

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

NE, 1936

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 2

NUMBER

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



The Message This Month

Schools Again!

Vacation days are over and school days are again with us. Are we ready to go to school? Yes, all of us school children are very happy to go to school again.

But why are we going to school? Why don't we stay at home and play all the time? Well, here are some of the reasons:

1. Some children like to go to school because they have many friends in the school. They have classmates with whom they like to play very much. They prefer to go to school than to stay at home.

2. Some children like to go to school because other children are going. A little girl said, "If Maria goes to school, why should I not go also?" Of course, if Maria does not go to school, this little girl does not care to go to school either.

3. Some children like to go to school because they are sent by their parents. "My father whips me if I do not go to school," said a boy to his friend.

4. But there are many children who like to go to school because they want to learn many things to make them good boys and good girls, and later on to make them useful men and women.

Which of these reasons is the best?

Of course, we go to school because we want to learn; we want to be educated; we want to have skills, knowledge, and ideals that will make us good boys and good girls.

I. PANLASIGU

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

The Boy Housekeeper

By Aunt Julia

HEN MEYNARDO came home from school one morning, he found Mother washing the baby's diapers. He knew that Mother was still sick because the baby was only a week old.

"Why, Mother, why are you working?" Mey asked, his eyes opened wide with surprise.

"The maid has left," Mother answered.

Eight-year old Mey looked about the house. Father was at work. Sister Nora was still at school. There was no fire on the stove.

"We have no lunch yet, have we mother?"

"I'll cook the rice as soon as I am through with this," Mother answered hurriedly.

"Please sit down, Mother; here, on this chair. Just watch me and tell me what to do." Meynardo carried a chair to Mother.

"How can you do all the work, my boy? Don't you worry. I don't believe a little work will make me sick."

"But Father would not let you work. Do let me try, Mother."

Mother was really tired. She sat down and smiled at Mey.

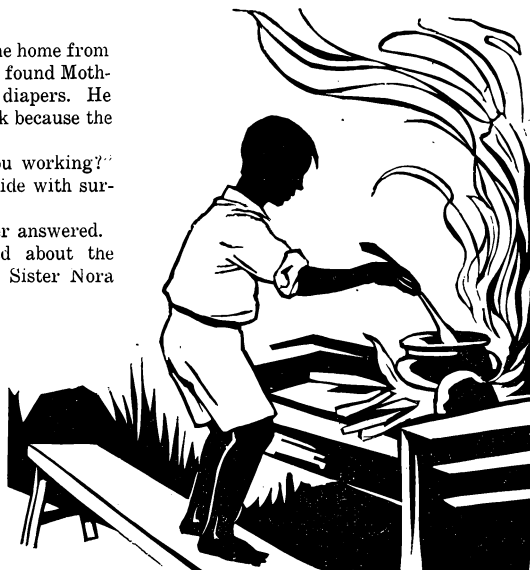
"The diapers are now clean," Mother said, panting hard. "They must be hung out on the line."

Mey carried the wash basin on his head and went out. He hung every piece neatly and held it in place with a pair of clothespins.

"Uha! Uha!"

"Mother, you must go to the baby now. I know what to do."

"Do you?" Mother asked with twinkling eyes. And she made her way slowly to the



bedroom.

Once alone, Mey sat on a stool. He began to think. He recalled what the maid used to do. In a moment his face brightened up. Humming the tune of the "Isle of Capri," he picked up the wash pan and measured two chupas of rice. He used the empty can of Milkmaid condensed milk for measuring. He sorted the palay and the little stones and threw them away. He then washed the rice by rubbing the grains between his palms. After washing the rice in two waters, he put the clean rice in a pot and poured a cup of water over it. Walking on tiptoe into the room, he took the pot to his mother.

"Mother," he whispered, "is the water enough?"

(Continued on page 160)

Grandmother's Stories

The Rich Man And The Poor Man

DRAW closer to my chair, children, for I shall tell you a story. This is an old, old story. It is older than I am. My mother told it to me and her mother had told it to her.

I shall tell you the story of Mayaman and Mahirap, two honest men who once lived in the town of Pasig. Mayaman was very rich, while Mahirap was very poor.

One pleasant afternoon, these two friends took a walk in the neighboring woods. While they were talking about their fortunes, they saw a wood-cutter busily cutting and collecting fagots for sale. This wood-cutter was so poor that he had to work hard to give his family food.

Mayaman said to his friend, "Which of us can make that wood-cutter rich?"

"Even though I am much poorer than you," replied Mahirap, "I can make him rich with just the few cents I have in my pocket."

The two men agreed to try making the wood-cutter rich. The first to try was Mayaman. He called out to the wood-cutter: "Do you want to get rich, my friend?"

"Certainly, Master, I would like to get rich so that my family would have plenty of food to eat," at once replied the wood-cutter.

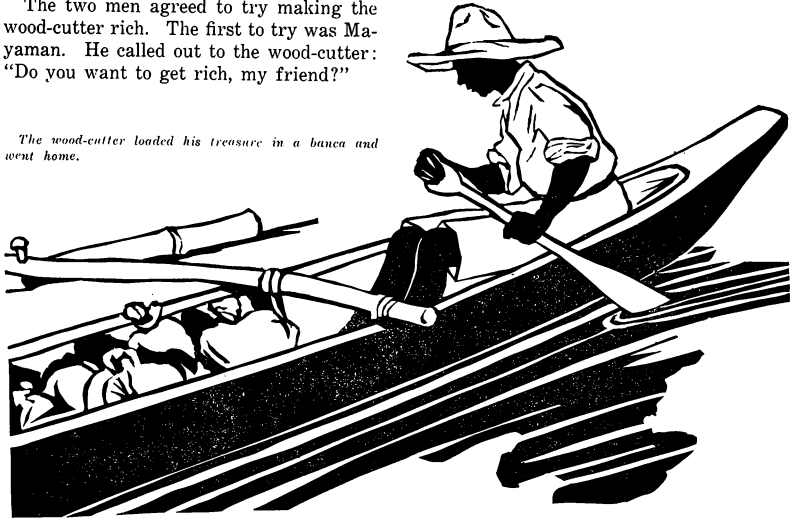
Pointing to his large house which was a little distance from the woods, the rich man said, "Come to my house this evening before you go home and I will give you plenty of money."

The wood-cutter was very happy at his good luck. In the evening, he went to the rich man's house. Mayaman gave the man four bags of money. The wood-cutter loaded his treasure in a banca and went home. When he reached his house, he spread the gold and silver on the floor and began planning. He thought of the things he would buy for the home and for his children. After a while, he went happily to bed.

