

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

DECEMBER, 1936

Merry Christmas

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 2

NUMBER 11

DECEMBER • 1936

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



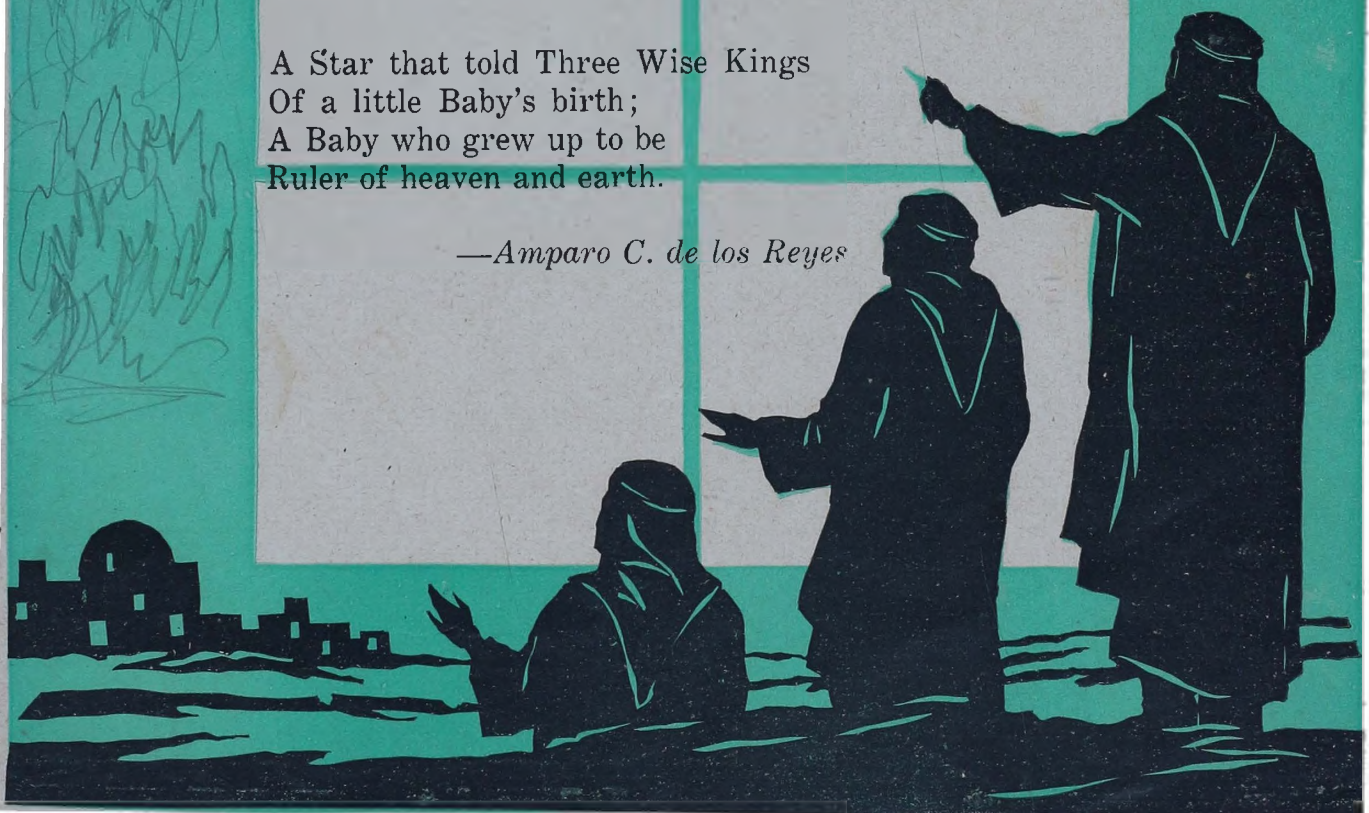
STAR LANTERN

Star lantern, my star lantern,
I shall put you up tonight,
And from my window you will send
A radiance soft and bright.

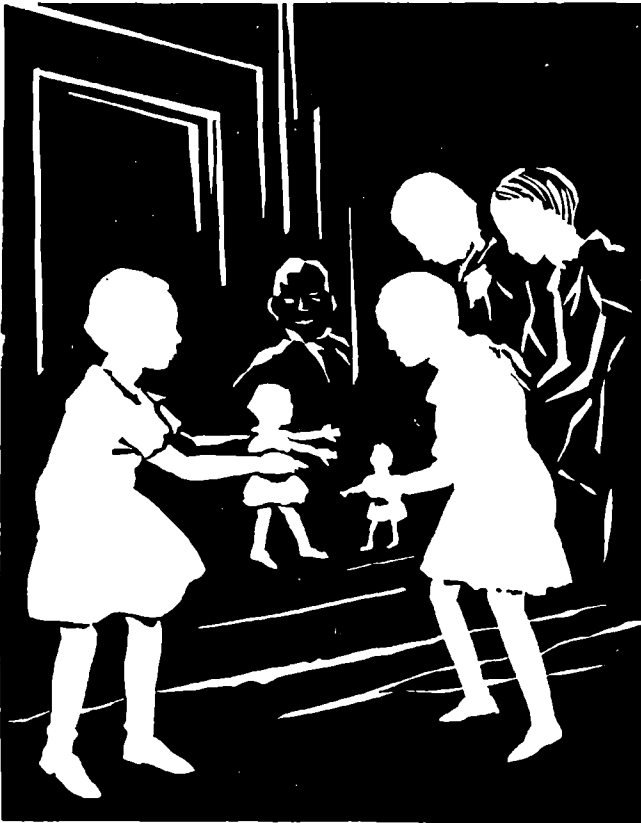
Your light will be so lovely
That people passing by
Shall remember the first Christmas Eve
And a Star up in the sky.

A Star that told Three Wise Kings
Of a little Baby's birth;
A Baby who grew up to be
Ruler of heaven and earth.

—*Amparo C. de los Reyes*



Gift. Dr. Panlaque of



THE merry sounds of distant bells awakened Caridad. Opening her eyes, she said, "Oh, Yes, it is Christmas. I wonder what my gifts are."

Many and of different kinds were the gifts Caridad found in her room. On her bed were pretty striped sweaters, embroidered handkerchiefs, a baby doll on a baby bed, and a toy piano. She took up a sweater and held it against her breast. She spread the lovely handkerchiefs on her mat. She touched the pink cheeks of the baby doll and ran her fingers over the keys of the piano.

She got out of bed. On her dressing table stood a big doll elegantly dressed in the *mestiza* costume.

"What a lovely lady you are!" Caridad exclaimed taking up the doll. "It is Grandmother's gift."

Caridad's parents were rich. Her grandmother had much money. Her aunts and uncles were the richest people in her town. Caridad received gifts from all her relatives. There was a doll carriage. There were rubber horses and tigers, too.

LITTLE STORIES FOR

By Aunt

A Rich Girl's Christmas

She played with her toys for a while. Soon she was tired. She looked out of the window. Children in brightly colored dresses were passing by. They were talking excitedly about the little toys and centavos they had received from their relatives and godmothers. Caridad watched them. She could not understand why they were so glad over their little gifts.

She went out to the garden. All kinds of beautiful flowers surrounded her but she did not notice them. She wondered why she was not happy like the children who were passing by.

Through the iron fence she saw the ragged forms of *Aling Maria's* children. They were quarreling over some cheap toys.

"This is my doll!" the smallest girl cried as she hugged a little celluloid doll without any dress.

"Just let me see it!" her older sister insisted.

"Mother! *Kuya* is taking my horse!" a little boy was shouting. His *horse* was a piece that had been cut from the end of a bamboo pole.

Caridad watched the children with pity. She had never thought children could hunger so much for toys. She turned back and ran toward the house.

"Merry Christmas, Father."

"Merry Christmas, Mother. May I do whatever I please with my gifts?"

"Certainly. They are yours," Father said.

Caridad rushed into her room. She carried as many presents as she could in her

(Continued on page 305)

LITTLE PEOPLE

Julia

Making Mother Beautiful

“**M**OTHERS’ DAY is only a week away. I have to finish the sweater I am knitting for my mother. What have you for your mother, Mina?” Flora asked her friend and classmate.

“I don’t feel like making anything. I shall just buy a ready-made chemisette in the market,” Mina answered.

A fine car whizzed by. A girl inside was waving to the two friends. Beside her was an elegantly dressed woman.

“There goes Caring! She must be going to the Luneta with her mother,” Flora exclaimed.

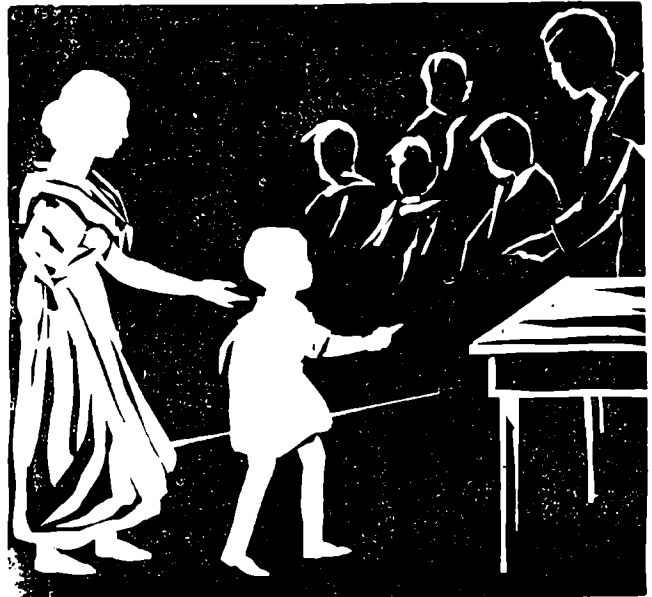
“Isn’t Caring’s mother very pretty?” Mina remarked.

“Pretty?” Flora’s tone was questioning. “She dresses well and she is attractive. Your mother, Mina, is much prettier, although . . . she does not wear fine dresses.”

Mina could not say anything. She never realized that her mother was good-looking at all. It dawned upon her that she did not notice her mother’s face because her mother had always worn shabby clothes.

When Mina reached home, she found her mother rinsing the washing. She had to tend the fire at the same time, for she was preparing the supper. Her hair was done in a tight knot on the top of her head.

