

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 2

NUMBER 3

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



The Medallion

By Uncle Jorge

JUAN was the youngest of four boys in a family. He was a sensitive child and he wanted very much to be loved by his parents. But even though he was the youngest, his parents did not pay him much attention. He felt unhappy in his own home. He loved his mother very much, but his mother had many other things to think about, so he did not know how to please her.

Only one person in the world loved little Juan, and this was his grandmother, a rich old lady who visited them three times a week. She was always ready to listen to Juan's childish troubles. She even shared his secrets.

One Sunday morning, Juan went with his family to attend mass at the Quiapo church. After the mass, Juan remained behind. He did not see his parents go, so he stayed in the front pew where he was able to find a seat. The priest noticed that he was alone. He beckoned to him.

"You are a good boy, Juan," the priest said. "I shall give you a medallion which has the face of our Lord engraved on it. Keep it, and it will help you be a good and God-loving boy."

"Thank you, Father," Juan said, and putting the medallion in his pocket, he went home. Once at home, Juan wanted to show the medallion to his mother. He went to her and said:

"Mother, please wear this medallion. I shall be

happy to see you wearing something I gave you."

She thanked Juan, but she did not wear the medallion. She went to her husband who was stroking a rooster which he was taking to the cock pit.

"Here is something which might bring you luck," she said, and handed him the medallion. Without looking at it, Juan's father placed it in his pocket.

The next day, he asked his son, Pepe, to buy some cigarettes for him. When Pepe returned with the cigarettes, he emptied his pockets and found the medallion. He gave it to Pepe.

Pepe went away with the medallion. At the foot of

the stairs, he met his brother Ben. Ben was spinning a top.

"I shall give you this medallion if you will give me that top," Pepe offered.

Ben got the medallion. He thought of the new sling shot which Pedro, his younger brother, owned. He looked for Pedro. Pedro was aiming at a chicken. He let loose his sling shot, and the chicken ran. Both boys laughed.

"Pedro," Ben said, "would you like something for your sling shot?"

"What will you give me?" Pedro asked, interested.

"This," said Ben, and he showed Pedro the gleaming medallion.

In a few moments, Pedro walked away with the medallion.

Two days afterwards, the Grandmother arrived.

(Continued on page 97)



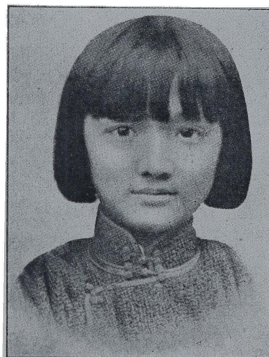
Little Saints

THERE are children who are born with a deep love for God. Throughout their brief lives, they are so good and kind that they seem like little angels to those around them. They suffer patiently, looking forward to the time when they could be with the Lord. After their death, their examples live on, and very often, they are remembered by the Christian Church and recognized as saints.

There are several saintly children in the history of Christianity. Among them is a Christian-born little maiden of ancient Rome, St. Agnes. Agnes developed a love for God early in life. She vowed that she would never shame herself before God. She promised to remain pure and clean in the sight of the Lord. In spite of many dangers, she kept her promise, and when she was martyred at the age of twelve, she faced her Creator without sin or fault. This year, on her feast day, two chaste lambs were brought from the church erected in her honor and given to the Holy Father in the Vatican. These two lambs will be taken care of very carefully in the Vatican, then their wool will be shorn and made into the *pallia* later on. The *pallia* are cloaks or robes which the Pope gives to archbishops and other church officials as symbol of office.

Younger than Agnes is little St. Hugh of Lincoln. At the age of 9, he was crucified or nailed on the cross, dying the cruel death of our Savior. It is supposed that Jews had killed little Hugh. This happened in 1255. Now, hundreds of years afterwards, the death of little Hugh is recognized as a sacrifice that had earned a saint's halo for him.

In our own century, there are several candidates for saints. Bonaventure Schwinn, a Benedictine, mentioned them in a book. Anne de Guigne is one of them. She was introduced in Rome by Canon Mugnier of Paris. She was a descendant of St. Louis, King of France. She died at the age of 11, in 1922, "in the odor of sanctity."



Marie Therese Wang

Marie Filippetto was another saintly child. She suffered patiently for the love of God. Little Maria was born in 1912, and she died in 1927.

Antoñito Martinez Herrera, another child who lived in saintly ways, was born in 1920. On his death nine years later, he was known and remembered for his humility and charity—virtues that very few children possess.