Some evil neighbors found out that the wood-cutter had plenty of money in the

(Continued on page 160)

The wood-cutter loaded his treasure in a banca and went home.



The Story Of Philippine Cloths

The Moro Cloth

MORO weaving has been largely influenced by tattoo designs. A long time ago, Mohammedan and Pagan tribes wore tattoo marks on their bodies instead of clothing. Tatooing, however, has been early discouraged, because it is a very cruel practice. Then the inhabitants of Mindanao and Sulu turned their attention to weaving, using the same designs that they like so much as tattoo marks. The principal designs are based upon the crocodile, man, butterfly, flag and flower.

The Moro process of weaving is very primitive. The loom in common use is very crude. It has no frame or treadle. It is made of bamboo and simple pieces of wood. Raw materials of cotton and silk are used by the Moros when they weave on their primitive looms to produce a distinct type of Philippine cloth.

Vegetable dyes are much used by the Moros when coloring their cloths. The *katu-ray* bark supplies the weavers with brown or dark red dyes. The *dilao* is also used, but the Moros are not as fond of yellow as they are of brown or red.

The Moro weavers use a very interesting process of dyeing cloths. This is called the "tie and dye" process. This is done by transferring the threads from one frame to another. The threads are spread to appear as they will be when on the loom. Then the designs desired are determined and the threads are covered with buri strips. As soon as all the designs are arranged and tied with buri strips, the threads are ready to be dipped in the dye. Sometimes, the de-



signs appear like figures in the Moro religious book, and the weaver consider this a good omen.

There are many types of Moro cloth. Some of them, as those woven in the Cotabato Valley, are of plaid designs, or designs of squares set in many lines of different colors. In the Cotabato also, a cloth known as the *kasuri*, is woven. The cloth manufactured in the province of Zamboanga is very pretty. It is known as "fancy double cloth," a kind that is produced only with machines in other countries. This cloth is usually made into head dress by the Moros. Being very pretty, this cloth commands a high price and is liked greatly by Mindanao visitors.

Bow To The Chinese Juveniles!

By Lim Sian-Tek

PERHAPS the most familiar story known to young Chinese schoolboys of a precocious age is that tale of how Ssu-ma Kuang, the famous historian, when but a mere youngster, saved a playmate from death with his ready wit.

Ssu-ma Kuang was playing in a garden with his companions, when one of them who had been angling the goldfishes in the earthenware jar fell into the water with a splash.

All the youngsters, terrified by the tragedy, fled in terror. Alone the child Kuang stood his ground with his wits about him. Picking up a big stone he broke the jar to let out the water—saving the unfortunate

boy from drowning.

Another famous precocious Chinese lad was Ts'ao Chung, the son of notorious General Ts'ao Ts'ao of the Three Kingdoms. 'Tis said that one day the lad's father received an elephant as a present. Peeved by the size of the beast, the man wanted to know its weight.

All the general's counsellors were at a loss how to find a way whereby the elephant's weight could be ascertained. The predicament reached the ears of the little boy—who had never heard the story of Archimedes and the king's gold crown—and who suggested the following plan.

The pachyderm is to be placed in a big boat and placed in midstream. The draught of the loaded boat is marked down. Taking the elephant ashore, the boat is now loaded again with stones enough to sink the craft to the line of the marked draught. Weigh the stones—and you have the weight of the beast!

But the brightest Chinese lad in history is a little youngster, aged seven, by the name of Hsiang To, who by a conversational encounter with the Sage Confucius showed great cleverness and intelligence.

Confucius one day was riding in his chariot. He came upon a youngster playing with some tiles in the middle of the road. The Sage called him to make way for him, whereat the little boy answered back:

"Not so, I am building a city. A city wall does not give way for a chariot, but a chariot goes around the wall."

The Sage was astonished by such a bright answer. He descended from his chariot, and approaching the boy, again asked him:

(Continued on page 161)



Lope And The Old Witch

(A Folklore Story)

By Antonio C. Muñoz

LOPE was a boy fourteen years old. He lived with his mother in a village near a forest. His father died when he was twelve years old and since that time he had been working hard to help his mother. They had no property except their little house and the garden beside it. His mother was a fuel seller. Early every morning, she would go to the woods, gather the dead branches of the trees, and bind them into bundles. Lope was always with her. In the afternoon, they would take these bundles of fuel to a rich man who lived two kilometers away from their home. In the evening, they would go home with rice and fish for the next day.

One day Lope told his mother that he would fence their yard so that he could plant vegetables in it. As usual, he went with his mother to the woods but instead of gathering firewood, he cut small branches of the trees. He kept this on from day to day until he had enough materials for his fence.

One afternoon while he was in the thickest part of the forest gathering vines with which to tie his fence, he saw a wild cara-

bao whose horns were entangled among the bushes and vines. The animal was exhausted. Its mouth was foaming. Lope was always kind to animals. He ran to the spot and with his bolo he cut the vines and branches. The carabao was free. With a look that seemed to say, "Thank you," the animal disappeared among the trees. Lope went on with his work. Just as he was ready to go home, he stepped on something soft and slimy. He stooped down to examine it. It was the body of a huge snake about six inches in diameter. At first he was afraid but when he noticed that the animal did not move, his fears vanished. He became interested. Perhaps the snake was also in trouble, he thought. At last he discovered that an arrow stuck through the lower part of the snake's abdomen. It was writhing in pain. It could not get away from the place as the arrow was caught in a network of vines. Lope pulled the arrow. The snake lay still for a minute. Then it coiled around and lapped Lope's foot in a dumb expression of thankfulness. Then it slowly moved away and was soon lost among the bushes.

"Good work, Lope. You are a fine lad!" cried a voice from above him. He looked up to see who it was who spoke to him. A bird with beautiful plumage was perched on a branch.

"Lope, you have done well," continued the bird. "The animals you have just saved will not forget you. Go home now for it is getting dark."

Then the bird flew away. Lope hastily tied the branches he had



The old witch was behind him in the act of striking him with the knife.

cut into bundles. He carried one home. The next day he spent his time carrying the remainder of the wood to his home. On the third day he fenced his garden. When the sun was setting, Lope had one more side to finish. At about seven o'clock, his mother called him for supper was ready. Lope left his work and went up the house. He had a little more space to fence.

After supper, he said, "Mother, I think I'll finish the fence now. It will not take me long."

☛ "You may go on with your work, Lope, if you are not yet tired," replied the mother.

Lope ran down to finish his fence. After he had driven the last piece, someone greeted him, "Good-evening, Lope!"

