

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

SEPTEMBER, 1937

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Child's Health Day

They asked me what Child's Health Day
means,
Of what significance it is
They asked for what Child's Health Day
stands
'Mong all other important days.

Child's Health Day means good food to
eat,
Eggs, pure milk and fish or meat,
Green vegetables and apples sweet
Papaya or banana treat.

Child's Health Day signifies good rest,
Eight hours of sleep to give us zest.
Early in bed and out at sunrise,
To start the day with healthy ways.



Child's Health Day means pure, fresh
air,
From hills or mountains, field or dell.
It means the tropic sun's caress,
Also plenty of good exercise.

Above all things Child's Health Day
stands,
For healthy children of our land,
They with bodies strong and clean,
Full of vigor, might and vim.

On Child's Health Day we honor them,
Whose faces with health and happiness
beam.
In them the hope of a nation lies,
Both in time of war and peace.

—Mrs. Luisa P. Gabriel



Gift - Dr. Parlanquin, d

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Joe's Wonderful Box

By ANTONIO C. MUNOZ

In this story, Joe has another adventure more interesting than that which you read last month. An important lesson in conduct is taught in this story. Find out what it is.

THE pupils in Joe's school were busy. An operetta was to be staged on the following Saturday by the intermediate pupils. Those who were not taking part in the operetta were either helping in the construction and decoration of the stage or selling admission tickets to outsiders. It was a benefit show and every intermediate pupil was given three pesos's worth of tickets to be sold to friends and relatives. All sales were to be turned over to the principal on or before Friday.

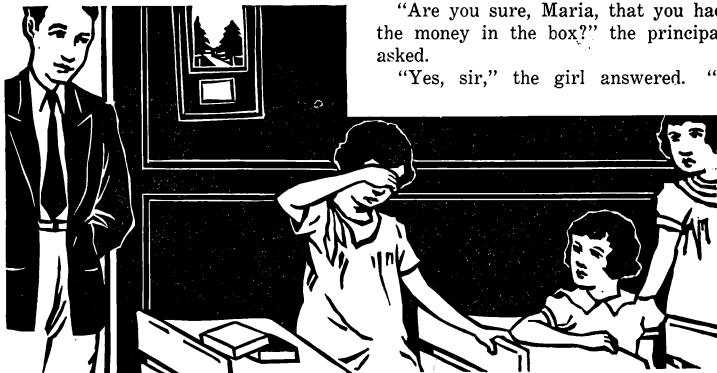
On Friday afternoon, the principal went around the classes to collect the sales from the pupils. Everything went on smoothly until he came to the Fifth Grade-2 Class. The principal noticed when he entered the room that one of the girls was crying.

"What's the matter, Miss Cruz?" he asked of the teacher.

"Maria lost one peso," the teacher replied. "That money was a part of her ticket sales. She put it in her box just before she left her home. When she reached the school, she put the box in her desk. When I told the pupils that you were coming soon to collect the sales, she got the box and opened it. The remaining tickets were there but the money wrapped in a piece of paper was gone."

"Are you sure, Maria, that you had the money in the box?" the principal asked.

"Yes, sir," the girl answered. "I



even looked into the box before I placed it inside the desk to be sure that it was there."

"Did anybody know that you had money in the cardboard box?" again asked the principal.

"I don't know," Maria replied. "Of course, every pupil knows that all ticket sellers have money with them this afternoon for this is the day we are to report the sales and turn the money over to you."

"Do you suspect anybody?"

"I have no idea as to who got the money."

"Do you think it was stolen by someone from another class?"

"I don't think so."

"Why?"

"Because pupils from other classes do not come into our room. Miss Cruz does not allow them unless she is present."

"Then one of your classmates got it."

"I am sure of that although I cannot point to any particular pupil."

"Miss Cruz," the principal said addressing the teacher, "I shall come back after the last period. Please don't let anybody out until I come."

The principal went out of the room and the teacher went on with the interrupted recitation.

As soon as the principal came to the Fifth Grade -1 Class, he told the teacher that he wanted to see Joe in the office. A few minutes later Joe and the principal were seated in the latter's office. The office was a narrow room adjoining the library which was vacant in the afternoon during recitation periods.

"What do you think of that, Joe?" the principal asked after he had told



the little detective the story of the loss of the money and the result of his investigation.

"I suspect someone," Joe said. "I noticed his strange behavior while the pupils were on their lines this afternoon."

"Who is he?" the principal asked.

"I can't tell you now but you will know who he is before you go home this afternoon," Joe assured the principal. "I shall come back after class so that we shall make the final investigation. Please tell the teacher not to dismiss the class until we come and not to allow anybody to go out before that time."

"I have already told her that," was the quick reply.

"Please send a note to Mr. Torres asking him to excuse Rod and me," Joe requested. "I should like to do something in the shop and I need Rod to help me."

(Please turn to page 261)

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Josefina And Her School Work

Miss ELISA MARQUEZ *



JOSEFINA was in deep thought as she sat alone in the sala of their small house. Her books were on the table just in front of her. Her mind was so absorbed that her mother who came from the adjoining room was able to approach her without her knowledge.

Seeing the condition of Josefina, the mother put her hand lightly on her daughter's shoulder and inquired, "Are you sick, Fina? Tell Mother what she can do for you."

Josefina gave a start and buried her face in her hands. She sobbed very much.

"What ails you, dear? Are you sick? It is not like my daughter to be hiding things from Mother. Come and tell me the trouble," comforted the mother.

"Mother," Josefina began, "please let

me leave school. Let me just stay at home to help you."

"Why, Fina?" asked the mother. "I never thought you would hate studying."

"But, Mother, I think I shall not pass the course. I feel that our work in school is really getting harder. I am afraid to fail. My classmates shall tease me," explained Josefina.

"Don't get discouraged," consoled the mother. "You are still very young and have the time to spare. Don't be afraid to struggle. Not everybody is born intelligent but always remember that in this world, nothing is impossible. Work more, study harder, and you will find that in the long run success will be yours, too.

"I do not want to struggle," revolted Josefina. "There is no use, Mother, I shall surely fail."

"Fail? To fail will not harm you. If this is the way you feel, I think I really should be thankful of your failure in school work. I would feel it more if I see that you pass now and then fail to solve your own problems in life later."

"Oh, Mother, you are cruel," protested Josefina.

"Not in the least, Fina. You must understand my point. In this world there is no true gain unless you have the pain to get it. Bear in mind that the sweetest victory is that one which is gained after a hard battle is fought."

* Teacher, San Miguel Elementary School, Manila.

The Spider And The Ant

LORETO PARAS-SULIT

A strong wind blew a poor, tiny ant into the web of a big, black spider.

"Ho-ho-ho," the fat spider laughed wickedly. "Now, my busy ant, you will rest forever in my stomach."

The little red ant trembled in fear. "Please, kind sir, spare me," it begged for its life.

"If you can give me two ants in exchange of yourself, I will let you go," said the spider, trying to be kind for once in his life.

"Yes, sir," answered the tiny ant, "If you will let me go, I shall drop a grain of sugar near your web. That will attract many ants to your home and you can pounce on all of them."

"Then, what do you want me to do, Mother?" asked Josefina who was beginning to see her mother's point.

"I want you to change your mind about studying. Study more diligently and don't be afraid to struggle. If after you have struggled, still you fail, then don't give up. Try again," advised the mother.

Pick out the correct answers:

1. Josefina's mother taught her to be (kind, persevering, down-hearted).

2. "There is no gain without pain" mean:

- (a) Sell the goods at a high price.
- (b) He who does not work shall not eat.
- (c) Be kind to others.

"Very well," agreed the spider and he showed the ant how to get out of his web.

The ant dropped the grain of sugar near the web as he had promised. Soon many ants were gathered about the spot. The spider watched carefully for his opportunity. Then without warning it descended upon the numerous ants.