Many of you are perhaps as young as Guy de Fontgalland when he died. Guy was born of a rich family. He made his First Communion when he was seven years old. He was a very religious child, and his ambition was to be a missionary priest. He was not able to realize this humble ambition, however, for he believed that he heard a voice say: "My little Guy, I shall take you; you will die young; you will not be my priest; I desire to make you my angel." He died when he was twelve years old.

In non-Catholic China, a rare flower of Christianity bloomed in Marie Therese Wang. She is called the "Rose of China." Marie Therese was named by her parents Ta-jun, meaning "All Gracious." When she was eleven years old and just out of elementary school, she was found danger-

(Please turn to page 100)

A Supper For Mother's Birthday

A Story

By Antonio C. Muñoz

"TITONG, I think you'll have to catch that chicken today," said ten-year-old Beda to her brother. "This is Friday and Monday is mother's birthday. We agreed to kill it on that day for mother's birthday supper."

"I have it in the coop, Beda," replied Titong. "I caught it last night as it perched on the cacao tree."

"What else do we need for that little celebration?" asked Beda.

"Let me see. We have that chicken to begin with. I have fifteen centavos in my bamboo bank from the sales of my garden vegetables. We need five centavos for two candles—one for the church and the other for our altar. We've got to have bananas, lard, onion, garlic, and black pepper. The remaining ten centavos will be just enough for these things," Titong explained.

"We must have rice and fish," Beda reminded her brother.

"I can go fishing on Monday after the Mass. That will solve the fish problem," said Titong.

"And I can help harvest the rice of Manoy Cario tomorrow. I shall surely have at least a half ganta of palay when I come back in the afternoon," Beda added.

The following day was Saturday. Beda set out for the rice field which was in a barrio two and one-half kilometers away from their home. She carried a basket. In it were a sack, a knife for cutting rice stalks, a bottle of water, and her little provision.

She arrived at the place just as the people started to harvest the rice. At three o'clock in the afternoon, after six hours of hard labor, she had a sackful of unthreshed rice. It took her about an hour to beat out the grain from the stalks. The farmer then divided the palay into six parts—one part



to go to the harvester. Beda got two liters as her share. She came home late in the afternoon, tired and hungry but contented with what she had earned.

The whole family went to church the next morning. After the Mass, Beda dried her rice in the sun. In the evening, the two children pounded the rice. Before Beda went to bed that night, she had a little less than a liter of pinkish rice ready for her mother's birthday supper the following day.

Titong left for the sea after he had heard Mass the next day. He had with him his hook and line. At a brook, he caught some small shrimps for bait. When he came back at noon, he had in his basket a fairly good-sized fish and a few small ones.

(Continued on page 91)

A Pretty Dress For Ang-Ang

By L. V. R.

ANG-ANG was a poor girl who lived in the mountains. She was very fond of the creatures of the woods. They came to the door of her hut every day. She loved the butterflies and the bees. She fed the birds with bananas and sweet potatoes that she had raised. When night came, she bade her little friends good night and lay on the warm blanket which her mother had spread inside their little cogan hut.

One night, while Ang-ang was on the blanket and was getting ready to sleep, she heard her mother and her father talking.

"There is a big cañao tomorrow night," she heard her father say.

"Will it be held in the town center?" her mother asked.

"Yes," answered the father, "and we must have our clothes ready to take part in the dances."

"I have finished weaving your clothes and mine," said the mother, "but Ang-ang's are not yet done. I wonder what she will wear to her first big celebration." Both parents sighed and were silent afterwards.

Ang-ang was troubled. She knew that the cañao was a very big celebration. She needed beautiful clothes to enjoy the festival. Everybody would be there in his festive clothes, and poor Ang-ang would look very poor indeed in her ordinary working dress.

The next morning, Ang-ang was very sad. A small deer which had strayed early near her hut, noticed her sadness.

"Why are you sad, Ang-ang?" the Deer asked.

"I am sad," answered Ang-ang, "because tonight is the night of the grand cañao and I have no pretty dress to wear."

"I shall help you," said the Deer. "Come with me and let us ask all the animals that we can find to help you get a pretty dress."

Ang-ang and the Deer walked slowly



through the woods. They first saw a spider weaving busily on the branch of a tree.

"Spider, Spider," said the Deer.

"Will you weave a pretty dress for Ang-ang?"

The Spider looked kindly down at Ang-ang, then she shook her head.

"I would gladly do so," said the Spider, "but my threads are very fine. They break so easily. A breath of wind can carry them away."