“Mother, please let me do the washing,” Mina offered. “Father will soon be home. Give him a surprise by having an early supper.” The girl shoved her mother gently and she herself occupied the place before the large wash tub.



Every day that week Mina did her mother’s work whenever she was at home. She went to school just on time and went home as soon as school was dismissed. She noticed that her mother was no longer irritable. She seemed to find time to comb her hair smoothly and to dress neatly.

Mina saved all her allowance and asked her father to give her another week’s allowance in advance. When her father raised his eyebrows questioningly, she whispered to him, “It is a surprise for you and Mother.”

On Mothers’ Day, Mina got up very early. She prepared the breakfast and set the table with more care than usual. There was a big bowl of pink *cadena de amor* at the middle. Little sprays of the same flower were arranged like a chain joining the breakfast plates.

Mina seated her father at the table first. The other children took their places.

“I shall fetch, Mother,” she announced.

Mina came out leading Mother.

“Mabuhay!” she began.

“Mabuhay!” the other children joined.

Father could not take his eyes away from Mother. She was lovely in a new pink *terno*. Her hair was done loosely with a pretty knot on the nape of her neck. A few curls covered her ears.

(Continued on page 307)

How Lety Made Mother Happy

LETY had no money. She could not buy anything for Mother on Mothers' Day. Her classmates gave their mothers flowers and handkerchiefs.

Lety got up very early on Mothers' Day. She put away her bedding and walked to the kitchen quietly. She made the chocolate and cooked the left-over rice. She got the dried milkfish and broiled it. When her father and mother awoke, they found breakfast ready for them. Mother kissed Lety. "You have made me very happy this morning, my child."

The Boy Who Would Not Go To School

"I do not want to go to school," Mario cried.

"I am taking you to school now," Father said. "You are seven years old and very big. Soon you will be a man."

"I do not want to be a man."

Father pointed to a monument on the plaza.

"Do you see that man carrying a book? When he was a boy, he liked to study very much. He learned from books how he could be a good and useful man." Father explained.

"Who is he, Father?" Mario asked.

"He is Jose Rizal. Every Filipino loves him."

"Tell me about him, Father, please!" begged Mario.

"His life was very interesting," Father said.

"Do tell me his story, Father."

"At school they have a little book written by Rizal. He tells the story of his own life in that book."

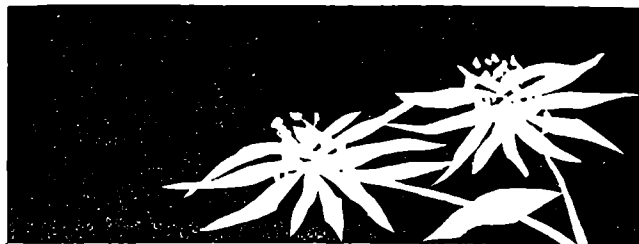
"Let us walk faster, Father. I want to see that book. I want to go to school now."

READING TIME FOR

Happy Poinsettias

IN May all the plants of the garden bore flowers. Fragrant rosas, sweet sampaguita, lovely roses, and proud dahlias made the garden a real fairyland. There was only one plant without flowers to boast of. It was the poinsettia. There were dozens of poinsettias growing in clumps on both sides of the gate. There were rows of poinsettias along the fence. They held up a few green leaves. The brown branches were bare and ugly.

The sampaguita pitied the poinsettias. The roses did not even look at them. The dahlias held up their heads and glanced with contempt upon the poinsettias.



The poinsettias nodded their old heads knowingly but said nothing.

Months passed. December came. The cold wind brought tales of the coming Christmas.

One morning when the flowers of the garden woke up, they rubbed their eyes. They saw something that was not there the night before.

"Are we dreaming? Or, are we seeing things?" they asked.

There on both sides of the gate and along the fence, the old poinsettias displayed dozens and dozens of big bright-red flowers that smiled broadly at everybody and at all their companions in the garden.

They seemed to say, "Christmas is coming. We are ready to greet Christmas, are you?"

YOUNG FOLKS

MOTHER'S FACE

By MARGARITA SANTOS



"On Monday, children, each one of you will tell me the prettiest thing that you have ever seen," said the teacher. "What will you tell me, Ernesto?" inquired Miss Faustino once more.

"I shall tell you the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen," replied Ernesto. Ernesto was the best-behaved boy in that class (IV-A¹). He seldom raises his hand but whenever he does he always give the best answer.

Monday morning came and all the children were dressed in their best because it

was Mothers' Day. Everyone had either the red or white "cadena de amor."

Miss Faustino asked, "Children, are you ready to tell me the prettiest thing that you have ever seen?"

"Yes, teacher," responded the children. Everyone had his hand raised. All were eager to recite.

"The prettiest thing I have ever seen," began Aurora, "was the Shirley Temple doll at Beck's show window. She looks very much like the true Shirley Temple. Her cheeks are as rosy as the red apples and her eyes are like two little stars. I wish she were mine and I would be very happy."

"The prettiest thing I have ever seen was the toy army band at the Philippine Education. The soldiers seem to be very brave and proud to fight for their country. They were marching and I wish I were one of them. Oh! if I could only have that toy army band, I would not wish for anything else," related Jacinto.

Ernesto stood next. "The prettiest thing I ever saw was just My Mother's Face."

The children all put their hands down. No one dared to recite for they all knew that Ernesto had given the best answer again.

A RICH GIRL'S CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 302)

arms and ran out again. She ran across the street and called the children.

"Little girl," Caridad said, "I like your little doll. Would you exchange it for this big one?"

The little girl's eyes grew big with surprise and admiration for the lady doll in skirt and camisa.

"Take it," Caridad urged.

"The handkerchiefs and sweater are for you," she told the bigger girl.

"Here is a horse for you" she addressed the little boy.

Caridad gave every child some presents until she had given away all that she had brought. As she was walking back home, she heard the little girl's voice.

"Mother, Mother, look at what the rich girl gave us."

"Rich!" Caridad had not realized before that she was a rich girl. She saw only on that Christmas Day how much happiness a rich girl could give the poor. And how a rich girl could be happy, too!

The Good Readers' Corner

Conducted by Mrs. Juliana C. Pineda*

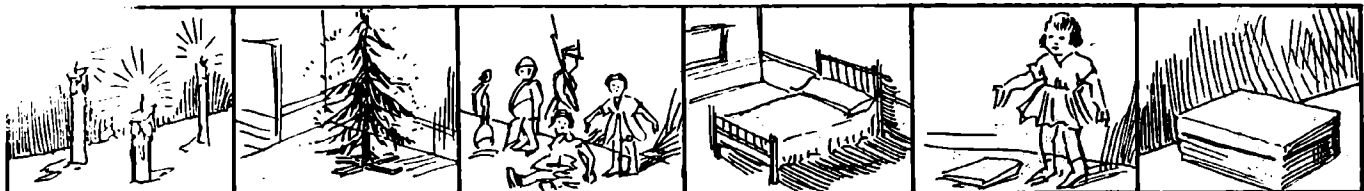
GRADE ONE

What did Ana find on Christmas morning?

Ana woke up very early on Christmas morning. She jumped out of bed and ran out of the room. There was a big Christ-

mas tree in the sala. Red, yellow, and blue candles hung from the branches. A box was under the tree. When Ana opened it, she saw a big doll.

Draw a line under the correct name.



candies
candles
handles

christmas time
christmas toy
christmas tree

little days
little dolls
big dolls

red
ted
bed

pig doll
big doll
little doll

box
fox
boy

GRADE TWO

Jose lived in a small bamboo cottage in a place where many small houses were built close together. For breakfast, lunch, and supper, he had rice and fish. The clothes he wore were old and often torn. There was no yard where he could play. He played with the other ragged boys right in the street.

Jose was (wealthy, poor, rich).

Did he live in a small house? Yes, No.

Did he eat good food? Yes, No.

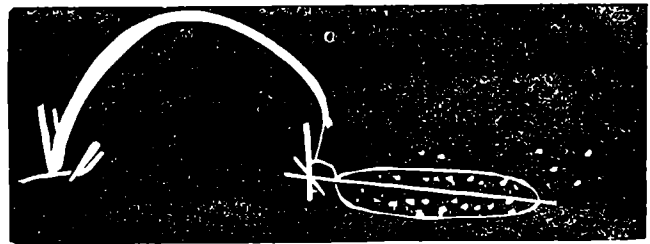
Did he wear fine clothes? Yes, No.

Did he use the street as a playground?
Yes, No.

GRADE THREE

Andres has just gathered some vegetables from his garden. He wants to catch a big hen for his Christmas dinner. His mother will prepare chicken stew with cabbage, beans, and camotes.

In the picture below, there is no chicken. Draw a hen running toward Andres.



GRADE FOUR

Little Nita knew that her parents were poor and could not afford to buy any Christmas gift for her. Her father was out of work. Her mother peddled fish the whole morning. The family prepared their lunch only when the mother came home. When Nita went to bed on Christmas Eve, she did not ask God for toys and good food she used

to have. When she got up on Christmas morning, she found on her mat a big doll, a toy, telephone, some big red apples, and nuts! She rubbed her eyes to see if she was not dreaming.

Choose the best answer:

Nita was (sad, pleased, surprised).

(Turn to page 313 for the answers.)

* Supervisor of Intermediate English, City Schools.

YOUR HEALTH

A DAY WITH FELY BRIGHT

By D. T.



I know someone by the name of Fely
A girl so cheerful, so bright, and healthy,
A girl so neat, so clean, and orderly,
That everyone loves her very dearly.

Fely Bright at six o'clock gets up
Brushes her teeth, and takes a bath
Puts on her clothes, and with a laugh,
Her things for school she tidies up.

To the breakfast room she merrily skips
Where awaits a breakfast of rice, fruit, and
milk.

It is a joy to watch her as she cheerfully eats
And chews her food well and is nice and
neat.

At half-past seven she bids her mother
good-bye,
Promising to be good and kind, yes, she shall
try,
Then off to school she happily goes
Looking both ways as each street is crossed.

At eight she quietly marches to her seat
Sits back to back, very prim and neat.
To her teacher's talk with interest she lis-
tens,
And does her work with much diligence.

