

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

OCTOBER, 1937

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 3

NUMBER 9

OCTOBER, 1937

● STORIES

Joe and the Burglar— <i>Antonio Muñoz</i>	266
The Little Boy and the Carabao	268
Anita and the Cricket	269
Hobbies and Recreations— <i>Pedro Labrador—I. Pantasigai</i>	280
What! Dencio?	295

● POEMS

The Friendly Carabao— <i>Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel</i>	265
Little Things— <i>Ebenezer C. Brewer</i>	275

● CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP

A Good Bad Dream— <i>Dolores Fensuan</i>	276
Loyalty to Your Teachers— <i>Maximiano A. Velasquez</i>	278
My Country, The Philippines— <i>I. Pantasigai</i>	296

● HEALTH AND SAFETY

Tandang Pedro's Story— <i>Quirico A. Cruz</i>	285
Antonio— <i>B. Hill Canova</i>	286
The Health Crusaders— <i>Tomas Trinidad</i>	286

● SCIENCE AND NATURE STUDY

This Earth of Ours	282
Homes in the Animal Kingdom	282
Plants About Us	282
Sampaguita	282

● WORK AND PLAY

Jar Making— <i>F. Carballo</i>	270
The Good Reader's Corner— <i>Miss Dolores Silos</i>	272
Learning New Expressions— <i>Mrs. Paz J. Eugenio</i>	274
Things To Do— <i>B. Hill Canova</i>	275
Kiko's Adventures	285
The Young Citizen Pantry— <i>Juliana Millan</i>	290

● MUSIC

Be Kind— <i>Winnifred Lewis</i>	281
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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



by Dr. Paulsen

The Friendly Carabao

There's an old friend we can't forget,
A friend in need; a friend in deed
So big and strong yet meek and tamed,
Ugly, black, yet a perfect friend.

Out in the fields he lends a help,
The farmer's company he keeps,
Plowing, harrowing all day long
From early morn till past sundown.

Out of the fields he draws big loads,
Through city streets or country roads,
Trudging slowly, he ne'er knew
What help he gives to me or you.

Clumsy and slow yet e'er of use,
The friendly carabao we boost.
Unheard, unsung, untalked of—still,
He serves the farmer with good will.

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Joe and the Burglar

By ANTONIO C. MUÑOZ

There are times when burglars are busy. People then are scared for they fear not only for their money and belongings but also for their lives. In this story you will read how Joe, the little detective and his assistant Rod, outwitted a burglar. Try to find out how they did it.

As Joe was coming home from school one afternoon, he passed by a group of men. One of those in the group was telling a story. The listeners were paying close attention to him. Joe approached the group and joined the attentive listeners. The man was telling about the loss of his money the previous evening.

"I don't have any idea as to who got the money," he said. "Last night I was so sleepy that I forgot to put the money in the wardrobe."

"How much did you lose?" asked one.

"I had sixty-four pesos in my shirt pocket and this morning when I woke up, money, shirt, belt, and trousers were gone. Someone must have entered the house through the window and took

away the things while I was sleeping soundly," he replied.

"It's too bad you did not wake up while the burglar was inside," commented another.

"If I did wake up, I would not bother him," the man said.

"Would you let him run away with your money?" a third man asked.

"Of course, I would," he replied. "Anyone entering a house at that hour of night is armed and ready for whatever may happen. I am sure that the person who entered my house last night was armed and would surely kill me if I bothered him.

I would not allow my wife and my child to get hurt for sixty-four pesos."

A car came. The story teller got in. The others went away. Joe went home.

Joe's father and mother were school teachers. That night a dance in honor of a new supervising teacher was going on at the school. Joe was left in the house with two maidservants. After Joe had studied his lessons, he brushed



his teeth, said his prayers, and went to bed.

A sound awoke him. It came from the window of the room. Joe did not move. Soon a hand grasped the wire that held the blind. Then a head appeared. A minute later a man stood in the room near the window. He looked all around. Satisfied perhaps that he came at the proper time, the intruder moved forward. He went to the dresser and opened the drawer. He found nothing except a box of face powder and some other toilet articles. He saw the aparador in the corner. At once he pulled something out of his pocket and approached the big aparador. The burglar was either picking or breaking the lock judging from the sound made by his instrument.

Joe knew that his mother kept all the money in that aparador. He was about to shout for help but he remembered the words of the man that afternoon, "I WOULD NOT ALLOW MY WIFE AND MY CHILD TO GET HURT FOR SIXTY-FOUR PESOS."

Luck came. Footsteps sounded on the stairs. The burglar put the instrument back in his pocket, walked noiselessly to the window, and then disappeared behind the blind.

It was Joe's parents who came from the dance. Joe did not report the matter to them for he had thought of a plan to outwit the burglar. He knew that the intruder would come back to complete his unfinished work when opportunity came. That opportunity, Joe thought, would only come when his parents were away.

Friday came. *Queen Christina* was to be shown at the REX THEATER.



Joe's mother would never miss a Greta Garbo picture, so Joe thought that the opportunity he had been waiting for had come.

At 3:20 that afternoon, Joe asked the principal teacher to excuse him and Rod from gardening.

"Yes, Joe, Rod and you may go," the principal granted the request. "I know that you always do something useful when you stay out of school."

Rod and Joe went home. They got a piece of lumber measuring two by six inches and ten feet long. A piece of wire was tied to the center of the wood. With the aid of two bamboo ladders, they placed the heavy wood on the upper window sill so close to the edge that a slight jerk on the wire would cause it to fall.

(Please turn to page 294)

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

The Little Boy and the Carabao

LITTLE PEPITO had been running after his playmates. Then he found himself all alone in the field. He looked around. There was nobody around.

"Juan!" he called.

Nobody answered.

"Tomas!"

There was no answer.

Pepito could not find the narrow path that led to his aunt's house. He

wanted to cry, "Auntie! Auntie!"
"Nḡaa."

Pepito looked back. A carabao was walking very slowly toward him. It was his aunt's carabao.

"Nḡaa." And the carabao moved on very slowly.

Pepito walked behind the carabao. They walked on and on. By and by Pepito found himself in front of his aunt's house. He



Anita and the Cricket

"I don't want to live on the farm," Anita said. I want to go back to Manila."

"Don't you want to be an A-1 child?" asked her mother.

"Yes, Mother, I do, but I cannot stay here. This is a dull place."

"You will soon like it. You will have plenty of milk and eggs here."

"Yes, but we have no radio. We have no music at all," and Anita walked away pouting.

She went to the guava tree. She



looked up but there was no fruit.

"What a dull place," she thought.

"What is that?" she asked herself.

"Somebody is playing a flute. Perhaps it is a bamboo flute."

Anita looked around but saw nobody. The music went on. It seemed to be close by. She looked closely. She saw only a few insects that looked like big moths.

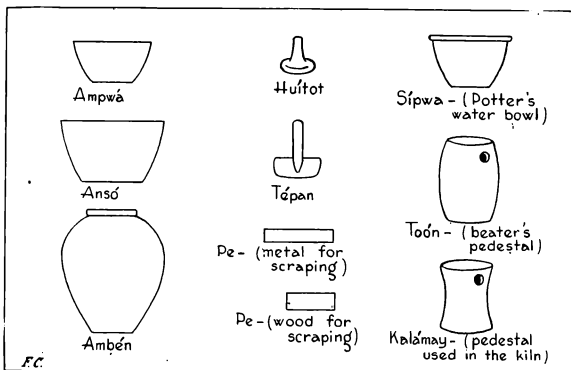
"O Mother," she cried when she saw her mother coming toward her, "the butterflies are singing!"

"They are not butterflies. They are crickets or *kuliglig*," Anita's mother explained.