Ang-ang and the Deer thought the spider was right, so they moved away.

They came upon a butterfly idly playing among the flowers.

"Butterfly, Butterfly," said the Deer, "can you help us make a dress for Ang-ang? She is going to the cañao tonight and her

clothes are old."

The Butterfly fluttered softly upon Ang-ang's hand and said sadly: "I would gladly give Ang-ang my wings, but they are so small and delicate that they would be of no use to her."

Ang-ang thanked the generous Butterfly kindly, then she went on with the Deer. They found a Wild Fowl feeding on the seeds that the birds had dropped.



"Oh Wild Fowl," said the Deer, "Will you help us get a pretty dress for Ang-ang?"

The Wild Fowl looked up and eyed Ang-ang.

"Can you use my feathers, Ang-ang?" the Wild Fowl asked, "If you can, here, take as many as you need."

Ang-ang stooped down and plucked a feather. The Wild Fowl bravely stood still, but a tear of pain dropped softly down its round eye.

"No, no," said Ang-ang, "I'd rather go in my old dress than hurt you like this."

"Ang-ang, Ang-ang," a sweet voice called from above. The three friends looked up and saw a Singing Bird perched on the low branch of the tamarind tree.

"Ang-ang," sang the Bird, "you are a good child, and I shall help you get a pretty dress. But you must follow my instructions, or you will find yourself in shame at the grand cañao."

The Girl, the Deer and the Wild Fowl looked happily up at the bird. The bird fluttered down the bough and perched on Ang-ang's shoulder.

"You shall have the most beautiful dress that a girl ever wore. You are a good girl, and we are all eager to help you. Come with me to the honey bee."

The Deer, the Singing Bird and the girl went to the hive of the Honey Bee. They found the Honey Bee busily buzzing about. When the Bee saw them, she stopped and greeted Ang-ang.

"We have come to seek aid," began the Bird. "I have thought of a very nice dress for Ang-ang to wear, and you can help us make it. As soon as the sun goes down," continued the Bird, "I want you to call all your friends together. Then gather all the honey you can get. Smear Ang-ang's body with the honey, and go back to your hives."

Ang-ang wondered what sort of a dress she would get. Surely, she thought, honey is not enough.

At sun down, the bees fluttered around Ang-ang. Very gently, they left honey on her neck, upon her arms and all over her body. Ang-ang smelled as sweet as a bee hive, and she felt very gay.

When the last spot of honey was laid upon her, the Singing Bird came and took her near a large flame tree. The tree was lit by thousands of fireflies which clustered like tiny stars close to the leaves.

"Come, little friends," sang the Bird, "come and help make a pretty dress for Ang-ang."

(Continued on page 99)



Chapter Thirteen

CHRISTMAS AT THE MANSION

CHRISTMAS was a full week off when preparation for its celebration was started at the Del Valle mansion. Carpenters were hired to build a wide bamboo trellis to shelter a spacious enclosure that could accommodate scores of children. A miniature "Belen" was built on one end of the enclosure and an enormous Christmas tree was planted at the middle. Star-shaped lanterns of different colors hung all around.

Mrs. Del Vale made several trips to the city. Each time she brought home packages of all sizes wrapped in gay Christmas colors and designs.

Tonio made himself useful in every way. He and his friends made the lanterns and built benches of halved bamboos. The boys told Tonio how they had been entertained and given gifts every Christmas Day of the past years.

"Last year, I got a monogrammed sweater," one boy said.

"I received a pair of undershirts," said another.

"All the neighbors, young and old, were given something useful and lasting," a third added.

"Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle are very generous, aren't they, Tonio?" the first boy asked.

"I used to envy children with parents,"

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Peña
•

answered Tonio. "Now I feel as if I were no longer an orphan."

"Were you not with them the other day?" asked one.

"Yes, they ordered some suits for me. They are very kind. I do not know how we could ever repay them," Tonio explained.

"The old cook, who has lived with the Del Valles for many years, says they find joy in giving and being kind specially to children," one of the boys said. Lowering



his tone, he continued, "He says they are doing it in memory of their own boy."

"Did they ever have a child?" Tonio asked in surprise.

"Yes", according to the old man.

"Did he die?"

"Perhaps. If not, he should be with them."

On Christmas Eve, all the neighbors were invited to the mansion for the midnight lunch. The country people were treated to something different. Instead of the customary lunch consisting of *suman* and choco-

late, sandwiches, cakes and ice cream were served. Chopped nuts crowned the ice cream cone.