Lope looked around. An old woman was smiling at him.

"Why do you work until late, Lope?" she asked.

"Because I want to put the garden in shape right away," Lope answered. "We are poor. We need the vegetables very much."

"Lope, come with me to my house. I have plenty of seeds for your garden. I have much money. If you come with me, you may have as much as you want. Then you will not have to work so hard," said the old woman.

"I like the work. I enjoy it," Lope replied.

"Well, it doesn't matter whether you like your work or not. I want to help you. Come with me. You will come back with seeds and money. Come, Lope, before it is too late," persuaded the old woman.

"Where is your house?" Lope asked.

"It is where that light is," said the woman pointing to a spot in the forest.

Lope and the old woman left the place. They passed through places

which Lope had not seen before. Soon they arrived at the old woman's house.

"Come up," the old woman invited him.

Lope went up. The old woman told him to sit down. When Lope was seated, she went to the room. She came out dressed in tight clothes. She went to the door and closed it. She also closed the windows. Then she got pieces of rope and tied the shutters. After that she went to the kitchen. From where he sat Lope saw her build a fire and set a big pot over it. "She must be a witch and perhaps she will eat me," Lope said to himself.

When the old witch came out, she had a big hunting knife in her hand. She sat down near Lope.

"Lope," she said, "go to that hole in the wall. Put your hand inside and bring me that bag of gold in it. We shall open it with this knife."

Lope became more suspicious but he walked toward the place indicated. He raised his hand as if to put it into the hole. Then he turned around. The old witch was behind him in the act of striking him with the knife. Lope jumped to one side to avoid the blow and then ran. The old woman chased him. Lope ran around the table with the old witch close behind him. Lope stumbled. The witch rushed upon him with

(Continued on page 160)



It was a huge snake. It grabbed Lope in its mouth.

BUYING

By Tranquilino Sitoy
Malaybalay, Bukidnon



In the days of olden time
There lived in a sullen clime
A lonely little mouse
In a broken little house.

Little Mouse in a dark room
Sat all day long in deep gloom.
He was feeling very bad.
He was feeling very sad.

One day, he said to his mother,
"O mother, what fine weather!
I'll go on a journey long
To buy me a soft, sweet song."

"A sweet song to me is dear,
And I'm sure you'd like to hear
A song from the other lands,
So make me some sweet garlands."

The mother made some sweet pop-corn
For the mouse who was forlorn,
And made them into garlands,
For the trip to the far lands.

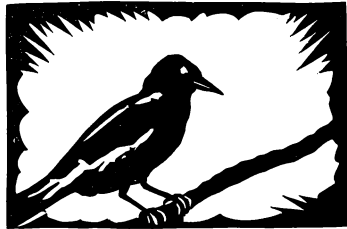
So early on the morn,
With heart that felt great sorrow.
The mouse went on his journey,
To buy a new, sweet melody.

He entwined around his neck
The corn garlands and gave a peck
To his old and loving mother
Whom he loved above any other.

"Mother," said he, "I must go
But I must be home with you
Ere the evening wind begins to sigh.
I bid you now good-bye."

He went on his lonely way
To the far lands of the gay,
To buy a strange, sweet melody
For him to sing right merrily.

He did not have very far to go
Before he met a big black crow . . .
. . . very inky . . . very black . . .
Inky and black as a night so dark.



"Where are you going, little Mouse?
If you please come to my house
I'll pay for those pretties that you have
If you come to my nest above."

"Please sing a song if you care.
I'll buy a song that is fair . . .
Fairer than the song of the dove,
For 'tis that I long for and love."

"I will sing a song for you.
If you like it, tell me so.
Then give me what you bring
For the song that I will sing."

"Yes, sing it nicely to me
And so quickly I'll agree
To what you say. And I'll tell
You if 'tis sung sweet and well."

A SONG

"Wak—Children call me wak-wak.
Wak—For I am very black . . .
Wak—As black as black can be . . .
Wak . . wak . . wak . . wak . . ." sang he.

"Mother isn't so black as you.
I can't buy your song, you know.
Take one cracker with you along;
And I thank you for your song."

He went until he met Wise Owl;
The bird that fills the air with howl.
Wise Owl had feathers thick and brown.
His eyes were stern and his face was round.



"Little Mouse," in a loud voice,
"Will you let me have a choice
I will give you what you want
If you tell me what you hunt."

"Garlands of crackers have I,
With them a sweet song will I buy
If you sing with a nice voice
I will let you have your choice."

"Well, then hear me as I sing.
Sing the wonders of every thing.
See if the song which I love
Matches the song of a dove.

"Kang! Kang! Kang! I'm called Ukang.¹
But my songs are nightly sung
If you come to me tonight
I will give you much delight."



"Yours is not the song I want.
Yours is not the song I hunt,
If your singing is nightly done."
And away the mouse was gone.

Then he came to a tall crane
Traveling o'er the wide, wide plain
Who asked what the mouse did bring.
He'd like to eat such a tiny thing.

"I bring corn cracker garlands
With them I came to distant lands
To seek and buy a fine sweet song.
Is a wish I've had for long."

"I will sing a song today,
Listen gladly then I pray;
'Tis like music in the air.
'Tis a song so sweet and fair.

"Tingao buk-buk. Tingao buk-buk.¹
I rove and rove. O'er hills and plains.
Picking up seeds the whole long day.
I am tingao . . . so children say."

(To be continued)

¹ The *U* is pronounced as in fur.

² The *U* in this word is pronounced like the *U* in fur.



Chapter Fifteen

A STRANGE BIRTHDAY PARTY

DURING vacation when Tonio and Mrs. Del Valle were often together, Tonio noticed a great change in her. She was visibly happy. There was a lightness in her steps. Her eyes which had been sad began to smile with her lips. She was not just being kind to the boy. She was affectionate. And Tonio felt his heart dance with a new joy. Having known no relative other than his Lolo, he experienced no variety of feeling which one usually gave to people of different degrees of relationship. The object of his first passion was not a person but a school building. For the second time he was developing another passion. It was not a turbulent one but a deep

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

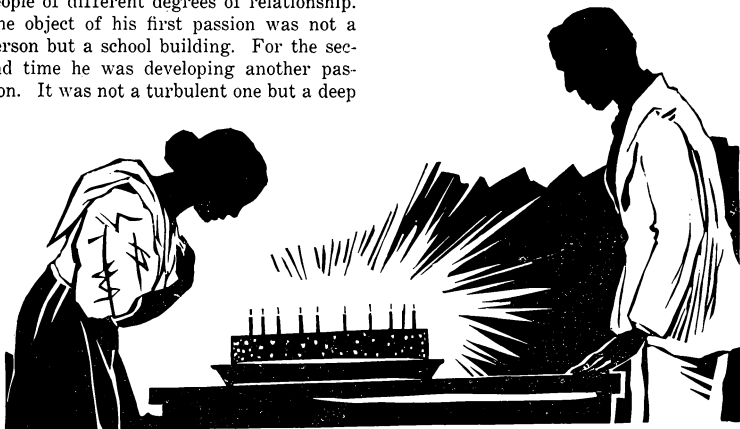
•
by Julio Cesar Peña
•

and sweet attachment that gave him a rich and delicious kind of happiness.