At dismissal time, she starts for home
Never lingering on the way, you may be
sure.
She eats her lunch and back to school again,
She is never late. She is always on time.

At four in the afternoon, Fely happily
plays,
For well she knows, that plenty of exercise
Helps make her healthy and very wise,
And cheerful, and active, and very nice.

Directly home, at five she cheerfully goes
And for her mother dear, she does some
chores,
At supper time, a very happy hour,
She eats food that gives health and power.

The evening is such a happy time
She prepares all lessons, yes, Sir, every line,
But when the clock strikes half-past eight
She washes herself and brushes her teeth.

Before the clock strikes nine, she changes
her clothes,
And her bedroom window, wide-open she
throws,
After saying her prayers, she drops off to
sleep
To dream sweet memories in her slumber
deep.

MAKING MOTHER BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 303)

Mechanically, he rose and led Mother to
her place.

"Mina," Father said proudly, "your
mother is more beautiful now than when
she was young."

Mother's eyes sparkled.

"Mina caused the change, Dear. She has

been doing most of the house work. I can
find time now to rest and pay attention to
my looks."

"It is because of the pink *terno*, too,"
Father thought. It occurred to him that
he had not bought new clothes for Mother
for many years.

"My mother is beautiful. Flora is
right," Mina thought.

IT was Christmas eve.

In a certain town, the houses, particularly those of the wealthy and well-to-do families, were well decorated. Paper lanterns, both native and Japanese, were hanging from the eaves over the windows. Electric light bulbs of high candle power lighted these homes. In other houses, the Aladdin, Continental, and Petromax lamps burned brightly. In each of these houses, a Christmas tree, beautifully decorated and heavily laden with toys, occupied the center of the sala. The small nipa houses were also lighted but only the ordinary petroleum lamps were used. The Christmas trees in these homes of the poor were simple and practically without decoration. Hardly a toy could be seen in any of them.

Here and there Christmas carols were sung. On the streets in front of the wealthy homes, Christmas sketches and operettas were being performed. On the tennis court behind the municipal building and just a few meters away from the Catholic Church, a dance was going on which was to last until midnight when everybody would go to the church to hear the Midnight Mass. A group of spectators gathered around the tennis court outside of the wire fence. They, too, were waiting for the ringing of the bells that would announce the birth of the Christ Child.

It was Christmas eve and everybody was happy.

At about ten o'clock, a little boy got away from the group of spectators. When he came in front of the first house, he stopped to gaze at the Christmas tree in the center of the sala and which he could see through the opening below the window. Father, mother, and children gathered around the decorated tree.

"How beautiful!" was all that the boy could say as he left the place. He went on, stopping now and then, to amuse himself with the different Christmas trees in the homes on the way. He did not know that he had gone too far until he met an old man who was bending under a heavy load on his back.

"Good evening, sir, and a merry Christmas to you," he greeted the old man.

"Oh, good evening, good evening," returned the old man. "and a merry Christmas to you, too."

"May I help you carry your pack, sir?" said the

Uncle Juan's

A Story

By Antonio C. Muñoz



boy. "I see you are overloaded."

"Thank you," the old man replied. "Come along but you need not help me. I'm used to this kind of work."

As they walked along, the boy's attention was always on the Christmas trees in the homes on the way.

"You are interested in those Christmas trees," said the old man. "Don't you have one at home?"

"Oh, yes," the boy replied, "but it's bare. There is no decoration. There are no toys."

"Don't you envy those children?" the old man asked him.

"Oh, no," answered the boy. "I'm glad that not all children are like me. I mean they are not so poor as I. Sir, we are very poor and my parents

Christmas Gift



cannot afford to buy toys for my Christmas tree. Those children are happy because they can have whatever they want. To see them happy is enough to fill my heart with happiness. No, sir, I don't envy them."

"Good boy!" exclaimed the old man. "You have made Uncle Juan happy, tonight. Old Santa will be happy, too, when I tell him about you. Now let's go to your home. I should like to see that bare Christmas tree you have told me about."

The boy nodded and led the way. Soon they came to an old nipa house. A small petroleum lamp hung from the roof giving insufficient lights to the space below. A small Christmas tree decorated with vines stood in the center. A man and a woman sat on a bamboo bench near by.

"A merry Christmas to you, good people!" the old man greeted the boy's parents as he entered the humble dwelling.

Without waiting for an answer, the old man put his heavy pack on the floor. Then he opened it. He put his hand inside and drew out a drum. He placed it on the bare tree. Then came out a bugle, a toy gun, a toy revolver, toy automobiles and aeroplanes, and many other toys. When they were all placed on the Christmas tree, the tree was just as beautiful as those in the homes of the rich.

"How old are you?" the old man asked the boy.

"I am ten years old," the boy replied.

The old man went over the packages he had in the sack and when he had found the one he was looking for, he gave it to the boy.

"That will fit you well," he said.

To each of the parents, the old man gave a package.

"Who are you?" asked the father when he had recovered from his surprise.

"I am known as Uncle Juan. You may address me by that name," the old man answered.

"Thank you very much, Uncle Juan!" the three exclaimed together.

"Don't mention it," said the old man. "I'm just doing my duty. Old Santa who lives far away across the ocean cannot come this year. In the past years, I always helped him distribute gifts to good people during Christmas. I received a letter from him last month asking me to do the work alone. He said that I have had enough training and experience and it's time I did this work without him. Now excuse me for I have plenty of work to do."

With a bow and "A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU," the old man ran toward the road and soon disappeared among the trees near by.

The three astonished people picked up their packages and opened them. The father had a pair of shoes, a hat, and a half dozen undershirts. The mother's package contained a pair of slippers, a veil, and a silk pañuelo. In the boy's package was a boy scout uniform and with it were a hat and a pair of shoes.

Three happy people went to bed that night but the happiest among them was the little boy for besides the package, he had the toys on the Christmas tree.



The Golden Image of Sri Visaya

By ALICE FRANKLIN BRYANT

(Continued from November Issue)

NEXT day the men and boys, including Pablo, sallied forth to slay the mighty monster. They were armed with spears and bolos and carried the strong net of rattan.

The day before they had sent a scout to follow the trail left by the great heavy snake. He had found that it led to a cave at the base of a cliff.

They hiked steadily for almost three hours before they reached the cliff. Then they rested, so that they would be fresh and alert. They drank from a small stream, and sprawled on the ground. Some of them took a few puffs at rudely rolled tobacco leaves, which, for lack of pockets, they carried behind their ears. Pablo's matches were a great help to them in this instance, for they usually made fire by striking flint and steel together, sometimes by rubbing one piece of dry bamboo in a notch made in a second piece of bamboo.

When they were rested they noiselessly approached the entrance to the cave. They were all tense as they stooped at the entrance and peered into the dark interior. There they could see the dim outline of the slimy looking monster as it lay coiled in the darkness.

The men holding the net approached the python quickly, but quietly. Just as they held the net above it, it raised its head sluggishly from its coils. But it was too late. The net fell over it, and the edges of it were drawn quickly together under the python by a strong cord which closed the net just as a bag is closed by a string.

Inclosed by the net, the python was powerless; and its torpid attempts to uncoil and wrap itself around its assailants were doomed to failure. The Negritos thrust their bolos through the interstices of the net and cut the python into pieces. Of course, cutting off its head was sufficient to kill it, but not to stop at once the writhing of the long body. The headless body could, if free, easily loop itself around a man and crush him to death.

The net was then removed, and each member of the party shouldered a heavy section of the huge python to carry back to the settlement. The Negritos were in high spirits, and talked and laughed on their homeward trek in happy anticipation of the feast ahead of them. Pablo had never before seen such jolly, carefree people as these small blacks.

Meanwhile, the women had not been idle. They had hunted in the forest for wild camotes, which they dug up with sticks or pieces of bamboo.



Thanks to this gift of the forest they would not have to use any of their scanty supply of corn today. They had cut the growing bud from the top of two or three palm trees. These were sweet, tender, and crisp, and could be eaten raw. They *should* be good, for their removal causes the death of the tree. The women had also found snails in the bottom of

a stream, and had some green stuff, or *gulay* on hand ready to cook when the hunters should return.

When they heard the men returning, they ran out to meet them, and uttered loud exclamations of delight at the size of the python that had been killed.

They took the meat from the men and carried it the short distance to camp. Then they cut part of it into thin strips and hung it up to dry, and the rest of it they roasted over their little open fires.

One old woman took a few little pieces of the python and laid them on a leaf on the ground just beyond the settlement. These were for the *diwata*, or spirits. And she made them a short speech thanking them for the successful hunt and asking them for more such good fortune.

Soon the feasting began and lasted the rest of the day. Huge quantities of food disappeared; for primitive people leading the hand-to-mouth existence of the Negritos have the camel's philosophy of food. Often they had very little food, or none at all; and, on the other hand, when there was plenty, they ate an astonishing amount.

Again there was singing and dancing. They sang the same song as they had the previous night; and then one man sang a love song, repeating it several times. Pablo asked for another song, but the Negritos said that they did not know any others.

When darkness closed in, everyone was sleepy, and soon the encampment was dark and silent.

Next morning, as soon as Pablo and Ulan had had breakfast, they made their farewells—Pablo thanking his hosts for their hospitality—and started on their way to the stream of the shining substance.

All morning they followed tiny paths and clambored up and down stream beds. A little after noon they stopped to rest and eat a few pieces of cooked camote and roasted python that they had brought along. The last stream bed up which they had climbed was dry at this season of the year. They were on a ridge, and the chances were that they would have to descend a long way before finding any more water. It was an unusually hot day, and Pablo was thirstier than he had ever been in all his life. But no water was to be seen, so he accepted the situation fatalistically, and said nothing about it.

But when they had rested only a moment, Ulan jumped up. "I'm thirsty. Aren't you?" he said, and began walking around looking for something.

"Here it is!" he called. "Come here and drink."

He had found a vine, which he cut into sections. From each section, as soon as it was cut, flowed clear, cool water. The boys threw back their heads and

To MOTHER



There's a melody sung through years,
A rhapsody found on mortal lips,
A chansonette of love and joy
My mother! My mother!

There's a story that fills the heart,
Told and re-told through ages past,
There's a tale of which none tires,
My mother! My mother!

