

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

AUGUST, 1937

AP201  
y0  
v.3  
no.7

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES  
LIBRARY

30 Centavos

NOV 13 1938



PP

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

This Magazine Is Approved by the Bureau of Education

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 7

AUGUST · 1937

## • STORIES

Joe, the Little Detective— <i>Antonio Muñoz</i> .....	202
Ester Learned a Lesson— <i>Elisa Marquez</i> .....	204
Why Pedong Succeeded— <i>Antonio Muñoz</i> .....	205
Fifi— <i>B. Hill Canova</i> .....	206

## • POEMS

My Baby Brother— <i>Lola de la Paz-Gabriel</i> .....	101
Daisies— <i>Frank Demster Sherman</i> .....	211
Mother Earth Awakens— <i>Elisa Marquez</i> .....	219

## • CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP

The Golden Star— <i>Dolores Tensuan</i> .....	212
Among the Boy Scouts— <i>Ricardo de la Cruz</i> .....	225

## • HEALTH AND SAFETY

He is Old Enough— <i>Quirico A. Cruz</i> .....	221
Antonio— <i>B. Hill Canova</i> .....	222
Rosauro and His Glass of Milk— <i>Elisa Marquez</i> .....	222

## • SCIENCE AND NATURE STUDY

This Earth of Ours .....	218
Homes in the Animal Kingdom .....	218
Plants About Us .....	219
The Bed Bug .....	220

## • WORK AND PLAY

Quarrying Stones for Building— <i>Francisco Carballo</i> .....	208
The Good Readers' Corner .....	210
Color These .....	214
Things To Do— <i>B. Hill Canova</i> .....	216
Alligator Lake— <i>Fortunata Asuncion</i> .....	224
Jokes .....	224
The Young Citizen Pantry— <i>Miss Juliana Millan</i> .....	225
Kiko's Adventures .....	228

## • MUSIC

The Raindrops— <i>I. Alfonso</i> .....	215
--	-----

## • PEN AND PENCIL CIRCLE .....

## • YOUNG WRITERS' SECTION .....

Published monthly by the Community Publishers, Inc., Tel. 5-58-89, 405 P. Faura, Manila, Philippines. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Manila Post Office on May 16, 1935.  
Editorial Director: *Jose E. Romero*, Staff Editor: *Ligaya V. Reyes*, Contributing Editors: *Juliana C. Pareda*, *I. Penabazco* and *Antonio Muñoz*, Staff Artist: *Pedro Pagana*, Business Manager: *Emiliana Garcia-Rosales*.  
Subscription Price: ₱3.00 for one year of 12 issues; \$2.00 in the United States and foreign countries. Single copy, 30 centavos.

Subscriptions are to be paid to Community Publishers, Inc.

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



## My Baby Brother

Do you know my baby brother,  
 He that brings us endless cheer?  
 He with blue eyes, scanty hair  
 Such dainty lips that smile e'er wear?

He with cheeks so chubby and pink,  
 Pink little hands and heels that kick,  
 Cute li'l nose and a double chin,  
 The sweetest one a stork can bring.

He enjoys the sight of new friend,  
 Around his crib of velvet green,  
 He smiles to say "Hello, dear!"  
 Or I'm so glad to see you here."

Do you know that cute little boy.  
 That brings a world of endless joy?  
 He is my baby brother cute,  
 A priceless treasure that can't be bought.

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel



## LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

## Joe, The Little Detective

By ANTONIO C. MUÑOZ



There are several characters in this story. Pick out the one you like best and be prepared to tell why you like him.

ONE day an old woman reported to the principal of a school that the eggs in her hen's nest had been continually disappearing. She suspected a school boy as the one doing the mischief.

"Why do you suspect one of the school boys?" asked the principal.

"Because no other persons go near my home," replied the old woman. "Sometimes they play under my house."

"Do they always go there?" again asked the principal.

"Five of them are there every day," said the old woman, "and no matter how much I threaten them with a stick, they don't pay any attention to me."

"Please give their names," requested the principal.

After the old woman had given the names of the five boys, the principal called the janitor and told him to get them from their classes.

"On my way here," said the old woman, "I went downstairs to see if the remaining eggs were there. I found out, sir, that another egg was again missing. I counted four before I ate my dinner and now there are only three. The boys were there before school began this afternoon."

Just then the janitor came back with the boys named by the old woman. They giggled and whispered to each other when they saw the old person whom they teased every day.

"I'll call the roll and don't fail to say 'Present' when your name is called," said the principal to the boys.

"Juan."

"Present."

"Pedro."

"Present."

"Felipe."

"Present."

"Tomas."

"Present."

"Pablo."

No answer.

"Pablo!" repeated the principal in a louder voice.

"Absent," responded one of the boys.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Sent out by the teacher for being tardy," said Tomas.

"Aha!" exclaimed the principal smiling a little.

"Boys," he said addressing the four before him, "why do you bother Iya Sabel every day? I mean, why do you insist on playing at her home after she has driven you away? She has been losing eggs under her house. This afternoon another one was stolen. One of you must be the thief. What do you say?"

"Not we," answered Tomas. "Pablo perhaps. You see, sir, he was tardy. Why? He must have gone back to the house of Iya Sabel after our games and ran away with the egg."

"I guess so," the principal muttered.

"Janitor," called the principal, "go and see if Pablo is in his class now. If he is there, tell the teacher that I want to see him in the office."

While this scene was going on in the office of the principal, a little boy about twelve years old was standing at the door. Nobody noticed him. He was there with a note from his teacher for the principal but he did not deliver it for the principal was busy with the old woman and the boys.

"What is it, Joe?" asked the principal.

"It's a note from Mr. Torres," the boy replied.

Just then the janitor came back with a boy who looked scared.

"Just wait a while, Joe," said the principal. "I'll be through with these boys very soon."

"Pablo," he said addressing the newcomer, "were you at the house of Iya Sabel before school began this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir, but I went home ahead of the other boys."



"You came late to school, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you came late because you went under the house of Iya Sabel and stole one of the eggs in the nest."

"No, sir."

"Why were you late then?"

"I met my mother on the way. She was carrying two big bundles of soiled clothes. I had to help her although I knew that the bell had rung. When I reached the school grounds, all the pupils were in. Mr. Torres told me to stay out until the end of the first period."

*(Please turn to page 230)*

## READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

### Ester Learned a Lesson

Miss ELISA MARQUEZ \*



“ESTER,” called the mother gently. “Ester, it is about time now that you go to bed. Put that book down, dear, and run to bed like a good child.”

Ester looked at her mother with pleading eyes as she said with a smile. “Mother, may I not stay up for just half an hour more? This story is so interesting that I hate to break up its thought. Just half an hour more, mother.”

Mrs. Cruz, Ester’s mother, loved her daughter so much that she did not want to hurt her feeling. But she did not want her daughter to disregard health rules, too. Ester was quite a bright girl but her health was rather poor. Of

course, Mrs. Cruz did not like Ester to get sick by staying up later than her usual time for sleeping.

Quickly, Mrs. Cruz thought of a plan to make Ester follow health rules willingly and without complaints. She approached Ester lightly and began, “Ester, like you, I, too, loved books very much. Indeed my love for books was so great that I hated to see the big clock point its hand to dinner time and bedtime. Your grandfather wanted me to observe a regular time for going to bed. But I was rather hard-headed. Without his knowledge I read and stayed up late. I did this until . . .”

“Until what happened to you?” asked Ester whose interest was now centered on the mother’s story.

“Until I felt that I was getting weaker and thinner. The worst part was when I woke up one morning with a severe headache and fever.”

“Do you mean to say that you felt seriously ill?” queried the sympathetic Ester.

“Yes, child, I had to lie in bed for a long time. But the worst punishment I probably had was when the doctor told me not to read for a long time since my eyes were failing me. My health was also weakened.”

“That is rather hard. You must have suffered much,” commented Ester.

“Yes, dear, I really suffered much and

\* Teacher, San Miguel Elementary School, Manila.

(Please turn to page 230)

## Why Pedong Succeeded

By Antonio C. Muñoz

Here is a father's story which was responsible for the success of a boy in his studies. Read it and find out why Pedong succeeded.

IT was in the morning on the last Saturday of July when father, mother, and son sat at a table hardly a foot high. A simple meal consisting of rice, fish, and chocolate was set on it.

"Amboy," said the mother, "have you seen Pedong's card?"

"No, I have not seen it," the father replied.

The mother stood up and went into the room.

"Here it is," she said as she handed the card to her husband.

The father looked at the card. It contained the first periodic rating. Pedong's average was 70.

"Ay!" sighed the father after he had seen Pedong's grade. "It's the same old story."

"What's the matter, Amboy?" asked his wife. "Why are you so pale?"

"It's the same old story," repeated Amboy.

"What story are you talking about?" the wife asked. "Please tell us about it."