One of the smallest guests gazed long at his cone. Seeing his elders lick theirs, he started to do the same, but his tongue had hardly touched the ice cream when he drew the cone from his mouth. After staring at the cone again, he finally blew at it before he bit off the top. A bigger boy laughingly asked, "Is it hot, Totoy?"

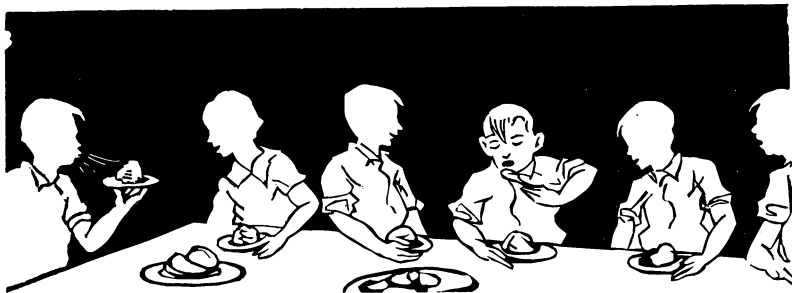
"Yes", was the answer, "very hot, but it makes me feel very cold."

told me that Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle once had a child."

"Yes, the old cook said something about their holding children's parties in memory of a child. Poor dears! Mrs. Del Valle is so motherly."

Very early on Christmas morning, Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle sent for all the servants. Each received some money and clothing. To Tonio and his Lolo, they gave a savings account book with an initial deposit of a hundred pesos.

"That is for you to spend on anything



Another boy enjoyed his ice cream so much that he bit off half of his cone to finish it quickly. When his tongue could not stand the cold, he swallowed the big mass at one gulp. His attempt was followed by a fit of coughing which threw off the ice cream into the air. An old woman had an attack of chills after eating her share.

Before the crowd dispersed, the children were reminded about coming back in the morning. They shouted their thanks while the old people murmured prayers for blessings upon the generous couple.

Tonio's Lolo was very happy. Although he could not see, he enjoyed the party as much as the rest.

"You must never fail to mention them in your prayers, my boy," he reminded Tonio when they went to bed.

"Lolo," Tonio whispered, "one of the boys

you like," Mr. Del Valle said. "Mrs. Del Valle has consulted an eye specialist about your case, Lolo. She will take you to him one of these days," he continued.

The old man was dumbfounded with joy. Tonio cried over the unexpected happiness.

"If Lolo could see again, I would not mind even if I could not study."

"No, my boy, you must not talk that way."

"If God wills, you shall both have your wishes," Mrs. Del Valle assured them.

When they went to the grounds afterwards, the place was already crowded with children. Tonio's Lolo distributed the gifts until a big sack was emptied and the Christmas tree shorn of all the packages that had hung from its branches.

(To be continued)

 CHARACTER BUILDING

Respect For Those Who Are Older



IN the old days, the respect for those who were older was very strongly emphasized in the training of children. Old people believed that the eldest brother and sister were as worthy of respect as were the parents themselves. They were called by respectful names. They had the right to be obeyed and to punish disrespectful younger sisters and brothers.

Marcelo H. del Pilar wrote many letters about this rule when he was in Spain. He often wrote his wife about Sofia and Anita, his daughters. Sofia was older than Anita. In one letter he said:

"I am glad that Sofia is in good health and Anita is strong. Don't allow Anita to strike her elder sister. She may get into the habit of not respecting Sofia, and it will be difficult to correct it when she gets older. Sofia, on the other hand, I expect, should be considerate in treating her younger sister, not in spite of her ill manner, but because of her young age. Sofia might ill-treat Anita; tell her I have always thought of this; it is a pity if Anita would not be loving to Sofia."

In another of his letters home, he said to his wife: "It is good Anita's aggressiveness has been overcome. I should like to see her outlive her fighting her older sister."

Marcelo H. del Pilar was a good father. He suffered very much when he was living in Spain. He thought always of his children. He hoped that his children would have enough food and care, but more than these, he hoped that they would love one another. He knew that to make a happy home, children should recognize those who are older and show due respect.

Honesty Is The Best Policy

The rule "Honesty is the best policy" has been practiced two times last month in the Ideal Theater. The first to practice the rule is the usher Juan Arevalo who found a bill-fold containing P88 and a steamer ticket for Cebu. The money and the ticket belonged to G. Mori who later claimed it.

