tips of stars.

"Oh, No. A cake is soon finished," Irma reminded her.

"Is it a box of powder?"

"Powder is soon used up," Ernie said.

"Well, dears, yours is a real secret and I am a poor guesser."

Lifting the lid, Mother saw a pretty, brown handbag. She opened it and found sixteen centavos in a tiny purse inside.

"This is what I call useful and lasting," she declared, holding up the handbag. "But what does the money mean?"

"Sixteen stands for the date of your birth," Irma explained. "The money also serves as a bait to attract more money. It means you will never find your bag empty."

"I see! My children know something their mother does not know. I like the gift and I love the givers."

The children were happy. They were also very proud because they could keep a secret.

MARCOS IN THE BLACK . . .

(Continued from page 49)

The giant examined the pointed end of the stick and with a snap of his tongue, stood up to get Marcos. The latter was prepared. He seized the giant's wrist and pulled it hard with a jerk. It broke. The giant was mad. He tried to seize Marcos with his left hand but that, too, broke. He lifted his right foot to crush Marcos, but before it landed, the latter had already twisted it and it fell back useless. He seized the giant's left foot and pulled it hard. The giant fell down. His head hit a big rock and he died shortly after.

Without a moment's delay, Marcos ran towards the entrance to the garden. Great was his disappointment when he discovered that all plants in the garden had the same color. Where was the plant with red leaves, white flowers, and blue bark which the old man told him about? He sat down and cried.

"Why are you so sad?" asked a high-pitched but sweet voice above him.

Marcos looked up. On the branch of a tree sat a bird with beautiful plumage. Its tail was white. The feathers that covered its body were red. Its legs were blue.

"Why are you so sad, my boy?" the bird repeated its question.

"I'm looking for the tree with red leaves, white flowers, and blue bark. An old man told me it is here but no such plant grows in this garden," Marcos replied.

"I believe you are a good boy. Nobody comes to this place unless he is good and unless he is a friend of the old man you have just mentioned. The tree you are looking for is in this garden but you cannot see it because it is a magic tree. I am the gardener here and I allow only good people to see it or make use of its charm to cure diseases or destroy evil. Now watch this tree while I sing a song," said the bird.

As the bird sang, the tree on which it sat began to change color. The leaves gradually turned red. The bark which was brown was becoming blue in color. At the end of the song, the leaves became dark

red and the bark, sky blue. Then out of the leaves sprang white flowers.

"Take what you want, my good boy," said the bird.

Marcos plucked a leaf and a flower. He also broke a piece of the bark. Then he thanked the bird and ran as fast as his legs could carry him towards the entrance. As soon as he was out of the cave, he went directly to the place where he met the old man. The latter was not there any more. In his stead was a handsome young prince leaping on a magnificent white horse. Another horse was near him.

"Can you tell me where the old man is?" Marcos asked the prince. "He was here when I left for the cave."

"I am he. A few months ago, a giant stole me from my father's palace. He brought me here and changed me to an old man. You killed the wicked giant a short time ago. His death broke the spell and now I have regained my former self. I thank you very much for helping me. Now I'm going back to my father's palace which is on the other side of this forest," the prince explained.

"Before I go," went on the prince, "let me give you this horse as a souvenir. You will find him very useful. Tied to the saddle of the horse, is a bag of gold coins. That is yours also. Don't worry about your mother for she is well now. She is waiting for you. You had better go. Good-bye."

They took opposite directions.

When Marcos reached home, his mother was at the door. She had no idea, at first, that it was Marcos who came on horseback. Marcos alighted and then beckoned his mother to go to him.

"Mother," he said, "please help me carry this bag to the house."

In the room, they opened the bag and poured its contents on the mat. The glittering gold coins dazzled their eyes.

"Where did you get all of these. Marcos?" asked the astonished mother.