"Fifteen years ago," began the father, "I was a fifth grade pupil in the school where Pedong is now studying. I was then fifteen years old. One morning in July my mother handed my grade card to my father. It contained the rating for the month of June. My

father looked at the card and then gave it back to my mother. He did not make any remark on the grade I got. Perhaps he was not interested in my studies. After my father had gone out to his work, I got the card to see my rating. The average at the bottom was 70. There was no encouragement from my parents and so every month my grade was getting lower. At the end of the year, I failed. My father did not even know that I failed. He was not interested.

"The following year I was not sent to school. I believed then that neither my father nor my mother was interested in my getting an education. To me it did not matter whether I went to school or stayed at home.

"Time passed on very quickly. When I was eighteen years old, I married you, Maria, and the following year Pedong was born.

"You remember that at seven we sent Pedong to school. Now he is twelve and in the same grade in which I was when I was fifteen.

"It was that 70 per cent rating which started the failure of my life. I say 'failure' because if I had continued my studies, I would have been a teacher now like my classmate, Sergio, or perhaps a doctor like my classmate, Paking. Both of these former classmates went on with their studies and now they are happy—happy because they can afford all the needs of daily life."

*(Please turn to page 215)*

## FIFI

(A Story)

By B. HILL CANOVA

FIFI was a pup, such a young pup. Miss Hoffman was a young businesswoman, a very busy young lady. Trudie was a little girl, a little German girl that lived in far away China. Now what do you think could happen to a very young pup, a little girl in China, and a busy woman?

Miss Hoffman loved the outdoors but she had little time to enjoy the meadows of flowers, the woods, the streams, and the sunshine. Her work kept her inside from early until late in the afternoon. It was her custom to take a walk at dawn when the world

was just waking for its day's work and play. Sometimes she dropped in on some friend for a cup of hot chocolate for breakfast and a brief visit. Sometimes as she passed a friend's home she teased by tossing snow balls on their roof to wake them.

One morning as she was on one of these early strolls she heard something that sounded like the whimpering of a puppy. She looked about and, sure enough, right by the side of a stone was a tiny pup, hardly bigger than a rat. Its tail curled tightly over its back as it

shook and shivered with cold and hunger. Miss Hoffman could not take a pup to the office, neither could she leave the little thing by the side of the road to perish or to be run over by a vehicle. It was so small that it just fit in the

palms of her hands. "You poor little thing, I wonder if you have been cast away."

She hastened on and as she approached Trudie's house she called, "Yoohoo-yoo-hoo," long and loud. She saw smoke coming out of the chimney and knew someone must be up, at least the cook. She turned into the yard, crept to the window,

placed the puppy on the window sill and knocked on the wall.

The knocking startled Trudie and she jumped quickly from her bed. When she saw the pup she shouted, "Oh, look, mother. Look in my window!" There on the outside of the window sill stood the curly tailed pup looking helpless and desolate. Miss Hoffman stood in silence against the wall to see what would happen next. Up came the window and out came a pair of little hands and took the pup inside. "Isn't it cute, mother, is it for me?"





"I don't know where it could have come from. I thought I heard Miss Hoffman's call down the road but I cannot see anything of her."

At this Miss Hoffman laughed and came out in sight. She told them how she had found the little cast-away. "May I leave it here for the day? I can't take it to the office and have no time to return home with it. If I advertise in the papers perhaps I can find out to whom it belongs."

"Leave it here always, please, Miss Hoffman," begged Trudie.

"Sure you may leave it," answered the child's mother. "Come in, we are about to have breakfast. This cold morning should have given you a real appetite."

"I have had breakfast," replied Miss Hoffman, "but I can never refuse a cup of chocolate or coffee at your house."

Before anyone could have anything to eat Trudie insisted that Fifi, as she named the pup at once, should have some warm milk. The poor little thing was so young that it did not know how to drink from a bowl. It looked as if it had been without food for some time and they were anxious for it to take something. Trudie held the tiny animal in her arms and her father used a medicine dropper and they fed the little thing its first meal that way. With warmth and food the pup soon fell asleep. Trudie wrapped it in one of her doll blankets and tucked it snugly in the doll's cradle. "Look, it is like a real baby," she said as the pup's head rested on the small pillow. "It's like having a little brother or sister."



"It is a dear little animal," agreed the mother.

"Shall we keep it?"

"We must try to find its owner first, but if we cannot do that, then we must let Miss Hoffman decide what she wants to do with it," explained Trudie's mother.

"If no one claims it, Trudie, I think you would make a fine nurse for it. What do you think?" asked Miss Hoffman.

"Yes, yes, I could nurse it very well."

Miss Hoffman finished her cup of hot chocolate and had to hurry on to her office. It was hard to get Trudie off to school that morning—so enchanted was she with the little dog. As she went out the door she called, "Mother, please don't let Miss Hoffman find an owner for the puppy before I get back from school this afternoon."

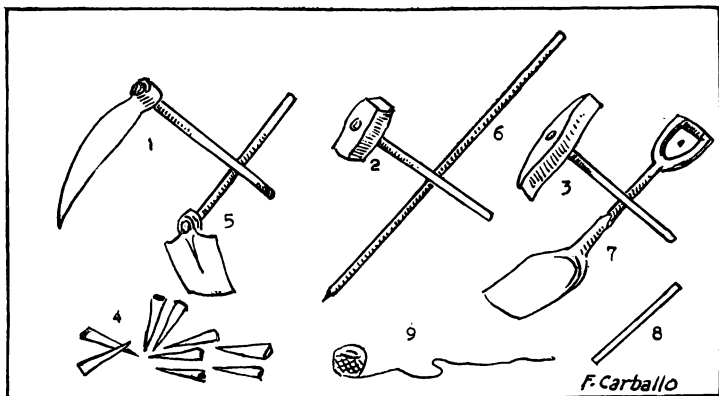
"It will likely be here when you return. Run along."

*(Please turn to page 228)*

## Quarrying Stones for Building

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO

With illustration by the author



STONECUTTER'S TOOLS

- |                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. Pick— <i>kwatsoy</i>        | 6. Bar— <i>bareta</i>                          |
| 2. Sledge-hammer— <i>maso</i>  | 7. Shovel— <i>pala</i>                         |
| 3. Ax-hammer— <i>panglabra</i> | 8. Measure stick— <i>panukat</i>               |
| 4. Wedges— <i>unyas</i>        | 9. String for measuring— <i>pising panukat</i> |
| 5. Hoe— <i>asarol</i>          |  |

ONE of the oldest occupations of man is quarrying stones for building purposes. Even before the time of Christ, nations of Asia, Africa, and southern Europe used stone for building houses, temples, walls to ward off enemies, and tombs for the dead. In Egypt, the Holy Land, China, India, Greece, Central and South America, and elsewhere, stone edifices now in ruins still stand as reminders of the patience and skill of the ancient quarry-

men and masons who built them.

With the coming of the Spaniards in our country, stone cutting was boosted and greatly developed along with various industries needed for the foundation of cities, construction of more substantial houses, churches, bridges, and fortifications. Quarries were opened in the suburbs of Manila and in the provinces and thousands of stonecutters were employed. In places where good building stones were not available, coral

stones and small rocks were used for walls and these were held together with plaster of sand and lime. Where stones could not be secured, bricks were used, and when neither stones nor bricks were obtainable in the locality, these were imported from other provinces. More expensive stones, however, were purchased from other countries.

Most of the stones used in the construction of houses, churches, walls, and bridges in Manila and its suburbs were quarried at Maykawayan, Bulacan, and at Guadalupe, Makati, Mandaluyon, San Juan del Monte, in Rizal province.

Let us visit a stone quarry in Guadalupe and watch the stone-cutters at work. As the men are not paid by the day but by the hundred of stones they cut, some of them start as early as six o'clock in the morning and dismiss at eleven. After brief lunch and rest they return at one or two in the afternoon and work till sundown. During summer months some stone-cutters prefer to work early in the morning and late afternoon, or during moonlit nights to avoid the exhausting heat during the day time. Some men are working on a ledge above us for they have just opened a new yard or *patio* on the hillside of this *tibagan* (quarry). In a month or so as they dig downward, their *patio* will be fifty or sixty below the surface. We are now visiting a yard of this kind.

On a leveled surface men usually work in pairs and divide their earnings on the fifty-fifty basis. One digs the groove of a big rectangular slice of stone 18 cm. by 50 cm. and about 4 or 5 meters long. His partner, using the steel wedges, drives six of these in one end

of the slice, and with a few well aimed strikes, he cuts off a block of stone. From each block he knocks off with his hammer all protruding irregularities. When this is done, the other man smooths the surface of each block by using his sharp two-edged ax-hammer. Then the finished blocks are piled up in one corner of the quarry where the overseer will count them at the close of day.