A picture hangs on every wall,
Of gray hair and wrinkled brows,
Though webbed with years 'tis loved by all
My mother! My mother!

Dear mother, you're a deathless song,
A never to-be forgotten lore,
An image worshipped by the throng—
Ah—most loved and blessed of all!

—Lulu de la Paz

caught in their open mouths the water as it descended from the pieces of vine which they held above them. They drank huge quantities of this miraculous water, and Pablo's admiration for Ulan mounted still higher.

(To be continued)

THIS EARTH OF OURS



WHY THE EARTH TREMBLES

Last month you read about changes that continually take place on this big, big ball called earth, where we live. Wind and water cause high places to be low. Of course, it takes many, many years to level these high places.

The volcano as you have learned, also raises low places and lowers high places. The volcano is also one of the causes of the trembling of the earth. This trembling of the earth is known as earthquake. No matter how young you may be, you must have felt the earth tremble sometime. Often the trembling is slight and no harm is done to people except frightening them a little. At times, the earthquake is so severe that buildings are destroyed and people are killed.

In 1911, the Taal Volcano in Batangas erupted. It sent out fire and very, very hot melted rock. Many people and animals were killed.

Have you seen the film "San Francisco"? It showed what happened to the city of San Francisco in California at the earthquake of 1906. The great loss of property then was due, not so much to the quake, as to the fire that broke out because of the quake. This earthquake was not caused by a volcano but by the movement of great rocks inside the earth.

A very famous volcano is Mt. Vesuvius in Italy. It erupts from time to time, but the most destructive was the one that took place in the year 79. We are now in the year 1936, so the eruption happened

AUNT JULIA'S

ANT WAYS

Bits of sweet food left on the table will soon attract ants. If you observe ant ways, you will find them very interesting. Ants are always at work. They gather food whenever and wherever they can. They gather food not only for the day but store food for the rainy season when they cannot go out and when food is hard to find. They work not only during the day. When there is moonlight, they also work at night.

Ants live in big families called colonies. Those who live in a nest are divided into three classes: the wingless workers and the winged males and females. There are nurses that take care of baby ants. Next month I shall tell you more about the interesting family life of ants.

There are many kinds of ants. Some ants wage war against others. The captives become slaves.



Some have herds of cows for ants are fond of milk. But their cows are tiny animals called aphids. The ants are good builders, too.

The ants have a very strong sense of smell. Have you seen ants kissing each other? They recognize each other and talk with each other with their feelers, which look like whiskers.

Read in this column of "The Young Citizen" next month about the home life of ants.

almost 1900 years ago. The hot melted rock that the volcano sent out flowed in boiling streams down to the nearby cities. There was so much of this melted rock or lava and ashes that two cities were completely buried. They were Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The eruption of volcanoes at times causes islands and mountains to appear and disappear, at the middle of the ocean.

TRUE STORIES

TRICKS OF FLOWERS

You have read about a number of flowers and must have observed many of them. Some flowers have bright colors, some are fragrant, and some grow in heads. These qualities of flowers are mere tricks of theirs to attract bees and other insects which help them in developing seeds.

You are familiar with flowers that are big and of bright colors. They are easily seen by bees even from a distance. Some flowers are white and not easily seen. Because of their sweet odor, the insects have no difficulty in finding them. The rosal, sampaguita, and dama de noche are possessed with such fragrance that seems to call visitors. Some plants have tiny blossoms. To be attractive, the little flowers group themselves together into clusters which are sometimes long and sometimes rounded. Study the lantana, the santan, the cacawate, and the bridal bouquet. Would they be beautiful if only a single flower grew on a stem?



Flowers and insects are friends. The flowers give insects the sweet juice called nectar, and pollen, the yellow dust, which is made into bread by some insects. In return the insects help the flowers in forming seeds. Later you will learn how the insects perform this service for the flowers. Butterflies, bees, and moths are some of the flowers' friends. Can you name other insects that visit flowers?

ON THIS EARTH OF OURS

True—False

1. The trembling of the earth is called an earthquake. True, False.
2. The volcano is the only cause of the earthquake. True, False.
3. An earthquake is always destructive. True, False.
4. Sometimes earthquakes cause destruction of property and loss of life. True, False.
5. The Taal Volcano has not yet done any harm. True, False.
6. The earthquake that destroyed San Francisco in 1906 was caused by the slipping of rocks inside the earth. True, False.
7. Mt. Vesuvius is in Italy. True, False.
8. Melted rock that flows out of a volcano is very hot. True, False.
9. Mt. Vesuvius completely buried two cities when it erupted in the year 79. True, False.

ON ANT WAYS

Choose the correct answer:

1. Ants like (sweet, sour) food.
2. Ants are very (lazy, industrious).
3. They (eat all, store) food.
4. They are (wise, foolish).
5. Ants live (alone, in great numbers).
6. There are (two, many) kinds of ants.
7. Ants have a (weak, strong) sense of smell.
8. They smell with their (feelers, noses).
9. They get their milk from (real cows, aphids).
10. There are (three, thirty) kinds of ants in a nest.

(Answers on page 327)

10. A volcano may cause the disappearance of a whole island. True, False.

(Answers on page 327)

QUESTIONS ON TRICKS OF FLOWERS

Do you remember what you have read about flowers?

1. Are flowers of different colors? Yes, No.
2. Do they all have bright colors? Yes, No.
3. Do they like bees for their visitors? Yes, No.
4. Does the sweet odor of some flowers attract insects? Yes, No.
5. Do all flowers smell sweet? Yes, No.
6. Does a stem always hold one flower? Yes, No.
7. Does a bee help a flower? Yes, No.
8. Does a flower serve the bee? Yes, No.
9. Is a santan head composed of many flowers? Yes, No.
10. Do the flowers of gumamela grow in clusters? Yes, No.

(Answers on page 327)



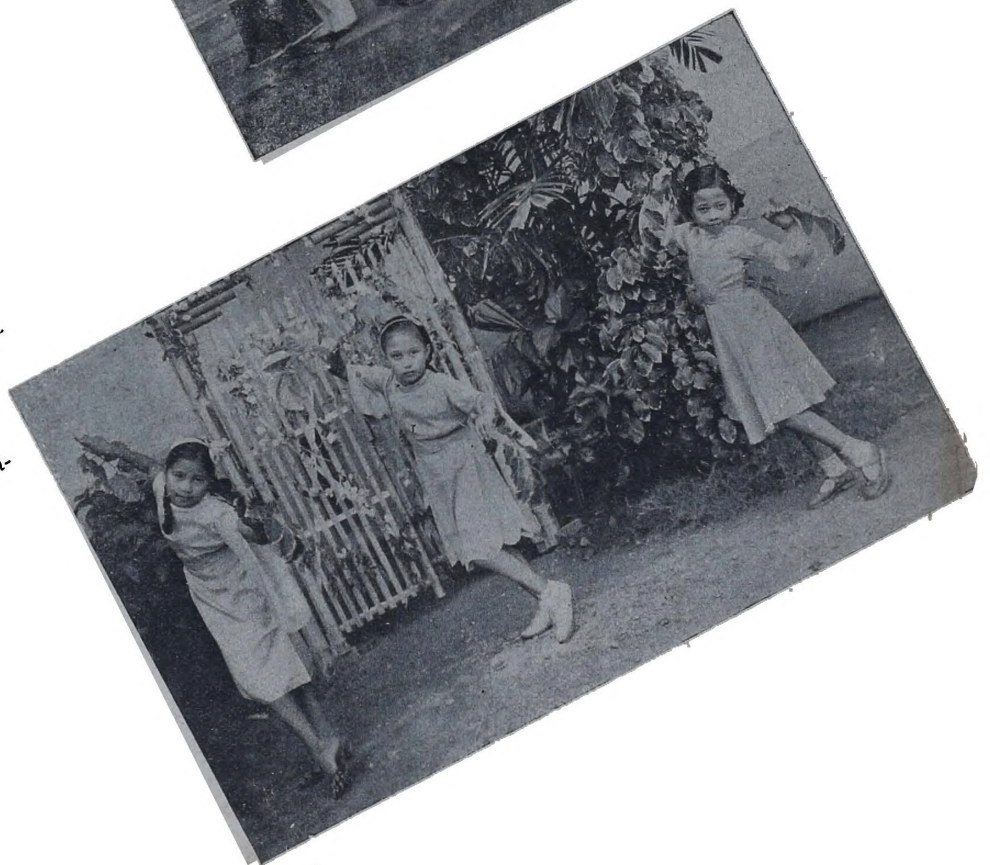
Subli Dance held at the Rizal Elem. School, Manila, October, 1936.

P I C T O R I A L

Condansoy Dance held at the Rizal Elem. School, Manila, October, 1936..