Alas, for the spider! The ants suddenly swarmed over his fat black body. More and more ants came to help their brothers. The tiny ant watching nearby saw the spider being conquered. "His greed caused his death," the ant said.



The Story Of Ginger

By B. HILL CANOVA

Dear Young Citizens:

Come gather around and I will tell you the true story of my life. I am a little yellow cat and my name is Ginger. I have not had a very long life, but it has been rather interesting considering that I am a cat.

When I was born I was so very, very young that I do not remember the place or the time. The first thing I can remember about my life is one morning I was walking along on the wet pavement in the town plaza of Jaro, Iloilo. A light rain was falling, the wind was blowing and I was so cold. Not knowing what else to do, I crouched down in the shrubbery. I was too hungry to be able to think very well. I do not know how long I sat there shaking and shivering.

Presently I heard something going, "Tap, tap, tap." I looked up and two ladies were hurrying along in the rain. When I saw them I thought, "It must be nice to be ladies and have some place to go. It is so hard to be a poor, little lonesome, hungry cat with no place to go." Although I was ever so weak from hunger I managed to trot right to them and give a few faint meows.

"You poor little thing!" both ladies exclaimed. (One of these ladies was short and one was tall so I will speak of them as the short lady and the tall lady.) The short lady stooped and scooped me up in one hand.

"Look how thin and sick it is. It is cold too," she said.

"Here," offered the tall lady, "take my handkerchief and wrap it up."

I was so tiny then that the handkerchief was large enough to wrap me in. The short lady put the handkerchief around me snugly. "Will you carry this?" she asked the tall lady as she took something out of a small paper bag. The tall lady took the article and the short lady put me in the bag. "Now," she said, "the wind can't blow on the little wet thing." She left my nose, ears and eyes poking out of the bag so I could get plenty of air. She held me close to her and it felt mighty nice to be carried in a paper bag by a kind lady right through the plaza of my home town on a rainy day. I didn't say a word. I only sat still thinking how nice to be getting warm. A warm place means a lot to kittens.

"We must hurry home," suggested the tall lady, "and give the little creature some food. Here is a taxi, shall I call it?"

"Yes," agreed the short lady. Then she spoke to me, "Yes, little kitty-cat, you shall have something to eat soon. You are just skin and bones. The taxi will take us quickly."

"A taxi," I thought, but really I didn't think about the taxi very much for I was too busy thinking of the food the two ladies had mentioned. Now that it is all over I wonder how many cats have ridden in a taxi.

When we reached the home of the tall lady I heard dogs barking. I crouched as low as I could in my paper bag and

the lady held me close to her and spoke kindly so I did not feel afraid. The short lady was visiting the tall one and they both went into her house. As they went up the stairs the husband of the tall lady asked, "What is that in that bag?"

"Some fresh meat," laughed his wife.

"No, just a bundle of bones," corrected the short lady.

I did not mind them making jokes about me for I could tell that they were going to be good to me. They took me



to the back porch and quickly warmed a bowl of milk for me. Then they gave me a small fish. I did not like to eat so greedily but I was so hungry that in just no time I had lapped all the milk and gobbled down the fish. The place looked so strange to me but I felt ever so much better than I had felt when I crouched in the shrubbery in the plaza.

"The little dear is still hungry," said the short lady.

"Since he has been without food for so long I think it is not wise to give him too much at first. Suppose we give him a small amount every two hours until

he becomes accustomed to food," suggested the tall lady.

"That is right," said the other lady, "Now, little kitty, you must take a nice long sleep here by the kitchen stove." She made a little bed for me with an old towel.

I do not know how long I slept. The next thing I remember I was stretching and yawning on the little bed. When

I opened my eyes there the short lady was bending over me. "Yes, you tiny little thing, you slept like a top.



How about something more to eat?"

"Well, I was still hungry and something to eat sounded good to me. This

time she gave a bowl of rice and milk with a little sugar on it. This was so good and made me feel stronger but still I had no interest in playing. I just sat under the stove blinking at the cook as he went about his work. After a little the short lady came with a basin of boric-acid solution and small pieces of cotton. She washed my face, particularly my eyes and ears. I was still too weak from hunger to think about my looks. I did not feel like squirming to get away when the lady washed my face.

(Please turn to page 259)



GINGER

THE GOOD READERS' CORNER Conducted by Miss DOLORES SILOS

GRADE ONE

1. What can a bird do?
A bird can _____.
2. What can a horse do?
A horse can _____.
3. What can a cat do?
A cat can _____.
4. What can a dog do?
A dog can _____.

GRADE TWO

1. Who is stronger? (girl—boy)
2. Which is cleaner? (garbage can—
water can)
3. What is better? (to work—to
sing)
4. Which is nicer? (flower—leaves)
5. Which is bigger? (carabao—fly)

GRADE THREE

Tell about the shape of the following:

An orange _____

An egg _____

A table _____

A banana _____

GRADE FOUR

If the words of a pair mean the same, draw a line under "same." If they mean the opposite or nearly the opposite, draw a line under "opposite."

1. neat—clean (same—opposite)
2. soiled—dirty (same—opposite)
3. quiet—noisy (same—opposite)
4. above—below (same—opposite)
5. unhappy—sad (same—opposite)
6. strong—healthy (same—opposite)

GRADE FIVE

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

Can you do these?

1. Draw a nest in the tree.
2. Put a leaf in the bill of the bird.

3. Put two leaves on the flower. arm.
 4. Hang an umbrella on the girl's 5. Put some flowers in the basket.



GRADE SIX

CLASSIFYING WORD PUZZLE

1. Write these names on your paper:

Living Room Bedroom Dining Room

2. Write these words under the name to which they belong. Samples:

Living Room Bedroom Dining Room
 piano bed plate

Begin here:

Words—radio, glasses, plates, dressing table, flower vases, jar, dresses, arm-chair, cups, pitchers, phonograph, bowls, piano, wardrobe, knives, fruit comb, magazines, newspapers, rice, books, gowns, pins, saucers, fish, meat, album, pillow, blanket.

GRADE SEVEN

GUESS

Directions: Fill the blanks with the correct words. Sample: An automobile has four *wheels*.

Begin here:

1. A bird has two legs and two ____.
2. A cow has two white ____.
3. A clock has a face and two ____.
4. A cat has a long ____.
5. A carabao has two ____.
6. A heron has a long neck and a long ____.
7. A rooster has a big ____ on its head.
8. An owl has two big ____.
9. A bookcase has many ____.
10. A clown has a funny face ____.

(Please turn to page 248 for the answers)

Learning New Expressions

LORETO PARAS-SULIT

Read the story below. Have you ever had a similar experience? As you read the paragraph aloud, emphasize carefully the italicized expressions.

A RAINY AFTERNOON

One afternoon the *sky suddenly darkened* and then it *rained in torrents*. The canals *on the sides* of our road were *turned into* small, swift rivers. I took my hat and raincoat, *put on* my rubber boots and *went out to enjoy a wetting*. The rain *beat down upon me* heavily but I did not *heed it*. I *splashed about* in the water and *shouted with great glee*.

(a) Answer the following questions using the italicized expressions:

1. How did the sky change?
2. How did the rain fall?
3. What did I do before I went out in the rain?
4. What did the rain do to me?
5. How did I act in the rain?

(b) Check the group of words that tell about the things that happened that rainy afternoon.

1. The sky suddenly darkened.
2. The thunder roared.
3. It rained in torrents.
4. The sun hid itself.
5. The road was dry.
6. I splashed about in the water.
7. I put my rubber boots on.
8. I took my sweater and umbrella.
9. I shouted with glee.
10. A rainbow came out.

Now can you describe an experience you have had with the rain?

(Please turn to page 255 for the answers)



MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH

Do you ever hear people say, "That is just a little thing"? Think of little things around you that are beautiful. Read the poem and see what little things are named. Which are the dearest things on earth?