A stonecutter usually cuts from 50 to 100 stones a day for which he is paid from three to eight pesos a hundred, depending upon the size of stone he is cutting. On a Saturday afternoon he will go to the *cabecilla's* or manager's office to receive his week's salary. Deductions are made for money advanced to him for food, clothing, refreshment, and the like.

The *ordinario* size, 18 by 18 by 50 cm. being in general demand, is usually quarried. Other sizes for various uses, however, are also quarried according to orders.

In the course of his diggings the stonecutter sometimes finds plant fossils and petrified trees which must have been imbedded in the stone by floods thousands of years ago. Where fossils are found, cracks and faults usually appear and these cause many blocks to be cast aside as waste. These together with chips and loose soil are sold for filling purposes.

The stonecutter's work is not an easy one, and nowadays is not a regular occupation. In past years before the advent of concrete constructions, many quarries employing hundreds of men, were in full operation, and then building stones of different sizes commanded

(Please turn to page 223)

THE GOOD READERS' CORNER

Conducted by Miss DOLORES SILOS \*

## GRADE ONE

Draw a red line under the long words.

Draw a green line under the short words.

brother	pencil	think
to	mother	brought
father	my	at
in	angry	for

## GRADE TWO

<i>Animals</i>	<i>Answers</i>	<i>Color</i>
1. dove	_____	black
2. carabao	_____	brown
3. ant	_____	white
4. mosquito	_____	red

## GRADE THREE

1. A goat has two \_\_\_\_\_
2. A mouse has a long \_\_\_\_\_
3. A cat has some \_\_\_\_\_
4. A hen has a \_\_\_\_\_
5. A pig has a \_\_\_\_\_

## GRADE FOUR

Spell correctly—

k i n d  
 n . . t  
 y . . . g  
 h o . . . t  
 s u . . . . . e  
 t h . . g . . f . l

## FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

## Tangled Sentences

By Mrs. E. A. ZAGUIRRE

To the young readers: Below is a list of sentences the words of which are disarranged. Test your ability to understand the meaning of each sentence by rearranging the words it contains without writing them. Do it mentally. Then write the word *True* or *False* as the case may be after the number that corresponds to each sentence.

Example: Philippines the country an agricultural is. (When the words are rearranged the sentence will read this way: *The Philippines is an agricultural country.* This sentence is true, so you will have to write the word *True* after the number.) Try the following exercises and see how many of them you can accomplish accurately.

1. Legislature called is the Philippines law-making the body of the present at

2. a city is now Cebu
3. the suffrage The women Filipino granted been have vote right to or
4. discovered Miguel de Legaspi the Islands Philippine
5. Filipino poetry the father Francisco Baltazar of was or Balagtas
6. grown mostly valley Cagayan the Tobacco in
7. businessmen farmers a society benefit for founded Katipunan the was The of and
8. flew Atlantic Filipino across Calvo and Arnaiz aviators the successfully Ocean
9. university study the graduate An school elementary can in
10. produced the Philippines yet not is Cotton in

(Please turn to page 223 for the answers)

## MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH

Do you keep your windows open at night. Do you ever look up at the sky while lying on bed? As you look at the twinkling stars, what thoughts come to your mind? Do you ever compare the stars to things that you see on earth?

Here is a poem about stars. But the title is "Daisies." Read the poem through and find out why this title is given to the poem. Daisies are white flowers that look like white cosmos.

Who is talking in the poem? Where is he when he sees the stars? What name does he give to the stars? Which are the meadows of the night?

As the child thinks of the stars, what appears in the sky? What does he think of the moon?

Read the third stanza carefully. Does the child see any star in the sky when he wakes up in the morning? Recall the name that he gives to the stars in the first stanza. Where does he find daisies in the daytime? Can you tell now why he thinks that the moon is a lady that gathers the daisies in the sky?

Try to see the different pictures in the poem in the order in which they are given. Remember the words that describe the pictures. Read the poem aloud several times seeing the pictures and hearing the words. Repeat until you can recite the poem.



### DAISIES

At evening, when I go to bed,  
I see the stars shine overhead.  
They are the little daisies white  
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,  
Across the sky the moon will go.  
She is a lady sweet and fair,  
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,  
There's not a star left in the skies;  
She's picked them all and dropped them  
down  
Into the meadows of the town.

—Frank Demster Sherman

## CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

### The Golden Star

DOLORES TENSUAN \*

**T**HURSDAY afternoon. The intermediate classes had just been dismissed.

Three boys stood on the corner of the streets merrily joking one another, as they enjoyed eating ice-drop.

"Li - way - way! Li - way - - - way!" shouted a twelve-year-old boy as he ran along the street with a bunch of magazines tucked under his right arm.



"There goes our classmate, Eduardo. He is selling 'Liwaway,'" exclaimed one of the three boys.

"Yes, indeed," said the other. "That explains why he was absent this afternoon. What a liar! I heard him tell Miss Roxas this morning that he couldn't attend his classes in the afternoon because he had to help his mother."

"Is that so?" asked Pedro, the tallest of the three. "Come along, boys, let us run after him and mock him."

"That will be fun," agreed the other.

They all ran after Eduardo, all the while shouting at the top of their voices, "Li-way---way!"

Pretty soon they overtook Eduardo. One held him by the collar, another snatched a magazine, while Pedro gave him a box on the arm and said, "Selling Liwayway, eh, and yet you very cleverly lied to our teacher this morning."

"Stop, boys, leave me alone! Let me go! Give me back my magazine," angrily protested poor Eduardo as he wriggled away from their hold.

No, Ed, we won't let you go unless you give us an ice-drop blow-out," threatened Pedro.

"Yes, do buy for us ten centavos worth of ice-drop, Ed. Anyway, you have made a good profit by this time," seconded Jose.

Just then the third boy saw the principal coming along. "Here comes the principal, Pedro. Let Eduardo go on his way!" shouts the boy.

The three left Eduardo who then peacefully went on with his selling.

Friday morning. After the opening exercises, Miss Roxas, the teacher in charge of Seven B, asked, "Has anybody

\* Washington Elementary School.

something to report about a worthy deed done by a member of the "Good Behavior Club"?

Nobody answered. Miss Roxas said. "Well, I'm sorry to know that no member gets a star for good behavior today."

Pedro stands and asks, "May I report on an act of misdemeanor done by one of the members, Miss Roxas?"

"Certainly, you may, Pedro, provided of course, that you don't mention names."

"Well, do you remember, Miss Roxas, that one of our classmates asked permission from you yesterday to be excused from his classes because he had to help his mother?" asked Pedro.

"Yes, I do. Why, what is wrong with that?"

"Nothing, Miss Roxas, except that he told a lie. He did not help his mother but did something else," said Pedro.

"He sold 'Liwayway,' volunteered Jose.

"Li-way---way!" mockingly shouted another boy imitating the manner Eduardo hawks his wares.

The class burst into laughter. Poor Eduardo bowed his head, bit his lips, and tried hard to keep back his tears.

The teacher looked sharply at the class and it was quiet again. She looked kindly at Eduardo and approached him.

Eduardo very shyly looked up and with tears in his eyes said, "Excuse me, Miss Roxas. I did not mean to tell a lie. I told you that I would help Moth-

er. I really helped her earn money by selling 'Liwayway.' Father is dead and what mother gets by washing clothes is not enough for us."

The teacher's eyes were moist and her voice was husky as she said, "I understand the situation very well, Eduardo. I am very proud of you."

Miss Roxas got a big golden star which was awarded only to the member who had done the noblest deed and placed it opposite Eduardo's name on the "Roll of Honor Chart."

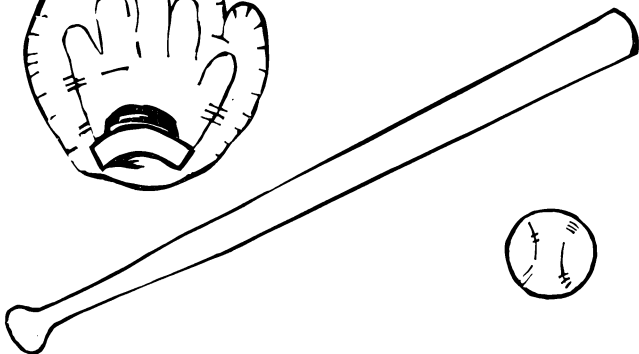
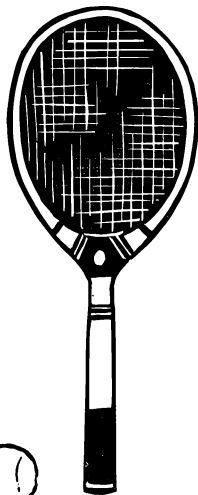


### QUESTIONS

1. Does Eduardo deserve the golden star? Justify your opinion.
2. How should we feel towards boys and girls who help their parents earn money?
3. Can you name persons who rose from poverty to fame and success because of their industry during boyhood?

## DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

Color These





Words by Carolyn S. Bailey

# The Raindrops

Music by I. Alfonso

*Tempo de Valse*

1. We hear the rain-drops dan-cing feet, U-pun the  
 2. We lis-ten while-the rain-drops sing. And this is  
 roots to-day We see the lit-tle rain-drops  
 what they say We lis-ten while the rain-drops  
 dress, in suits of sil-ver gray. We "Pat-ter/  
 sing, and this is what they say:  
 Pat-ter! Sprin-kle! Sprin-kle! Here's a drink for  
 pe-ri-win-kle, Dai-sy! clo-ver  
 gras-ses too. They love rain and so must you.

## WHY PEDONG

(Continued from page 205)

The father covered his face with his hands. When he looked up, his face was a picture of discouragement.

"Father," Pedong said, "many people say that 'History repeats itself' but I promise that I'll do all I can to prevent the sad story of your life from repeating itself. I'll work hard in school to make up what you failed to do."

"So be it, my boy, so be it." was all that the father could say.

Pedong made good his promise. As a result of his efforts, his ratings were better every month. At the end of the year, he passed the fifth grade with an average of 85.

His father worked hard to support Pedong in his studies.

Two years later, at the graduating exercises of the elementary school, Pedong delivered

the welcome address, an honor given to the second best pupil.

## HELPS FOR STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Why was the father very sad one morning?

How did the father's story help Pedong in his studies?

After Pedong had finished the seventh grade, do you think he continued his studies in the high school? Why do you think so?

# THINGS TO DO

## CHANGING PICTURES

By B. HILL CANOVA

Here are three incomplete pictures. Carefully follow the directions and you will have the pictures of a book, a fence, and some steps.

Directions: In picture Number 1 draw a straight line, connecting A and B. Notice how the book changes as you look at it. Sometimes it appears to open toward you. Again it seems to be open with its back toward you.

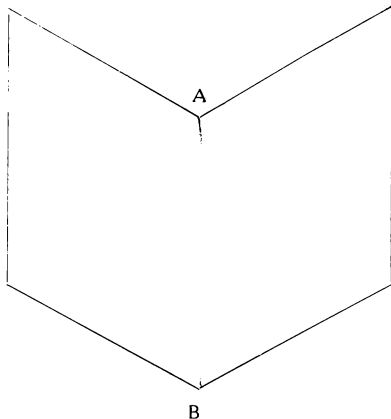
In Picture Number 2 you have some fence posts. You are to put the wire on the fence by drawing three zig-zag lines. The first line connects the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. The second line connects the numbers 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. With the third line connect 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Now that the fence is finished, which of the posts seem to be nearer to you—the ones marked X or those marked Y? Watch it for a while and see if the fence changes, appearing to have the X posts near and then the Y post

near.

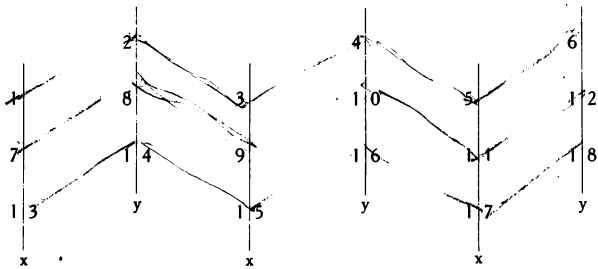
In Picture Number 3 you will have some stair steps if you draw straight lines connecting the O's, the P's, the Q's, etc. Pretend you are walking up the stairs. Do you step on the shaded surfaces or the unshaded surfaces? Sometimes it will appear that you should step on the shaded surfaces, but if you continue to watch the picture sometimes it will seem that you would have to step on the unshaded surfaces.

Try to make up a drawing of your own that appears to change. If you want to have some fun show these pictures to several of your friends at the same time. Part of the group will at once say the book is open to them to read. Others will declare that the book is open but has its back to them. Just as they get all excited in the argument the picture will seem to change. Try this with your friends.

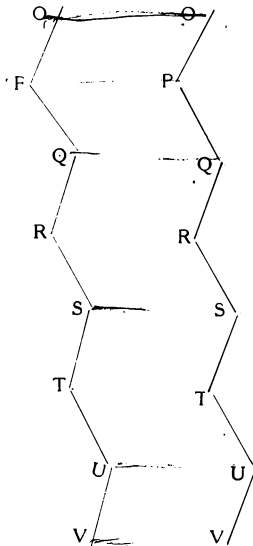
PICTURE NUMBER 1

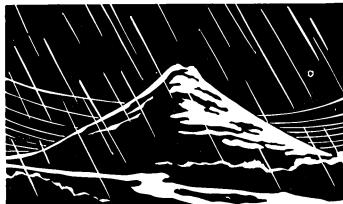


PICTURE NUMBER 2



PICTURE NUMBER 3



**ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION****THIS EARTH OF OURS****HOW THE EARTH CHANGES**

Have you ever wondered how old the earth is? Perhaps even before you went to school you had asked your parents at home how this earth you live in was formed. There are some people whose special business it is to study the earth: they are constantly observing the heavens, the rocks, and the oceans in their attempts to learn the age of the earth and the ways in which it was developed. These scientists will tell you that the earth is very old, that it is probably not less than two billion years old. They will also tell you that the earth is changing in many ways. Let us see what these changes are:

When it rains you can see soil find its way into small streams or rivers and may be carried into bays or seas. When a volcano erupts it may cover the surrounding region or a portion of it with ashes or molten rock.

Wind, running water or moving ice carries soil from one part of the earth to another, from the highest land to the oceans. The air is nearly always in motion and whenever it blows over a surface on which there is dust, some of the dust is picked up and blown to some other place.

There are two processes of changing the earth's surface known as weathering and erosion. Weathering is the process of changing rock into soil with the help of freezing water, growing

*(Please turn to page 223)*

**HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM****THE BEAVER'S HOUSE**

What is the biggest rat that you ever saw? Try to picture it again and see if you can imagine it to be much taller and heavier than the one you saw. Then you will have a clear idea of what a beaver is. For the beaver is a big relative of mice and rats. These animals (and some others) are called rodents. Rodents have strong front teeth that are very sharp and can cut even pieces of wood.

The beaver is an industrious, strong animal that can cut down a tree and build a house strong enough to stand in the water. Even if we do not find it in our country, it will repay us greatly to know everything about it for it is one of nature's most skillful animals. It is found along streams and ponds.

Beavers like to eat bark; and since they cannot climb trees to get it, they chop down the trees. They do this by slicing little pieces one at a time, making some upward cuts and some downward cuts, so that the gnawed part slopes both ways to a slender middle. When the beaver has taken out chips enough from all sides of the trunk, the tree breaks at the slender part, and comes crashing down.

The beavers then cut with their teeth the branches of the tree into smaller pieces; and part of them they use in building dams which keep the water around their houses from getting too low.

Part of the logs and sticks they use in building their houses. These are rounded at the top.

and the branches are piled criss-cross. Then the beavers pack their walls thick with mud and water plants.

Inside the house is a tidy smooth-walled room above water. This is a snug and comfortable living room. There is a cellar under the floor of the living room. This cellar is full of water nearly to the top. There is a hole on the floor of the living room through which the beavers pass when they go down cellar. From the cellar there is a passageway that leads into the water of the pond.

Of course an animal that builds dams and houses in the water and cuts down trees must have a special sort of body. Its front teeth as you already know are sharp and strong. He has a flat, wide, hairless paddle-shaped tail that is a help in swimming. The soft thick fur next his body is water-proof. His hind feet are shaped for swimming. His front paws are used as hands in working. His mouth and ears and nostrils are fitted with flaps that can be drawn so as to keep the water out.

These are some of the things about his body that make it possible for a beaver to be an expert builder of dams, some of which are strong enough to last a hundred years and more. As for his house it is suited to his needs and this wonderful rodent can be as comfortable in his home as you can be in yours.

---

## Mother Earth Awakens

As from a profound slumber,

Mother Earth has awoken:  
She was asleep all summer,

In fields, meadows, and garden.

She was parched all summer through,

The tropic sun made her so.  
Foliage green had turned its hue  
And Mother Earth seemed blue.

Down the rain has fallen,

The scorched grass turned green.  
Verdant the fields and garden  
For Mother Earth has awoken.

By Miss Elisa Marquez  
San Miguel Elementary School

## PLANTS ABOUT US

### OUR FOREST WEALTH

A great poet wrote that the forests were God's first temples. In the Philippines we are very fortunate in having vast areas of forests covering more than half of our land. As we also have churches we do not go to the forests to worship as the poet tries to teach us to do. Instead men seek wealth from these forests. If all the wood of our forest were sawn into lumber its value would easily reach twelve billion pesos.