Arevalo did not accept any reward, though he was offered money for his honesty.

A week after this happened, Mrs. Maxima Caballes, winner of the first prize in the sweepstakes of December, 1934, came to the city and got P10,000 from the bank.

(Continued on page 91)

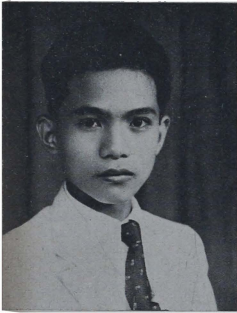


ADELIA FUGOSO
Valedictorian
Emilio Jacinto Elementary School,
Manila

HONOR
STUDENTS



IRMA PINEDA
Salutarian
Emilio Jacinto Elementary School,
Manila



DOMINGO DE JESUS
Valedictorian
Malabon Elementary School,
Rizal

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

proudly presents six young students who graduated from their respective schools with high honors. They are a source of pride and joy for their parents. We hope they will keep their good record clear and continue gaining successes for themselves, their schools and their parents.

Congratulations!



FELICIDAD BELTRAN
Valedictorian
Calocan Elementary School,
Rizal



ROSARIO SY
Valedictorian
Rizal Elementary School,
Manila

TAGUMPAY CUSTODIO
Salutarian
Rizal Elementary School,
Manila



HOBBY PAGE

What Can I Make Out Of A Block Of Wood?

Conducted by gilmo baldovino

EVERY boy, at one time or another, has held a block of wood in his hand and asked himself: "Now, what can I make out of this old block of wood?"

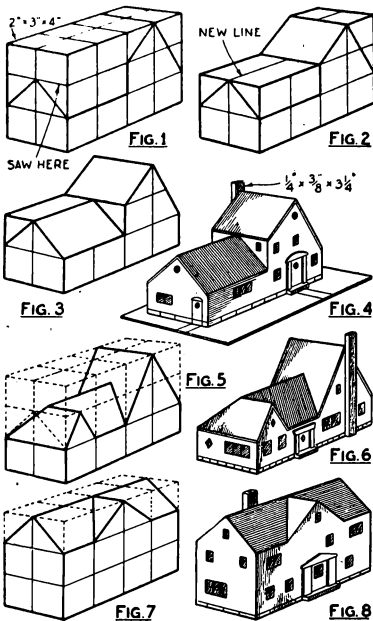
Let me tell you: hundreds of things!

You can cut out a miniature village from blocks of soft wood. Some small parts can be made of bits of wood or thick cardboard. They can be attached or assembled together by means of glue. The finished houses can be painted in various colors and given silver, green or brown roofs. These can then be placed on a setting of streets, trees and shrubbery.

Start by lining off each block in $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch squares as shown in Figure 1. Mark with heavier pencil lines where you intend to begin cutting. In cutting, you must use a fine saw. Use a knife to work out the finished forms. A small pocket knife will be useful for places where the saw cannot reach.

Figure 2 shows the first cutting. Figure 3 shows how to form the roofs. And the finished house may be seen in Figure 4. Doors, windows and door steps are finishing touches of Figure 3.

Figures 5 and 7 will show you how to shape different types of houses out of the same size block of wood as shown in Figure 1.

Honesty Is The Best Policy *(Continued from page 88)*

She put some of this amount into her handbag. The rest she tied in a handkerchief.

After leaving the bank, Mrs. Caballes and her companion had lunch in a restaurant. Then they went to the Ideal Theater. They took seats near the middle section of the theater. A half hour later they transferred to other seats. No sooner had they seated themselves than Mrs. Caballes missed her handkerchief. So she reported her loss to Hector Aguling, the assistant

house manager, who assured her that he would do his best to help her.

While they were still talking, an usher, Amando Zabala, came and gave the assistant manager a handkerchief bulging with money. The happy woman identified the handkerchief. She offered to reward the honest finder and the assistant manager with fifty pesos each, but they refused, saying that honesty was the rule of the theater and keeping it was their duty.

Aunt Julia's True Stories



DANGEROUS FISHES

You have read a great deal about our common food fishes. You should also know those that are dangerous because they are poisonous or because they can injure or even kill men.

Once in a while you read about men who have been killed by sharks. Corpses are sometimes found in the sea without legs or with the entire lower half of the body missing. These are victims of man-eating sharks. Sea bathers should be careful not to go to deep waters where a shark has been reported seen. The harmful sharks vary in length from two to five meters. The whale sharks which grow as long as ten to sixteen meters are harmless.