School opened in January and Tonio and Mrs. Del Valle could take their long walks only on Saturdays. Tonio noticed that she began to talk less. Her smiles, too, became rare. The light in her eyes seemed to be hidden beneath a heavy shadow. Tonio's heart ached for her, but there was nothing he could do.

"Lolo," Tonio whispered as he was going to bed one night, "Mrs. Del Valle seems to be in trouble. Do rich people ever get worried?"

"Why, yes, my boy. And I think they



Mrs. Del Valle murmured a wish, and, as she stooped to blow out the candles, a tear dropped down her pale cheek.

have had some big trouble."

"It might be the death of their child," ventured Tonio.

"Very likely," the old man answered. "If they could have another child, they would be happy once more."

One Saturday at about the end of January, the old cook came out bustling from the kitchen. Meeting Tonio's Lolo, he remarked, "This is a busy day for me. Baking cakes and making cookies and all kinds of candy."

"A fiesta I suppose," the blind man offered a guess.

"Yes, a birthday party tomorrow. The whole neighborhood will be busting again. The occasion is a great day for all the children."

"Whose birthday is it?"

"Their baby's," the cook whispered and left the blind man wondering which baby was meant.

Very early on Sunday morning Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle went to church in the city. The servants opened the spacious parlor. Small chairs were arranged around a dozen small tables.

Unlike the Christmas Eve party, the birthday party had an air of formality. The guests, Tonio included, were dressed in their party suits and dresses. Strangely enough the children behaved well even at the tables which were richly laden with tempting cakes, cookies, and sandwiches of various shapes. There was a big birthday cake all by itself on a round table placed at the middle of the parlor. Ten tiny candles—white, pink, and blue—stood on the top of the cake. Traced on its white icing was the name *Tony*.

Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle came forward. Mr. Del Valle lighted the candles. Both looked very serious as if they were performing a religious ceremony. Mrs. Del Valle murmured a wish, and, as she stooped to blow out the candles, a tear rolled down her pale cheek.

As soon as the party was over, Tonio

sought his Lolo.

"They must love their dead child very dearly," Tonio remarked.

"He must have been their only child," the old man said.

"Mrs. Del Valle cried over the birthday cake." Tonio's tone was sad.

When Lolo asked the old cook about the success of the birthday party, the latter had much to tell.

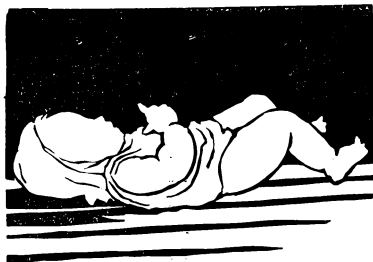
"It has always been thus every year," the cook concluded. "She prays for the return of the child. She believes firmly that he will be found."

"Found?" the blind man asked in great surprise. "I thought the child died."

"No, he was lost," the cook whispered.

"Lost? How? When?"

"About ten years ago. The child was barely a year old. They suspected the amah that had been dismissed."



"What a coincidence!" the blind man murmured.

"Coincidence. What do you mean?"

"My boy was left on my *batalan* about that time."

"Do you mean to say that Tonio is a foundling?" the cook demanded excitedly.

"Yes."

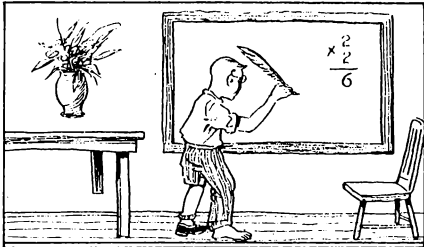
"The *Señora* must know about this," the old cook declared and immediately went out.

(To be continued)

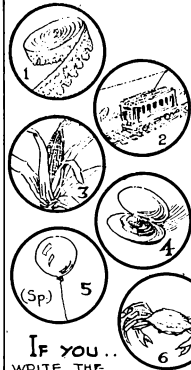


A PAGE OF FUN

"LITTLE PEOPLE'S BUSY HOUR"

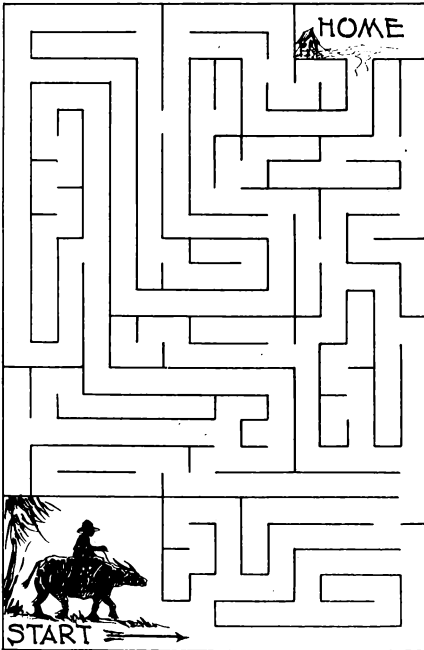


JUAN TAMBUG, THE CARELESS ARTIST, MADE SEVERAL MISTAKES IN THIS DRAWING. CAN YOU POINT OUT ALL THE MISTAKES HE MADE? THERE ARE ABOUT SIX MISTAKES. CAN YOU FIND MORE?



1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			

If you...
WRITE THE CORRECT NAMES OF THESE 7 PICTURES, IN THE CORRESPONDING NUMBERED SQUARES, THE 3rd ROW OF LETTERS, READING DOWN, WILL SPELL THE NAME OF A PHILIPPINE ANIMAL.



CAP__
 __LAW__
 __GUN__
 __SAM__
 __BAT__
 __CAN__
 __GAS__
 __TAN__

CAN YOU ADD THE OTHER LETTERS TO THE WORDS ON YOUR LEFT TO COMPLETE EIGHT PROVINCES OF THE PHILIPPINES?
 EXAMPLE: ADD "IZ" TO "CAP" AND YOU HAVE "CAPIZ."