Jar Making

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO
With illustration by the author



THE MANUFACTURE of earthen vessels; such as, jars, pots, and other household utensils, is an old native industry antedating the coming of the Spaniards to the Philippines. Despite the advent of modern household metal utensils, a great number of people, particularly in provincial communities, still use earthen cooking pots and water jars which are locally produced. Glazed plant pots and jars for holding water and fish preserves are manufactured by local Chinese potters, but high grade earthenware, chinaware, and porcelain are imported from China, Japan, the United States, England, Holland, and Germany. The important jar factories just outside of Manila are in Mandalayon and Makati along the banks of the Pasig in Rizal province. Others are located in various provinces.

The first step in jar making is the

preparation of the clay, which is secured from fields nearby. After removing roots and little stones from the clay, it is placed on a tile-covered floor. Mixed with the needed amount of water, it goes through the process of kneading under the hoofs of two or more carabaos which are made to tread round and round upon the mass of clay, which is about ten feet in diameter and one foot thick. When the clay is kneaded to a proper consistency, it is brought inside the *kamalig*, as the long factory building is called, where it passes foot-power kneading after the right amount of sand has been mixed with it. When the clay is mellow, then it is ready for the potter's wheel.

The master potter is the most important employee in the *kamalig*. He is called the *maestro* for he is the master of the wheel. With his deft hands he

turns rolls of clay into graceful jars. Let us watch him shape a *tapayan*, or big water jar.

Seated on a raised bench, the potter turns the horizontal wooden wheel with his right foot. This wheel rests on a metal pivot heavily greased and so it turns freely. Near him, on the right, is a vessel of water for moistening his hands, and on the left is a pot of sand which is applied on the wheel to prevent new jar bottoms from sticking to the wood. Seizing a roll of clay which his assistant has placed beside him, he places it on the middle of the turning wheel and skillfully shapes it upward into a basin-like vessel. This bottom third of the jar is called the *ampwa*. The potter's assistant keeps the *ampwas* in a cool part of the *kamalig* where they are allowed to dry a little for three days. As there are various steps in jar making, and these require several days, in our today's visit we shall see only the making of jar bottoms. In order to see how the different steps are actually done, more than one visit will be needed.

When a hundred *ampwas* have been made and dried a little, one at a time they are taken to the potter's wheel for the addition of the second third. The heightened bottom now looks like a huge bowl. In this stage it is called the *ansó*. The *ansós* are dried a little for three days, and then returned to the maestro for the addition of the last third, including the shoulder and the mouth. This stage of the finished raw jar is called the *ambén*.

On the third day, the *manghahampas*, or beater, begins beating each jar to give it uniform thickness and shape. The

jar is placed on the *toón*, or pedestal. Holding the *huitot*, or earthen pestle-like implement in his left hand inside the jar, and the *tepan*, or wooden patter, in his right, he begins beating the circular jar wall between these implements, working upward as he beats round and round the vessel. After a hundred jars have been beaten into shape, these are set aside for final drying.

The drying process is a risky one. The raw jars are covered with pandan mats to protect them from too much heat or drafts from the outside which may crack their brittle bodies, and are uncovered when the temperature is just right. After twenty-one days or more, the jars are entirely dry and they are ready for the kiln.

The kiln is a long oven built on sloping ground under a roofed wing of the *kamalig*. It is made of big bricks and adobe stones, and usually holds four hundred assorted jars at a time. After the raw jars have been placed in the kiln, the firing begins. This is in charge of the *pugonero* who, on certain days during the firing, is aided by five kiln-carers. The firing goes on night and day for three days, and as the last day approaches, the fueling is gradually lessened to prevent the cracking or melting of the red-hot jars. On the last day, the fire is put out, and the jars are left in the kiln for two or more days for cooling. When properly baked, the jars are of a metallic brown hue.

After cooling, the baked jars are classified and placed in the storeroom ready for sale locally or sent to city and pro-

(Please turn to page 294)

THE GOOD READERS' CORNER Conducted by Miss DOLORES SILOS

THE FUN OF FILLING IN BLANKS

GRADE ONE

Do you remember this poem?
Draw the correct pictures in it.

Jack and _____,
Went up the _____,
To get a _____ of water;
_____ fell down,
And broke his _____
And _____ came tumbling after.

GRADE TWO

Play a matching game.

One, two _____, coffee, cocoa
I don't drink _____,
I don't drink _____, three, tea
One, two _____,
Water, milk and _____, me, three
Are better for _____.

GRADE THREE

Write either

Go to bed early

or

Go to bed late

_____ wake up with joy;
_____ cross girl or boy.
_____ ready for play;
_____ moping all day.

_____ no pain or ills;
_____ doctors and pills;
_____ grow very tall;
_____ stay very small.

GRADE FOUR

Give your friend a gift.
Give her a basket of fruits.
Do you want to give her

something that is long and yellow? _____
one that looks like a hanging heart? _____
a fruit that has many eyes? _____
another fruit that is green outside and
red inside? _____

Cut out a basket and put in the cut-
out fruits. _____

GRADE FIVE

Give a word for a title.

Then fill in the blanks.

Our _____ are the windows of our
bodies.

With them we _____ the beautiful
outdoors.

With them, too, we peep into story-
land and read about strange children in
far-away _____.

GRADE SIX

- H—e is strong who ——— outdoors.
 E—veryone needs clean, pure ——— to
 drink.
 A—re you sure you eat ——— food?
 L—ive a simple ———.
 T—hink kind and healthful ———.
 H—ave something to do everyday to
 make some one else ———.

GRADE SEVEN

What must I do

1. When I have a cold?

2. When I am at the table?

3. When I am not busy?

4. When I am holding unclean things?

(Please turn to page 288)

Intermediate Grades

By MISS MARGARITA SANTOS *

UNIT I.—OUTLINING

LESSON I

Separating Big Ideas from Little Ideas
 —Indenting

Directions—On the space at the right,
 copy the topics. Show their relation
 to each other by proper indention.

Begin each topic with a capital letter.

1.

kinds of clothes
 cotton
 silk
 woolen

2.

insects
 fly
 mosquito
 butterfly

3.

vegetables
 lettuce
 cabbage
 squash

Example:

1. Kinds of cloth
 - A. Cotton
 - B. Silk
 - C. Woolen

4.

fish
 goldfish
 swordtail
 moonfish

5.

islands
 luzon
 mindanao
 cebu

6.

furniture
 wardrobe
 table
 chair

7.

flowers
 sampaguita
 rosal
 champaca

8.

colors
 blue
 green
 red
 orange

* Teacher, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

Learning New Expressions

By Mrs. PAZ J. EUGENIO *

I. On the left-hand column you will find expressions which are italicized. From the words on the right-hand column select the word that has the same or nearly the same meaning as the word in italics.

- | | |
|--|------------|
| 1. <i>Perished</i> in the fire | bravery |
| 2. The people <i>were filled with horror</i> | listen to |
| 3. Killed the <i>dreadful</i> monster | jokes |
| 4. <i>Interrupt</i> his reading | died |
| 5. Cross the street <i>cautiously</i> | frightened |
| 6. <i>Caught the scent</i> of a human being | loving |
| 7. <i>Affectionate</i> daughter | disturb |
| 8. <i>Known for his strength and valor</i> | carefully |
| 9. <i>Heed</i> their parents' advice | terrible |
| 10. Very fond of <i>jests</i> | smelled |

II. Try to answer the following questions by using the right expressions from the left-hand column in number I.

1. What happened to the mother and child?
2. How did the people feel during the earthquake?
3. In the story of "St. George and the Dragon" what did the hero do?
4. What is not proper to do when somebody is reading?
5. To avoid accidents what is the right thing to do?

6. What phrase showed that the giant smelled a human being?

7. What kind of daughter is loved by most parents?

8. What is Bonifacio known for?

III. Can you fill the blanks in the following sentences with the expressions you used in number II? See if you can. Think before you answer.