Sharks, although oftentimes injurious to men, are of great value. The fins are dried and eaten as a delicacy. You must have heard of shark fin soup. The skin is used for making a kind of leather and the meat and bones for fertilizer.

Some fishes are not good for food because they are poisonous or because they feed upon some poisonous things. Oftentimes people are poisoned because they eat decayed fish. Only strictly fresh fish should be eaten.

Puffer or botete and triggerfish or papakol are poisonous. People who eat these fishes know that they are poisonous but they deceive themselves into thinking that their way of preparing the fish is safe. Poisoning is marked with severe pains in the stomach. It is not safe to eat fishes that you do not know to be perfectly edible.

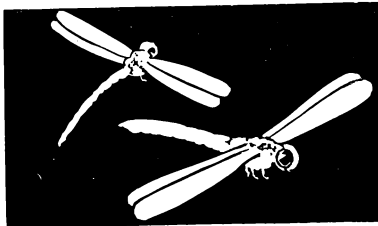
Some fishes do not have to be eaten to cause suffering or death. Some kinds have spines with poison sacs at the base. When a person steps on the fish he is pricked with the spine. A little poison is injected into the wound causing swelling and pain. Some poisons are so powerful that death immediately follows. When bathing or wading in shallow water, people should avoid stepping on fishes. A mere scratch may cause pain for days.

INTERESTING INSECTS

THE DRAGON FLY

Boys think it great fun to catch dragon flies, to hold their bodies and watch the flapping of the thin, glittering wings that spread out straight like those of an airplane. It may be fun to the boys but not so to the poor dragon fly, which finds joy only in flying about and doing its work of helping man.

How many kinds of dragon flies do you know? One kind has such a thin body that it is called "tubing carayom" or needle dragon fly. Another



has a stout body and is called "carabao dragon fly." Just like other insects, the dragon fly has six feet and a jointed body. It changes its skin several times while it grows. Have you seen the old skin that has been thrown away by an insect? This changing of the skin is called molting.

The dragon fly is our friend. It likes to fly about a pond where it can hunt for food. It feeds upon mosquitoes. Now, can you tell why you should not catch a dragon fly? When the dragon fly is young, it lives in the water. When there, it feeds upon the young mosquitoes called wrigglers. The wrigglers move fast, but the young dragon flies are swifter. They catch wrigglers with something like a fly swatter. The little dragon fly wears a mask which can move up and down. When it is near enough a wriggler, it holds out its mask to grab its prey and bring it to its mouth.

MOVIE PAGE

SYBIL JASON—THE "LITTLE BIG SHOT"

LITTLE SYBIL JASON is not yet six years old, but people who have seen her pictures think that she is a "Little Big Shot." Sybil is a pretty little girl who was born in South Africa. She has dark, straight hair and dark eyes. She is a very healthy little girl weighing 40 pounds. There are those who think she will be as famous as Shirley Temple.

Sybil's latest picture, "Little Big Shot" is coming to the State Theatre. In this picture, Sybil is a little girl whose father was killed by gangsters. Two kind but lazy men, Robert Armstrong and Edward Everett Horton, take care of her. Glenda Farrell, a hotel checkroom girl, try to reform these two men so that they could take better care of the little girl. When the two men had saved enough money and had bought a gasoline station in the country, gangsters kidnapped Sybil. The gangsters thought that the two men would come to get her. When they did, they were to be killed. The climax of the picture is very surprising. The story is not a gangster story, although there may be gangsters in it. With Sybil Jason, the picture, "Little Big Shot" becomes one of the most enjoyable films that the whole family would like to see.

JANE WITHERS IN "PADDY O'DAY"

LAST month, we told you a story about Jane Withers. This month, we shall tell you another about her new picture, "Paddy O'Day."

In "Paddy O'Day," Jane plays the part of an Irish girl who goes to America to join her mother. Her mother is a cook in a rich man's house in New York. When Jane arrived at Ellis Island, her mother died. But the boat officials did not



SYBIL JASON in "The Little Big Shot"

tell her this. They wanted to send her back home.

Jane would not go back because she wanted to find her mother. So she hid in a milk can and was brought to New York. There she looked for the house in which her mother worked. She found a friend in the house, though her mother was dead. She also met the rich man who owned the house. She became his friend.

One day, a pretty Russian girl whom Jane met in the boat, came to look for her. Jane was very happy to see her. She introduced the Russian girl to her rich friend. The rich young man liked the Russian girl and was going to hold a floor show in which she and Jane will appear.