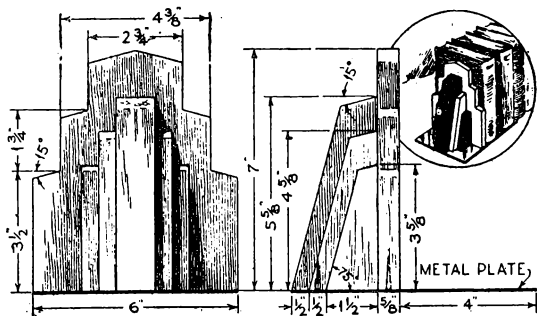
"MAZE" PEDRO CAME FROM A DISTANT CAINGIN. HE RODE HIS CARABAO IN GOING BACK HOME IT WAS ALREADY DARK AND HE COULD NOT SEE HIS WAY. CAN YOU HELP PEDRO?
 SHOW HIM THE WAY FROM WHERE IT SAYS "START." REMEMBER TRACE ONLY BETWEEN THE LINES, DON'T EVER CROSS A LINE.

HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by gilmo baldovino

Modern Book Ends

Made from Scraps
of Wood left Over
from other Jobs



JUNE! Children, that means school and books . . . and more books. And what will be more suitable to make this month than a pair of attractive book ends?

These attractive book ends may be made from any pieces or scraps of wood left over from other jobs. You may use different kinds of wood on the same book end.

To make it easier for you, first saw and plane all the pieces to their dimensions as planned in the figures. The five small pieces at each end should then be glued side to side as a unit. Each unit is smoothed with plane and sandpaper and then glued to the 6 by 7 inch-boards.

Get a piece of metal plate. Cut two pieces

of 6 inches wide by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. Each of these metal plates will serve as the base of each unit of the book ends. Place each unit on the metal base and fasten it with screws or nail it underneath as shown. Get a piece of cloth and from it cut two pieces as big as the metal base. Glue one piece of cloth to the bottom of each metal base. The glue should be applied to the metal and not to the cloth.

The completed book ends may be finished as you like. If you prefer to color the wood, you may stain it, but if you prefer the natural color of the material, you may just apply transparent varnish. In this way, a more natural contrast will appear.

ON THE FIRST SCHOOL DAY

I know that one and one makes two,
And two and two makes four,
I know my name and where I live,
Do you think I should know more?

I know how to recite one poem,
I can sing a song or two,
My mother taught me to say "Please,"
"I'm sorry," "Thank you," too.

I know these things, and more besides,
But now that I am here,
I can't even open my mouth to say,
"Good morning, Teacher dear."

HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

Rainy School Days



JUANITO was excited. Even the heavy drops of rain which fell through the holes in the roof could not dampen his excitement. He sat up on the bench before the breakfast table, unable to eat well, his eyes almost popping out of his head. Juanito was excited, because for the first time in his life, he was going to school.

"Mother," he whispered to his mother who sat beside him. "do you think my new teacher will ask me to count right away? Because I cannot remember what follows number six."

The two older children who sat facing Juanito started to laugh.

"You will sing 'Good Morning, Teacher.' Do you know that?" teased Rosa.

"You must recite 'Jack and Jill,'" teased Jose.

"Stop, children, don't frighten him. Of course, he does not know those yet. But you will soon learn them." The mother smoothed Juanito's hair. "Just remember your name, Juanito, your age, and where you live. Then be a good boy, listen well, and remain quiet while your teacher is talking."

Juanito's eyes shone. His face was lit by excitement. He ate very little bread, and did not drink his milk. He was so eager to go.

Before he went to school, his mother wrapped him well in his little raincoat and told him to keep his overshoes on until he entered his room.

"You must keep warm and dry, or the rain will give you a cold," she said.

At last Juanito could depart with his brother and sister who were in the intermediate grades. He walked where the rain could not fall on him, trying to keep warm and dry even when it was raining. When he arrived at school, he saw many strange children who were shivering with the cold. They had played in the puddles and run in the rain. The teacher sent them home right away.

When the morning session ended, Juanito was feeling very hungry. The rain had not stopped, and the ground was more wet and muddy than it was early in the day. Juanito is just a very little boy, and he had forgotten what his mother told him when he left for school. He forgot to wrap his raincoat tight about him. He took hold of his overshoes and walked on his thin shoes upon the muddy, wet ground. His cap was in the pocket of the raincoat, so he did not bother to get it. He walked in the rain with his head bare. He was very hungry and wanted to be home, so he ran with his new classmates, playing in the rain, getting himself very, very wet indeed.

You can guess what happened. That night, Juanito's throat felt close and painful. His eyes were watering and his head ached a little.

"Mother," he said. "I don't feel like eating my supper. I am feeling cold and my head aches."

"You ran in the rain this evening, and you know what happens to little boys who do not keep as warm as their mothers tell them to do. Get into bed and I'll give you some hot broth as well as an alcohol rub. You must keep very warm, or you cannot go to school tomorrow."

Juanito got into his bed. He lay patiently while his mother rubbed his cold body with alcohol and camphor ointment. He drank his warm broth obediently and tried to sleep early. He understood from his mother that a boy whose cold was as bad as his should rest and keep warm as long as possible.

The next morning, Juanito felt a little better. The rain was not as heavy as the day before, so his mother allowed him to go to school. He took care, however that his throat was well wrapped, that he wore his cap and had his overshoes on to protect him

(Continued on page 153)

Aunt Julia's True Stories

MORE COMMON HERB FLOWERS



EVEN with little care cosmos grows in almost any soil. With a patch of cosmos in your garden, you will not lack fresh flowers every morning. There are different varieties of cosmos. The flowers are white, pink, or pale purple. On each head, which looks like a single flower, are many little flowers. This kind of flower is called a composite flower. The sunflower and the amarillo are composite flowers. Can you name others?

ZINNIA

If you have been to the horticultural show in the carnival city, you would not fail to notice and marvel at the giant zinnias that seemed to smile broadly at the passers-by. With flowerets arranged close together, each head presents a very attractive sight whether it is very deep red, yellow, orange, or pink.

Seeds of cosmos, zinnias and marigolds are imported. But once they are grown here, it is easy to obtain seeds for planting. The tiny seeds are hidden in the base of the flowerets. Since these plants are grown in most school gardens, it is easy for pupils to obtain seeds and keep a narrow patch of flowering plants around the house no matter how small the lot may be.