But it is not this known product of our forests that we shall take up this month. Instead we shall try to see what other minor products come from our forests. And there are plenty of them. The most important is rubber and this we shall discuss today. Other minor forest products that we shall take up later on are: rattan, fuel, beeswax, guttapercha, lumbang, pili, drywoods and orchids, which are flowers. *Rubber:* Look about you in the classroom and note your personal use of rubber. Your erasers, your rubber shoes, your rubber bands, your raincoats are all made of this article. Outside of the school you meet with a thousand and one use of rubber. Try to name as many as you can. Now you must realize how important it could be for us if the rubber we import from outside  
(Please turn to page 231)



## The Bed Bug

There is a tiny creature that sometimes lives in our house and even shares our own bed, pillows, and mosquito net with us. And when we are soundly asleep, quietly it creeps to us and we wake to find ourselves bitten by the bed bug. If we go after it and succeed in crushing it with our fingers even in its death it leaves a very disagreeable memory—its odor. Who among you have not had the experience of comfortably being seated reading in a rattan chair and suddenly jumping up as if pricked by a needle from behind or below? But it is only our dear friend the bed bug again which has a great fondness for human blood. In addition to their robbing us of rest and sleep it is also known that bed bugs carry some kinds of disease from one person to another.

Bedbugs easily get into the house. They may be brought on the clothes of visitors or by you who may have them from other homes or from seats in public places. Bedbugs have no wings but they have the natural tendency to go from place to place.

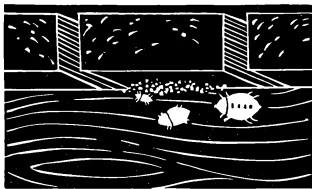
During the day bedbugs hide away in dark cracks where it is difficult to find them or between the slats of bamboo or rattan chairs. Here they lay their eggs in batches of a few to forty or fifty.

It is difficult to get rid of bedbugs once they get into the house. For this reason you must

watch all the time that your homes do not become infested with these pests.

In case bedbugs do get into the house the best way to get rid of them is to thoroughly clean all mats and other bedding and place them all day in the sun: then pour boiling water in large quantities in all places where bedbugs may be hiding. Be sure the water is boiling in order to kill the bedbugs and the eggs.

Sweep the floors everyday with stiff brooms in order to get at the cracks between the floors. Then spray petroleum on the hiding places in the floor and walls or chairs. One good cleaning should be followed in about a week or ten days by another good cleaning so as to kill all the bugs that have hatched from the eggs that were not killed. If these young bugs are not killed they will lay eggs and the house will soon be as full of bedbugs as it was at first.



The only way to keep a house free from bedbugs is constant watchfulness and frequent use of water and petroleum. Remember that your neighbor may get bedbugs from you or you may get them from your

careless dirty neighbors. Remember, too, that clean housekeepers may sometimes get a few bedbugs in their houses, but that only the lazy, shiftless ones keep them there.

SAFETY SECTION**He Is Old Enough**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ \*



Mr. Villafior, a well-to-do businessman, has two sons and a daughter. Alfredo, the eldest son, is in the seventh grade; Jose, the second child is in the fifth grade; and Maria, the youngest, is in the fourth grade. These children, like their father, are intelligent. They easily learn what are taught them and are diligent in their studies.

One Saturday morning, Mr. Villafior ordered his chauffeur to get ready with their newly bought car. Then he called Alfredo and said, "Alfredo, your mother and I will visit your grandma. Uncle Tirso said she is ill. Take good care of your brother and sister. Play with them in the swing but see to it that they don't get hurt."

"Yes, father," replied Alfredo.

When his parents have gone, Alfredo took Maria and Jose to the swing.

"Where did Pa and Ma go?" asked Maria of Jose.

"They went to visit grandma. She is ill. Don't you worry. They will be back soon."

"I'm tired of playing here. Why don't we go out and play with the other children," said Maria impatiently after playing in the swing for sometime.

"Oh, no" interrupted Alfredo. "It is not safe to play outside. You stay here." He had hardly ended his warning when suddenly he heard a familiar voice calling him fondly.

"Hi, there, Alfredo."

"Oh! Hello, Julio. Push the gate open and come in." Julio went in.

"See this baseball and these new gloves? My father gave them to me as a birthday present. Come and play with me."

"What a nice ball and what splendid gloves they are!" exclaimed Alfredo. "Let us play here."

"Yes, but don't you think it would be better if we play outside? We might hit some of your mother's potted plants."

"All right, let us go."

"Wait," said Jose, addressing his big brother. "You said a moment ago that it is not safe to play outside. Why will you go out?"

"That is all right. I am old and big enough. I can take care of myself. Maria and you are too young to play in the street. You stay here and play with Maria." Alfredo replied as he went out of their yard with Julio, his pal and classmate. Maria and Jose couldn't do anything but look enviously at the two boys who seemed real baseball players with their gloves and new ball.

Julio and Alfredo were enjoying their ball game. At one time, Julio threw the ball wildly. Alfredo failed to catch it and it rolled right

*(Please turn to page 226)*

\* Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School.

HEALTH SECTION**ANTONIO**

By B. HILL CANOVA



Antonio says, "Nothing makes you feel so fresh and full of life as a good shower bath." You can see very well that he does enjoy a bath from the way he is laughing. He and his friends sometimes take turns in turning the water on each other.

When you are hot and tired after a hard game of volley ball a bath will make a new boy of you. But you must not forget to rub your body with a dry towel before that bath. It is a good way to get rid of any disease germs that you may have picked up on your hands and feet while at play. Antonio declares,

"A bath a day,  
Is the proper way."

What should you do after a game?

Only a healthy child can be *full of life*. Tell about other activities which a child who is *full of life* does.

Read the sentence which contains the expression *take turn*. Can you pantomime this sentence to show its meaning?

What expressions in this story should you write in your vocabulary notebook?

**ROSAURO AND HIS GLASS OF MILK**

By ELISA MARQUEZ

Rosauro for sometime had not been feeling well. At home he was always cross and fretful. His interest in school work had waned as shown by his low scores in the tests. His mother, Mrs. Mendoza, was getting worried over her son's condition.

One Monday morning Rosauro's mother noticed that her son had overslept. She feared that he might be late for school, so she went to his room. There she saw him still asleep. With a light tap on Rosauro's shoulder she said, "Is my son not going to school? Get up, your glass of milk is waiting."

Rosauro stirred a bit, lazily stretched himself on the bed and slowly opened his eyes. "Is it you, Mother?" he asked as he held Mrs. Mendoza's hand.

"Yes, dear, it is time for breakfast. Come and drink your milk," invited the mother.

"Why do I have to drink milk? Can't I have coffee and a piece of fried bread?" Rosauro asked as he lazily rose from his bed.

"Coffee and fried bread? Why, dear, coffee is not good for you and fried bread is very hard to digest. Do drink your glass of milk," Mrs. Mendoza coaxed further.

"But I hate milk," complained Rosauro again.

"You are a puzzle to me now. You were not like this before. If you don't drink your milk, I shall call up Dr. Herrera to see you," finally decided Mrs. Mendoza who made her way readily to the telephone.

She dialed Dr. Herrera's telephone number. She asked the doctor to make a short call on them before he made his visits on his several patients. Dr. Herrera promised to make the call.

Meanwhile Mrs. Mendoza kept on asking her son to drink the milk. Her effort however was fruitless. So she stopped and patiently waited for the doctor's arrival. Rosauro sat near the

(Please turn to page 231)



## ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGE 210

## GRADE I

Short words	Long words
to	brother
in	father
my	pencil
at	mother
for	angry
	think
	brought

## GRADE III

1. horns	3. whiskers
2. tail	4. comb
	5. snout

## GRADE IV

neat	honest
young	sunshine
thoughtful	

## INTERMEDIATE GRADES

GRADE II		INTERMEDIATE GRADES			
4	1	1. False	3. True	5. True	7. False
2	3	2. True	4. False	6. True	8. False
		9. False		10. False	

## QUARRYING STONES

(Continued from page 209)

high prizes. At present, however, due to cutthroat competition, stonecutters' wages are the minimum and their work is often held up for days and even weeks for lack of orders from contractors and builders. When stonecutters are not busy at quarrying, some find work on farms or do odd jobs for a living.

The stonecutter's life, however, is not always one of drudgery and monotony. When he is in need of extra money to build or repair his house, to christen a child, or celebrate a fiesta, he holds a *pabayani* day. During this particular day, all his fellow-quarrymen, thirty or fifty, depending upon the size of the *tibagan*, quarry for him, and all the stones cut by them during the day are credited to the host or organizer of the *pabayani*. The host provides his *bayanis* with luncheon and refreshments, and he is assisted by

young ladies invited to the occasion. Much jesting and merrymaking are indulged in by everybody, and the merrier the day the faster the stonecutters work, particularly the young men whose sweethearts are among those serving the refreshments. Some day one of these workers will hold a *pabayani* too, and the host whom he has helped will work for him gratis in return for his past services. The *pabayani* is a traditional system among quarrymen and in other rural activities and keeps the spirit of mutual helpfulness alive among them.