LITTLE THINGS

When God makes a lovely thing,
The dearest and completest,
He makes it little don't you know?
For little things are sweetest.
Little flowers, little birds,
Little diamonds, little pearls;
But the dearest things on earth
Are little boys and girls.

After reading the poem several times, be able to fill the blanks:

When God makes a _____ thing,
The _____ and completest,
He makes it _____ don't you know?
For little things are _____.
Little _____, little _____,
Little _____, little _____;
But the dearest things on _____.
Are little _____ and _____.

Fill in the missing lines:

When God makes a lovely thing,
The _____,
He makes it little, don't you know?
For _____.
Little flowers, little birds,
_____, _____;
But the dearest things on earth
Are _____.

Now you should be able to recite the entire poem from memory. You may recite it in class in connection with your "Child Health Day" program.

CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

Glass In The Road

By B. HILL CANOVA



MISS ABELLO lived a good distance from the barrio where she taught. She was glad of this because she enjoyed the walk to school in the mornings. She liked to watch the growth of the rice fields from week to week. It was interesting to pass the same banana tree every morning and study the ripening fruit. The sunshine and cool breeze seemed to give her an appreciation of the world about her.

One morning as she went along the road, thinking what pleasant day it was, she noticed three of her pupils a short distance ahead of her. The three boys, Andres, Vicente, and Tomas, were talking and laughing. Suddenly she saw Vicente pick something up from the road and place it by a fence post. The other two boys went on and Vicente soon overtook them. Miss Abello wondered what he had put by the post.

When the bell rang and the children

marched into the school room Miss Abello greeted them with, "Good morning, children. Isn't this a wonderful day?"

"Good morning, Miss Abello," the children replied, "Yes, it is a nice day."

"Suppose," suggested Miss Abello, "that we each tell what we saw on the way to school and we will know who had the most interesting walk to school."

The children liked the idea and Luz offered to be the first to tell what she had seen.

"Very well, Luz, you may talk first. Tell us what you saw that interested you."

"I saw my auntie and her little baby. They were going to our house to see my mother. I hope they will stay at our house until I get home this afternoon."

"I hope they do too," said Miss Abello. "Pedro what did you see?"

"I saw some people taking some chickens and eggs to the market. I told

them that my mother wanted to buy some eggs today and told them how to find our house."

"That is good. Perhaps you helped the people and your mother too."

Jose was anxious to tell of what he had seen. "I saw our neighbors harvesting their rice. As soon as I get home from school this afternoon I am going to help them. We get a share of all we gather."

Several of the children told of interesting things that had happened during their walk to school. Miss Abello asked, "Vicente what did you see?"

"A broken bottle," was Vicente's brief reply.

Some of the children laughed and wondered what could be interesting about a broken bottle.

"Just how did the broken bottle interest you?" asked Miss Abello.

"It frightened me."

"You do not mean that you are afraid of a broken bottle?"

Some of the children smiled again at Vicente's answer.

"No, Miss Abello, I am not afraid of a broken bottle, but it frightened me to see it in the road because I thought of what harm it could do. If some one without shoes should step on it they might get a serious injury from it. Also a horse or carabao could be badly hurt by it. Too, a piece of glass could ruin the tire of a car and cause an accident."

Miss Abello and all of the children, except Tomas, listened gravely at what Vicente had said.

Tomas still smiled and said, "I always

wear shoes when I walk on the road and we have no car. I saw the bottle but did not see why I should bother to move it."

Vicente stood up quickly and asked permission to talk again. Miss Abello nodded permission. He turned toward Tomas and explained, "Some of your friends have cars. Many of the poor people have to walk on the road without shoes. Many animals have to pass the road. Do you care nothing for your friends, the poor people or the faithful animals?"

"Oh, I did not think of all of that. I saw you move the bottle, but I did not think why you did it. I am sorry I laughed at what you said. You are more thoughtful than I."

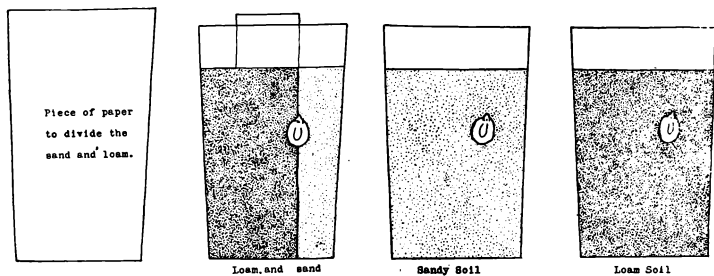
"It seems to me," said Miss Abello, "that Vicente has taught us a very fine lesson this morning. In fact, I think he has given us two lessons,—one in thoughtfulness and one in safety."



THINGS TO DO

WATCH THE ROOTS

By B. HILL CANOVA



Did you ever watch roots grow? Perhaps you think, "The roots are in the ground, how can we watch them grow?" Well, it is very easy and you will be surprised to find how interesting roots are. This is one way to study roots: Get three glasses (old cracked glasses will serve the purpose as well as good glasses, or glass bottles with wide mouths will do), a piece of paper, about three handfuls of sandy soil, and three handfuls of loam soil, and three grains of corn.

Now you are ready to start. Fill one glass with sandy soil. Fill one glass with loam soil. Cut a piece of paper

exactly the width of the third glass and a little taller than the glass. Stand this piece of paper in the middle of the third glass. Fill the glass on one side of the paper with sandy soil and on the other side with loam soil.

Examine your grains of corn and make sure that they are good firm grains. Insert a knife in the glass between the glass and the soil. Push the soil back just enough to drop a grain of corn in against the side of the glass, remove the knife carefully. In the glass that has both sand and loam place the corn in such a way that one half of the grain will be in the sand and one half

of the grain in the loam. Each grain should be about two inches from the top of the soil. Put enough water in each glass to make the soil moist. Wrap a dark piece of paper or cloth around the outside of each glass. Place the glasses in a place that will get the morning and afternoon sun. It is best that the mid-day sun does not shine on them.

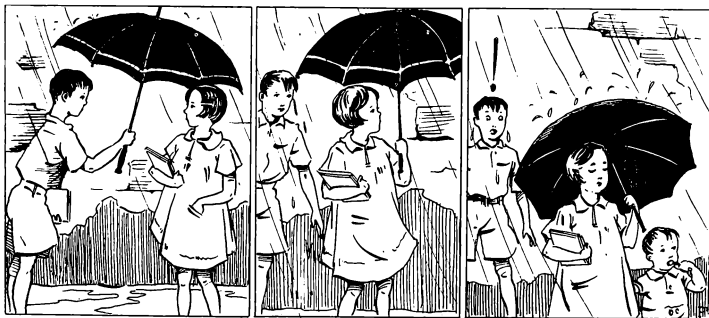
Keep the soil moist and about every three days remove the dark cloth and take a look at your grain of corn. Especially notice the grain in the glass with the two kinds of soil. Note on which side of the glass the roots seem to grow the better.

It will be more interesting if you keep a record of how each grain grows.

Write down the date of planting, and put down the date each time you look at the glasses and a few remarks on each grain. You might also keep a record of just how much water you put on the soil and how often you watered.

You will be surprised at how many roots one grain of corn can send out. You will be surprised at how fine and delicate some of them are. If you get two or three of your friends to make this experiment at the same time you make it and then each of you visit the "experiment station" of the others, and see who gets the best results, you will find that three grains of corn can teach you some things you did not know before. Try it for yourself.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES



ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGES 240-241

GRADE I

fly pur
neigh bark

GRADE III

round square
oval long

GRADE II

boy to sing
water can leaves
 carabao

GRADE IV

same opposite
same same
opposite same

GRADE V



GRADE VI

Living Room	Bedroom	Dining Room
radio	dressing table	glasses
flower vase	dresses	plates
armchair	wardrobe	jar
phonograph	comb	cups
piano	gowns	pitchers
magazines	pins	bowls
newspapers	pillow	cups
books	blanket	knives
album		fruit
		rice
		meat
		saucers
		fish

GRADE VII

1. A bird has two legs and two wings.
2. A cow has two white horns.
3. A clock has a face and two hands.
4. A cat has a long tail.
5. A carabao has two horns.
6. A heron has a long neck and a long bill.
7. A rooster has a big comb on its head.
8. An owl has two big eyes.
9. A bookcase has many books.
10. A clown has a funny face.