Marcos related the whole story

VACATION DAYS

(Continued from page 45)

may go to picnics; we may see the movies; we may fly kites; we may go to the farm; and we may do many other things that we would like to do.

b. We must work to help our folks at home. Of course, during the long summer vacation we should not play all the time. We can help our mother, father, brothers and sisters daily. Perhaps the girls can give mother some vacation. During vacation they can let mother rest, they can do all the work in the home—cook, sew, wash, and tidy the house and the yard. The boys can help the father in his work—in the farm, in the stores. They can give father a vacation.

c. We must work to earn some money. Perhaps during vacation we may be able to get some job to earn some money to buy what we need for the next school year—books, papers, pencils, etc. We can sell newspapers and magazines, flowers, vegetables, candies; we can shine shoes; we can drive, we can do errands, and many other things which will bring us some money for the next school year.

d. We must continue to study. Vacation should not make us stop studying. We may stop reading our school books but there are many things that we can study which are not found in our school books—birds, flowers, trees, insects, and many other things. We can read newspapers, magazines and stories for our recreation in the evenings.

During school days let us study well our lessons so that we may not be delayed in our school progress. During vacation we must play, we must work to help our folks and earn some money, and we must continue to study.

Dr. I. PANLASIGUI

and when he was through, the mother said, "Yes, it was only about an hour ago that I regained my strength. Now, Marcos, my good boy, we shall be happy as long as we live."

Marcos kissed his mother on the forehead and ran downstairs to take care of his magnificent horse.

How Places Where Named

(Old Legends)

How Cebu Got Its Name

There is a story that Cebu was named Cebu due to a Chinese vendor residing in Cebu before the Spaniards came.

It was said that the Chinese used to shout "Se-bu" meaning the fat of the cow. It so happened that the Chinese shouted "se-bu" where the Spanish fleet came to anchor. The Spaniards not knowing the name of the place, thought that what they heard was the name. When the King of Spain asked what new place in the Philippines they have discovered, they answered "Cebu" changing the spelling of the original word, because they just spelled it according to what they heard not knowing what the real spelling was. From that time on until now the place is called Cebu.

Maria Cabaritan

The Origin of Sampaloc Lake

In the place where Sampaloc Lake now lies, there was once a prosperous barrio with several hundred people. In that barrio was a childless couple whose names were Bruno and Jacoba. Now, this couple had a Sampaloc tree whose fruits were famous for sweetness. Bruno being so selfish, would not give any of the fruits away without any payment.

Bruno and Jacoba were very unhappy because God had not given them a child. They really wanted a child, so they went to Ubando to pray there. In Bruno's anguish, his tongue slipped, and he promised

to give away his sampaloc fruits if only he could have a child.

It seemed that God heard their prayer so that within a few months Jacoba felt some change in her. In a few more months, she gave birth to a beautiful girl. They were wild with joy and loved the child so much that they would not even let a gust of wind touch her delicate features.

Years passed and famine swept their barrio. The only tree bearing fruits was Bruno's sampaloc tree. His selfishness came back and he began selling his fruits at exorbitant prices. An old man asked him for a fruit one day. He was so angry that he killed the old man. Immediately water rushed and flooded the barrio. Thus Sampaloc Lake began.

Isabel V. Chipongu

How Masantol Got Its Name

During the Spanish regime, Masantol, was entirely covered with many trees. This place was densely populated. There was only a couple living in this lonely place.

One day, a Spaniard happened to meet the old woman. The old woman tried to run as fast as she could, thinking that the Spaniard would do her harm. Later on, she found out that the Spaniard wanted only to know the name of that place. She cried "Masantol, Masantol!" pointing to the big santol trees surrounding their house.

Hence, since that time, that place was called Masantol meaning "many santol fruits."

Estela H. Isip

Scout Hermoso Saves Drowning Boy

Hero Belongs to Tribe 14

The timely "Good Turn" rendered by Scout Luciano Hermoso last February 17 is worth relating.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon of Feb. 17, Scout Hermoso planned to go swimming in the river near his school. He was with other Scouts and several classmates. Before they bathed, they noticed an eleven-year-old boy going back and forth on the bank with his sprinkler, fetching some water for his garden. At once Scout Hermoso sensed the danger. He was right, for soon there was a splash. This lad, Jose C. Nicolas, Jr., had fallen into the river. There was a commotion. Before anyone could shout for help, however, the hero appeared. Scout Hermoso, attracted by the noise, rushed and plunged into the stream without taking off his clothes. He snatched the boy and dragged him safely toward the bank. Little Jose was extremely pale and cold. The other Scouts had to rub him to restore his color and body temperature.