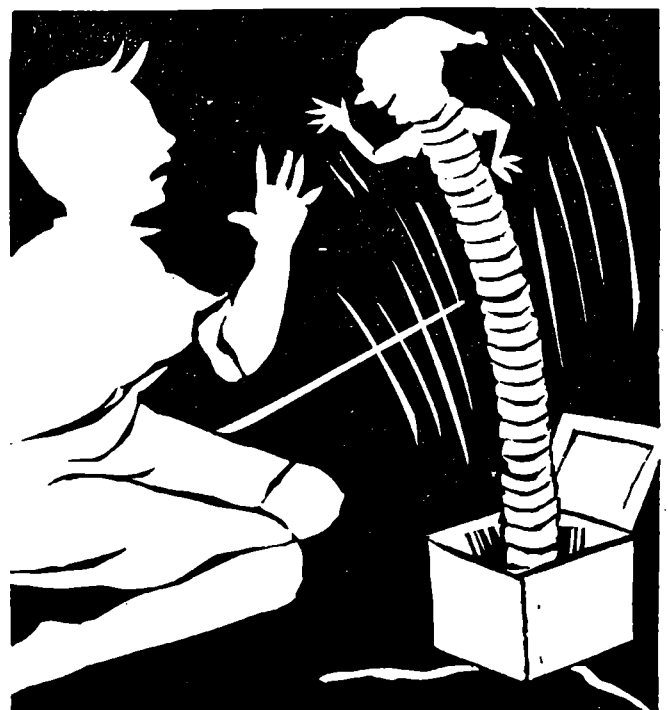
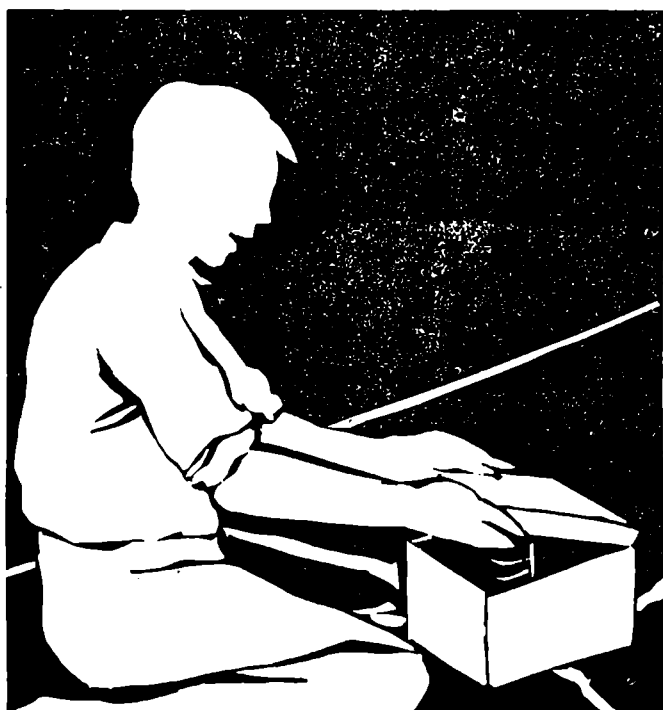
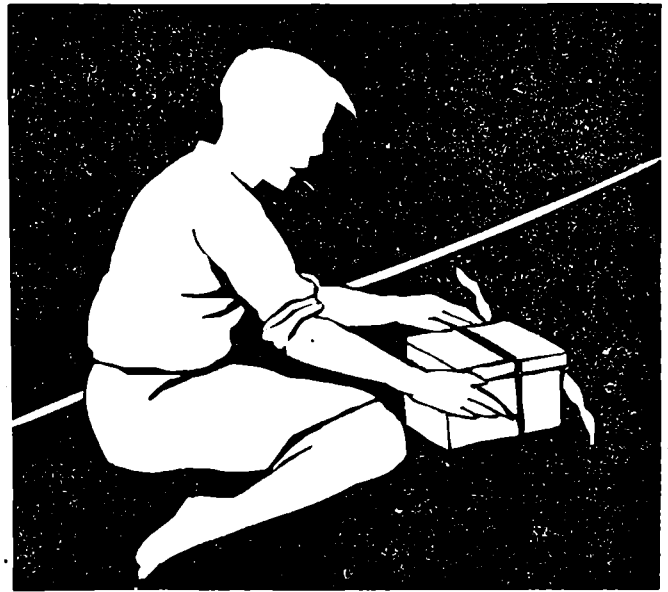


Dance of the Leaves held at the E. Jacinto Elem. School, Manila, October, 1936.



Kiko's Adventures

by Gilma Baldovino



Christmas is approaching. Mr. Santa Claus is busy getting ready for his Christmas visits to many different countries. Letters from children all over the world are coming to him every day.

"About one hundred letters came to-day, Santa," Mrs. Santa Claus told him.

"I am expecting more letters this year," answered Mr. Santa Claus. "So I think you might sort the letters according to the countries where they came from and then to-night we will read some of them."

After supper that evening Mr. Santa Claus, smoking his pipe, sat comfortably in his old armchair, Mrs. Santa Claus with the letters sat at her desk, and little Bobby Santa Claus was on the floor rug. All were anxiously waiting to hear the letters from the children.

"What letters do we read to-night, mamma?" Mr. Santa Claus asked his wife.

"Let us read the letters from the Filipino children."

"How many letters came from the Philippines, mother?" asked Bobby Santa Claus.

"There are several, but we can read only a few to-night. Here is the first one," said Mrs. Santa Claus who began to read:

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a girl. I am six years old. Last Christmas I had no dolls. Many girls had dolls. My mother told me you give dolls. Please give me one next Christmas. We are very poor.

Thank you, Santa Claus.

Josefina

"What is her address?" asked Mr. Santa Claus.

"San Nicolas, Manila."

"Yes, there are many poor children there. I'll put her down in my list. I may visit other children there."

Mrs. Santa Claus read another one.

Dear Santa Claus:

Last year mother told me you brought me an automobile. But I did not like it. Please give me another one. Send me a real bicycle, too.

Thank you very much.

Mario

"Why, he ought to be glad to have whatever is given to him," said Bobby Santa Claus.

"Yes. I remember I gave him a wooden automobile. He did not like it because his father is very wealthy," said Santa Claus.

"He must be a spoiled boy," remarked Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Perhaps he is, mother," said Bobby. "I would be thankful for anything one gives me as a gift."

"Let us hear another one," said Mr. Santa Claus.



Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am in the third grade. Last year father told me you gave me many toys—soldiers, airplanes, automobiles, guns, railroad, and many candies. I like them all, but my cousin, Pepe, came and took some of them. I do not like him.

Please send me railroad, flashlight, pingpong, ball, basketball, skates, sweater, socks, shoes, pencils, crayola, watch, and many other things. This time I will keep them all.

Thank you so much,

Cecilio

"What do you think of that?" asked Mr. Santa Claus to Bobby.

"I would say he wants too many things," answered Bobby.

"There would be no more toys left for the other children."

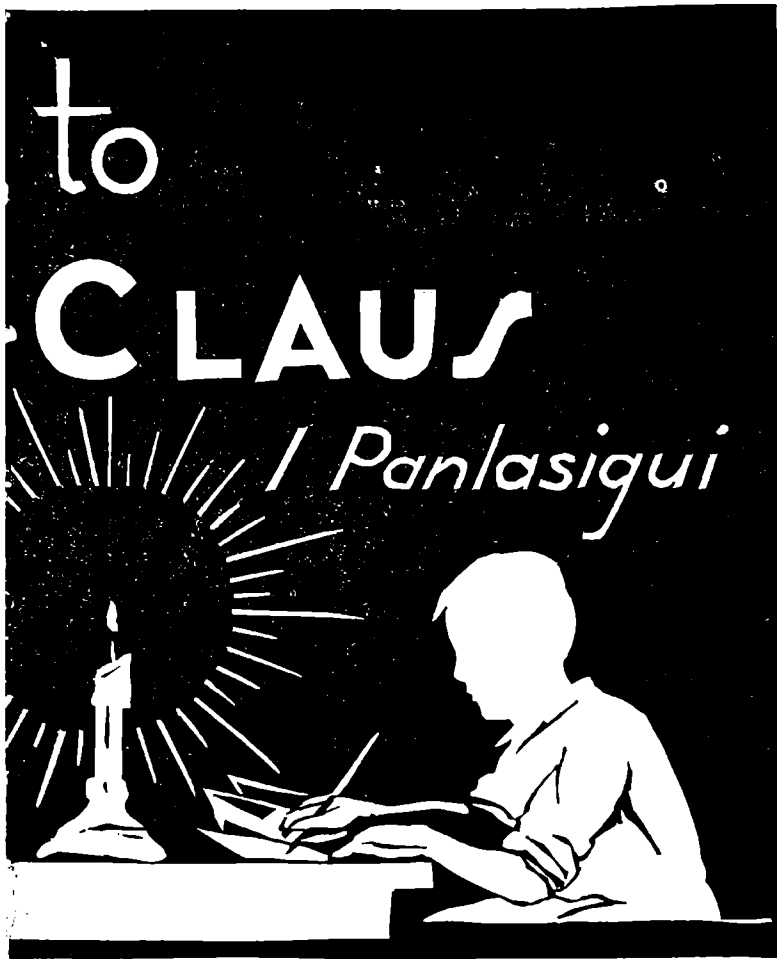
"Don't give him anything this time," suggested Mrs. Santa Claus.

"I'll give him some and then I'll ask his mother to tell him to share some of his toys and candies with other children."

"Would his mother do that?"

"I'll try anyhow," answered Mr. Santa Claus.

"Here is another letter," said Mrs. Santa Claus.



Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am in the third grade. Mother told me I am a bad boy. My teacher also said I am a bad boy. They told me you will not give me Christmas presents because I am bad. I like to be a good boy, Sir, but I do not know how. My mother whips me very often. I heard you are a good man. Please give me a toy, even only one, to show to my mother and my teacher that I am really a good boy. Please write to my mother and my teacher about me, but please do not tell them I wrote to you.

I will be good, thank you, Sir.

Mauricio

"This is a case of a misunderstood child," observed Mrs. Santa Claus. "Perhaps his mother is of the nagging type and his teacher very unsympathetic."

"What are you going to do with him, daddy?" asked little Bobby.

"I am going to give him a good Christmas present. Perhaps his mother and his teacher will be surprised that I believe Mauricio is a good boy. Then they may try to understand him and be kind to him. Read some more, mamma," said Mr. Santa Claus.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a first grade pupil. I learn how to read. I can add. I know how to write. I do not know very well how to spell. Please give me a book so that

I can read it. I like to read.

Thank you, dear Santa Claus.

Carmelo

"Rather an unusual request. All these many years children from everywhere asked only toys. Carmelo is asking a book. I am going to give that boy the best book I have for children. And then I am going to give him a very good toy for his being a studious boy."

"What kind of book is that, Daddy?" asked Bobby.

"One that contains stories about children all over the world. Children in every country ought to know something about the children of other countries. Then they would learn to love one another. When they grow big they would not go to war and kill each other because they learned to love each other when they were still young."

"You see, sonny," Mrs. Santa Claus said. "We love the children—Japanese, Chinese, Negroes, Americans, Filipinos, Spaniards, and others all alike because we know them all."

"Here is a good letter," said Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Let us hear it."

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

Yesterday my classmate told me that you gave many things to her last year. She said you will give her again this year. She told me to write to you because my mother and I did not have anything last year.

Please, Santa Claus, give us some gifts this year. If you have no toys for me, will you give me something that I can give to my mother? My mother needs a pair of slippers but I have no money. If you cannot give me the slippers can you tell me how I can earn money? Please write to me, dear Santa Claus.

Your little friend,
Juliana

"Well, that is a good girl," said Mr. Santa Claus.