Yes, the stonecutter's work is not an easy one, but it is not devoid of happiness also. His is usually a family calling. His father and grandfather were stonecutters and he is in the work by family inclination. Stonecutting to the patient and hard working individual is still a paying business. His calling has contributed in no small degree to the construction of homes and cities of civilized

## THIS EARTH OF OURS

(Continued from page 218)

plants, animals and men. The process of erosion carries away the soil formed with the help of rain, rivers, the winds, waves, and tides.

These changes occur all over the globe and the results are not at once noticed except when there is a volcanic eruption. Man is today the most active agent in changing the earth's surface. He makes dams across rivers, drains marshes and lakes, clears away forests and tills the land.

As you go from your home to your school and back again, try to find out what changes you think have taken place or are taking place along your way. Only by thus observing for yourself can you really know and understand what makes up this earth you live in.

man. As long as modern machinery has not invaded his field, the community will still need his valuable services.

## Interesting Places

### Alligator Lake

FORTUNATO ASUNCION \*



Can there be a contrast that is more beautiful, and a scene that is more appealing?

Nestled among the trees of a little barrio "by the shore of Laguna de Bai," lies Alligator Lake. It slumbers in all its solitude. It is so quiet and so attractive. The plants all around are so green and so fresh, the water so clear and so cool, and the air so still and mysterious.

How this beautiful spot can be so tranquil, when only several meters away incessantly roars the waters of Laguna de Bai, nobody can explain. How it can be so green, when yonder lies the sun-scorched shores of another body of water, none dares to reveal. How the air can preserve its

stillness, when you can feel it cause the waves of the bay to rise higher and higher, is indeed a mystery.

Descend to the shore of the lake and more of its beauty will lay revealed. Mirrored on the water is a piece of the azure sky which seems to be torn from the heavens. Beyond is the inverted silhouette of the majestic Maquiling mountains. Green trees in all their freshness stand motionless all around.

How this place got its name, we ventured to discover. "Are there alligators in this lake?" we asked a stray mischievous child who was staring at us. The answer was never given as the child darted away and disappeared in one of the nipa shacks.

\* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School, Manila.

## JOKES

(Bayani was describing a flood) The tide was rising very fast. The current was very swift. Our house was carried by the rushing water. The tree where my father was clinging was uprooted and was carried away. What do you

think happened to my father?

Alberto—He was drowned.

Bayani—No.

Alberto—What happened to him?

Bayani—He got wet.

The class was discussing about a snow storm.  
Teacher—Have you ever seen snow? Of course not in the movies.

Florinio—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Where?

Florinio—In the ice box, sir.



## AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz\*

### LONE SCOUT TRIBE GOES TO CAMP

(Continued from July issue)



At our left is a large fallen mango tree, whose roots are so big, we can use them as benches. At our right is a path. We follow this trail and presently reach the source of the Falls,—a sort of dried-up stream, very shallow, but very much alive and active, as can be seen from the swift current of the water. Across the stream is an improvised bamboo bridge. We go over it and at the other bank, we find that we have arrived at our destination. We are at Tribe One Camp.

The camp area is surrounded by a fence,—by two fences, rather, because it is a combination of bamboo poles and barbed wire. Taking everything at a glance, these are the things that we see: a large mango tree, laden with fruits; a white wall tent, (the color of which is very becoming to the background of green and brown); a flag with the letters "TRIBE ONE, MANILA"; a circular dug-up kitchen, with two stoves of stone and a firewood pile at the left of one of them; a small khaki pup tent; and various sorts of camp kinks and gadgets.

Very near the entrance to the area, we notice several pieces of firewood, laid out for purposes of drying them in the sun. We approach. The pieces are arranged and we finally are able to make out the letters. "WELCOME," it goes, and we enter.

At our right is a kitchen rack of bamboo. Above it are plates and spoons. Beside it is a basin stand, and a can of water for washing purposes. Then, there is a "cup tree," improvised from a many-branched trunk of a tree. On each branch is a cup. Beside it is a drinking water stand.

We proceed and inspect the place at closer range. We notice a sundial, a towel-rack, a shoe rack, and a clothes-line.

The white wall tent, we learn, is used for shelter; while the pup tent serves as the supply tent. Here and there are benches of bamboo.

The drinking water is a natural spring, about two hundred steps away (analyzed by the Bureau of Health).

The surroundings of the area are a combination of green, yellow, brown, and several of the other woodland colors, which, if blended, produce a striking effect of the beauty and charm of Nature.

At night, though everything is pitch black and we can hardly recognize the mango tree in the gloom. No sign or sound of civilization reaches our ears after dark. All we hear are the roaring of the Falls and the varied cries of the woodland insects and birds.

The first two days were very busy ones for us. The "Buddy system" of work and play was applied (as in all of our previous camps) and proved to be very effective in overcoming whatever difficulties we met. The several camp kinks were made, and the boys had the opportunity of taking examinations in Handicraft and the Use of the Knife and Axe.

Hikes were held both to the town and into the woods. In one of our hikes to the latter, we returned to camp with an overflowing cargo of santol and casuy.

Had it not been for the frequent rains that occurred, we could have call our camp a total success. The weather was always on edge,—between sunshine and rain, and the latter seemed to have prevailed the more.

Signaling, Tracking, Cooking, and various tests were taken by the Scouts. We had an A-1 Industrial First Aid Cabinet along and it proved to be a very necessary item in the list of camp equipment. We were able to render First Aid,

(Please turn to page 229)

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

## MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



# The Young Citizen PANTRY



## MORE ABOUT DESSERTS

## BOCAYO

1 coconut  
4 c sugar  
2 c water

Divide the coconut and scrape the meat with a coconut scraper.

Boil the sugar and water. Skim the scum on the surface. Continue boiling until it spins a fine thread when the ladle is held up. Put in the coconut, and stir every now and then to prevent it from burning. Get a little and when it forms a soft mass, remove the container from the fire. Mould into desired shapes and leave to cool. Serve.

## MATAMIS SA BAO

Break the coconut and grate the meat. Get as much thick

(Continued from July issue)

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN \*

milk as possible. For every cup of milk, add 2 pieces of "panocha." Boil and stir continuous-



ly. When it is thick enough and oil formed around the container, remove from the fire. Serve cold.

## CANDIED SWEET POTATOES (CAMOTE)

1 c sweet potatoes  
2 c sugar  
1 c water  
1 tsp; lime

Dissolve the lime in a saucepan of water.

Wash, pare and cut the sweet potatoes into thin slices. Drop in the lime water and leave for several hours. Rinse and leave to dry the water.

Mix the sugar and water. Boil and skim the scum. Continue boiling until the sugar forms a coarse thread when the ladle is lifted. Put in the sweet potatoes and stir gently, so that every piece may be coated with sugar, being careful not to mash them. Serve cold.

\* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilic Jacinto Elementary School.

## HE IS OLD ENOUGH

(Continued from page 221)

into the middle of the street. He looked to the left and saw a car coming. It was far off yet and he knew he could get the ball if he ran fast enough. He ran as fast as he could to get the ball but unluckily he stepped on a santol seed and tumbled down. He was badly hurt and couldn't stand. The car was fast approaching.

"Be careful! The car! the

car!" shouted Julio nervously.

The chauffeur caught sight of the boy. He turned his wheel to the right and with all his might put on the brakes. The car skidded and hit an electric post. It was badly damaged.

"Hey! what is the matter? You destroyed our car," cried Mr. Villafior.

"I had to do it, sir. Do you see that boy?" replied the chauffeur, pointing to Alfredo lying

prostrate in the middle of the street.

"Alfredo! cried Mrs. Villafior. "What happened to you?"

With the aid of the chauffeur and Mr. Villafior, Alfredo stood up and limpingly walked to the damaged car. When he recovered from the shock, he told his parents all that had happened.

Was Alfredo old enough to violate safety rules?

## YOUNG WRITERS

### MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

When I entered Masinloc Elementary School I felt alone. I saw that my new classmates were unfamiliar to me. Then it was recess. Boys and girls chased one another. I felt like crying when they laughed at me. They pretended not to mind me. When the bell rang the children bustled to their lines. I followed them slowly. But one kind and good teacher took me and let me sit on one of the desks.

Ofeia de las Alas  
Masinloc Elementary School  
Grade V

### MY FAVORITE BIRD

Of all the birds I love the German canary best. I love this bird because of its beautiful song and its beautiful color.

It is yellow with gray spots. It is not a big bird. It is very delicate.