When the show was about to be given, the aunts of the rich young man came home from a vacation trip. They were angry to find Jane in the house. So they sent for the immigration officials and asked them to take Jane home to Ireland.

When an officer appeared with the aunts, the show was over. It was a big success. The rich young man would not let the officer take Jane away. He married the Russian girl and adopted Jane. So Jane became a happy little rich girl.



COME INTO MY GARDEN

THE TOMATO

COME into my garden. This month, I have a well-known plant to show you. This plant is the tomato—a popular salad crop that can be found enriching every meal in so many homes in the world. Vitamins that make you grow can be found in the tomato. The tomato is also an appetizer. It is something that makes your appetite more keen.

Would you like to have tomato plants in your garden? This is how this vegetable can be grown:

Plant the seeds thinly in seed-flats or seedbeds. When the seedlings are about 8 or 12 centimeters high, transplant them outside at 60 to 80 centimeters apart. They should be shaded for at least four days if they are transplanted during the hot sunny days. If the plants tend to grow tall, the principal growing point may be cut off. This will induce branching. When the fruits are matured and ripe, they may be harvested.

If you intend to raise good seeds, ask for these varieties: Native, Ear-



liana, Bonny Best, Beauty, June Pink, Everlarge, and Ten Ton. These bear beautiful fruits.

BE OUR GUEST GARDENER

Why don't you be our guest gardener? If you have raised some vegetables or flowers which make your school or your home beautiful and attractive, write us about them. Tell us how you did it. Then we can tell the others who might wish to raise the same. We invite all the gardeners of the Philippines into this garden section of "The Young Citizen."

A Pretty Dress For Ang-Ang (Continued from page 85)

The fireflies flew down and clung to Ang-ang's honey-smeared body. They clustered like diamonds upon her hair. They were like necklaces upon her neck. They were like bracelets of stars laid upon her arms. They made for her a cloth of brilliance that glowed in the darkness of the night.

Ang-ang was overjoyed beyond

wipe his fountain pen. After the examination, the boy filed me among his other old notebooks in a box. In this place, I grew ragged, dusty and torn. I am still in this place, and I don't know how much longer I shall live.

words. Proudly, she went to the cañao. "But remember," said the bird, "leave before dawn. The fireflies need to rest and they will leave you in shame if you do not hurry."

When Ang-ang arrived at the cañao, the dancing had already begun. Far and near came the mountain tribes to participate in the merry-making. The sound of the gong and the barimbaw echoed in the evening stillness.

Everybody looked at Ang-ang. Every one wondered what beautiful dress it was that she wore. When she moved, light moved with her. When she danced so gracefully, the brilliance of her dress sent off sparks that seemed to reflect the

moon. The young chief of the mountain tribes sat on his broad stone throne and watched Ang-ang eagerly.

"Who is she?" he asked his men. "Why have I not seen her before?" And he watched her sway and dance, the fireflies glinting like diamonds about her. When her dance ended, the young chief went to her side and asked for her name. Ang-ang was very much pleased and surprised. When the young chief asked her to dance with him, her pride knew no bounds. She danced and sang till the moon set. Then, in a hurry, she departed, remembering what the Bird told her. The chief would not let her go and held her hand. But she wriggled out of his grasp, leaving a handful of fireflies and a bit of honey in the hand of the chief.

"Honey and fireflies," said the chief softly, "sweetness and light. They are better than riches. I must find this girl and marry her, for she is good and sweet."

The young chief followed Ang-ang. He saw the fireflies leaving her one by one, until a trail of light floated in the air. When Ang-ang reached her hut, he stole softly away.

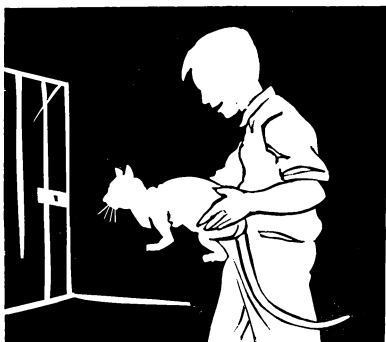
The next morning, the young chief went to Ang-ang's hut. He saw the kind girl feeding her friends of the woods. "That is why they are so eager to help her," he thought. "She is sweet and kind. She is just the girl to help me rule my tribe."

The prince then asked Ang-ang to marry him.

At their wedding, the deer, and the wild fowl got plenty to eat. The birds and the bees hummed and sung all day. In the evening, the friendly fireflies lighted the place of merry-making, proud of their share in giving Ang-ang such happiness.