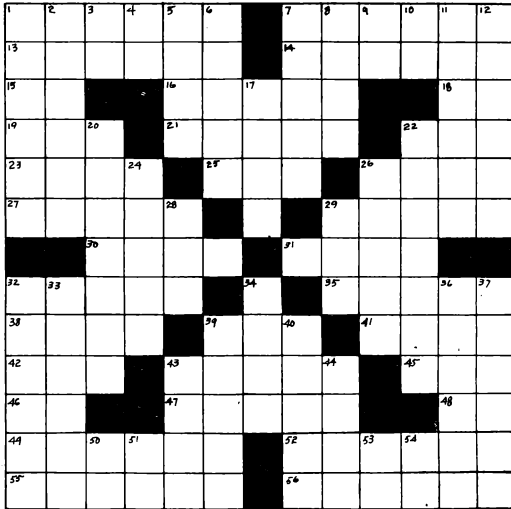
A sure death would have been met by this boy were it not for the timely arrival of the Hero Scout. The water was deep, and the boy did not know how to swim.

Upon hearing the story, the father of the boy wrote a letter of gratitude thanking the Scout for his preparedness. He also thanked the organization for its teachings about service to the community.

Scout Luciano Hermoso belongs to Tribe 14. Leaders and sponsors are now working to recommend him for the Life Saving Award, which he deserves.

Our Monthly Cross-Word Puzzle

Prepared by George Fletcher



VERTICAL

1. Ensnare
2. To combine with air.
3. One of United States of America (abbrev.)
4. Lieutenant (abbrev.)
5. Snake-like fishes
6. Agreement with reality.
7. A very young person.
8. Animal's skin
9. Preposition
10. New Hampshire (abbrev.)
11. Man's name
12. A commission
17. Peruse
20. Worthy of notice
22. Confines or fetters
26. Local situation
28. Allow
29. Philippine National League

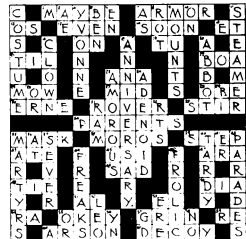
- (abbrev.)
32. Scenes or fields of combats
33. To cut or divide into two parts
34. Mast
36. To see or observe
37. Eras
39. A game played by two persons on checkered board
40. Groups of uncivilized people under one chief
43. A suit or action of law
44. Swimming sea bird resembling a gull
50. Sun god
51. Oliver Twist (abbrev.)
53. Bone
54. Oxford University (abbrev.)

HORIZONTAL

1. A young eagle
7. Alter

13. More tidy
14. Here
15. Train (abbrev.)
16. Pale
18. Conjunctive
19. Hastened
21. A tablet of stone used by Greeks
22. Parents, relatives, associates (abbrev.)
23. On top
25. Owned
26. Symbol, token, or mark
27. Part of a flower
29. Longed for, yearned
30. Measure of Land
31. Against
32. Male head of an Abbey
35. Girl's name
38. A small spring
39. Captain (abbrev.)
41. St. Nicholas on Parade (abbrev.)
42. Point of the compass
43. Map used by mariners
45. Santo (abbrev.)
46. New England (abbrev.)
47. Eagle's nest
48. International custom (abbrev.)
49. From side to side
52. On ornamental dress-clasp
55. Narrates
56. Succeeds

**ANSWER TO THE LAST
MONTH'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE**



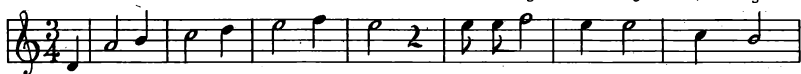
Kiko's Adventures--What Price Promotion.

by gilma baldovino

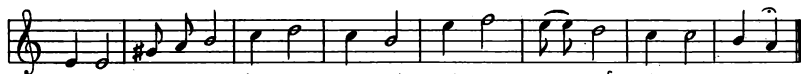


A Faithful Dog

Words and Music by Grade VI-A Pupils
Nasugbu Elementary School, Batangas



A faith-ful dog an old man had. Friends were they for man---y years.
He was so sad he could not eat. Nei-ther could he drink nor sleep.



But one cold dark day the old man died, And Bur-ter was left a-lone to grieve
He on-ly could watch his mor-ter's grave, Until-til at last he died of grief.