1. I love my mother for she is very _____.
2. There was a _____ earthquake in August.
3. During the frightful earthquake people were _____.
4. Many lives _____ in the flood last year.
5. The hounds _____ of a deer.
6. Do not _____ your father's conversation with the guest.
7. The children crossed the busy streets _____.
8. Always _____ the teacher's counsel.
9. Charlemagne was known for his _____ and love of learning.
10. People who are fond of _____ are often liked.

IV. Now get your "Vocabulary Notebook" and jot down the new expressions you have learned today. Next time when your teacher asks you to tell a short story or write a theme you may try to use some of them. It would be wise also and profitable to use those expressions once in a while when conversing with your classmates and friends.

(Please turn to page 288)

* Teacher, Tayabas Elementary School, Manila.

MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH

By JULIANA C. PINEDA

Last month you learned a poem about little things which are beautiful and sweet. What little things are dearest according to that poem?

This month we have another poem on little things. Read the poem through and remember the little things named. Read each stanza again and see why each little thing mentioned is important.



Little Things

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean
 And the pleasant land

Thus the little minutes
 Humble though they be
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden
 Like the heaven above.

—*Ebenezer C. Brewer*

Now, read the poem aloud and remember the little things in the order in which they are mentioned in the poem. After reading the poem two or three times, you should be able to fill the blanks.

Little _____ of water,
 Little _____ of sand
 Make the mighty _____
 And the pleasant _____.

Thus the little _____,
 _____ though they be,
 Make the mighty _____
 Of eternity.

Little _____ of kindness,
 Little _____ of love
 Make our _____ an Eden
 Like the _____ above.

Recite the entire poem to your mother or friend. You may recite it to your class at the opening exercises.

CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

A Good Bad Dream

DOLORES TENSUAN *



"MOTHER, please give me fifteen centavos. I'll go to the show. The showing at Cine Star is very entertaining," pleaded Jose.

"I'm sorry, Sonny; but we have no money," answered Aling Ana as she paused from her ironing and looked pitifully at her boy.

"No money? Why, I saw a five-peso bill in your purse, mother," grumbled Jose.

"Yes, I have five pesos, but don't you know that there is one more week to go before pay day? In fact, I am very much worried as to how I can make that amount suffice for our food and other

necessities for one whole week," answered the mother.

"But, mother, I'm not asking much. Just fifteen centavos. My two classmates, Jaime and Cesar, and I have decided to go together. It is now two o'clock mother. They may be here any minute, so I'll dress now, may I?" begged Jose.

"How I wish I could give you the money, my son, but I must refuse. Be a good boy, Jose, and don't insist on going. I promise that next Sunday, you can go to the show," replied the mother.

"Next Sunday, mother? Too late! That film will no longer be showing there. Besides, those boys will ridicule me if they know that I can't afford to spend fifteen centavos for the show," sulkily said Jose.

He sat on the floor and buried his face between his knees in an effort to hide the tears of disappointment that rolled down his cheeks.

"Surely," he bitterly thought to himself. "I'm the most miserable boy in this world. Mother is a perfect tightwad. She doesn't love me at all. Any mother would have readily given his son fifteen centavos."

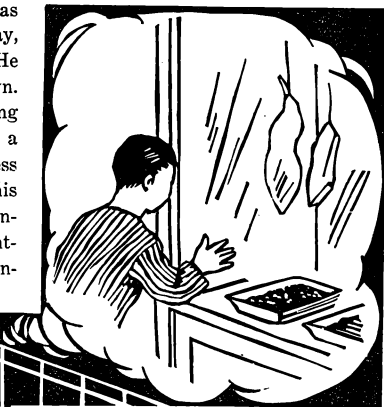
Jose was so much embittered by his own ugly thoughts that he had to go to the bedroom in order to give full vent to his tears. Alone in the room he planned to run away from home. Yes, he would leave mother and make her regret her stinginess.

* Teacher, Washington Elementary School.

And he did run away. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him away, away from mother and home. He found himself in a very strange town. Breathless with fatigue, and dripping with perspiration he stopped under a tree to regain his breath. Darkness had enveloped him. Fear gripped his heart and terror was all the more intensified by the blinding flashes of lightning and nerve-shattering peals of thun-



der, followed by a very heavy downpour. Shivering with cold and fear, Jose ran and ran until he arrived at a store where he took shelter. The sight of the tempting dishes awakened his hunger. He realized how hungry he was. Never in his life did rice and fish look so appetizing, but he did not have even a penny to buy a mouthful. Then and there he understood the value of money. How he wished he were at home cozy and warm and eating the simple yet delicious food prepared by his mother. How he repented having left home and



his darling mother who after all, was right in not giving way to his foolish request.

So great was his remorse that he cried, "Mother, mother!"

Jose felt two loving hands gently shaking him. "What is it, Sonny? You must have been dreaming," were the words he heard.

Jose opened his eyes and looked around to be sure he was really at home. "Mother, oh mother," he cried with joy, "I had a dream."

"It must have been a terrible dream," said the mother.

"A very bad and yet a very good dream," laughingly said Jose. "Mother, my dream has made me realize the value of money and you and home. Never again will I pout or grumble when you don't give me money for the show."

Loyalty to Your Teachers

By MAXIMINIANO A. VELASQUEZ *

Loyalty, according to the dictionary, means fidelity, faithfulness, constancy, devotion. Loyalty should be one of the watchwords of every good boy and girl. Whether at home, at school, or on the playground, loyalty should be practised. Loyalty is a necessary virtue which every good pupil should possess. A pupil may be honest, obedient, industrious, bright and full of ambition, but he cannot be considered an excellent pupil unless he is loyal to his teachers and to the rules of his school. Loyalty should not be construed to mean bowing down like a lowly servant to a haughty master. A pupil can be loyal without being servile. Loyalty means, among other things, giving due respect and honor to everybody to whom respect and honor are due.

If a pupil talks ill of his teachers and school when he fails to get high grades

in his subjects or when he fails to get special privileges, he is not loyal. A pupil cannot rate properly his own worth. He may think that he is worth more, but his teachers who are in a better position to judge him may think otherwise. If a pupil thinks that he is being misjudged, he should not stop working hard; he should not get discouraged and sulk. He should keep on working hard just the same and very soon his teachers will find out that he is really worth more.

A loyal pupil is one who studies his lessons willingly and accomplishes his tasks whole-heartedly even without being watched or supervised by his teachers. A loyal pupil never seeks special and unreasonable privileges from his teachers. Loyalty cannot be seen, but it can be felt. Your teachers can easily tell by your actions, speech, attitude, spirit, and by the quality of your work whether you are a loyal pupil or not.

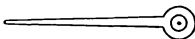
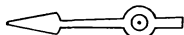
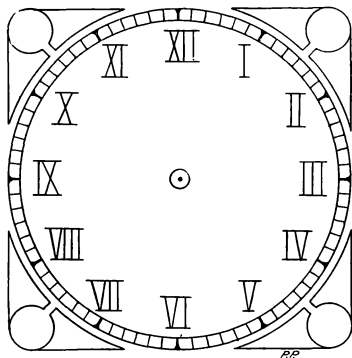
* Principal, Siasi Central School, Sulu.



THINGS TO DO

Reading the Clock

By B. HILL CANOVA



Can you look at the clock and tell the time of day? If you are in the third or fourth grade it is time to start learning to read the clock.

The clock face shows twelve hours. The numbers for the hours are usually different from the kind of numbers we use every day. They are called Roman Numbers, and are written this way:

I means 1	VII means 7
II means 2	VIII means 8
III means 3	IX means 9
IV means 4	X means 10
V means 5	XI means 11
VI means 6	XII means 12

Each Roman Number stands for one hour. Each Roman Number also stands for five minutes.

The clock has two hands—the “hour hand” and the “minute hand.” The minute hand is longer than the hour hand and it travels faster than the hour hand.

There are sixty minutes in an hour. Each time the hour hand moves from one hour to another hour the minute hand has to travel all the way around the face of the clock.