Kiko's Adventures

by gilmo baldovino



LITTLE SAINTS

(Continued from page 80)

rously ill of tuberculosis. Her parents put her under the care of the Sisters of St. Michael's Hospital. Ta-jun became interested in Catholicism. She was baptized in 1929. She chose the name of Marie Therese, in honor of the Little Flower of Lisieux whose life is similar to hers. During the 33 months that little Marie Therese was a Christian on earth, she was an example of a virtuous saint. She did not care for missals, because she said: "Books

are a distraction to me. I have so many things to tell Him." At 12, she was eager to become a Daughter of Charity. About two years later, she promised to remain always pure and good.

Even when death was approaching, Marie Therese thought of others. She prayed for two sick people, one ill with cholera, the other with tuberculosis. She was able to cure them. She also helped another die happily, while another escaped from cruel men through her aid. Through one more miracle, she was

able to secure the payment of a debt of \$25,000 for someone. She never ceased to think of God, feeling His goodness, though she knew very little about Him. When she finally went to rest with her Shepherd, those whom she left behind did not forget her. Now, more than three years after her death, Rev. Basil Stegmann of the Benedictine order names eight cases which are considered miracles that she had performed. These miracles, as well as the rare beauty of her last years on earth, are convincing proofs that the "Rose of China" is a real little saint.

HONEY BEE

(Continued from March Issue)



THE bees use not honey alone for food. They eat bread just as you do. But their bread is made from the yellow or brown dust you find in flowers. This dust is called pollen. The bees carry the pollen in a little hollow place in each hind leg. At home, the pollen is packed in the cell and kept as beebread.

You have learned that honey and beebread are put in cells. Some cells serve as rooms for baby bees.

The baby bees are fat, white, little things without feet and wings. They are taken care of by some workers which take food from their own stomachs to give to the little ones.

When a baby bee is large enough to fill a cell, it goes to sleep. The cell is closed by the workers. During its nap, something wonderful takes place in its body. When it wakes up, it is a full grown bee.

In the beehive, the queen rules. She does nothing but produce ba-

Strange Facts

When greeting a stranger in Tibet, you must hold your right ear in your right hand and stick out your tongue as far as you can to the stranger.

*

Joseph Conrad is a famous master of the English language. At the age of 25 he could not speak a word of English. For 19 years he wrote without any success. Once he received only 25 dollars in payment for 14 published volumes.

*

George Bernard Shaw, a famous playwright, works in a revolving hut. He made this, so he can have the sun shining upon him all the time while he is writing. Most of his best plays were written in short-hand while he rides on buses and trains.

*

A certain Miss Van Burren Da Lee, of Verona, taught school for 50 years. She never scolded any of her pupils except with her eyes. It was a sufficient punishment if she just looked at an unruly student.

*

A place near Laloma, Kentucky, has the smallest church in the world. It has seats only for 3 persons.

by bees. Some bees are lazy and are called drones.

In the Philippines, bees live in the woods. When they are disturbed, they fight with their sting. But they can be domesticated and raised as pets. They can then provide children with fresh honey.

The Battle Of The Crabs

(Continued from page 83)

"Your face is turned the wrong way, my friend," they said. "Are you ready to fight with the waves?" They laughed because they thought the shrimp did not know how to fight. They asked the shrimp what weapon he had.

"My weapon," said the shrimp, "is the spear on my head."

Suddenly, a big wave came rushing towards them. The shrimp, seeing it come, ran away.

The crabs did not see the wave, so they were killed.

The wives of the dead crabs waited and waited. They thought the battle must be a long one. They did not know that their husbands were all killed. They decided to go down to the shore and help them fight. As they reached the shore, another wave came rushing to meet them and they were all drowned.

The little crabs, or fiddlers, were left alone on the shore. When these fiddlers were old enough to walk, the shrimp visited them. He related to them the sad fate of their parents.

"Your fathers tried to fight the waves," the shrimp said. "Who can fight the waves? They are mighty and strong."

The little crabs did not know what to do. They wanted to stay on the land where their forefathers lived. They also wanted to fight the waves as their fathers did. They ran back and forth, undecided about what they should do.

Today, if you go to the seashore, watch the crabs closely. You will notice that they run back and forth about the shore. They wish to fight the waves but they are not brave enough. They live neither on dry land nor in the sea, and they try to hide from the waves which rush towards them and try to tear them to little bits.



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