"She is surely a good girl! Most of the children think only of themselves. Juliana thinks of her mother first," said Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Go on read some more, mother," Mr. Santa Claus told his wife.

Dear Santa Claus:

Every Christmas time I hear my mother and my father speak about you. They said you are the one who give all the gifts to the children every Christmas. Every Christmas I am very happy because I receive many gifts from you. But some children in our neighborhood do not have. Perhaps you have forgotten them. Sometimes I give them some of my toys and candies. I am sure you are going to give me some more this year. Please do not forget the children of our neighbors.

I want to thank you in advance.

Rita

"That child has a good idea and she is also very kind," said Mr. Santa Claus.

"Are you going to give toys to all the children this year, daddy?" asked Bobby.

"I do not have enough to go around, sonny."

"Why don't you whisper to Rita's father about the children of their neighbors," suggested Mrs. Santa Claus. "He is rich. Perhaps he can help you that much. Then all the children in that neighborhood will be happy."

"I think I will do that," Mr. Santa Claus said.

"Do you think he will do it, daddy?" asked Bobby.

"I hope he will," replied Mr. Santa Claus.

"Here is the last one from the Philippines," and Mrs. Santa Claus read:

My dear Santa Claus:

I am in the fourth grade. I heard many good things about you. My mother said you make children happy every Christmas. You make everybody happy. I am happy on Christmas. There are many toys, many candies for everybody. People are friends because they say you come on Christmas day.

Please, Santa Claus, would it not be better if you come and stay with us all the year round? Perhaps people, and the children would get tired of candies, toys, and food everyday, but I am sure we will not get tired of having you with us all the year because

you make everybody happy, peaceful, and friendly. Please come, dear Santa Claus. Bring Mrs. Santa Claus and Bobby. But do not forget my toys. I like a large flashlight and a collar for my dog, Brownie.

Thank you, dear Santa.

*Your little friend,
Ruddy*

"That is a big order, mamma," Mr. Santa Claus said.

"I really think that Ruddy is right. Why don't we go and stay with the people throughout the year in order that they might be all happy?" suggested Mrs. Santa Claus.

"Father, that reminds me of my dream last night," said Bobby. "In my dream I saw that we really went to live with the people. And what I did not understand was that we seemed to be living with all the peoples of the earth at the same time. And with our presence they were very happy. They were all friendly to each other. It seemed that all the peoples were brothers and sisters. And before I was awakened I heard them all sing with the angels:

*"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward men."*

"I wonder if the brotherhood of men would only be a dream!" Mr. Santa Claus said to himself.

-P-15,000 in Surprise GIFTS



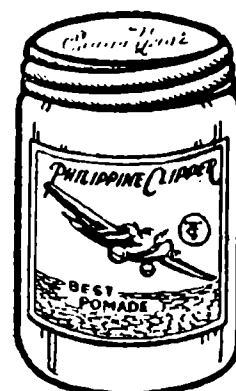
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ENLARGE YOUR VOCABULARY

By MISS MARGARITA SANTOS *



Read carefully the description below. Answer the questions after the paragraph. Refer to the paragraph again for appropriate descriptive words and useful expressions.

Night came before the usual time. The gray twilight had given way to the blackness of the night. The clouds grew blacker and crept slowly across the sky. Suddenly the wind blew furiously and the air was filled with leaves flying like birds. The branches of the sturdy acacia trees swayed and creaked. The street lamps and electric lights flickered. Soon the city was plunged in darkness. On rushed the wind and with it the hissing rain fell in torrents beating upon the roofs and against the rattling window panes. Once in a while a blinding streak of lightning flashed followed by a deafening blast of thunder.

- A. 1. What is the best title for this paragraph?
2. To which of the five senses does this paragraph appeal most? To the sense of hearing, smelling, feeling, seeing, tasting?
3. Make a list of the words that make us see the picture vividly. What words make us hear sounds?
4. What word shows that the acacia trees are not small?
5. Why were the lights put out?

* Teacher, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

B. Match the words on the left column with the adjectives on the right column.

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------|-------------------|
| 1. window panes | _____ | <i>hissing</i> |
| 2. rain | _____ | <i>sturdy</i> |
| 3. wind | _____ | <i>rattling</i> |
| 4. acacia trees | _____ | <i>furiously</i> |
| 5. clouds | _____ | <i>flickering</i> |
| 6. lamps | _____ | <i>deafening</i> |
| 7. thunder | _____ | <i>black</i> |

C. Select the best meaning for each word italicized in the sentence:

- The rain fell in *torrents*. (heavily, slowly, little by little).
- A blinding *streak* of lightning flashed. (circle, square, stripe).
- The windows *rattled*. (opened, clattered closed).
- The *sturdy* trees were not uprooted. (weak, small, strong).
- The city was *plunged* in darkness. (thrown, made, painted).
- The wind blew *furiously*. (quietly, slowly, angrily).

D. Fill the blanks with the correct words and say the sentences aloud. (crept, furiously, flickered, swayed, sturdy, hissing, torrents, rattling, lightning, deafening).

- A _____ guava tree stood near our house.
- I turned off the lights because the electric lamps _____.
- The branches of the guava tree _____.
- The _____ rain kept me awake all night.
- I covered my face with my blanket whenever the sharp _____ flashed and when the _____ thunder roared.
- The wind howled and blew _____.
- Rain entered through the _____ window panes.
- Streets were flooded because rain fell in _____.
- My dog, Puppy _____ under the bed.

E. When your teacher asks you to describe the thunderstorm last Saturday night, try to use the words you have learned from the description you have read. When you write to your friend in the province, tell her about the storm and use the new words you learn. Can you spell the words so that you can use them in your written work?

AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

RURAL SCOUTING

By HORACIO OCHANGCO *

Boys of the country must be good citizens just as well as boys of the town. Boys of the country need guidance, fun, character, self-reliance, caution, strong bodies, and willing hands and hearts as much as those of the city. Well, Scouting is for the country or rural boy just as much as for the town boy. Its program fits the needs of the country boy to the highest degree. Boys are boys. They need companionship and steering.

A lone country boy can have this through the Lone Scout plan, by which he chooses some man in his neighborhood as his Counselor and then he begins his romp into the field of Scouting.

Every Lone Scout is asked to select as much as possible one of the most outstanding and finest men to be his "Friend and Counselor." It is because we want him to get help from this man, first in passing



his tests, such as Tenderfoot, Second and First Class, and to sign his papers for the application for Merit Badge Examination, and also to have the help of this man to set up a community committee of three men to be in charge of the work of Merit Badge requirements.

The farm boy does not need an outing, but he does need to have his eyes opened to the advantages which he has as a resident of the farm.

He needs to see that in working with soil, plant, and animal he is co-operating with the forces of Nature and that such a combination is what resulted in the marvelous products developed by Burbank or the mighty inventions of Edison.

First Aid to man and beast in a section where medical or surgical help is scarce should be an appealing field to any live, wide-awake farm boy.

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



THE SCOUT OATH

By RICARDO DE LA CRUZ *

"On my honor, I will do my best:—

1. To do my duty to God and my Country and to obey the Scout Law;
2. To help other people at all times;
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

Above is the Scout Oath, one of the main foundations of the Scouting Movement. Before any boy can be registered as a Scout, he has to take this Oath,—and he promises to live true to it throughout his life.

In the Scout Oath the three important duties of a Boy Scout are clearly outlined namely; his duty to God and to his country, his duty to others, and his duty to himself. This embraces all that there is for a man to do,—if he is to be *what a real man ought to be*.

When a boy is being initiated into the greatest man-boy organization in the world, he makes the Scout Sign and then recites this Oath. But he does not merely *recite* it. He repeats it slowly, letting each word sink into his heart, there to remain forever.

And when on certain occasions, he is tempted to do wrong, he cannot help but pause and ask himself: "Am I living true to my Oath?"

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

The farm boy probably has little leisure time, but Scouting can tell him to save time in doing the farm work which he has to do.

The Merit Badge Work covers all kinds of farm crops and activities, from raising chickens to landscape gardening, barn-building, dairying, and innumerable other subjects.

Rural Scouting plans for Lone Scouts getting together for organization of Tribes, Farm Patrols and even for Rural Troops. It covers every need. So to you, Mothers and Fathers of the farm or rural sections—if you are interested in good citizenship and in your own boy,—give him a chance to be a

Emilio Jacinto

(His birthday comes on Dec. 15)

Music by Prof. Nicanor Abelardo.
Words by Mr. Francisco Carballo.

1. "Awake, O men, and heed the cry!"
The clarion pealed when dawn was nigh,
And men did come with brawn and might
To fight and die for country's right.

"Advance, O men, for here am I!"
A youthful man made firm reply,
With sword and pen he joined the fray
And warriors' hearts his words did sway.

CHORUS

We hail you, soldier brave of everlasting fame,
Your soul gives brighter glow to Freedom's
glorious flame,
Undying praise be yours, O immortal hero,
KATIPUNAN BRAIN, EMILIO JACINTO!

2. "Awake, O men, and heed the cry!"
The clarion pealed when dawn was nigh;
Jacinto wrote sweet praises grand
And sterling love for native land.

"Advance, O men, for here am I!"
A youthful man made firm reply,
Who fought and died to make men free
And ours the land of LIBERTY.

CHORUS

We hail you, etc.,

Lone Scout. To Boy Scouts who may be reading this,—be proud of your being a Boy Scout, and make the Boy Scout Movement proud of you!

(Note: The Philippine Council, B. S. A. has been found to have the largest Lone Scout membership in the world.)

MONTHLY ROLL OF HONOR

Beginning this issue, we are going to publish a monthly Roll of Honor. The troops getting the most number of points based on Scout advancement will be placed in the Roll.

The latest results are as follows:

Troops 113 and 139	69 points
Troop 265	64 "
Troop 63	49 "

Come on, Scouts! Get your troop in the Roll!