THE COCKSCOMB

A bed of showy cockscomb or *palung-palungan* makes a garden very attractive. Its bright color and peculiar shape make up for its lack of fragrance. The plant holds up its large velvet comb of scarlet, crimson, or yellow for many days. The tiny seeds

are hidden in the comb and are scattered around when the comb dries. When the next rainy season begins little cockscomb plants appear all about the place of the old one. They thrive with little care, bear blossoms and die. Such a plant that completes its growth in a single season is called an annual.

THE BUTTERFLY

A garden of beautiful and fragrant flowers is made more attractive by the brightly colored butterflies that flit here and there. The butterfly owes its color to the hues of the tiny scales that cover its wings. When it is held in the hand, the scales come off like colored dust.

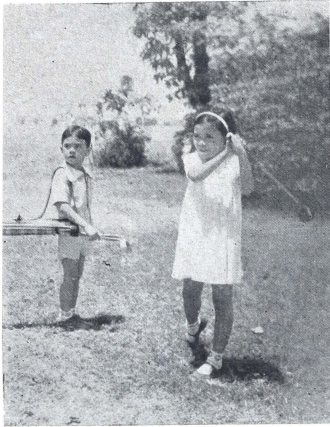
Have you watched a butterfly visiting flowers? Didn't you think it was just playing? Watch carefully. You will notice that it goes right into the heart of the flower. With its long "tongue" it sucks the sweet liquid in the flower called nectar. It visits hundreds of flowers to get nectar. So you will see that the butterfly is a very busy insect.



Do you notice what flowers have many visitors? Are they brightly colored? Or do they have a sweet smell?

The butterfly is so beautiful that you would never think it develops from such an ugly thing as a caterpillar. After working for a long time, a butterfly finds a good place among leaves where it could lay its eggs. After about five or six days, a caterpillar crawls out of each egg. Caterpillars are of different colors. Some are entirely green. Others are yellow and green. The caterpillar feeds upon the leaves of

PICTO



Bing and Sonny Escoda play golf. Bing is only seven years old, but she is already in the fourth grade at the Central School. Bing recited a poem and read a story, "Rosebud."

Sonny is only four years old and is a kindergarten pupil at the Philippine Women's University. He recited two poems.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Have you ever listened to a program held during the Children's Hour at Station KZEG? If you have, then you are lucky. You must have enjoyed the pretty songs and poems which children who are about as old as you are have sung or recited before the microphone.

On this page, we have a group of bright children who have participated in The Chil-



Eula Teague is a ten-year old pianist. She played "Hungarian Dance" and "A Baby's Dream" on the piano. She is also a good dancer.

Ofelia Salvo is six years old and she is in the second grade at the Singalong Elementary School. She sang "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and "Rock-a-bye Baby."



D R I A L



dren's Hour broadcasts. Their songs, playing and reciting were liked so well by radio audiences that after each broadcast, the studio received telephone calls asking the players to sing or recite again.

The Children's Hour is conducted by Miss Josefina Rodil Phodaca every Tuesday and Friday at seven o'clock in the evening. If you have a radio, why don't you listen in? The broadcast is held specially for you.



Lita and Chong Uñalivia are four years and six years of age. They sang the song, "Little Maid, Will You Dance with Me?"



The happy child at the left is Elfrida Regala. She is in the second grade at the Philippine Women's University. She recited a poem about health.

Henrietta is the sister of Elfrida. She is in the fourth grade. She sang "Polly."





AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS— SENIOR SCOUTING

By Horacio Ochangco*



ORGANIZATION

The complete Rover Scout organization and council will consist of the following six items though it may start simply with item number six alone:

- 1) *A Committee of the Local Council*
- 2) *Provision for District Counsel and service*
- 3) *The Committee in the sponsoring institution*
- 4) *The adult leaders and counselors.*
- 5) *The Rover Circle of Rover Scouts within the Group*
- 6) *The Senior Circle of Senior Scouts growing up through the Troop*

Senior Circle

Senior Scouts (Apprentice Rover Scouts) are organized in a Senior Circle. A Senior Circle is usually connected with and developed in a Troop as a special Patrol with the Scoutmaster or an Assistant Scoutmaster as Leader. Often the Senior Circle takes its start in the already established older boy body within the Troop, The Patrol Leaders Council.

Rover Circle

When at least 5 Senior Scouts have become eligible for full Rover Scout membership, a Rover Circle may be started in connection with the Troop or Group and the new Rover Scouts may be invested after the probationary period as Rover Squires. At this point, if not before, an adult Rovermaster must be secured to serve as leader of the Rover Circle, which then assumes its separate but related identity in the Group.

After the Rover Circle has been organized as such, the Senior Circle is continued as the organization for Senior Scouts (Apprentice Rover Scouts) into which First Class Scouts of the Troop, may continue to graduate at the age of 15 or later.

In some cases, it may be jointly agreed by the Rovermaster and Scoutmaster that this Senior Circle should be attached to the Rover Circle under its leadership, yet without interfering with the Senior Scout's membership and leadership affiliations in the Troop. Indeed service to and through the Troop (and the Pack and Ship if such there be) is one of the basic services rendered by Rovers.

Start of Independent Rover Circle

Where circumstances warrant, a Rover Circle may be started apart from any established Scout Troop, through application to the Local Council. The

sponsoring institution or body of citizens involved should form a Rover Committee which will supervise the Circle, secure and have trained satisfactory Rovermasters, and go forward in service to and through youth as is the customary procedure in the Boy Scouts of America. In such a situation, one of the early Quests of the New Rover Circle would be offering leadership to aid in starting "Troop" and "Pack" and "ship".

Common-Interest Teams

When the size of the Circle warrants, its members may desire to form small like-interest Teams to pursue some special field of knowledge or skill each under the leadership of a Rover Leader and a Rover Second.

LEADERSHIP

Rover Master

A Rovermaster is the adult leader of a registered Rover Circle. He shall:

- 1) Be at least 25 years of age.
- 2) Have a full appreciation of the principles and aims underlying Scouting.
- 3) Be a man of desirable character and leadership ability with an understanding of, and training in, the leadership involved in Rover Scouting.
- 4) Have a general knowledge of the social needs of his community and ability to find Service opportunities for his Rover Scouts.
- 5) Be acceptable to the membership of the Rover Circle concerned.

Assistant Rovermaster

An Assistant Rovermaster is a Rover Scout cooperating with the Rovermaster in the leadership of a Rover Circle.

The qualifications are the same as for Rovermaster except that his age shall be not less than 21 years.