THE RUINS OF GUADALUPE

(Continued from page 55)

olutionists were repulsed. On February 19, 1899, General King ordered the church and convent set on fire together with all the houses in the village. Some Americans justified the burning as a military necessity and to punish the barrio for its obstinate resistance. Many thinking people, however, Americans and Filipinos alike, believe that at least the beautiful church as a place of Christian worship, should have been spared.

In the fire, the magnificent altar, priceless images, among which was that of the Virgin of Guadalupe, valuable paraphernalia, and silver utensils for church service were totally destroyed. Only the hardwood image of San Nicolas was salvaged by one of General Paciano's men who were reconnoitering the place after the Americans had retreated to Makati. The image was in the stone-vaulted mortuary chamber behind the sacristy and it was not touched by the fire. That same image is now housed in the small chapel of the town. Lucky, Saint Nicholas!

After the fire, marauders and souvenir hunters had a free hand. Chinese junkmen from Manila got every iron scrap they could lay their hands on. They pried up from the church floors glazed and marble tiles, and from the stairway, huge Chinese granite slabs. They suc-

PEN AND PENCIL

(Continued from page 67)

ground is surrounded by a gumamela hedge which supply us with plenty of red flowers everyday. Outside the fence are open fields and green trees.

Next time, I will try to send you a picture of our school.

Sincerely yours,

Julia San Jose
Grade IV-A

Dear Julia,

You have described your school so well that a picture is almost unnecessary. I believe other children in other schools will have a very clear idea of the kind of school building you study in. Not all of them are as lucky as you are. From your description, I gathered that you love your school and will do much to keep it beautiful. I will appreciate any picture you may send us.

Aunt Alma

ceeded in taking to the City some of Guadalupe's sonorous bells where they must have been melted for their valuable copper. Of the several church bells only two have been saved and are in active use—one at the Makati church, and the other, at the Guadalupe chapel. As the village was practically deserted at that time, the junkmen and other marauders did their plundering business unmolested. A villager, however, returning to town met a

THE ADVENTURES OF

(Continued from page 53)

Anyway we shall not be able to sleep tonight with the wandering souls chanting their way through the town."

"I can get for you my grandfather's fighting cock," another offered. "It is tied in a corner of the kitchen behind a low table."

"Oh, No, No." Tonio cut in. "I have some savings. My Lolo said I could spend it for anything. It will be enough for a big hen and some loaves of bread."

With the help of their Ka José's father, the boys succeeded in preparing a decent midnight lunch. Meanwhile the other boys lurked in the deep shadows of the trees and glided stealthily from backyard to backyard in the hope of finding chickens in their ordinary roosts. In spite of the precautions the owners had taken in locking up their chickens, there were some wayward ones that rewarded the vigilance of the night prowlers.

(To be continued)

Chinese junkman carting two bells to Manila, and recognizing the bells as those from the ruins, he ordered the Celestial to return the stolen bells. The junkman refused, and to scare him away, the man drew his bolo. The rascal, fearing for his life, lost no time in running to the city without even looking back, leaving bells and all.

(Please turn to page 74)

THE RUINS OF GUADALUPE

(Continued from page 73)

After peace was declared, the few survivors of the once populous town returned and built temporary huts of bamboo and cogon grass. Weeds, vines, and parasitic plants practically covered the ruins and their premises and nobody dared to enter the place for fear of snakes. At night the somber appearance of the ruins made superstitious people believe they saw headless friars haunting the ruins, staying guard over their hidden treasures. Others thought they saw the ghosts of warriors who were hurriedly buried in the adjoining grounds where they fell during past battles.

Later, the ruins and their premises were ordered cleaned, and then people from far and near came as curious visitors and etched their names on the hoary walls, perhaps unmindful that they were adding notoriety to their vandalic fame. Picnickers came and went, some careless ones leaving the garbage of their lunches to greet other visitors who really had appreciation for beauty.

Then one day something happened. A few Spaniards came and held a whole day outing at the ruins. They indulged in merry-making and stayed till dark. Some villagers who happened to be passing that way saw men leaving the ruins and carrying a heavy iron chest which they took to the launch which was waiting at the river landing. The villagers believed that the chest must have contained thousands of pesos in silver and gold coins. Some of the picknickers, they said, must have been friars for they had tonsures, but wore civilian clothes to avoid the suspicion of the townsmen.