Look at the face of the clock. Count the hours, saying: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

How many hours does the clock face show? (Twelve.)

Notice the small numbers just outside of the clock face. You will not find these on the real clock. I have put them on the picture to help you until you become accustomed to counting the minutes. We read the minutes by five's.

Read the minutes, saying: five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty.

How many minutes are in one hour? (Sixty.)

Which hand is longer, the hour hand or the minute hand? (The minute hand.)

In one hour how far does the hour hand move? (From one Roman Num-

(Please turn to page 292)

Hobbies and Recreations—Pedro Labrador

By I. PANLASIGUI



ONCE UPON a time there was a young man whose name was Pedro Labrador. Since he was in the grades Pedro formed the habits of working when he was not studying and studying when he was not working. This was so because his parents taught him that children should learn early to love work. They believed that happiness in life should be attained through hard work. Accordingly Pedro was trained. And it was a good coincidence because his name, *Labrador*, (Spanish word) means *worker*.

In the high school he was considered by his teachers the most studious boy. He was always on time with his home work and oftentimes always the highest in his grades. However, he did not par-

ticipate in the extra-curricular activities, of the school nor in the social affairs of the community. He seldom went to a talkie.

"We are going to have a program this afternoon, Pedro. Will you come?" asked one of his classmates one afternoon.

"No, I am sorry I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because I have to prepare my report on current events."

"You seem to do nothing but work and study! Why don't you play once in a while?"

"What kind of play?"

"Go to the talkies, swim, attend programs, and the like and have a good time."

"I like to do those things, but first I should study, equip myself with a profession. Work a little, save money. Then when I have a life career and some money in the bank, I shall begin to go to the talkies, swim, attend programs, and have a good time. Just now I must study."

Pedro Labrador finished the high school with honors. He was the valedictorian. He went to the University and soon graduated from the college of law. He passed the bar examination, and established his law office in his home town.

Three years after he opened his law office, Pedro became a very popular and

(Please turn to page 291)



ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THIS EARTH OF OURS****EARTHQUAKES**

Are you still asking your friends and relatives what they did during the earthquake of August 20? You can not readily forget your fright that night, or the many funny and pathetic actions you saw around you. You must have thought it was the end of the world. And the next day you must have asked for and heard different explanations of earthquakes. Let us have some facts about earthquakes.

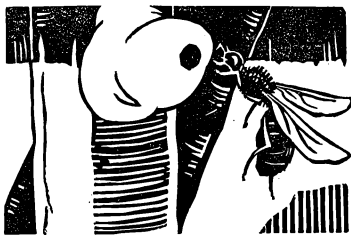
An earthquake is a trembling of the earth's surface due to causes not connected with human activities. Earthquakes differ much in strength. Some are so gentle as scarcely to be felt; others are so violent that buildings are overthrown, holes known as crevasses are opened in the surface of the land and masses of rock are loosened from cliffs and thrown into the valleys below. Earthquakes sometimes disturb the waters of the sea, causing destructive sea waves.

Danger from earthquakes comes largely from the fall of buildings and from the great sea waves. Earthquakes are perhaps most common in volcanic regions, though not confined to them. Earthquakes are probably due to many causes. It is very interesting to hear what the old people have to say about their causes. Tell your classmates some of these explanations you have heard from your neighbors and acquaintances.

Some small earthquakes are perhaps due to the falling in of the roofs of underground caves. Earthquakes accompany strong volcanic eruptions. Great landslides and avalanches or the movement of ice on mountain sides may also cause earthquakes. But the principal cause is the slipping of one great body of rock past another. This is known as *faulting*.

The changes in the surface of the land made by earthquakes are many. Springs are disturbed, old ones stop flowing and new ones appear. Some earthquakes cause landslides. From some holes in the earth escape bad-smelling gases. Earthquake waves destroy animals and fishes of rivers, bays, and even of the ocean.

(Please turn to page 294)

HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM**THE ROOM OF A MASON WASP**

Some men are called masons. When masons build, they use different materials from those that carpenters use. Do you know what masons' build with? They are workers in stone and bricks.

Now, some of the little creatures of nature build their homes of stone and some in clay. Have you never found or seen a little clay jug or jar on the branch of a tree or just outside your window at home? When you go home today, try and look for one. If you should watch it daily, perhaps you will be able to see a queer little creature alight near the jug. She has a very, very slender, pinched-looking waist; but you must not blame her for that, because she is a kind of wasp and grows that way naturally.

She walks with a restless shake of her wings to the open jug and drops in something that she brought in her mouth. Then with a jerky flirt of her wings she flies away without even noticing you.

Before long she is back again, and this time if you look sharply and quickly you will see that it is a little green caterpillar that she drops into the jug. The caterpillar is limp and it does

(Please turn to page 289)

PLANTS ABOUT US

USES OF THE NIPA

Our national tree is the narra. But the humble nipa plant, friend of poor and rich alike would be a more fitting symbol of our islands. The typical Filipino family lives in a nipa house.

The nipa plant is a modest member of the family of palms. It grows humbly in muddy tidal flats or in narrow strips along inland streams. In the public forests of the Philippines alone there are more than 52,000 hectares of nipa swamps. Nipa gatherers cut maturing petioles and slash the leaflets with a sharp knife. The leaflets are then doubled back about one third of their length, arranged over a slender piece of bamboo so that they overlap, and then sewed on with sliced rattan making a shingle. Bundled in tens, the shingles are then shipped to the towns by cart and boat, peddled on the street by loud-voiced porters. They sell for from ₱3 to ₱7 a thousand, depending on the grade of nipa.

Nipa has other uses. The leaves can be made into raincoats, sun hats, wrappings for rice cake. The midribs can be made into brooms. The petioles serve as food when young, or as firewood when dry. Even the seeds are edible. But its most popular product is tuba. For three months

(Please turn to page 289)



SAMPAGUITA

By MOISES S. VIVIEZCA



Sampaguita! Lovely flower! Full of promise!

The sampaguita is the national flower of the Philippines. It is made the national flower of our land by the proclamation issued by Governor-General Frank Murphy on February 1, 1934, through the recommendation of a committee appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce.

Nearly every well organized country in the world has adopted a certain flower to represent its traditions. Japan, for example, has her chrysanthemum. France her fleur-de-lis, and America her wild rose. There is much in a flower to have and to hold,—its fragrance, its loveliness, its charm.

The sampaguita is the symbol of our wealthiest sentiments. It depicts the physical and mental character of our people. Its fragrance brings back sweet memories. It gives courage to old age and hope to the youth. It is enchanting when worn as a necklace. The sampaguita plays an important part in the legends and traditions of the Filipino people. It is the most beloved flower throughout the Philippines. Its pure white fragrant blossom symbolizes purity, humility, love, hope, and reverence.

Termites

Have you ever gone downstairs one early morning and found a mound of earth near your stairs? Perhaps you just glanced at it indifferently but your mother must have given an exclamation of annoyance as she said, "ANAY again! Oh, we will soon have the roof of our house on our heads." She might have asked you if you happened to know of any way to destroy any or white ants. Now what do you really know about these destructive insects?

Their correct name is termites, although they are often called white ants. This is probably because the workers of most kinds of termites are white, but termites really are not ants. During certain seasons of the year the adult termites fly away from the colony, usually in large swarms. At night they are attracted by the light and enter our houses. "Ah, it will rain tonight," is the belief of the old people when they see these flying termites.

The next morning many pieces of broken wings may be seen about the lamp but few if any termites. Those that escaped begin to establish new colonies, each colony being started by one male and one female, or the king and queen. Before starting the colony they break off their wings if they did not get them broken off accidentally in the flight, because wings are in the way when burrowing into the ground or wood. The place selected for the colony depends upon the particular kind of termites. The ground termite seeks a suitable place in the ground and the house termite one in some crack or crevice of wood in the house or furniture.