Words by CAROLYN BAILEY

The Clock

Music by I. ALFONSO



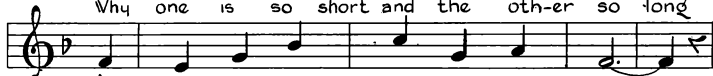
1. He stands in a cor-ner from morn-ing till night.
 2. hands are quite ti-dy and grow on his face.



A pa-tient old thing with no feet
 Der-haps when we're big we shall know



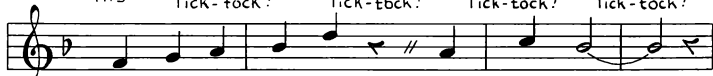
His face is so so-lemn and round as a moon
 Why one is so short and the oth-er so long



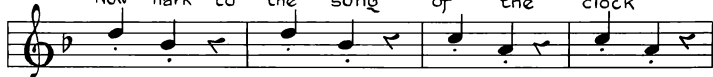
And, Oh, so ex-ceeding-ly neat
 And one he moves fast and one slow



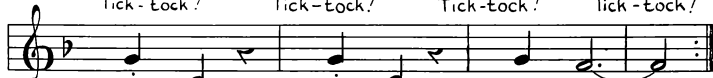
His Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!



Now hark to the song of the clock



Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!



Tick-tock Tick-tock he'll say.

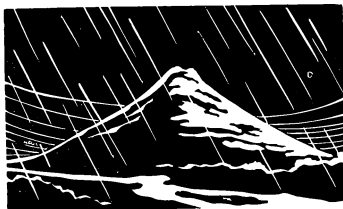
ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

THIS EARTH OF OURS

WHAT IS SOIL?

Last month we learned that the earth is continually changing, that parts of it are transferred to other places, or are broken into smaller, finer pieces with the help of wind, rivers, and plants and animals. By means of these actions which are called weathering and erosion soil is formed. Let us now see how soil is formed from rocks.

If we examine a big piece of rock, we usually find no soil on it. But during the rainy season very tiny plants called lichens manage to grow



on its surface. During this growth the plants dissolve a little of the surface of the rock so that when the masses of the plant fall from the rock, some rock particles fall from it. More water falls, more plants grow, and more and more soil material is built up. These may be carried by rivers or even rain water and the soil is carried to other places.

When deep beds of rock soil have been formed, these are enriched by fine sand, dust or clay blown by the wind. In addition to rock particles the soil contains humus which is the decayed bodies of animals and plants.

All kinds of soil contain water in different amounts. When soil is composed of finely divided particles a film of water covers each particle. These fit together and form tiny canals

(Please turn to page 263)

HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



THE DEN OF A BUMBLEBEE

Wherever there are flowers, you will see a bumblebee gathering pollen and honey from the blossoms. She is larger than the honeybee; she is dressed in black with yellow trimmings, furry-looking or velvety. If you live where you can take a walk across the field or along the edge of the woods you may see her flying very slowly, humming a tune with her wings. It will be a low tune her house-hunting song.

You know that different people like different kinds of houses. Animals also choose different kinds of homes. Some cave dwellers live in damp dens as you have read about the earth-worm. Some prefer dry ones. Some like them in the shade. Some would rather have them in sunny places. Where would you like your home to be?

It so happens that the bumblebee and the field mouse like exactly the same sort of cave. A den is a cave. This is very pleasant for the bumblebee for all she needs when she goes house-hunting is to find a vacant den that a field mouse

has left. That is what suits her best of all. She may have to do a little house cleaning, but the chances are that the furniture suits her very well as it is. The nest of dry grass that the field mouse made is good enough for her use.

When the bumblebee has chosen her den, she gathers some pollen, and a little nectar from spring flowers. With this she makes her first loaf of bee-bread. She does not eat it herself, but places it in the nest in her den and lays a few eggs on the loaf.

She broods her eggs like a mother bird, covering them over with her body. When the eggs hatch, their mother goes out to fetch much pollen and nectar to mix for their food. When the bee babies grow up, they help take care of their baby sisters.

All the children of the queen bumblebee are workers until late in the summer when there are some different kinds of children that grow up in the den. Some of these different ones are sons who go by the name of drones, and some are daughters who are called young queens. Neither the drones nor the young queens work in their mother's home.

The young queen sips what nectar she needs from flowers and she helps herself from the honey she finds in the den. After a while she takes a nap. It is a long one. It lasts from August until April or May.

When she is ready for this nap, she goes away quite by herself. She finds a place along a sandy well-drained bank and there digs a tiny den. On the sandy floor of that wee bedworm she lies, cozy and quiet, a little sleeping beauty waiting for the kiss of the spring to waken her and send her humming on her way while she hunts a bigger den in which to bring up her family. Are not insects among the busiest creatures on earth?

PLANTS ABOUT US

THE FOREST OFFERS YOU PILI NUTS

Every Christmas there is present at our tables a very welcome sight,—pili nuts. How we all love them. And how we have nearly broken our teeth trying to crack them, finally giving it up in favor of the more successful method of breaking it between a door's hinges. What a sad end for the pili nut that has traveled many miles from a far, wet forest to reach your table.

The pili nut is one of the natural products of the Philippines. It is found in the forests in the Bicol region, in Mindoro, Tayabas, and Mindanao. It is a valuable food, either raw or cooked. It contains an oil which is pleasant in taste. It is also rich in protein, a food found in meat. So it is worth all our troubles of cracking it. The pili nut may also be made into candy.



In regions where the pili grows it can also be used as a shade tree. It is a beautiful tree. It grows to a reasonable height and produces leaves all the year round. It is strong, it lives long, and it is seldom uprooted.

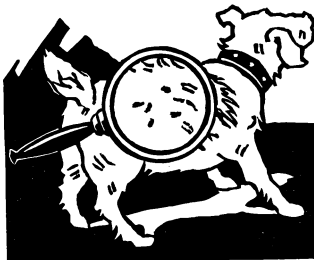
Pili nuts are in season from the month of May to October. When the fruits are to be picked, they are cut off from the branches. Sometimes when the tree is low, a bamboo

(Please turn to page 268)

Fleas As Household Pests

We all like to have dogs and cats at home as pets. But sometimes they may keep in their bodies tiny creatures that may harm members of the family. These are fleas that live on and suck the blood of animals. They transfer human diseases from lower animals. The fleas may leave the dog or cat and go to the persons living in the house and try to suck blood from them.

There are several kinds of fleas. One kind lives on rats. If the rat dies the flea has to find some other animal from which it may suck blood for food. When the fleas are thus forced to leave the rat they are not always able to find another rat so sometimes they get on persons and sometimes they carry from the rat to the person a very dangerous disease called bubonic plague. So when a rat is killed in your home either by your cat or by yourself, it should be buried or



burned immediately before any of the fleas leave it, for the fleas will not stay on a dead rat.

Fleas may lay their eggs on the hair of animals, or they may lay them in cracks of the floor or in corners of the house where dirt has gathered. When the eggs are laid on the hair of the animals they soon drop off since they are not glued to the hair as the eggs of lice are. In this way the eggs are scattered over the house and swept into cracks and corners. They are also found on the floor where the dog or cat often lies. Unless disturbed the eggs stay there until they hatch.

When we have dogs or cats about the house, we should often spray the floor with kerosene or boiling water to kill the fleas that may have been dropped by them.