The two villagers told their neighbors what they had seen and the next day scores of villagers went to the ruins and to their astonishment they saw under the convent stairway a section of the wall newly opened from which the chest must have been extracted the day before. In the past, nobody even

suspected that such a clear-surfaced wall contained any valuable treasure behind it.

"There must be some more hidden treasures buried here," they said, and the mad search was on. Villagers, old and young, people from far and near, came with bars, picks, and shovels and dug everywhere—the floors, the walls, the arches, and nooks where they suspected hollow sound. Even some American soldiers from Fort McKinley joined the hunt, and believing that some treasures were buried with the old padres, they dug the vaults of these also, but found only moldy bones. One of the soldiers found a metal collar button among the bones and he considered it as a great find. Later, other diggers found two new openings in the convent—one near the middle stair landing, and the other, in the floor of an adjoining room. They presumed that these openings were dug by those who had secured the first chest. The discovery of the new excavations further increased the enthusiasm of the treasure hunters.

One dark night the villagers heard an explosion in the ruins and with lanterns and clubs they rushed up the hill to find out what caused the explosion. To their surprise they came upon two American soldiers who, in the dim glow of their flashlight, looked scared—nay more scared than the frantic villagers. To save energy, the soldiers said, they had used a stick of dynamite to blast the middle floor of the mortuary chamber, but they found nothing. Warned by the *teniente del barrio* that they would be reported to the proper authorities, their digging ventures came to an end. Others resumed the digging and only after years of vain excavating that the search finally stopped. But the church and convent presented a sorry sight with big holes and mounds of debris scattered around the walls were pick-marked at several places.

An effort was made by the Augustinian order to restore the church and convent, but due to the high cost of restoration, the idea was giv-

ten up. Former President Benton of the University of the Philippines once visited the ruins to size up the suitability of the place as a possible site for the University when the authorities were then considering the transfer of that institution outside of Manila.

Not long ago the ruins have been leased to Mr. F. Umbreit, a prominent business man of the City. With some repairs and adjustments this gentleman has converted a part of the convent into a comfortable country home. A lover of the antique and of nature he has done much to preserve the beauty of the ruins by affecting needed repairs, filling and levelling holes left by treasure and souvenir hunters. Every room on the ground floor of the convent is a garden plot, and various kinds of decorative plants have been brought from the city at great expense and are now growing on well-kept lawns on the three sides of the church and convent. Every visitor who has seen the clean and well-cared for gardens of the ruins has expressed admiration for the beautiful improvements made under Mr. Umbreit's supervision evidently at great expense and effort. The ruins are fenced to discourage unauthorized individuals from entering the premises and thus prevent the further mutilation of the venerable pile.

At present the ruined sanctuary in its majestic silence stands as a reminder of the past and recalls to the visitor many events in ecclesiastical, political, and revolutionary history—piety, peace, intrigue, war, and even romance. Its walls, bullet- and shell-scarred testify to the frenzy of war, and as the visitor gazes in wonder, he is awed by the age and beauty of the pile and the artistry of its builders. Its massive walls, flat arches, exquisite stone carvings, the mortuary crypt, its rain-water tanks, its cloister-like arrangement—all are characterized by beauty and strength which the destructive hand of man so far has failed to utterly destroy. During moonlight nights when the moon-

(Please turn to page 76)

THE IDLE BUTTERFLY

An idle, white-winged butterfly
Strayed into a garden,
He flitted here, he flitted there,
Then fluttered o'er a flower.

He took a sip of sweet nectar,
"Ah, life is good!" he said,
"The sun is high, the breeze is cool,
The flowers fresh and full."

But then a cloud bumped with a breeze
And spilled a bit of dew
That trickled down the wing of white,
Upon the flower rested light.

The idle butterfly looked up,
"Ah, life is good," he said,
"Now I can take my sip of nectar
"With clear, refreshing water."

L. V. R.

Makale, Ethiopia's "Salt Seller"

By J. C. P.

To you, salt may appear of very little value. But the moment you run out of salt and have to go without it, you will realize how important it is. Makale is an important city of Ethiopia, chiefly, because it is the center for distributing salt. In this country, salt is used as an article of food and as currency. You can buy anything in Ethiopia with salt just as you do here with money.