Termites are found all over the world. There are more than thirty kinds in the Philippine Islands. Unfortunately the most common kind is also the most destructive. This termite destroys the framework of houses by eating them

away and leaving them shell-like and weak. It may eat books, furniture, clothing, and other material too. Though this termite eats away the timbers of buildings it is believed that in order to get moisture it must keep a connection with the ground. The queen and young stay not in the house but in the ground. The workers of these insects first enter the house from the ground. Sometimes they build their tunnels over stone or concrete walks or foundations in order to get to the wood of the house.

The best way to destroy this termite is to find these tunnels and follow them to their colony and then destroy the colony and the queen, above all others, for she lays the eggs.

Termites may also be poisoned. A kind of solution called Paris Green is blown into the canals of the nest with a dry sprayer. The workers get this on their bodies and spread it through the channels. All are poisoned that eat it. Other termites eat the dead bodies and get poisoned.

One kind, called the house termite, lives in small colonies in boards of the house, picture frames and furniture. Their presence may be detected by the small piles of little round pellets of waste from their bodies that they drop thru the openings of the boards. They are often called *gorgojo* or *bucbuc* (borer). It is difficult to keep this kind of termite from entering a house because they fly into it in their winged state and it is difficult to get rid of them because they do not need to keep a ground connection. About all that can be done is to destroy as many as possible of the flying termites and watch for the presence of a colony before it gets large enough and then pouring or squirting kerosene into their small tunnels. The best slogan to adopt with termites is "DANGER! Be always on the alert for them." And destroy them at the first signs of their presence in the house.

SAFETY SECTION**Tandang Pedro's Story**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ *

Kaingin is a quiet little barrio in the town of Santa Rosa, Laguna. As it is located on the shores of Laguna de Bay, the people living in it engage themselves in fishing and duck raising. In this peaceful little barrio lives an old man known to every barrio folk as TANDANG PEDRONG BULAG. Aside from being blind in one eye, he has a big scar on his right cheek which makes him look very ugly although not frightful. Added to this already great misfortune Tandang Pedro has but one arm. He lost his left arm when he was but fourteen years old. However, in spite of all these handicaps, Tandang Pedro is considered one of the best fishermen in his barrio. He is kind, industrious, and peaceful. He is loved by the children because he tells them interesting stories.

One Friday afternoon, while Tandang Pedro was sitting under a *Camachili* tree and busy mending his fishing nets, a group of school boys gathered around him and requested him to tell

them a story.

"What story do you want now?" asked the old man.

"Please tell us the story of Mariang Makiing," requested little Peping.

"We have heard that story many times. Kindly tell us a new one," suggested Berong. "Do you know any detective stories?"

"Suppose you tell us a ghost story," said Andoy, pretending to be brave and serious with his suggestion.

"A ghost story!" exclaimed Andres. "I wonder if you really want to hear one."

"Whose suggestion shall I take?" broke the old man.

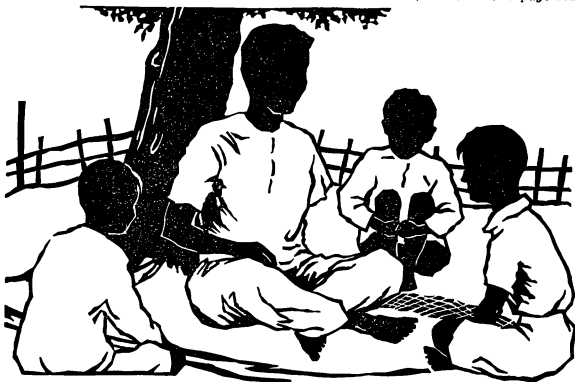
"Mine! Mine!" from the boys.

"Well, to be fair with all of you, I'll not take any of your suggestions. What do you say if I tell you a story about myself?"

"All right. Anything you think worth telling us will be appreciated," replied the children in a chorus. They gathered closer to the old man. In their faces could be seen an expression

(Please turn to page 292)

* Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.



HEALTH SECTION**ANTONIO**

By B. HILL CANOVA



When Antonio has been digging in his garden for an hour, or has played a hard game of sipa or volleyball he likes a refreshing drink from the milk of the young coconut. He is so strong and healthy that he thinks nothing of climbing right up after his own coconut whenever he feels thirsty. He says, if one is strong enough to climb they need never go thirsty or hungry in Negros where the coconuts grow plentifully.

"When you climb up after a coconut yourself you feel like really enjoying it," Antonio told some of his friends one day.

What is Antonio doing?

What kind of drink does he get from the coconut?

Only a healthy boy is strong enough to climb a tree. Use the underlined expression in telling what you can do.

The Health Crusaders

By TOMAS TRINIDAD *

(A play presented by the fifth grade children of the San Andres Elementary School, Manila, during the celebration of Child Health Day, Sept. 7, 1937)

CHARACTERS

Health Fairy	T. B. Germ
Cleanliness	Typhoid Germ
Exercise	Dysentery Germ
Rest	Cold Germ
Boy	Cholera Germ
	Vegetables

(As the play opens, the Boy is at the center of the stage wondering where he is. Behind the scene a health song is being sung by a group of pupils.)

Boy: Where am I? Such lovely scenes! Fresh air! Tempting fruit! This must be paradise.

Health Fairy: (talking behind scene walking to the center of the stage) No, no, my dear Boy. This is not Eve's paradise. This is healthland.

Boy: (starting upon hearing the voice) Who, who is that? O-O-O-O—a beautiful lady. Goodness me, she might be a witch!

Health Fairy: Do not be frightened.

Boy: Who are you?

Health Fairy: I am the Health Fairy, queen of Healthland. I welcome you to my domain. Make yourself at home. (Buzzing sound and meows are heard behind scenes)

Boy: What is that?

Health Fairy: Those are our enemies. They are Cholera, Tuberculosis Typhoid, Dysentery, and Cold. Every year they kill thousands of Filipinos.

Boy: Good gracious! I am afraid of them. They might get me.

Health Fairy: Surely, if you will be careless of your health. In a moment, they can kill you, too. But come with us and join the fight against them. (She taps the floor with her

* San Andres Elementary School, Manila.

wand and her soldiers. Cleanliness, Vegetables, Rest, Exercise, and Fresh Air, enter)

Boy: (looking up to the Health Fairy) Who are they?

Health Fairy: They will introduce themselves to you.

Cleanliness: I am Cleanliness. The best way to keep those germ enemies of health away is by keeping clean. Everyone should be clean in body and clean in mind. If we keep clean no germs may harm us.

Boy: And who are you?

Exercise: I? I'm Exercise. Exercises makes the blood strong enough to fight the germs. I

I feel better when I rest. If I fail to do so I am sleepy in the afternoon. Who are those other two?

Fresh Air: My name is Fresh Air. I keep the lungs strong and give good food to the blood to carry about. In crowded places they do not have me, that is why many easily fall victim to Tuberculosis.

Boy: But air is present everywhere.

Fresh Air: It is so, but if you close your windows especially at night, I can not enter. Then you become pale and sickly.

Fresh Vegetables: Don't you know me? I'm called Fresh Vegetables. Many children do



keep people alert. When one does not exercise at all he grows very fat but very soft like cotton. He becomes slow and lazy.

Boy: Good! I'm glad to hear about that. I've been drilling snappily. But why is Rest with you?

Rest: All work and no play makes you dull. All exercise and no rest makes you stupid, sleepy, thin, and lazy. Most children do not rest at all. Consequently they get thin. Without rest your body has no time to build up more muscles and tissues to make you grow and to keep you strong.

Health Fairy: Do you rest at noon, my Boy?

Boy: Surely, Health Fairy, I do. After playing

not know me yet. They do not eat me but I am the best source of vitamins and other substances that keep you bubbling in health. I supply you with the best nourishment. All children should learn to like vegetables.

Health Fairy: Do you know all of them now?

Boy: Thank you, Health Fairy, for introducing them to me. I am happy to be acquainted with such helpful friends.