COMMONWEALTH ANNIVERSARY HYMN

Mabuhay, Filipinas, hail!
To thee we homage pay,
In triumph gay our voices ring
On this thy glorious day.
For freedom's cause thy heroes bled
With faith that n'er shall die,
In peace we've won another goal—
Redemption day is nigh.
To those who fought for thy dear sake
And suffered pains untold,
Our praises peal in grateful song,
Their deeds are writ in gold.
Their spirits live and spur us on
To strive with burning zeal
For liberty and country's flag,
For law and common weal.
All praise be Thine Bathala Great,
To Thee we bow in pray'r:
We thank Thee for sweet blessings shed
On Filipinas fair;
Inspire us with a stronger faith,
Unswerving loyalty,
And guide our nation's onward way,
Preserve our Liberty.

—Francisco Carballo
Formerly Principal, City Schools

**Let LA PATRIA Bring
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MERRY CHRISTMAS

Words and Music by I. ALFONSO

Tempo de Valse




Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring! Mer-ry mer-ry Christ-mas



bells, Sing! Sing! Sing! Sing! Hap-py lit-tle boys and girls



Mer-ry Christ-mas mer-ry christ-mas We wish to all of our friends



Best wish-es too, a-plen-ty Me-rry Christ-mas to all.



TOYS! TOYS! DECORATIONS!

Thousands of useful, practical Xmas Gifts as:

- | | | | |
|--|--|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Finest Silk and Cotton Goods | 6. Stationeries, Fans. | 10. Kikkoman Soy | 16. Imazu Fly Powder and |
| 2. Socks, Stockings and Underwears | 7. School Supplies | 11. Aji-No-Motto Savoury Salt | Insect Killer |
| 3. Porcelain, Enamel, Aluminum and Glass Wares | 8. "Asahi" Beer and "Suntry" Whiskey | 12. Train Milk | 17. Machinery, Bicycles |
| 4. Toilet Articles | 9. Electric apparatus, Radio and Phonographs | 13. Sardines and Salmons | 18. Asbestos |
| 5. Sporting Goods | | 14. Drugs | 19. Plumbing Equipment |
| | | 15. Katol Mosquito Destroyer | 20. Many kinds of ? ? ? |

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DAVAO — CEBU — ILOILO

MY MOTHER

Of all the women I have ever known,
 There's only one that I adore;
 She is my aged mother whom I've vowed
 To love and care forever more.

Her voice though feeble yet is sweet to hear,
 Her hands though wrinkled yet are soft to
 feel,
 And when she speaks on friendship and on
 love,
 All wounds of hatred never fail to heal.

Among the women I have ever known,
 To me there's only one so rare,
 She is my aged mother dear to whom
 I've vowed my love, my endless care.

By A. C. Canciller
 Ligao, Albay

Calling All Model Builders!
..attention all model Builders!

Proceed to GHQ immediately—

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NIPPON BAZAR

At the Foot of Jones Bridge

Manila

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



Christmas is just around the corner! But before Christmas bells ring to remind us once more of the birth of Christ, the "Simbang Gabi" (Misa de Gallo) on chilly and foggy mornings will come first. Bands will then round the neighborhood to awaken the people so that they may be able to hear the 4:00 o'clock mass which is carried for nine consecutive days. And the people, either before or after hearing the early morning mass flock somewhere. They stream to the sheds where at a distance nothing but a flickering light and voluminous smoke may be seen. They go there for a light repast of "bibingca, puto bumbong or puto sulot" and a cup or two of steaming hot tea. Have you ever come to wonder, or do you know what foodstuff is made into these common native dishes? Well, it is none other than our popular friend, the cereal—rice, to be exact.

This time I shall tell you how to prepare these common dishes if only to satisfy your curiosity or to try your hand on them during leisure hours. Or else, to make a living out of them during the "Simbang Gabi" or during moonlit nights when crowds are tempted to take a walk.

BIBINGCA

1 cup rice
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{8}$ tea spoon baking powder
2 eggs
butter and few slices of cheese
sugar or grated coconut.

* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School.

THE
Young Citizen
PANT RY

FOR DECEMBER

MISS JULIANA MILLAN *

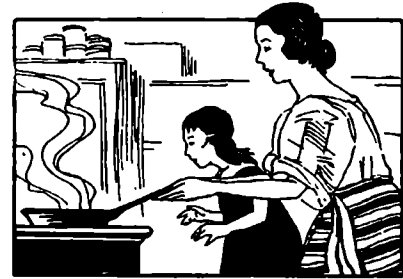
Sort, winnow and wash the rice three times. Soak in one cup water overnight. In the morning, grind in the native grinder (gilingan). Add the sugar, the well beaten eggs and the baking powder. Mix thoroughly.

Heat the native oven (bibingchan) with live charcoal or dry coconut husk. Cut "butuan" banana leaves into circles large enough to cover the bottom and sides of the native oven. Line the oven with this and put a ladle full of the mixture or fill the oven $\frac{1}{3}$ full. Cover the top with a flat piece of tin large enough to cover the mouth of the oven. When slightly risen, put a few slices of cheese on the top. Transfer some live charcoals to the cover. When slightly brown, brush lightly with butter. Continue browning until golden. Remove from the oven. Brush with butter again and serve with either grated coconut or sugar on the top.

PUTO BUMBONG

1 cup malagkit (glutinous rice)
2 table spoons pirurutong (colored rice)
1 cup water
butter, coconut and sugar

Mix the glutinous and colored rice together. Proceed in the same way as for preparing the bibingca and grind in the native grinder. Put in a bag of cloth (a clean flour sack will do) and press between the 2 pieces of the native grinder. Leave it for a day or overnight to press out as much water as possible. Press thru a native sieve (bithay).



Fill a pot half full of water. Cover the mouth with pieces of cloth. Leave enough spaces in the middle for the bottom of the "bumbong" to be inserted. Boil the water.

The "bumbong" should have both ends open to allow the steam to pass thru its contents. Fill this with the sifted mixture. Insert the end thru the hole on the top of the pot when steam passes thru the "bumbong" to the top of the mixture, remove the "bumbong." Shake the contents on a plate. Brush lightly with butter. Serve with grated coconut and sugar on the top.

PUTO SULOT

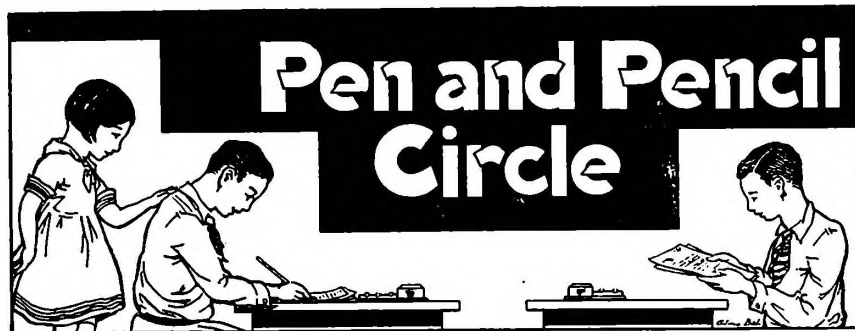
1 cup glutinous rice (malagkit)
1 cup rich coconut milk
butter, sugar and grated coconut.

Divide the coconut and get the water. Grate the coconut. Add the coconut water and extract the milk. Strain.

Sort, winnow and wash the glutinous rice three times. Soak in the coconut milk for three hours.

Insert a metal ring thru the "bumbong" to partially cover one end. Fill it with the soaked glutinous rice. Insert in the hole of the pot with boiling water. Pour coconut milk in the "bumbong" once in a while to moisten the mixture. After about five minutes, or when the rice is cooked, remove the bumbong. Insert a piece of stick thru the bottom to push out the puto sulot (Can you tell why it is called "puto sulot"?). Put on plates. Brush lightly with butter. Serve with grated coconut and sugar.

These three preparations are almost always served with boiled tea



YOUNG WRITERS

Dear Aunt Alma,

I have not been a good boy this year. Now that New Year is coming I will tell you my resolutions. Aunt Alma, I have been a disobedient boy this year, so I will check this up and be always obedient. I will try my very best to be an ideal school boy in any academic subject. Usually I always spend and spend all money I have without saving some. What I will do is to shorten my expenses and be thrifty. I will change all my undesirable habits to gain respect and confidence.

Yours truly,

Antonio Cinco

Dear Antonio,

The beginning of goodness lies in knowing one's faults. Knowing your weaknesses will really help correct them. I hope you will strive to live up to your resolutions.

Aunt Alma

Pagsanjan, Laguna, P. I.
November 28, 1936

My dear Aunt Alma,

I am seven years old. I am a grade two pupil of the Pagsanjan Elementary School.

or coffee. Water is seldom drunk after serving them. Can you tell why?

Note: The bibingca may be safely baked in a moderate gas oven. The "puto bumbong" and "puto sulot" may be steamed in tin containers made purposely for these. They are available in most tin stores.



LILY TORRES

My father is a subscriber for *The Young Citizen* and I am always reading your short stories in it.

Dear Aunt Alma I am very glad to tell you that I won the first prize in the parade for the most beautifully decorated bicycle during the Commonwealth celebration in our town. Now I am sending you my picture riding on that bicycle. Will you please put this in your magazine?

Sincerely yours,

Lily Torres

Dear Lily,

Thank you for your beautiful picture. I am sure the readers of The Young Citizen will like it, too.

Aunt Alma

WHAT I DID ON ALL-SAINTS' DAY

Before we went to the cemetery, we made two crosses. One cross was big and the other little. The crosses were made of different flowers. They were roses, dahlias, cadena de amor and sampaguita.

When we reached the cemetery we put them on my aunt's tomb. The big cross was for my aunt and the little cross was for her baby because they were buried together. We put the big cross beside the little cross. We lighted two candles. We watched the candles burn. Soon we saw one of the candles bent like a hunchback. We went home and told my mother about the things we saw and about the candle.

Flerida R. Pineda

MY AMBITION

When I grow up to be a man, I will take a course in aviation. I will study in the American Far Eastern School of Aeronautics.

The Philippine Army is lacking in air defense forces. So I think aviators and airplanes are needed. If we have them, the Philippines would have a strong air force.

During times of peace I could do some air stunts to amuse the people, and I think I will earn much in doing this. Besides, I can be an air-taxi driver so that people will have easier time in going from place to place.

Florencio G. Goyena
Grade VII-A¹

Burgos Elementary School

HOW LUCAS GOT A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Lucas was a poor boy who lived with his mother. His father was dead and they supported themselves by selling "puto." Even then, they did not get much.