Interesting Places

WATER FLOWERS

FORTUNATO ASUNCION *

Standing at the end of the road several meters from a fair-sized cylindrical reservoir, and which in fact is the edge of a hill, one's self will be filled with delight at the beautiful view below. Follow the water bed from the extreme left to the extreme right with your eyes, and your gaze will be met by a low-roofed concrete building. This is the filter house of the now famous Balara Filter Plant. After the water leaves this place, it is much purer and safer, the people there claim.

From the middle of an ascending road, near

the filter house, can be seen the beautiful water flowers. They look so pure and are indeed very attractive. Arranged in several straight rows, blooming in crystalline purity, holding up their heads as if to catch the gentle dewdrops from the blue sky, they sparkle in all their freshness. They never wither, nor do their color fade. They are not fragrant for they are only water that assumes the shape of flowers.

This flower-like water comes from a huge black pipe to which are joined several small tubes—so constructed that the water coming out resembles the morning glory flower—not in color, though, but in appearance.

* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School.

SAFETY SECTION

Stealing Rides

(A True Story)

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ

Ricardo and Jose are brothers. Both are in the fifth grade and are in the same section. One Monday morning they ate their breakfast a little later than usual and so they had to hurry to school.

"Walk a little bit faster," said Ricardo to his younger brother, Jose. "We might be late."

Without saying anything, Jose walked faster and kept pace with his brother. Just then, a Halili truck slowly passed by.

"Come, let us steal a ride. This truck will pass by our school," Ricardo said to his brother as he began chasing the truck.

"No, I'm afraid," protested Jose.

"All right, if you want to be late, you may go on. I must have this ride," and with a jump and a swing, he was there on the step-board at the end of the truck, holding on a small iron bar.

Jose was left behind. He walked on and on

and after several minutes he reached the school in time.

"Where is your brother, Jose?" asked Mr. Nils when he saw Ricardo's seat vacant. "Is he sick?"

"No, sir," replied Jose.

"Where is he then?"

Jose could not answer at once. He told Mr. Nils what Ricardo did in his effort to come to school on time.

"Something might have happened to him," Jose said to himself. He was very much alarmed. Horrible thoughts clouded his mind. Did he meet an accident? Was he carried to a distant place unfamiliar to him? Where could he be then?

The whole morning passed. Ricardo did not appear in school. Jose hurried home to see if he was there. To his amazement he did not find Ricardo in any of the places where he used to play when out of school. He was not in the swing; he was not in the see-saw; he was not in their neighbor's yard.

Jose's heart seemed to have jumped to his throat. The thought of Ricardo's meeting an accident made him run frantically up their house to report the case to his parents.

"Father," he said as soon as he was up. "Haven't you seen . . . ?" Jose did not finish what he was about to ask. In bed, he saw Ricardo lying very straight. His left leg was carefully bandaged. His left cheek was slightly bruised.

"There he is, Jose. He told me everything. I am glad you did not follow him. His thigh-bone is fractured and he has to undergo a painful and dangerous operation. He will be taken to the hospital at once," said the father.

Jose stood motionless by the bedside.

What, if he, too, stole that ride? He shuddered at the thought of it.



HEALTH SECTION**ANTONIO**

By B. HILL CANOVA



Once Antonio read in a book "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Now this put the boy to thinking. He asked his mother, "If all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy; will all play and no work make a dull boy, too?"

"To be healthy and happy every one should have a program with work and play in it," advised his mother.

So it is, our little friend Antonio working away in the garden. His appetite for fresh vegetables, too, makes him enjoy gardening.

What motto *put Antonio to thinking?*

How did he change the saying? Say it.

Give two reasons why he enjoys gardening.

Do you have an *appetite for* vegetables?

Name other things for which you have an appetite.

A Doctor's Story

MISS ELISA MARQUEZ*

Ben had been sick in bed for more than two weeks. He was at first a victim of typhoid fever but complications had set in and his condition proved serious.

Days passed. With the careful vigilance of Ben's mother and the careful treatment of the doctor, the boy's condition greatly improved. The doctor declared that Ben was already out of danger but of course should be careful not to get a relapse. He was to stay in bed for about two weeks more.

One morning as Ben was being examined by the doctor, he asked in a faint voice, "Doctor, shall I never get well? I have stayed in this bed for ever so long and I am getting tired."

"Have patience, my boy," consoled the doctor as he held Ben's hands. "Your mother and I are trying hard to make you well. Remember, however, that our effort would prove in vain unless you help us."

"Help you? What do you mean, Doctor?" asked Ben.

"Well, Ben, you remind me of a story I once read in a magazine," responded the doctor.

"What is the story about? Please tell it, Doctor," begged Ben.

"The story is short and I think I'll tell it," and the doctor released Ben's hands. His mother sat on a chair near the bed.

"A little boy, probably as young as you, once fell into a great subway in New York," began the doctor. "He was badly bruised and was taken to a near-by hospital. Upon reaching the hospital, the doctor began to examine the boy. The boy's face twitched with pain. He drew a long, deep breath and said, 'I wish I could sing.'

"If you think you can sing, then you may," said the doctor.

"Before the doctor had fully finished his sentence, the boy began to sing. The boy's voice was so sweet and brave and when the song came

* Teacher, San Miguel Elementary School, Manila.

to an end the listeners applauded. The doctor continued with his examination. The boy was suffering greatly as shown by the wincing of his body but soon he sang again. The nurses and attendants who heard the sweet child's voice gathered to hear the song. Through all the pains and sufferings from the examination, the boy's voice never faltered.

"At last the doctor was through with the examination and he announced, 'Little man, I can't find any broken bones in you. You will soon be all right.'

"To this the boy answered, 'I guess it was the singing that saved me. I always sing when I feel bad.'"

"How courageous!" admired Ben when the doctor was through.

"Yes, it was the boy's courage that saved him and it is your courage and cheerfulness that will help us," explained Ben's doctor.

"If that boy can sing in spite of his pains, then I can be cheerful and patiently wait until I can at last enjoy the out-of-doors with Mother and my friends," said Ben as a new light sparkled in his eyes.

"That is the boy and if you will do as you say, then your stay in bed will be shorter," encouraged the doctor.

"How delightful! I think your story has helped me much. I am already feeling better."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

1. How did Ben feel before the doctor's story was told?
2. Why did the boy in the doctor's story sing?
3. What effect had the story on Ben's attitude?



FAIR FILIPINAS

'Neath the skies bright cerulean hue,

Rose our fair native land;

With people ever brave and true,

Ever active to fight the foe.

Rare pearls in here we find,

Nestled beneath the deep blue sea.

On sunny spots and luxuriant lea

Busy workers, we everyday see.

Filipinas fair! Proud must you be

For you're rich in Nature's bounty:

Richer still in dutiful men,

You can compare with any land.