Health Fairy: Be prepared then to do battle to our enemies, the disease germs. Our motto is 'Health for every Filipino'

All Health Friends: "Health for every Filipino!"

Boy: To the fight! (Exit all)

(Please turn to page 293)

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGES 272-273

GRADE ONE



GRADE FOUR

banana pineapple
mango water-melon

GRADE FIVE

Eyes
eyes
see
lands

GRADE TWO

three
coffee
tea
three
cocoa
me

GRADE THREE

Go to bed early
Go to bed late
Go to bed early
Go to bed late
Go to bed early
Go to bed late
Go to bed early
Go to bed late

GRADE SIX

exercises
water
wholesome

life
thoughts
happy

GRADE SEVEN

Cover your face when you cough or sneeze.

Keep them out of your mouth.

Eat food that is good for you.

Play in the fresh air every day.

KEY TO ANSWERS

(Continued from page 274)

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| I. 1. died | 6. smelled |
| 2. frightened | 7. loving |
| 3. terrible | 8. bravery |
| 4. disturb | 8. listen to |
| 5. carefully | 10. jokes |
- II. 1. They perished in the fire.
2. They were filled with horror.
3. George killed the dreadful dragon.
4. It is not proper to interrupt him.
5. We should cross the streets cautiously.
6. Caught the scent.
7. An affectionate daughter.
8. He was known for his strength and valor.
- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| III. 1. affectionate | 6. interrupt |
| 2. dreadful | 7. cautiously |
| 3. filled with horror | 8. heed |
| 4. perished | 9. valor |
| 5. caught the scent | 10. jests |

THE ROOM OF A . . .

(Continued from page 280)

not squirm. It does not crawl out of the jug while the wasp is away hunting, for more. She brings another and another and another, until the jug is full of limp caterpillars.

The next time the wasp comes she has something different in her mouth. It is a ball of clay, and with it she plugs the mouth of the jug very smoothly and nicely. The little potter has now finished the jug that she made and filled and sealed without any help. She will not come back to it again.

The mother wasp has no need of her finished jug, but there is something inside that

has use for the canned meat that has been packed away. Before she sealed the jug, the mother insect put in an egg. When the egg hatched, the baby wasp would have plenty of food to eat, and there is nothing that would agree with it so well as tiny caterpillars. As this kind of young wasp is a soft, helpless, footless little thing (much like a baby hornet or a bee) it cannot catch food for itself. It does not need to try. There is enough in the jug.

About twelve days later a little hole will be broken in on one side of the jug and out will come a queer, little slender-waisted creature that with an uneasy lift of her tiny wings

USES OF THE NIPA

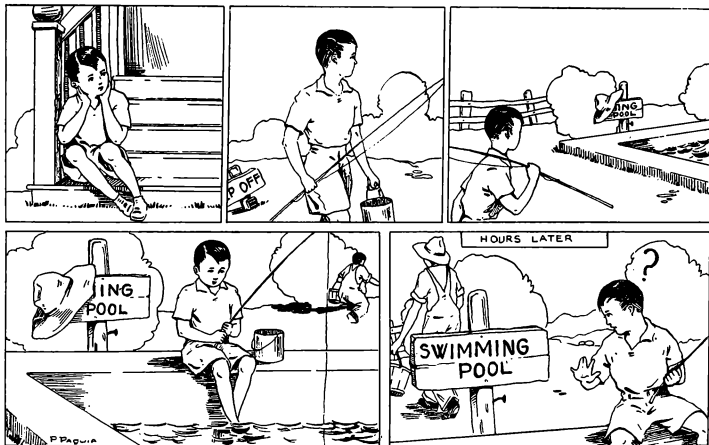
(Continued from page 283)

the nipa flower stalk yields a fine flow of juice. This is collected by the thousand of liters, distilled into alcohol, made into vinegar or sugar, or allowed to ferment to become tuba. So you see how useful a plant nipa is. It will keep your house dry, sweep your floors, feed your fires and warm the heart. Like the bamboo, mother nature seems to have especially provided the nipa plant for people like us who live in the tropics.

Can you add to the many uses of the nipa that you have heard about today?

flies to the window, out into the sunshine.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES



MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



The Young Citizen PANTRY

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN *

JELLIES



The rain is with us once more and mean to stay for some time because the rainy season has come. With the incessant rain, for continuous days and nights, most of the streets become awfully muddy while rivers and canals become swollen and overflow their banks. Low streets become knee-deep in water and classes have to be suspended in some cases. But the pitter-patter-pour of the rain have varying effects on different kinds of people.

To healthy, normal children it means frolic and fun in the flooded neighborhood and under the downpour. To children with cold and to those whose parents are over-careful with the health of their children, it spells gloomy days at home with envy gnawing their hearts and an ardent longing to be among the crowd of merry-makers and fun seekers. Ah, rainy days are indeed both a blessing and a curse!

In our dear old city, the favorite rendezvous when the rain sets are the suburbs, like San Francisco del Monte and Balintawak, where fruit trees

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.



abound. Both the young and the near-young throng these places for a few santols, guavas, *seniquelas* and *duhats*. Because they are accustomed to buy fruits that are several hours away from the mother tree and probably never having seen these fruits in their native abode, they derive much pleasure in getting these themselves and eating them, not from the tree to the lips, as the poet say, but from the tree, to the ground and then to the mouth. Here is where all laws of hygiene and health are flung to the winds, and people

go native.

They not only fill their stomachs but stuff their pockets, hats and hands and take these home. But upon reaching home, because they are much satisfied, they just abandon the fruits that have caused strife and energy. This should not be the case for these fruits can be made into sweets and jellies for future use.

The native fruits that can be utilized for jelly-making are santol, guava, *duhat* (native black berry), bignay, and tamarind, because they contain both pectin and acid which are very essential in this. Most sour fruits contain not only acid but pectin as well. Pectin is sometimes called vegetable jelly and its presence may be tested by using steel knives for paring or dividing the fruit. If the knife becomes tarnished, then pectin is present. Mature and just ripe fruits are richest in pectin because this is changed into sugar when the fruit ripens.

Jelly is a preparation made from fruit juices and sugar and boiled until it jells. Some of the characteristics of a successfully made jelly are:

1. It must gelatinize when cool.

2. It retains the shape of the container when it is removed from it.

3. It is clear, transparent and retains the flavor of the fruit after which it is named.

4. It is soft and pliant and moves when shaken but does not flow nor break.

If the jelly does not jell, then it must be because of any of the following stumbling blocks:

1. The fruit contained too little pectin.

2. The fruit contained too little acid.

3. Too much sugar was used.

4. Too long or too short boiling time.

I shall now tell you how to make some kinds of jelly.

GUAVA JELLY

Wash and cut into pieces fresh and just ripe guavas. Add a little water and boil until tender. Pour into a jelly-bag cut a piece of cloth into a triangle and sew two opposite sides together) and hang overnight to drain the juice. To every cup of juice add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Boil and skim the scum from the top every now and then. Or, better yet, strain thru a piece of cloth. Boil again and stir frequently to prevent the mixture from bubbling over and from sticking to the bottom of the container. Lift up the mixing spoon and when the mixture drops in balls, remove from the fire. Pour into jelly moulds or any suitable container to cool.

SANTOL JELLY

Wash, pare and divide fresh santols into pieces. Boil until the flesh is tender. Proceed in the same way as for Guava Jel-

HOBBIES AND
(Continued from page 280)
successful lawyer.

"He is bound to be successful because he is very industrious," said a man in town.

"Yes, even when he was a student he never fooled around with movies and athletics. He was always studying his lessons," said another.

"Now, he is popular and successful."

One morning there was an excitement in his office. He was in the middle of an interview with one of his clients when he suddenly fainted.

"Call a doctor!" said one of the clerks to the office boy.