One day when he was passing a
(Continued on page 327)

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP

HUMILITY

MARIANO PASCUAL *

When one stands on the top of a hill and looks down into the valley one wonders why the houses look like toys and why the people appear no bigger than ants.

If there is a way by which one can stand outside of the earth, say in a nearby star, and gaze down at the earth, this big earth of ours will appear no bigger than a dot in the sky.

Perhaps no one will even suspect that on the surface of this tiny dot, there are people living, each one deeply convinced that he is the most important thing in the world.

You cannot fail to notice how very few people you meet do not talk of themselves. Every one wants to talk of himself. "He" is the hero of all the stories he tells. There is only one important thing in the whole world, the only thing every one should notice, and that thing is "himself." Do you also like to talk best of yourself?

*Sta. Ana Elementary School.

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There are some, of course, a few who know how small and tiny they are compared to the great mystery around them, and who dislike to talk most of themselves. They know that compared to the whole universe and the whole mighty work of God man is no bigger than a tiny drop of water in a huge ocean. These are the ones who are humble, the ones who readily admit that they know next to nothing.

Do you know these proverbs?

"He who knows that he does not know is wise."

"He who does not know that he does not know is a fool."

Humility is a key that opens the door to wisdom. If you are humble, you need fear no fall because you are already down. It is they who ride on tall horses who break their necks when they fall.

INTERESTING PLACES

FILTRATION WALK

By FORTUNATO ASUNCION

Perhaps you will be surprised to know that there exists in the outskirts of the City a "filtration walk." This walk is only a narrow winding path that leads up to the storehouse of the Balara Filter Plant in Rizal. At the end of a row of cemented water beds stands a rest hut with thatched cogon roof. A few yards from this is the beginning of a lonely trail. Not far away you can see the "filtration walk"—white and graceful, gently ascending to a building where barrels and barrels of filter powder are stored. Close by are more cemented water beds fenced and covered to protect the water from infection. It is in this place that the drinking water is rendered safe for the people of Manila and neighboring towns.

JOKES

The teacher after explaining how to take care of the hair asked—"How do you take care of your hair?"

A pupil caught unawares—"I brush my hair up and down."

Teacher—"D. L. O. stands for Dead Letter Office."

Pupil—"Sir, do letters die?"

Another pupil—"Of course not, but their owners do. They are kept in the office to be buried with them."

Pacifico giving a puzzle—"This morning a terrible quarrel took place between a man and a woman. Who do you think was defeated?"

Pupil—"The woman."

Pacifico—"No."

Pupil—"Who?"

Pacifico—"My father."

YOUNG WRITERS

(Continued from page 325)

toy store he saw a toy rifle. He liked it very much but when he saw the price he turned away from the window. It cost P5.95 and Lucas could never hope to save that much.

When he reached home he told his mother about it and she only laughed at him.

The next morning he passed the store again. He looked at it once more and saw that the price had been lowered to P5.00. Only one week before Christmas and he could not save that much. Just as he turned he saw an old man trying

to cross the street but he could not because he was too weak.

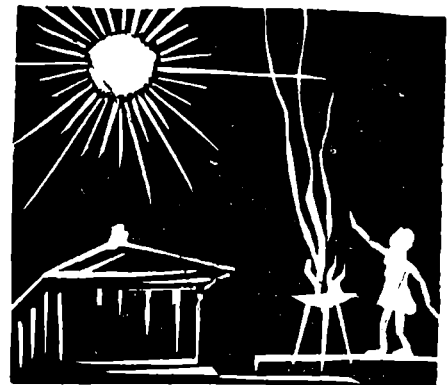
Lucas ran to help him. The old man looked at him but said nothing. Silently he offered his arm and they crossed the street safely.

When they reached the other side, the old man took out his wallet and took out P10.00 and gave it to Lucas and before Lucas could thank him he had disappeared.

Lucas was very happy and ran to tell his mother about it. She consented to buy the rifle and they went to the store together. So Lucas got his rifle and they had a good Christmas dinner.

Erlinda Alcantara

**THE MONTH
of
DECEMBER**



In the old Roman calendar, December was the tenth month and its name was derived from a Latin word that means ten. On the twenty-fifth of this month, the ancient Romans, who were not Christians, held a festival called the Birthday of the Unconquered Sun. If you lived in a country where winter is very cold, you would appreciate better the importance of the sun to men. You would then realize why a festival should be held in honor of the sun, which was believed to be a god.

The early Christians celebrated the birthday of the Christ Child at different times during the year. They finally decided to hold it at a fixed date and December 25 was the date chosen, perhaps because of the old heathen festival.

In early times, at Christmas time, boxes were hung in churches. It was in these boxes that the rich put their gifts for the poor. This practice developed into our custom of giving gifts on Christmas. The custom of having a Christmas tree hung with toys was also started by the Romans in connection with the Saturnalia, another important festival held in December.

The Christmas season is also referred to as Yuletide. Before the Northmen of Europe became Christians, they kept a great festival called Yule. Like the old Roman feast, it was held in honor of the sun.

GOOD READERS' CORNER

Answers to Questions

GRADE ONE

1. candles
2. Christmas tree
3. little dolls
4. bed
5. big doll
6. box

GRADE TWO

- | | |
|---------|-------|
| 1. poor | 3. No |
| 2. Yes | 4. No |
| 5. Yes | |

GRADE FOUR

1. surprised

ON THIS EARTH OF OURS

KEY

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 1. True | 3. False |
| 2. False | 4. True |

TRICKS OF FLOWERS

KEY

- | | |
|--------|--------|
| 1. Yes | 6. No |
| 2. No | 7. Yes |
| 3. Yes | 8. Yes |
| 4. Yes | 9. Yes |
| 5. No | 10. No |

ON ANT WAYS

KEY

1. sweet
2. industrious
3. store
4. wise
5. in great numbers
6. many
7. strong
8. feelers
9. aphids
10. three

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 5. False | 8. True |
| 6. True | 9. True |
| 7. True | 10. True |

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The Message This Month

CHRISTMAS

December is a month of joy!

It is a month of joy among children!

It is a month of gladness for everybody! Why?

Because Christmas comes on December.

Usually Christmas means gifts: the giving of gifts and the receiving of gifts—food, fruits, candies, toys, clothings, furniture, etc. To many, Christmas means only gifts, but it should mean more than that.

Christmas is the celebration of the birthday of Jesus. We should sing like the angels of old:

“Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace,
good will toward men.”

Christmas means joy to the world because about two thousand years ago God gave his gift, Jesus, the Savior of the world.

Christmas should bring to us not only gifts but also peace among the people of the earth. We should have no hatred, no jealousy, no war. All the peoples and all the nations of the earth should be at peace.

Christmas should make us love one another. We should have good will toward our fellowmen. All the peoples and all the nations of the earth should be friends, co-operating and working together to make the whole world at peace and happy.

The joy, the peace, and the good will during Christmas Season should last throughout the year from January to December.

—I. Panlasigui

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*Always look for the selvage stamping
on the border of every yard.*

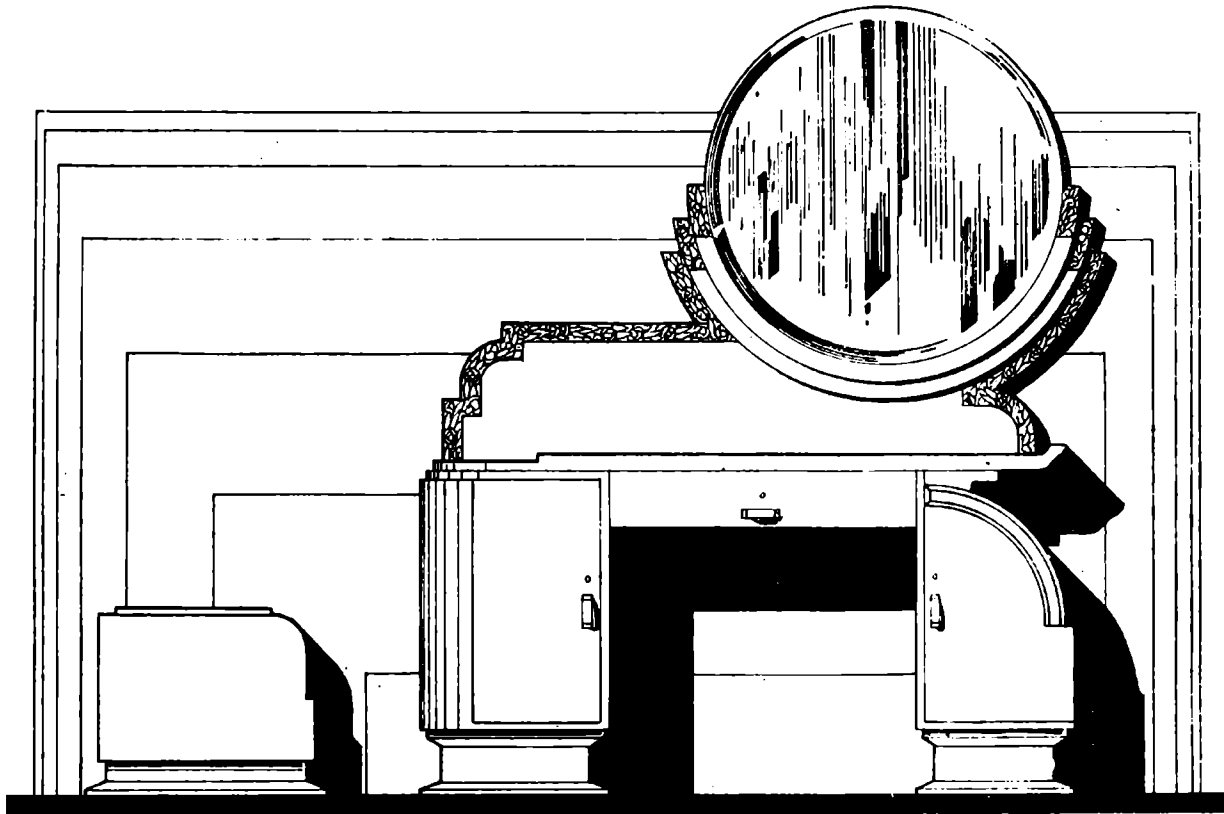
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