ELISA MARQUEZ

KEY TO ANSWERS

From page 242

(a)

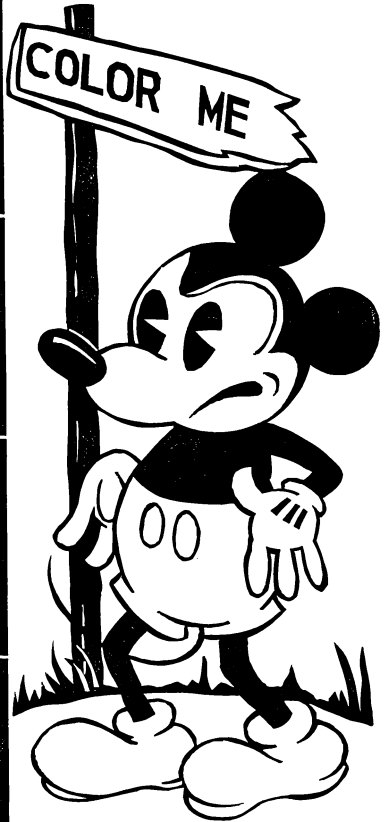
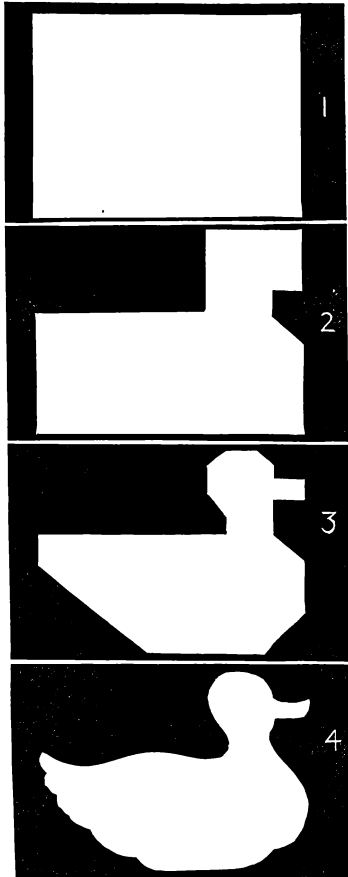
1. The sky suddenly darkened.
2. In torrents
3. I took my hat and raincoat and put on my rubber boots.
4. It beat upon me.
5. I splashed about in the water; I shouted with great glee.

(b) 1; 3; 6; 7; 9.

DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

By Pedro Pagnia

Try this Cut-Out





AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz *

A Scout Is Brave



"He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers and threats of enemies. Defeat does not down him."

Recently, a number of Boy Scout heroes were awarded medals of heroism, in token of recognition for their undaunted courage to risk their own lives for the sake of others.

John Noble, formerly a Tenderfoot Scout of Troop 70, Manila, was awarded a Silver Life Saving Medal for saving the life of his father, who was nearly drowned in Manila Bay after their sailboat capsized on January 30, 1937.

Lone Scout Clarencio Lelis, a Tenderfoot Scout from Tribe 10, Gubat, Sorsogon, received a Bronze Life Saving Medal for saving Antonio Enaje from drowning in the ocean, on February 6, 1937.

First Class Scout Eladio Montilla of Troop 529, Jaro, Leyte, received a Bronze Life Saving Medal for saving Gregorio Quilaquil from drowning in the Cabayongon River on April 22, 1936. The victim was unconscious when the rescuer reached the shore and the Schaeffer method of artificial respiration was applied.

These boys deserve the warm congratulations of every brother scout. They are brave lads. In accomplishing what they have done, they risked their very lives.

River accidents do not occur everyday, however, and a thoughtful Scout might want to know how he can be brave always, and thus live to the tenth point of the Scout Law, even if he fails to receive the honor of being awarded a medal for heroism.

Bravery does not lie merely in such eloquent demonstrations as daring rescues and courageous attempts to preserve human life. Bravery is of

two kinds, and one of them,—although the less sensational, perhaps,—is the more heroic of the two—*moral bravery*.

Moral courage is the fortitude to resist temptations and wrong inclinations. Hardly an hour passes when a man is not assailed by evil thoughts almost on every side of him. As Scouts, we are taught to be brave,—not only to risk our lives and personal safety for others, but also to fight off the daily temptations that attack us.

Have you ever experienced sitting in a classroom during an examination, with beads of perspiration on your brow, and the realization that without outside help, you will not get a passing mark? Have you ever felt that urge to glance at your seatmate's paper and see his answers? Then those are the times when your moral bravery is being put to a test. The more will it be of a test when your seatmate happens to be a "kind" one, and offers to help you voluntarily. Will you accept his help and thus pass in the examination? Or will you think seriously over such an act and resolve to fight the temptation off, come what may in the future? Accept his help, and you pass; refuse it, and you fail. Have you the courage to face failure? Have you that spirit of justice which tells you not to copy your neighbor's answers, since it is your own fault that you yourself, do not know the answers to the questions? If you have that spirit,—then you are a real Scout, for you are *morally brave*.

A very excellent display of moral courage, I beheld one rainy Sunday afternoon, inside a Japanese refreshment parlor a block away from our Troop meeting room.

I was seated in one corner of the parlor, and the door being shut to prevent the entrance of the rain (it was raining very hard), it was quite dark inside. The electric bulb in the center was

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

(Please turn to page 262)

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The Young Citizen PANTRY



MORE ABOUT DESSERTS

GULAMAN CUSTARD

- 1 bundle gulaman
- 3 coconuts
- 3 eggs
- 1 k sugar
- 1 large can evaporated milk
- 4 tsps. achuete juice or any desired coloring

Break the coconut, grate the meat and extract 9 cups coconut milk.

Remove 1 cup of sugar from the 1 kilo, and put in the rest in the coconut milk. Add the achuete juice and boil. Put in the gulaman stirring frequently until it is dissolved.

Beat the eggs well and add the evaporated milk. Pour into the boiling gulaman, stirring all the while to prevent the egg from curdling. Boil and remove from the fire.

Boil the reserved 1 cup of sugar with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water. Line the jelly moulds and custard moulds (lanera) with this. Pour in the gulaman mixture and leave aside to set. Remove from the moulder and serve.

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilie Jacinto Elementary School.

(Continued from the previous issue)

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN *

CUSTARD (LECHE FLAN)

- 12 egg yolks
- 1 large can milk
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c sugar

Beat the egg yoke. Put in the milk and add the sugar. If desired, grated lemon rind (dabay) may be added for flavoring.

Get $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Boil until big bubbles are formed. Line the custard moulds (lanera) with this and put in the mixture. Put the moulds in an empty frying pan and put water enough to reach half-way of the moulder. Cover the moulder with a clean piece of petroleum can. Heat the mixture.

When the mixture hardens a little, transfer live charcoals to the top of the petroleum can.

Stick a toothpick thru the mixture. If nothing sticks to it, the custard is done. Remove from the moulders and serve cold.

GULAMAN

- 1 bundle gulaman
- 7 c water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ k sugar

Boil the water. Put in the gulaman. When dissolved, add the sugar. If desired add a few "pandan" leaves for flavoring. Strain into moulders and set aside to cool. Remove from the moulders and serve.

Fresh fruit, like lacatan banana, chico, and mango may be pared, sliced and put in the moulder before pouring the mixture. Canned fruits too, like pineapple, peaches, pears may be added in a like manner. Fresh and canned fruits may be mixed together in the same moulder also. In such cases we shall have Fruit Gulaman.

THE STORY OF GINGER

(Continued from page 239)

"There," she said, "that makes you look better, even if you don't like it."

Several times during the day someone gave me more milk and a little fish. That night I was given a soft bed in a box. As far as I know that was the first bed I had ever had. I cannot remember where I had spent the nights before the two ladies picked me up in the Plaza. The next day the sun was shining



so I was taken out for a sun bath. In the garden I saw several cats. They belonged to the tall lady. I am sure they had never been hungry in their lives. They were so fat and full of play. A mother cat was giving one of her kittens a bath. I wanted to go near and play with the kitten but I was so shy that I only crouched by a tree. What else do you suppose that I saw in that garden with the cats? You may be surprised when I tell you that there was a nice brown dog romping and playing with the cats. He played with them as if he was

their big brother. Did you ever know of a dog with such lovely manners? During the second day I was fed several times and allowed to sleep by the stove. That afternoon the short lady came into the kitchen and picked me up saying, "You are just a handful of cat. Would you like to go home with me? I have a little boy, Tino, who would be so pleased to have a little might like you. He is a kind lad and I think you will like him."

I was not anxious to leave the house of the tall lady. I did not think any house could have so much food and good cheer. However, the short lady bundled me up in her arms, she and the tall lady got into a car, and off to the wharfs we went. This was my second ride in a car. This time I was feeling so much stronger than I had felt during my first ride, and I tried to take more notice of what was going on. The lady held me up on her shoulder and I looked about, thinking what big world this is.