Everyday I give our German canary a certain kind of bird seeds which it likes very much. Once a week I give him a leaf of fresh lettuce. Every morning I put him on our window with a small supply of water for its bath. I put the cage outside for fresh air and sunshine. Every time I give it food I clean its cage. Every night I put a mosquito net over his cage be-

1301 Calle Estrada  
Sinalong, Manila  
July 21, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am interested to subscribe for *The Young Citizen* magazine. I like the stories of the small Filipino children. I should like to begin on July 23, 1937. Please send it to me at our house. Please tell me the price and then I shall pay it. I am in grade VI. I'm studying in St. Scholastica's college.

Yours respectfully,

Pola Abrera

Dear Po'a,

*Thank you for your subscription for "The Young Citizen." We are beginning your subscription with the July issue. The price is ₱3.00 a year.*

*I wish you good luck in your studies.*

Aunt Alma

cause he is so delicate that the moment a mosquito bites it, it will die. Whenever this German Canary hears the sound of the piano or the violin or any other musical instrument it will begin to sing its sweet song. I do not give our canary much food because if it grows fat it

Masinloc Elem. School  
July 16, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am very much interested in reading your magazine, *The Young Citizen*. It contains interesting stories, poems, songs, and jokes. This magazine gives us entertainment and teaches us good moral lessons. I like best Aunt Julia's True Stories. When the copies of the magazine arrive, I always take the chance of reading a copy during our library periods. I'll try to save money so that I can be a subscriber of your interesting magazine.

Sincerely yours,

Patrocinio Estella  
Grade VI pupil

Dear Patrocinio,

*I am glad you enjoy reading "The Young Citizen."*

*I wish every child in your school will imitate you in saving money for the subscription for the magazine. By doing that, your mothers and teachers will be proud of you.*

Aunt Alma

will not sing. I never forget to take good care of our German Canary.

Roberto Lazaro  
Rizal Elementary School

## KIKO'S ADVENTURES



## FIFI

(Continued from page 207)

That afternoon Trudie came in breathless. So anxious was she to see the puppy again that she had run all the way from school. "Oh, Fifi, dear, I have been so afraid all day—afraid some one would come to take you away and I'd never, never see you again. You are so nice I want to keep you my whole life."

Miss Hoffman did advertise the pup found on the road side and Trudie's parents inquired for the owner. As the days went by and no one called for it, it was decided that Trudie could consider the little animal as hers.

There developed an affection between child and pup that grew as they grew. Where Trudie lived there were no playmates for her so she talked and played with Fifi as if he had been another child. Each day as the little girl went to the convent to have her lessons the little dog stood at the gate waving his tail as long as she was in sight. In the afternoon when

she returned there was Fifi with a happy wave of the tail and a yelp of joy. Trudie often wished it was proper for dogs to read and write so she could take this one to school with her.

Trudie's parents also grew very fond of the little dog. They were pleased to see their little daughter so happy with her playmate. Every evening as people passed the house they saw a little girl and a little dog at the window waiting and watching for the father to return from his work. Fifi soon learned to recognize the sound of the master's motorcycle as well as Trudie.

By and by when Trudie was about twelve years old and the dog about five, the father came to the Philippines and found a position. After he went away Fifi often went to the window and listened anxiously and then would turn to Trudie and seem to ask, "Why does the master not come?"

"Because," Trudie would explain, as she took her pet up in her arms, "he is very busy right now but as soon as he gets a

home prepared, you, mother, and I are going to join him." Trudie knew her geography very well so she often took Fifi to the map and pointed out the place where her father was in the Philippines. "You see, Fifi, that is where he is and that is where we are going before long." Fifi would tighten the curl in his tail a little and seem to understand.

One day a big ship arrived in the Philippines and on the deck stood Trudie, her mother and Fifi anxiously looking for the father, husband, and master. As the gangplank was being lowered they recognized a tall man waving a white helmet to them. At that moment Fifi gave a yelp of joy and leaped from the deck to the master's shoulder. This was a happy reunion, the family and the little dog. They all went home to the plantation where the father had his work.

This family would have been very lonesome in the islands had they not been a devoted and resourceful group. The mother and father knew scarcely any

English and there was no one near who spoke German. Trudie knew her English well, but there were no girls and boys for her to play with. In the new home her best pal and playmate was her old friend, Fifi.

Ly and by Trudie grew up and Fifi was becoming an old dog. Dogs, as you know, are considered old at ten. Finally, it was time for Trudie to go away to school. She was to sail to Europe and never expected to return to the islands again. They discussed the possibility of taking Fifi, but thought the heat in going through the Red Sea and Suez Canal would be too much for him since he was so old and so fat.

Trudie had her suitcases and bags spread out on the floor to pack and repack. Fifi stood watching her with a question in his eyes and the curl slightly out of his tail. After a while he jumped into one of the open bags and coiled up with a dejected look on his face. The girl was busy arranging something in another bag, but when she discovered the dog in the bag she sat down in the floor and wept and wept. By and by when she felt like talking she took Fifi's head between her hands and explained everything to him. "Listen, Fifi," she began, "it is very, very hard to leave you. You have been my playmate, pal, brother. Oh! you have been everything." With that she took her much loved pet up in her arms and hugged him tight. "You understand everything." Then she

put him back on the floor and standing on her knees took his head in her hands again and continued to explain: "You see the travel on the ship would be hard for you, then the heat in the Red Sea would be still harder. After that you would have to remain in quarantine for six months in Genoa. I could not be allowed to be there with you. I do not know the kind of food you would have or who would give you a bath. And the main thing, Fifi," she went on very seriously as she smoothed back his ears and stroke the back of his head, "you must stay here to keep my mother and father company while I am away. You are the only one around here who speaks German, you know. You must now take my place, and at the same time be yourself too. In Europe I will be busy at school. You can do more good here than by going with me. I'll miss you all my life, but you must stay here and be happy. Roll on the floor laughing and playing every day, but don't let any one know that you miss me. Always keep your tail curled."

Feeling that Fifi understood all she had said Trudie put him aside and silently continued her packing. And so it is—Trudie is in far away Europe busy with the business of a young girl. Since she went her mother often says, "Yes, we miss Trudie so very much, but Fifi is a great comfort, always faithful, and so cheerful that his tail is always tightly curled."

## AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

*(Continued from page 225)*

not only to ourselves, but to injured excursionists as well.

In the afternoons, we went swimming in the Falls. A shallow place was marked off and non-swimmers were not permitted to go beyond the mark. A life-saving stick was always within reach: (thanks to God, it never was used actually).

During our last evening, we held a large campfire. You can imagine the seven of us,—a wee group, proportionally smaller than the fire we built, creating an atmosphere of merriment and cheer. There we were,—singing around the campfire,—and lusty voices raised in the air, lost in the darkness around. The Campfire is an institution. Around it, friendships are formed,—friendships as tight and binding as the large cables that support a mighty bridge. Around it, comradeship prevails,—a comradeship that will remain unforgotten in the years to come, even when we no longer wear shorts and neckerchiefs.

Tired but happy; a little hungry, but buoyant; each and every one of us returned home the next day, every boy with his own stories to tell. The members of our Tribe have had various camp experiences in the past, but take it from one who has always been present in all of them, our 1937 Summer Camp in Hinulagan Tak-Tak Falls, Antipolo, tops them all!

## JOE, THE LITTLE

*(Continued from page 203)*

"Who stole the egg then?" the principal asked without addressing anybody.

Joe stepped forward and said, "Mr. Garcia, may I help you find the boy who got the egg from the nest under Iya Sabel's house?"

"Yes, Joe," answered the principal.

"I live a block away from Iya Sabel's house," Joe began. "Although I go there sometimes, I have not gone there today. If I did not come to the office this afternoon, I would not know that Iya Sabel has eggs under her house and that someone has been stealing them. I would not know that one more egg was stolen this afternoon. However, I can tell you who did the mischief."

The principal looked at Pablo with suspicion in his eyes. Iya Sabel looked calmly at the speaker. The four boys touched each other and then looked at Pablo who became the target of every eye in the room.

"You suspect Pablo judging from the way you look at him," Joe continued addressing the others, "but he has told the truth. From the window of our room, I saw him with his mother. Each of them carried a bundle."

"Who stole the egg?" asked the principal.

"That boy," Joe answered pointing to Tomas.

"You lie!" shouted Tomas.

"Yes, he lies," agreed the other three.

Joe did not pay attention to

what the boys said. Instead he looked at Tomas and said, "There is a piece of cobweb on your hair. How did you happen to get it? The answer is clear. As soon as your playmates were gone, you ran back to get the egg and your hair caught that little piece near the nest. You were afraid you would be tardy so you went straight to school. We were on our lines when you came and you joined us. I noticed that cobweb on your hair while we were standing on our lines. I also noticed that you kept on touching something which bulged in your pocket. I thought it was a mandarin or a pingpong ball but now I am sure it was an egg—the egg that Iya Sabel lost this afternoon."

