

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A Mother's Reward

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ALING NENA lovingly smiled as she waved good-bye to her husband and three children. How neat and prim her children looked in their snow-white clothes. How her hands trembled with love as she pinned sprays of cadena de amor on their breasts and with what ecstasy she received their kisses before they left following the direction of the father who told them, "Go and kiss your mother, children. It is Mothers' Day today."

She sat wearily on a chair and tried

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to recall with what effort she got up at five o'clock that cold December morning; how hurriedly she cooked the breakfast, set the table, washed the plates, pots, and pans, cleaned the kitchen, bathed and dressed her children and put out fresh clothes for her husband. All these things were done in two hours. Just how she could do all these things day in and day out was no longer a marvel for she had long been used to do the work.

The cry of her youngest, a baby of eight months, startled her. Merrily she

approached the crib, took the baby in her arms and lovingly kissed its hands, neck, and cheeks. The innocent smiles of her baby made her forget her fatigue. She lay on bed and tenderly nursed it. While lying down she felt a pain at the back and a slight headache. How she longed to give herself the luxury of a few minutes' rest, but such comfort was not to be had. She looked at the pile of dirty clothes



to be washed, the socks and shirts to be mended, the beds to be tidied, the pieces of furniture to be dusted, the floor to be polished, and with a sigh she dismissed all thoughts of staying on bed. Her hands literally flew busily and skillfully so that by eleven thirty, the house was "spick - and - span," the clothes washed, and the table set for lunch.

Aling Nena, with her baby in her arms, eagerly waited for her husband and children. Soon they arrived, each carrying a package.

Junior, a boy of seven, ran as fast as his legs could carry him and embracing his mother cried, "Look, Mother, see what I bought for you out of my own savings."

Aling Nena laughingly opened the package and how glad she was to find a kerchief. She put it around her shoulders and exclaimed, "How lovely, and just the color I want, but why—er—what did—"

She was not able to finish her question for in rushed Elvira and Jose who shouted, "Mother, Mother, see what we have for you, too."

"And mine, too," added the father with a broad smile, as he handed her a big box. Aling Nena hastily opened the packages. Elvira's gift was a night gown, Jose's was a house dress, and Father's was a sky-blue terno already made by her modiste.

"How good you all are to remember me with all these, but aren't they too early for my birthday present?

Tomorrow is my birthday, not now."

"But it is Mothers' Day," chorused the children.

You are all very thoughtful and good to me. Thank you very much," gratefully said the mother.

A few minutes later, the happy family were merrily enjoying their lunch.

"Mother," said Elvira. "Don't forget to attend our Mothers' Day program."

"Yes, Mother, please don't fail to go to our school at four o'clock," seconded Jose.

"And wear your new terno," added the husband.

"Yes, yes," gaily promised the mother. "How can I miss it when Jose will declaim? I hope you will do your best, Sonny."

"Mother, I won't fail if you are there," was the chivalrous reply. The luncheon was over. The children helped Aling Nena wash the plates and clean the table. Pretty

soon they were all ready to go to school.

"Be sure to attend the program, Mother," was the parting reminder of the children.

Once more Aling Nena was alone. She glanced at the clock and was pleased to know that she had two hours more to spare for mending some clothes and getting supper ready before she dressed for the program.

At four o'clock sharp she was at the gate of the Washington Elementary School, looking very lovely in her new terno. A sweet looking teacher met her

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A MOTHER'S REWARD

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and escorted her to a vacant seat. The program had already begun. Aling Nena scanned the faces of the hundreds and hundreds of faces around her, but she could not see any of her children. Soon her attention was attracted by the toastmaster's announcement of the next number. Her heart beat fast upon hearing her Jose's name called as the next participant. With great excitement she watched her son looking so prim, so neat, and so handsome that she longed to hug him. The boy's look wandered around and when it met that of her mother's, a light broke over his face and shone in his eyes. Then he began his declamation. It was a pathetic piece telling about the self-sacrificing love of a mother and the ingratitude of her children. The delivery was so perfect that almost all eyes were dimmed with tears before the performance was over. A deafening applause followed and the mother's heart was full of gratitude and pride for her boy.

Then Aling Nena heard one of the teachers mention her son's name. She strained her ears to hear every word.

"Really, I admire Jose very much. He is very active and very polite, said Miss Roxas.

"You should know the sister, Elvira, who is in grade four. She is a very good example of an ideal school child. She is always neat and clean, very polite, and very bright," added Mrs. Mojica, the teacher who sat beside Miss Roxas.

THIS EARTH OF OURS

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We can imagine those first mountain rising as folds under the sea. Gradually their bases were narrowed, and their crests lifted out of the water. They rose as long, narrow islands and grew in size as time went on.

These mountains of upheaval, made by the bending of the earth's crust, and the formation of alternating ridges and depressed valley are many. The earth is old and much wrinkled. Other mountains have been formed by forces quite different. Volcanic mountains have been far more numerous in ages gone than they are now.

Vesuvius in Italy is at present showing us how volcanic mountains are made. Each eruption builds larger the cone that is, the chimney thru which the

Two other teachers joined the conversation, the subject of which was centered on praises of Jose and Elvira, her own son and daughter.

There was a lump in Aling Nena's throat and tears of happiness welled in her eyes, as she listened to the talk. She felt that all her ceaseless sacrifices were more than repaid. She wiped away the tears from her eyes in order to see better the heavy-printed motto which was being shown to the audience. The motto was, "The most precious gift a child can give to his mother is conduct that will make her proud of him."

There was so much truth in that motto that Aling Nena unconsciously and mechanically murmured, "AMEN."

THE GIRLS' RESOLUTION

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"We can help them at home by doing our duties well. We can run errands for them and do so many things to make their work lighter," Nora said proudly.

"What do you suggest for orphans whose parents have now taken their eternal rest?" questioned Lita.

"Let me answer it for you," volunteered Milagrang. "Orphans like me must live with relatives or other guardians. Since we have to live with other people, our task is to see that our stay with them is not a burden. We have to be very good so that our parents may not be blamed for our bad conduct."

"Milagrang, your words have made me all the more thoughtful of my parents. Never again shall I grumble when I'm sent on errands," pensively said Luz.

"And I shall not be as disobedient again," resolved Nora.

"Then we shall all be loving children to our hard-working parents," chorused the other girls.

molten rocks, the ashes, and the steam are ejected. Side craters may open, the main cone be broken and its form changed but the mass of lava and stones and ashes grows with each eruption. The mountain grows by the addition it receives.

How do you think the mountain systems in the Philippines were formed?