When the short lady and I sailed away for Negros on the *S. S. Tañon* I was held up to the rail to give the tall lady a farewell look. I put my tail and ears up as proudly as I could to show her how well she had fed me while I was in her home. As we floated out the mouth of the Iloilo River I saw an airplane land in the near-by air port. I thought, "Well, I have traveled in a paper bag, in two cars and am now on a ship. I wondered if I should ever fly by plane. I rather doubt it. I think planes are better suited to

people than to cats.

I wanted to walk about and explore the ship, but it wobbled about so much and I did not feel strong enough to keep from falling. The short lady placed a chair for me beside her own chair, and I dozed along as she stroked my back. It is nice to have your back stroked when the ship rocks. At dinner time the table boy gave me some rice and fish. I think he must be a very nice boy for he helped me so gently from the chair to the deck when he gave me the food. And, Young Citizens, do you know that kittens appreciate gentleness, particularly on rocky boats?

Nothing very exciting happened during the night on the boat. I sat, wrapped in something warm, in a chair beside the lady's cot. The weather was smooth and the moon shone brightly. As dawn came I saw the eastern sky turn gray, then a deep red and gold. Just before the sun was up we landed at San Carlos. Cargadors carried the lady's baggage ashore, but she would trust no one to carry me. She took me in her arms and made me feel safe when we went down the gangplank. I could see the water below, and as you know, cats do not care to fall into water.

The lady, her baggage and I all got into a calesa. I thought, "My, my, there are so many ways to travel—paper bags, cars, ships, calesas," and I wondered what next.

When we reached the house everything was so still. Nothing, except the big red rooster and a few hens, were stirring

about. We crept into the back door. The lady peeped into the bedrooms. Every one was asleep. She moved about quietly and gave me some milk. Next she washed my eyes, ears, and paws with a boric-acid solution. She whispered into my ear, "You play around and I'll take a bath, and perhaps by that time Tino will be awake. He is going to be a proud little boy when he see you."

I walked slowly, slowly all through the house, looking under chairs and beds. I made up my mind that this would be a nice place to live. The milk I had had was so good. I could hear the water splashing in the bathroom. When the lady came out she was fresh and clean. She took me up and told me, "Now let's go into Tino's room. I expect he is awake." We peeped in and there on the pillow was a small boy with soft, brown eyes wide open.

"Oh!" he said, a little startled to see the lady. "you are at home. When did you get here. Oh!" he repeated when he noticed me in the lady's arms. "What is that?"

"A kitten. It is for you."

"Thank you," he cried and sprang out of bed. He took me in his arms ever so gently. "Good, little kitty," he said as he rubbed my back and head. He felt so warm that I started purring at once. "Is it really for me?" the little boy asked.

"Yes, you are to be its master."

"It isn't very fat," noticed the boy.

"No, I am afraid it has had a hard life thus far. We must feed it well and help it to grow strong."

"I'll let it have my egg for breakfast," offered Tino.

"We'll have an egg cooked for you and one for the cat too," said the lady.

Tino dressed quickly and went to the kitchen to tell the cook to prepare an extra egg for breakfast so the cat could have one. As he stood about the kitchen waiting for breakfast he noticed the spice cans standing on the shelf. On one of them he noticed the word "ginger." He did not know how ginger looked so he opened the can and peeped into it. "Why, it is just the color of the kitten," he said to himself. He ran in to the lady and shouted, "I have found a name for the kitten."

"That's good, what is it?" asked the lady.

"Ginger."

"Why, that is a fine name. The kitten looks as if he had been powdered with ginger."

"Tino went hopping back to the kitchen calling, "Ginger, Ginger, Ginger."

Breakfast was soon ready, and what do you suppose I had to eat? An egg and some bread soaked in milk! Did you ever hear of such a lucky kitten as I? Tino fed me many times during the day and I soon felt like playing. Tino had some marbles and pingpong balls. He rolled them and let me chase them. It is lots of fun batting

a pingpong ball with your front paw and then chase it all through the house. I think it is good to Tino to let me share his playthings. He has a little brush and every day he brushes my coat. I pur and pur while I am being brushed.

I have been with my little master several days now and am as happy as a kitten can possibly be. I am never hungry and am growing fatter and stronger all the time. All of my life that I can remember is just one week and I have told most of the important things that have happened to me during that time. As I said in the beginning, I was so young when I was born that I do not remember the time and place. Tino says I must be about a month old. A month is not a very long life. I hope to live much longer and hope to stay with Tino all of my life. He says there is a cat across the street that is fourteen years old. Perhaps I shall get acquainted with him some day and ask him how it feels to be so very, very old.

It is now time to go to sleep, and all young creatures need plenty of sleep. If anything else happens to me that I think will interest the Young Citizens I'll write you about it. Being a cat, of course, I can't actually write, but I'll put my mark by my name so you can see that this is a really true story.

Good night, Young Citizens,

GINGER

JOE'S WONDERFUL BOX

(Continued from page 255)

"Rod is Rodrigo Villas, your classmate, isn't he?" the principal asked.

"Yes, sir," Joe replied.

Joe gave the note to his teacher. Rod and he went to the shop.

At four o'clock they were back in the office of the principal. On the table, Joe placed a box about a foot long, a foot wide, and a foot high. It was covered with black paper. On the front side of the box was pasted a paper cut-out of the head of a skeleton. Between its two sets of teeth was an opening in the shape of a mouth. At the back was a round hole about an inch in diameter.

Joe got an auger from Rod and bored a hole through the partition. When this was done, he carried the box to the library. He placed it on a table close to the partition adjusting it in such a way that the hole in the wall occupied the center of the hole in the back part of the box. To make the box firm in its place, he nailed the back corners to the wall. Then he went back to the principal's office. To the wall he nailed a bow with a fixed arrow the point of which was painted red. The arrow was about two feet long. A gauge was fixed on it in such a way that when the arrow was drawn, its red point would look like the tongue of the skeleton and when shot, it would come out eight inches from its mouth. After Joe had explained to the principal how it should be operated and how it should be used in the investigation at five o'clock, he cov-

ered the box with a sheet of manila paper. They locked the door of the library and that of the office.

A few minutes before five o'clock, all the pupils in the class of Miss Cruz passed into the library room. The principal and Joe entered when the pupils were seated.

"Children," the principal said, "I told Miss Cruz to bring you here for this is a more suitable room for the investigation than any other in the building. After a careful study of the case, I have come to the conclusion that a member of your class stole Maria's money. Who that pupil is, I do not know just now but I have something in this room which does not tell a lie. Neither does it make any mistake in picking out a guilty person. It loves the truth and hates anybody who lies. Sometimes it goes as far as killing a liar with the skeleton's tongue."

"Let me tell you, children," continued the principal, "how this thing came to be with us this afternoon. When I came back to the office from your room, someone told me that the boy who did the mischief is a member of your class. When I asked for the name of the wrongdoer, my visitor told me that this wonderful thing would tell me his name."

"Now look," the principal said as he uncovered the black box.

Everybody including the teacher was thunderstruck. They stared at the hideous figure of the skeleton on the front side of the box. Some turned pale. Others turned away their

faces from the ugly figure.

"In identifying a wrongdoer," the principal went on, "the first thing to do is to gather all suspects and then let them stand one by one before the box at a distance of about six inches. As a suspect stands, he should say either, 'I AM INNOCENT' or 'I AM GUILTY' as the case may be. Nothing will happen if everyone tells the truth but if someone tells a lie, the sharp tongue of the skeleton will dart forward into the body of the liar. Remember, the box never makes a mistake."

"You are all suspects. Each of you will now stand six inches from the box and say, 'I AM INNOCENT' if you did not get the money or 'I AM GUILTY' if you got it. Miss Cruz, please read the names as they appear in the register," the principal concluded.

The teacher read the first name, Pedro Abante. The boy stood up, went to the box, and said, "I am innocent."