"You are a liar!" Tomas thundered as he turned his pockets inside out. "There is nothing in my pocket."

"You have had no chance to hide it outside of the school-room so the egg must be sleeping soundly in your desk now," said Joe.

"Janitor, go and see the desk of Tomas and get the egg if you find it there," said the principal.

The janitor came back with an egg of brownish color in his hand. Joe took it in his hand and showed it to Iya Sabel.

"Does this look like the egg, you have at home?" he asked.

"Yes, it has the same color as those I have at home. Oh, it is mine! It is mine!" exclaimed the old woman.

"Thank you, Joe," said the principal. "Tomas is guilty. He stole eggs and he told a lie. For these two offenses, he will

## ESTER LEARNED A . . .

*(Continued from page 204)*

I don't want my little girl to suffer the same pain. So there, put your book down and go to bed. Remember you can read all the books you like if you have good health," advised Mrs. Cruz to Ester who had now fallen in deep thought.

Ester was convinced that after all, good health should be prized more than anything else on earth. So putting the book down, she kissed her mother on the forehead and without any complaints, she willingly went to bed.

not be admitted to his class unless he brings his father here. Tomas may now go home. The rest of the boys may go back to their classes."

The boys went out. Tomas did not say anything as he went out of the room. Iya Sabel thanked the principal and patted Joe on the shoulder. Joe went back to his class after he had given the note to the principal.

(Next month you will read more about Joe's detective work in the story, JOE'S WONDERFUL BOX.)

## HELPS FOR STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Why did Iya Sabel go to the office of the principal?

If Joe were not present, who might have been punished? Why?

How did Joe identify the guilty boy?

Why was Pablo a good son?

How was the guilty boy punished?



## ROSAURO AND HIS

*(Continued from page 222)*

radio and bit his finger nails in rage.

Just then the honk-honk of an automobile was heard. It was the doctor. Mrs. Mendoza hurriedly opened the door and showed Dr. Herrera in.

"Who is my patient this fine day?" this came from the doctor.

"Doctor no one is ill but I wish to consult you about Rosauero. There he is, cross and fretful," explained Mrs. Mendoza as she pointed to her son.

"Come, Rosauero," called the doctor, "and so you are my patient today."

The boy approached slowly and with bowed head.

"You have a keen appetite, haven't you, son? inquired Dr. Herrera. "Of course, you like milk and vegetables."

"Doctor, mother always asks me to drink milk but I hate to do so. I hate milk. Can't I have coffee?"

"You are rather queer. You are not yet sick but you would soon be if you continue to ask for those things which are not good for you," Dr. Herrera warned.

Rosauero remained silent. He was probably thinking of the doctor's words.

"Have you any reason for not liking milk?" queried the doctor seriously.

In answer, the boy shook his head.

"Well, then, I know why you should not hate milk so

much. You love cakes and candy because they are sweet. But you must know that milk likewise contains some sugar just like that found in cakes. The cream or fat that is frozen into ice-cream is found in milk. You certainly want pearly teeth and glossy hair. Milk will give you materials for them. You don't want to be a weakling all your life. Drink milk, for it contains muscle builders. Milk, you must understand, is Nature's perfect food," explained the doctor lengthily.

The doctor paused awhile to give Rosauero time to think. After a few moments he continued "Like a good boy, I know you would not give your mother any more trouble in your choice of food. Eat whatever is given you by your mother for she knows just what you need."

Turning to Mrs. Mendoza he declared, "In the future I am sure your boy will like his glass of milk. He has promised to do away with his bad food habits."

"Haven't you, Rosauero?" he asked as he stroke the boy's hair.

"Yes, doctor, I'll begin right now," responded Rosauero as he reached for his glass of milk from his mother. "Will this make me an athlete?"

"Of course, milk will, for you will have a strong physical make-up."

Dr. Herrera got up and prepared to go. Rosauero stood, too, and very quickly ran to the door to open it for the doctor. Mrs.

## OUR FOREST WEALTH

*(Continued from page 219)*

could come from our own forests.

Have you ever seen a rubber tree? There are some to be found in the Mehan Gardens. Perhaps some of you have gathered the young buds and made toy balloons out of them.

Rubber is the milky substance that comes from the trunk and branches of the tree. At the age of four or five years a rubber tree is lightly tapped or a cut is made along the bark. The milky substance called latex flows out into cups and then this is left to thicken or coagulate. In twenty-four hours the rubber forms into a spongy mass like thickened sour milk, and floats on the water from which it has completely separated. This mass of rubber is then squeezed to extract the water which process should be thoroughly done to prevent the rubber from decaying. Then these thin sheets of rubber are hung up to dry in a room where several fires have been built. After two or three days the rubber is ready for market.

This raw rubber then goes to different factories to be made into various articles that you now use. Is it not strange to think that this thin red rubber band around your books came out of the deep forest far, far from you?

Mendoza watched her son and with a contented smile thanked the doctor for the changed attitude of Rosauero.

## WHERE THE WORD "COP" COMES FROM

There have been advanced a number of stories as to the origin of the word "cop" as applied to policemen. The word cop is supposed to be derived from the Old English verb to cop, meaning to catch, to get hold of, to nab. This meaning is retained in the slang expression to cop off, meaning to grab; to make away with something sought by others. In England, a policeman is often called a copper, that is, one who cops or catches offenders.

As applied to a policeman, the word cop dates back to 1859. The verb cop, as used in dialect English, has been traced back to the Seventeenth century. There is no evidence that cop was originally the abbreviation of constabulary of police.

Another story of the origin of the word is connected with the following: In 1829 Sir Robert Peel organized the first modern police force in London. Members of the police force were blue uniforms with very large copper buttons. These buttons gave the police the name copper, shortened to cop.—*Literary Digest*.

## HOW THE EXPRESSION "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK" BEGAN

In this expression the final word was formerly Croke. Hook and Croke were able English lawyers, in whose day it was customary to say, "If I can't win by Hook I will by Croke."—*The Kablegram*.

## THE ORIGIN OF "O. K."

The expression "O. K." has many origins. H. L. Mencken produces eleven or twelve alleged sources. He says that one theory derives it from the initials of one Obediah Kelly, an early railway freight agent, who signed his initials to bills of lading. Another traces it to an early Presidential campaign slogan, "The people is oll correct." Still another derives it from a Choctaw word, "okeh" signifying "it is so." Woodrow Wilson accepted this etymology and used "okeh" in approving official papers. This made the form popular, and as a result we still have "Okey" phonograph records, shoe-shining parlors, lunchrooms and hot-dog stands.—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*.



*The Book of the Year!*

Rizal: Man and Martyr

By Frank C. Laubach, Ph. D.

The latest and fullest biography of the greatest Filipino,—Rizal.

Frank but fair in its treatment of facts.

Fascinating in its tale of the private life of a grand but nonetheless human personality.

Fearless but unbiased in its revelation of Rizal's faith in his mission and in Truth.

Every page, a thrilling story. Every chapter, an inspiring lesson.

Written after over one thousand four hundred letters of Rizal had been collected all over the world.

The One Indispensable Book In Every Filipino Home.

P4.00 a copy—cloth bound

P3.00 a copy—paper bound

50 centavos, postage

**Community Publishers, Inc.**

405 P. Faura, Manila

# Attention, School Principals!

PHILIPPINE BOOKS APPROVED

by the

BUREAU OF EDUCATION

1. A PRIMER OF THE PHILIPPINE CONSTITUTION by V. G. Sinco—  
Approved in Academic Bulletin No. 1, s. 1936  
as **Supplementary Reader** for Grade VII ..... P1.70 net.  
(*Indispensable in Civics classes, many parts of  
the textbook on Civics being now obsolete.*)
2. VOCABULARY BUILDING by J. C. Pineda—  
Approved in Academic Bulletin No. 10, s. 1936,  
as Pupils' reference for Grades V, VI, and VII.  
**To be purchased in sets** ..... P0.56 net.
3. COMMUNITY EDUCATOR in 2 volumes—  
Approved in Academic Bulletin No. 3, s. 1935  
as Pupils' reference for Grades VI and VII on  
agriculture, gardening, health, social and  
economic conditions, government, politics, etc.  
also approved as students' reference for  
secondary schools.  
Price for the set of 2 books ..... P4.00 net.
4. CHARACTER EDUCATION READERS—Stories On  
Conduct by I. Panlasigui—  
A.B. No. 13, s. 1936 as **Supplementary Reader**  
for Grade V ..... P1.60 net.
5. CHARACTER EDUCATION READERS—Thinking of  
Others by I. Panlasigui—  
A.B. No. 6, s. 1937, as **Supplementary Reader**  
for grade IV ..... P1.40 net.

*Sold Exclusively by*

COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, Inc.

405 Padre Faura

Manila, Philippines