Rover Leader

A Rover Leader is a Rover Scout elected by the members of a Rover Scout Team as their leader.

Rover Second

A Rover Second is a Rover Scout selected by the Rover Leader to be his assistant and to take charge of the Team in his absence.

PROGRAM FEATURES

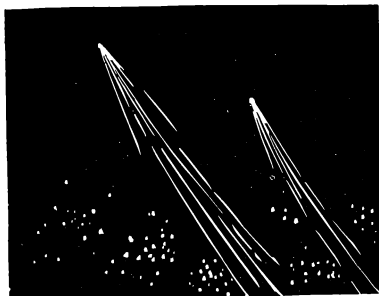
The preceding pages have given a picture of Senior Scouting and Rovering from the angle of membership, organization and leadership. The program of

(Continued on page 152)

* Manager, Publicity Department, Boy Scout Headquarters, Manila.

The Sky and The Stars

Some Strange Heavenly Bodies



YOU are now acquainted with the sun, the moon, and the planets. There are some heavenly bodies that are seen from our world only once or at very long intervals of time. And when they do come, they are viewed with alarm, being considered bringers of famine, disease, war, or some other great calamity. These visitors from distant parts of space are the comets. Ask any old person about a comet and find out what he thinks about it.

Comets look like huge stars with tails millions of miles in length. Comets travel along definite paths or orbits. Some of them have such long roads to travel in the infinite space that they are seen from the earth only once in thousands of years.

A comet known to your fathers and mothers is Halley's comet. It comes within sight of the earth every seventy-six years. It was last seen in 1910. It will make its next appearance in about 1986. Most of you will live to see Halley's comet.

Another strange thing that you often see at night is the shooting star. The shooting star is not a star that falls from the vast space above. It is believed that shooting stars are small bodies which have been set free on the breaking up of comets. They travel at very high speed through space. In this state they are cold and invisible. When they come near enough to the earth to be attracted by it, they come in contact with our atmosphere. As they fall through our air, they become so hot that they look like balls of fire. Unless very large, they burn themselves up before reaching the earth.

Another name for shooting stars is meteors. When meteors reach the earth they are called meteor-

ites. Sometimes showers of meteors are seen.

The Tagalog name for shooting star is *bulalakaw*. Many people look upon it as a cause of a great fire. But people who have made a study of the heavens see no truth in this common belief.

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General Manager

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VEGETABLE SOUP

Vegetable soup is very delicious. It is also healthful and very easy to cook. When you like to have something good for your cooking games, you can cook vegetables.

Do you have cooking games on Saturday afternoons? Then one Saturday morning, ask your mother to buy these things for you:

- 1 large onion
- 1 large carrot
- 5 okra fruits
- 15 string beans
- 5 small tomatoes
- 15 camote or kangcong leaves
- a small piece of fat meat.

Clean all the vegetables. Cut all, except the leaves, into small pieces. Cut the fat meat. Boil five cups of water, then drop all your ingredients, except the leaves, into the boiling water. Boil the vegetables from 10 to 15 minutes. Drop the leaves afterwards and boil some more. Season your soup with enough salt to taste.

The soup is good not only for children but also for older people. Why don't you ask your mother to prepare vegetable soup for your family everyday? You will find that appetite, strength and temper of all of you will be greatly improved.

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AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

(Continued from page 150)

and running through all these activities is the basic method that these young men shall plan and carry into effect their own programs with an interested leader who is not a commander but a companion. Scouting for these older boys and young men of course includes:

- 1) Meetings of various kinds
- 2) Advancement (in the Scouting sense)
- 3) Personal growth and progress
- 4) Quests for Service opportunities through Scouting as well as elsewhere
- 5) Adventures in Woodcraft
- 6) Rover Socials
- 7) Health and Recreation and Athletics
- 8) Association with own age and older
- 9) Leadership opportunities with younger fellows
- 10) Definite citizenship contacts in the community life
- 11) Rituals and Ceremonials
- 12) Common interest Teams pursuing skills or hobby fields
- 13) Application of Scouting ideals to life
- 14) Happiness, fun, enjoyment.

PALS HAIR POMADE

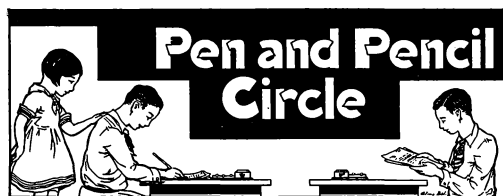
"A Friend, Indeed!"

*"PALS"
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hair well-
groomed
and glossy
all day—*



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Bais Sugar Central
Bais, Negros Oriental
Dear Aunt Alma,

Upon reading the April issue of the "Young Citizen," I became interested in the "Young Writers" section. I am inclosing herewith a poem which I request you to publish.

I am a subscriber of the Young Citizen. I am thirteen years old. I am studying in the Tanjay Elementary School. I shall be in the seventh grade next year.

I am fond of reading books, especially magazines for young children. I hope that you will encourage me by publishing my poem in an early issue of my favorite magazine. I hope, too, that you will find friends for me among the readers of this magazine.

Sincerely,

Francisca San Jose

Dear Francisca,

The "Young Writers" section was especially started to encourage ambitious young writers like you. I am glad that you have at last discovered it. I am publishing in it the poem which you enclosed. I hope it will serve to excite the interest of other children and thus gain friends for you.

Aunt Alma

Baguio, Mountain Prov.

Dear Aunt Alma,

I have not written you a letter though I have long been a reader of the "Young Citizen." I find stories in it very interesting and I often repeat reading them.

I am eleven years old and I am studying in the Government Center. Please, Aunt Alma, will you help

me find some pen pals? I am willing to answer all letters. Inclosed is my picture and that of some boys and girls who danced the "Surtido" in a program.

Yours truly,

Angelina Arvisu

Dear Angelina,

I hope other little boys and girls in your place appreciate the "Young Citizen" as much as you do. It makes me happy to think that even in distant Baguio there are little friends who welcome the coming of the "Young Citizen." Perhaps I shall be able to help you gain some friends. Tell me if anyone writes to you.

Aunt Alma

Tanjay, Negros Or.

May 18, 1936

Dear Aunt Alma:

I am a Chinese boy. I study in Tanjay Elementary School. I was in the third grade last year. I shall be in the fourth grade this coming June.

I am a subscriber for The Young Citizen. I like it very much because it contains interesting stories and poems. I also read about the beautiful places in the Philippines. Every message teaches me how to be a good citizen. This is why I like the Young Citizen.

I should like to receive letters from other readers of the Young Citizen.