Nothing happened. Miss Cruz continued calling the names of the pupils and each time a name was called, the pupil concerned stood in front of the box and uttered the words. All went well until the teacher came to No. 17.

"Marcelo Quintos," called the teacher.

Marcelo did not move. He was pale.

"Come, Marcelo," said the principal. "You are wasting time. The girls have not had their chance yet, you see."

Marcelo did not stand. He put his face on his forearm

which rested on the desk and cried.

The principal took him to the box.

"Please don't let me go near that box," Marcelo begged. "It is not necessary. I shall tell you the truth. I stole that money because I had nothing to report to you. My uncle borrowed my sales yesterday and today he has no money to return. I was afraid you would punish me if I could not report the sales so I got Maria's money when the pupils were 'out on their lines. Of course, I would pay Maria as soon as my uncle will have returned the money he borrowed.

"Were you doing right when you got Maria's money?" asked the principal.

"No, sir, but I was, thinking only of myself right then," Marcelo replied.

"Where is the money?" the principal asked again.

"Here it is," Marcelo answered as he put his hand in his pocket. From it he drew out a small paper package containing coins and handed it to the principal.

"Bring your uncle here tomorrow," he said to Marcelo. "I want to see him."

"You may now go home," he said to the class.

As soon as everybody had gone away, Joe and the principal went to the office. They found Rod still peeping through a tiny hole near the bow. He had been watching for any signal from Joe while the latter was in the library during the investigation.

"Thank you, boys," the

AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

(Continued from page 257)

dim and its light was badly diffused throughout the place. Three tables away from me, directly beneath the electric bulb, was a noisy group of boys. Their faces were familiar to me, and even their manner of conversation was not strange. They were the members of the "Black Pirate" gang, a notorious association of mischievous street boys, shoe shiners, and the like, who indulged in egg-stealing escapades and neighborhood brawls at times. The leader was a "tough" boy of fourteen, whom they called "Max." His name was Maximo.

As I was saying, they were very noisy,—so noisy, indeed, that at the time when the excitement among them seemed to be at its highest peak, I quite forgot the cake I was munching. I diverted my full attention to the group and was not

principal said to Joe and Rod. "That was splendid work."

The two boys grinned at each other and passed out.

(Next month: JOE AND THE BURGLAR) HELPS FOR STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Why were the pupils busy? What happened in the class of Miss Cruz?

Why did Joe use the box instead of telling the principal to search Marcelo? That would have been a shorter way.

What do you think happened when Marcelo's uncle met the principal?

Was Marcelo punished? If so, tell why and how.

surprised to find among them a boy who had recently joined our troop. Apparently, he was the target just then of the entire group.

All statements seemed to be directed at him, and a boisterous laugh which, every now and then could be heard, was, as I could see, an attack against him also.

The nature of the controversy, I soon found out.

"A sissy—that's what you are!" Maximo's voice was loud and full of scorn. "Won't smoke now, eh? Look!—" and he suddenly faced the group. "Look at 'our Boy Scout—he won't smoke!"

Laughter followed. Joel. (that was the name of the victim) was silent. His face was pale and his eyes were red. He rose to leave, but Maximo clutched his shirt and forced him down on his chair.

"Won't smoke, eh?" asked the malicious leader of the "Black Pirates," as he whiffed a wreath of smoke and blew it straight into Joel's face.

"Yes, I will not smoke," came the firm voice of the little 12-year old Tenderfoot. "Our Scoutmaster said it's bad for small boys—especially Scouts,—to smoke, and I believe him. I will not smoke!"

"That's what I told you before," butt in Nano, a boy of thirteen. This Boy Scout business will soften you up and make you a sissy instead of a man."

"Smoking doesn't make you a man," Joel retorted scornfully.

"But you can't deny that be-

fore you joined this Boy Scout affair, you smoked, no? When you became a 'Black Pirate' last year, you were as good as any one of us in smoking, no?" Nano snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"That was when I was not yet a Boy Scout, and as ignorant as any of you are. Now, I know it's not good to smoke. I took the Scout Oath last week, and I promised not to smoke. I will not."

"Then you are no longer one of us!" came the rasping voice of Max. "You're through, as far as being a Black Pirate is concerned. We can't accept sissies around here!"

Complete silence fell on the group, for each one of them knew the significance of being ousted from the gang. Eagerly, I watched the boys.

"All right!"

Joel stood, and pushed the chair backward with a loud noise.

"All right!" he repeated, hitching up his trousers, and his voice, louder than before.

"I'm going away from your foolish, dirty 'Black Pirate' gang. Mother has always told me it's not good, and that all of you are bad boys. I used to disregard her advice, but I know it's true now.

"I'm not going to smoke. And furthermore, I'm quitting your gang. Go where you will and do what you like. I'm through with you from now on!"

THIS EARTH OF OURS

(Continued from page 250)

upwards. These are known as capillary passages and these help water to ascend from below to the roots of plants.

In color the soil may be black, gray, brown, or even dull yellow. It may be either clayey and compact or sandy and porous. The fertility of the soil directly affects us. Many people live in places where the soil is fertile because they can make an easier living there.

Now let us see what the different kinds of soil are. Soil that remains above the bed rock from which it was formed is called *residual* soil. Soil that has been carried from the place where it was formed and deposited somewhere else is called *transported* soil. *Volcanic* soil is erupted from volcanoes.

What kind or kinds of soil are found in your locality? Tell your classmates what experiences you have had with the soil of Antipolo, of rice fields, in your garden or near a river bank.

THE FOREST OFFERS

(Continued from page 251)

ladder is used. The nuts are also allowed to drop to the ground as they do when fully ripe.

Then the husk is removed from the nuts by soaking them

With that, the little boy strode out of the parlor, into the rain, and ran across the street, to take shelter inside the Drug Store there.

JOKES

Teacher—"If you would apply for a position what would you put in the body of your letter?"

Luisa—"I have read in the newspaper that you are in need of a typewriter. I am very glad to apply for the position."

Moises—"Why are you limping, Cirilo? Is your foot sore?"

Cirilo—"No."

Moises—"Why don't you walk straight?"

Cirilo—"Because I stepped on the horse manure of the carabao."

Pacifico—"Why do you have a black eye?"

Adriano—"Because of that beautiful new classmate of ours."

Pacifico—"Did she strike you with her wooden shoe?"

Adriano—"No, while looking at her, I bumped my face against the wall."

in cold water. In about an hour the pulp is removed. The nuts are then dried in the sun. Another method is to allow the husk to rot off by piling the nuts in a shade. Then the pili nuts are gathered and packed and shipped for export. Some of these finally find their way to our homes.



Healthy Children

Every year we set aside one day to make everybody think about keeping one's self healthy. During the month of September, specially on September 7 of this year, our school children all over the Islands are reminded to keep themselves healthy.

Some one has said that "health is the greatest of all possessions." It is indeed better than wealth; it is better than power; it is better than fame; it is better than education itself. Certainly every one will agree that a healthy farmer is better than a sickly king. For what is the use of wealth, power, fame, or education if one is not healthy? A sickly person cannot enjoy as much as he should whatever wealth, power, fame, and education he possesses.

We want our people to be healthy because we want strong body to develop our country—to till our lands and to manage our commerce and industries.

We want our people to be healthy because we need strong and well developed body to protect our country from enemies—foreign peoples who may come to invade us. We want to be independent.

We want our people to be healthy because it is only through good health that we can be really happy—to enjoy the many blessings of our own country and our God. Health gives us joy and happiness.

As school children, therefore, we should try our best to keep ourselves healthy.

Healthy children to-day will be the strong healthy men and women tomorrow. Sickly children to-day will be the sickly and weak men and women tomorrow if they live long enough to become men and women.

Healthy children are the best insurance for a healthy and prosperous people.

—Dr. I. Panlasigui

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