Once a month thousands of merchants and their camels leave Makale for the salt lakes of Danakil. Here layers of dried salt and sand, broken into blocks weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each, are offered for sale. A salt block costing less than a centavo in Danakil is sold for seven centavos in Makale. At a place about a hundred miles south of Makale, the same block may be sold for a peso.

Forty-one years ago, Makale was in the hands of Italian troops. After about a year the city was taken back by the Ethiopians. Now it is again occupied by the Italians.

The city of Makale stands on a number of hills. High mountains

guard it on the east, northeast, and southeast. Because of its salt trade, it can well support a population of 15,000 people. It is one of the largest, busiest, and most prosperous settlements in the Ethiopian province of Tigre.

The round native houses are scattered over hillsides. There are a few churches, a large market, and a large stone palace. Several native huts are frequently surrounded by a rough wall inclosing a family's dwellings, live stock and garden. Little irrigation ditches supply water for gardens of flowers, ferns, and fruit trees such as orange, lime and lemon. There are birds of bright feathers, among which are the green and yellow pigeons.

The people of Makale are very proud of their palace. It was built by an Italian architect for King Johannes, during whose times Makale was used as the capital of Ethiopia. The palace which was strongly constructed of limestone blocks, also served as a fort. The grounds are inclosed by two outer walls.

Note.—The information was

WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG

True Anecdotes

A poor young man from the Ilocos was on a boat bound for Manila. It was his ambition to finish a course in the big city. On the boat, there were other young men who were also on their way to Manila. They were rich. Their clothes and manners showed that they had plenty of money. They would gather on the deck to talk noisily about what they did with their money. As they talked, they smoked expensive cigars. The poor boy also wanted to smoke but he could not afford even cheap cigars. So he stayed on the deck with the rich young men and inhaled the smoke blown toward him.

In Manila, the poor student worked and studied so hard that he got ahead of the rich students. He became a successful lawyer and later served in the highest court of the land. He was also one time president of the University of the Philippines. The poor boy was Hon. Ignacio Villamor.

THE RUINS OF GUADALUPE

(Continued from page 74)

beams fall on its gray walls which cast their shadows on the plateau, the pile presents a glorious picture which has an appeal to all lovers of the beautiful. In the peace of some night when soft breezes waft upon its walls, the imaginative passerby seems to hear the sound of a solemn mass and sacred hymns sung by an invisible choir for the repose of souls long departed.

The ruined pile is but a shadow of its former glory, and if its ancient walls had the power of speech, they could tell to the legions of admiring visitors many interesting events which took place during more than three centuries of their existence. In their dignified silence the ruins of Guadalupe stand as an important landmark in Philippine history.

taken from the Geographic News Bulletin

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WATCH TOTOY
CLOSELY. SEE
WHAT HE WILL
DO NEXT
MONTH.





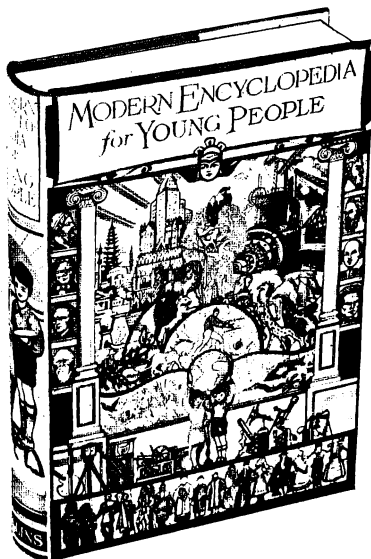
Chemically, there is no great difference between a diamond and good coal. Carbon is the principal ingredient in both. Yet the value of a one-pound diamond is given as P1,500,000 while high-grade anthracite, at P24 a ton, is worth only .003 centavos (three tenths of the centavo) a pound.

Using these figures you can readily determine that a one-pound diamond is worth 1,250,000,000 times its equal in coal. Or putting it another way, a one-pound diamond will buy 62,500 tons of coal at P24 a ton. To transport that much coal would require 20 trains, 60 cars in a train, and 50 tons of coal in each car. Or again, a single train made up of these cars, each car 25 feet long, would make a train nearly six miles long.

Likewise, quality DOES have considerable influence in determining the real value of printing.

—Schaphorst

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