Dr. Jose came. He was a high school classmate of Attorney Labrador. He examined his friend and he discovered that he had a high blood pressure and some symptoms of nervousness. Dr. Jose took him to a hospital for treatment. Pedro remained in the hospital for several days.

The doctor advised him to have some exercise and recreation. He promised to try but somehow he could not make himself take regular daily recreation and exercise. He must work because it was his habit to work; besides, he had many clients.

ly, adding 1 cup of sugar to every cup of juice. Another way to test if the "jellying" point is reached: drop a little of the mixture into a pan of water. If it forms a soft mass and retains its shape in the water, remove from the fire and pour into suitable containers. Serve when it cools or set aside for future use.

"Do you remember what you told me when we were in the high school? You said that after attaining success you would have time for wholesome pleasure," Dr. Jose reminded Attorney Labrador.

"Yes. Many times I feel like going to the talkies at night, play golf, tennis, or swim, but somehow I can not," said the lawyer.

"The truth of the matter is this—habit made work your master. Your life is so made that recreations have no more place in you. You cannot enjoy those things now even if you want to and have time. The desire to participate in those things so that they would bring to you real enjoyment should have been cultivated when you were yet young. I am afraid now it is too late!"

"That is true," said Attorney Labrador, "talkies, golf, the athletic activities or the like bored me. I do not enjoy them. I have more enjoyment in my office reading law books, and writing briefs."

"Yes, but the office work alone would bring you no relaxation which is very necessary to one's health and happiness."

Five years later Dr. Jose was reading the *Tribune*. To his surprise and sorrow he read the story of the death of his friend Attorney Pedro Labrador. "He is young; he is very popular and has already achieved a degree of success that is seldom achieved by an ordinary lawyer of his age," he read a part of the story in the *Tribune*.

"Yes. It is too bad," said the doctor. "He went too fast."

TANDANG PEDRO'S . . .

(Continued from page 285)

of eagerness and a feeling of delight.

"Look at this picture," the old man began,—showing a picture of three boys. "Which of the three do you like best?"

"The one at the middle," replied Pepe.

"Yes, the one at the middle," agreed the others.

"He looks smart and handsome," commented Cornelio.

"That is true. He was the handsomest among the brothers," sighed the old man. But, now . . . he is the ugliest and the most unfortunate among them."

"What do you mean?" asked the children.

"That one at the right is my youngest brother; the one at the left is my eldest brother . . . and, who do you think that fellow in the middle is?" asked Tandang Pedro.

"You mean . . . ?" Momoy was about to ask something but, before he could finish his question, the old man, who readily guessed what was to be asked, replied.

"Yes, yes, that is my picture. I was the handsomest among my brothers. I lost the sight of my left eye and my left arm two years after this picture was taken. If you will listen carefully I will tell you how I lost my arm and got this ugly scar on my face.

"One rainy day in the month of August, I was with a group of friends bathing under the heavy rain. We were very happy. We chased one another. . . . threw mud at each other, and did all the foolish things that

boys do when they become wild in their play.

'INDO!' called Akong, my best pal. 'Uncle Timo's guava trees are laden with fruits. Let us buy *alamang* and with those half-ripe guavas . . . O boy! what a swell time we shall have.'

"I called all the boys and told them of our plan to which they readily agreed.

"'Where are you going?' my father asked when he saw us going away.

"'We shall pick guavas, sir,' I replied hurriedly.

"'If you will pick guavas don't climb the trees. The branches are very slippery.'

"My friends and I went to Uncle Timo's guava trees. I forgot the warning given by my father and climbed the tallest tree which was heavily laden with fruits. I was considered the best in everything by my playmates and was always ready to prove that I really was the best among them. . . . even in climbing trees. I climbed higher and higher until I reached the topmost branch. There were many fruits at its end. With all my strength I shook the branch. The ripe guavas gave way and dropped to the ground. My friends busied themselves picking up the fallen guavas.

"'We have enough,' shouted my companions. 'You better come down now.'

"'Yes. Just one more SHAKE!' I shouted back, and shook the branch with all my might. More guavas fell. Because the branch was too slippery, my feet slipped. I lost my hold and fell to the ground with the guavas. My face struck

THINGS TO DO

(Continued from page 279)

ber to another Roman Number.)

How far does the minute hand move in one hour? (All the way around the face of the clock.)

Now, which hand travels the faster? (The minute hand.)

Why? (Because there are sixty minutes in one hour.)

You are now ready to start using the picture of the clock. Paste the picture of the clock on a cardboard. An old tablet back is good for this purpose. When the paste is dry cut out the face and the hands. Stick a common pin through the center of the x on the minute hand

against some bamboo stumps. Something pointed pierced my left eye and I saw stars, . . . then, the stars disappeared and everything was darkness. I lost consciousness and when I came to life again I found myself in bed. My head, face, and left eye were heavily bandaged. I tried to feel my face with both hands and to my surprise I saw only the right hand. I tried to lift my left hand again and again . . . and only then did I realize what happened to me. I felt my left hand with my right. It was not there. I cried. I cried bitterly with the thought that when I get well I would be forever blind and a helpless cripple." Tandang Pedro sighed a deep sigh. "That is all boys. I hope you will benefit from my experience," he concluded. The boys thanked the old man and went home with a feeling of sympathy toward poor, one-eyed, one-armed, and scar-faced, TANDANG PEDRO.

(the longer hand); then stick it through the center of the x on the hour hand (the shorter hand). Now with both hands on the pin, stick it in the center of the clock face. The minute hand will be on top of the hour hand.

Place both hands at XII (twelve). With both hands on XII the clock says, "Twelve o'clock."

Move the hour hand just slightly past XII (twelve), and the minute hand to I (one). The clock now says, "Twelve, five." This means five minutes after twelve.

Move the hour hand slightly and the minute hand to II (two). Now the clock says, "Twelve, ten." This means ten minutes after twelve. Sometimes we say ten passed twelve.

Move the hour hand slightly and place the minute hand on III (three). Now the clock says, "Twelve, fifteen," meaning fifteen minutes after twelve.

Move the hour hand slightly and the minute hand to IV (four). The clock says, "Twelve, twenty"; that is, twenty minutes after twelve.

Now move the hour hand slightly and the minute hand to V (five). The clock says, "Twelve, twenty-five."

Move the hour hand half way between XII (twelve) and I (one), and place the minute hand at VI (six). The clock now says, "Twelve, thirty," or "half past twelve."

Notice that the minute hand has gone half way around the face of the clock while the hour hand has gone half way between two Roman Numbers.

Move the hour hand slightly

and the minute hand to VII (seven). It is now seven, thirty-five o'clock.

Move the hour hand slightly and the minute hand to VIII (eight). It is now twelve, forty.

Move the hour hand slightly and the minute hand to IX (nine). The clock now says, "Twelve, forty-five."

Move the hour hand slightly and the minute hand to X (ten). The clock now says, "Twelve, fifty."

Notice the minute hand is almost all the way around the face of the clock. How many times have you move it? (Ten times.)

Move the hour hand slightly, almost to I (one), and the minute hand to XI (eleven). The clock says, "Twelve, fifty-five."

Move the hour hand to I (one) and the minute hand to XII (twelve). Now the clock says, "One o'clock."

Notice that the minute hand traveled all the way around the face of the clock while the hour hand traveled only from one Roman Number to another Roman Number. In other words the hour hand made one hour and the minute hand made sixty minutes.

How many times did you move the minute hand? (Twelve times.)

Count the minutes by five's again.

Practice with your picture clock until you can read any clock. Try to be able to read the clock before you receive the next issue of *The Young Citizen*. If you need help at first take the picture clock to school and perhaps your teacher will help you and your classmates to

THE HEALTH

(Continued from page 286)

(Disease germs led by the Tuberculosis Germ enter creeping about)

Tuberculosis: Sh-sh-sh-sh —

(beckons to the rest) No

one is about. Let us wait for them. (when all are at the stage, Tuberculosis addresses them)

My men, the Health Fairy is working hard to stamp us out. Last year I killed only about 300,000 Filipinos. This year we must do better. Kill! Kill!

All: We must do better! KILL!

Cholera: I've my friends at work in Hongkong!

Dysentery & Typhoid: Flies are my new now. We can spread faster.

Cold: Yes, and I am going after the children. This weather just suits me. All of them will sneeze—Katchooooooooo!

(Health Fairy and soldiers with Boy enter)

H. Fairy: My helpers, let us drive diseases out of our land. We want our Philippines to be the home of A-I Filipinos so that we will be better able to defend her.

Health Helpers: Hurrah, for A-I Filipinos! No quarters for Disease Germs. (They rush at the Germs with their swords)

Germs: (falling one by one) Help! I am dying!

Helpers and Health Fairy (one foot on the fallen germs and hands stretched with the sword) Hurrah for health!

read the clock. Sometimes you can save your mother some steps by running in the next room to see what time it is for her.

JAR-MAKING

(Continued from page 271)

vincial customers. The *tapayan* is generally used for holding water, but it is also used for storing *bagoong*, syrup, native sauce, salted fish and other food products. These sizes of jars are manufactured in the kamalig:¹

	Capacity	
	kerosene cans	liters
Kaang	6	108
Primera	5½	99
Segunda	4	72
Tercera	3½	63
Gusi	1½	27

Other sizes and shapes of jars for various purposes may also be ordered according to specifications and prices agreed upon. Defective jars are mended with cement and sold at reduced prices. Broken ones are sold to Parañaque customers who use them for lining their salt field beds.

Workers in a jar factory are paid by quantity production, the master potter and the beater being the highest paid.

Jar making is a very old industry. The methods and implements used are primitive. Some of the terms used show later Chinese influence. The output is not large due to foreign competition in the form of empty oil drums, and galvanized iron and glazed containers imported from abroad. With government assistance and private initiative, the quality and the quantity of the locally produced jars may be improved and thus save this useful industry from finally dying out.

¹ Most of the data in this short article were secured at the factory located in Baranka, Mandalayon, just opposite Makati, Rizal. The owner is Mr. Ceferino Francisco.

JOE AND THE BURGLAR

(Continued from page 267)

Father and Mother came home from school at five o'clock.

"Get ready, Joe," the mother said. "We shall all go to the show after supper."

"May I spend the night at home with Rod, Mamma?" Joe asked. "Rod's mother has already given her consent."

"They are showing a beautiful picture at REX, Joe, but if you prefer to stay at home with Rod, you may do so," the mother replied.

At eight o'clock, father and mother were ready for the show.

"We're going, Joe," said the mother as she descended the stairs. "Be good boys, while we are away. We will not be back until eleven o'clock."

As soon as his parents were gone, Joe and Rod went to the window and loosened the ends of the wire that held the window blind. They replaced it in such a way that a little weight placed on it would cause the blind to drop down. Then they tied the lower end of the wire that hung from the wood above to the center of the wire across the window.

"All set, Joe?" asked Rod.

"All set," Joe replied. "Now let's lie down and pretend to be sleeping."

With eyes shut but ears open, they waited patiently for any sound from the window. The clock struck ten. Nothing happened so far. Ten minutes later, they heard a faint sound. Then there was a light tap on

EARTHQUAKES

(Continued from page 282)

No one feels safe during an earthquake. All that one can seem to do is to pray and go out under the open sky, far from houses and buildings, and wait in terror until the earth is safely stable again for frightened feet.

the lower part of the window.

"That's a ladder," Joe whispered.

In reply Rod gripped Joe's hand.

Then something below the window creaked at short intervals.

"He is climbing the ladder now," again whispered Joe.

Rod gripped Joe's hand harder.

Soon the blind moved. A hand grasped the wire. One end fell down. The man pulled it with a jerk. The wood above fell down hitting the man on the head. Man and wood fell to the ground. The two boys jumped up from the bed and ran to the window. The man was lying flat on the ground with the wood across his body. He was unconscious.

"Rod, run to the municipal building and report the matter to the Chief of Police," said Joe. "They must come to arrest him before he regains consciousness."

"I'm off," Rod said as he ran toward the door.

Ten minutes later, the Chief of Police and two policemen came. In a few words, Joe explained what had happened.

What! Dencio?

"Pick that up," ordered Domingo.

"What! Dencio?" retorted Cirilo.

"I will report you to the principal."

"What do I care, I am not Dencio," sneered Cirilo.

Clarita, who was passing by heard the argument. She gently picked the piece of paper up and threw it in the garbage can. She was on her way to her room when a group of mischievous children began annoying her. They began calling her Dencia, and Dencio mockingly.

The teacher who was looking out of the window admired the calmness Clarita showed in taking in the jokes and insults of her classmates. He was wondering why it did not anger her a bit when everybody hated to be called by that name. He fully knew that to call someone by that name was the easiest way to make enemies in that school, or in any other school in Tondo. Clarita's attitude was indeed unusual. The teacher called her aside.

"The children were mocking you this morning, weren't they?"

"Yes, sir, and they did that because I threw in the garbage can a piece of paper one of them refused to pick up."

"Were you not in anyway hurt when they called you Dencio and Dencia?"

"Why should I be hurt, sir. Most people may not like that man, but if they know him the way I do perhaps they will be more sensible. There were incidents that made me admire him."

"What, for example."

"Once I heard him scolding a boy who was playing with fire near a nipa house. He was threatening to give the boy to a policeman if he would not stop playing with fire. Would a bad man, sir, think of that?"

"I never knew he was as thoughtful as that. Really, fire hazards would be lessen if all the citizens would do their share. Was that all why you admire him?"

"A truck load of furniture was being unloaded near our house. It happened that this man, whom everybody seems to hate, was gayly passing by. Someone jokingly invited him to help. Without further coaxing he was there carrying the heaviest piece of furniture. This he did without expecting anything in return.

"Indeed, if only all the people are as helpful . . ."

"But, sir, I like him more because he is very entertaining." Just see him carry the lantern at the head of a band. The way he walks—the manner he sways his arm to the tune of the music—the sway of his body when he makes a turn are all very amusing. And what is more, hear him declaim in the dialect. Even the best Tagalog declaimer has nothing on him. I really admire this man, sir. It does not matter a bit whether they call me by that name or not."

The teacher was very much amused to hear Clarita speak well of Dencio. He was so impressed that he brought the matter to the class and taught his pupils a lesson they never forgot.

Satisfied with the explanation, the Chief ordered to take the man to the municipal jail.

When father and mother came, the Chief of Police told them what had happened. He praised the two boys for their cleverness in outwitting the burglar.

(Next month: JOE AT THE MAGIC POOL)

HELPS FOR STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Why did Joe stop on the way one afternoon?

What lesson did Joe learn

from the man whose money was stolen?

Did that lesson do Joe any good? How?

How did the two boys prevent the burglar from entering the house?



My country is the Philippines!

I love my country, the Philippines!

It is a very beautiful country. It is a family of many small islands. Luzon on the north, and Mindanao on the south, the two largest islands, are like parents watching over the smaller islands—Cebu, Panay, Negros, Samar, Masbate, Mindoro, Bohol, Marinduque, Palawan, and others.

My country is a beautiful country because it has many rivers, mountains, trees, and flowers. Throughout the year the trees and the grass are green, the mountains are blue in the distance, the flowers are in bloom, the air is filled with the songs of the birds, and the school children are happy.

My country is not only a beautiful country, but it is also a rich country. God has given my country, this happy family of islands, riches for everybody. It has forests, plants, vegetables, minerals, fertile soil, rivers, and animals that make it one of the richest countries of the world.

My country is the Philippines, a happy family of beautiful islands. As a school child I love my country, the Philippines, because it has given me life. I am very proud because of its beauty, and I am very happy because of its wealth.

—Dr. I. Panlasigui

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