Sincerely yours,

Domingo Tam

Dear Domingo,

I am glad you like the "Young Citizen" and read the poems and the stories contained in it. I hope that in your next class, you will

RAINY SCHOOL DAYS

(Continued from page 152)

from the muddy puddles. When he arrived in school, he noticed that many of his classmates were absent. The teacher was surprised.

"Where are the other children?" she asked. One by one, several pupils told the teacher that their friends were sick with the cold because they had played in the rain.

"The rain," said the teacher, "is very nice for plants and animals, but is not very kind to little children. It can give them a bad cold, fever, and even pneumonia, which is a very serious disease. Can anyone tell me how a child can come to school during the rainy season and still escape getting a cold and fever?"

Juanito shyly raised his hand. The teacher asked him to give his answer.

"We must use overcoats. We must use caps and hats. We must wear overshoes."

"Yes," smiled the teacher. "We must use those things. But can you tell me why?"

"Because we must keep warm even when it is raining."

The teacher was pleased by Juanito's answer. She repeated it to the class.

"Tomorrow," she said, "I would like to see if you can remember what we talked about today. If you can, there is no reason why any of you should fall sick during the whole of this rainy season."

Juanito went home pleased with himself. On his way, he passed by a very deep puddle of rain water. He wanted to take off his overshoes and wade, but thinking about what he had learned from his mother and from his teacher, he wisely shook his head and left the puddle alone.

Kind classmates who also read our magazine. Perhaps sometime after this, you will receive letters from children in other schools. If you do, let me know. I shall be happy to think that I have helped you find new friends.

Aunt Alma



THE LEGEND OF SAINT COLUMBA

By Padraic Colum

Saint Columba is loved by the Irish people. His miracles and goodness are told with pride by those who know of them. In this book, the life of Saint Columba is told very simply. His youth and manhood are described by one who writes about him not only as a saint in heaven but also as a man in this earth. Padraic Colum tells the story

of little Colum-cille, called Columba, and of how he left the life of the world to enter the service of God. In the book, one feels the atmosphere of the Irish land of the Faerie, folklore and religion. The charming countryside which books and pictures have made so famous is described beautifully by the author. This is a book that should be welcomed in all the homes and schools, one that the young and the old can read again and again with interest.

TALKING WIRES

By Clara Lambert

This book tells about a very interesting device—the telephone. By means of simple stories and pictures, children are acquainted with the important uses of the telephone and the ways of building up and caring for the system. There are many stories and photographs on its special uses and the services it renders to the public in cases of fires, earthquakes, storms and other disasters. The last part of the book deals with the new discoveries like television and teletype.

Children, parents and teachers can use this book for their own education on the ways of the telephone. Every part of the book has been well checked and the informative material has been approved by the New York Telephone Company.

MORE COMMON HERB

(Continued from page 147)

the plant where it finds itself. Is it useful or harmful? Why?

The caterpillar changes its skin several times before it becomes full grown. At this stage the animal is known as larva. Its life as a larva or caterpillar lasts a few weeks. Then it stops eating and weaves a little mat of silk on a leaf or a stem. It attaches itself to the mat with its hind legs. It thus hangs itself until its skin breaks open. In this stage the animal is known as a chrysalis or pupa. After "sleeping" for about a week, the skin on the back of the chrysalis breaks open and a butterfly comes out. At first the wings are soft and small. After about half an hour, they grow strong and big and the butterfly flies away.

Can you remember in brief the life story of a butterfly? The butterfly lays the egg. From the egg comes the caterpillar. The caterpillar changes to a chrysalis. The chrysalis changes into a butterfly.

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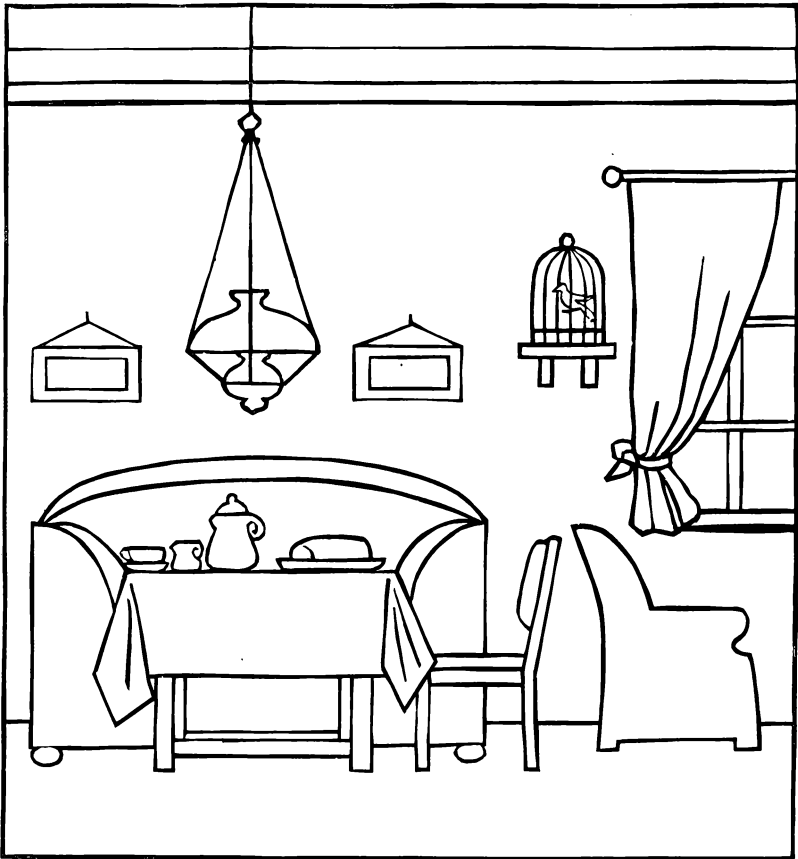
I am a lonely dining room.
Pale as pale can be.
With your little color brush
Help me lift my gloom.

Paint the pictures on my walls.
Brighten my lamp for me.
Color all my furniture
Down to the small wood balls.

In a lovely cage of colors bright.
Close to walls of creamy hue.
The little bird will sing with joy
Morning, noon and night.

DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

by gilme baldovino



MOVIE PAGE

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"



Freddie Bartholomew is a little English boy who will soon appear at the State Theatre in an interesting picture called "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He is only eleven years old, but he has been an actor for about eight years. He first stood on the stage when he was three years old. He recited a poem, and was so successful that his aunt, Miss Mylicent Bartholomew, decided that he should become an actor.

From that time on, he took part in plays and programs at concerts and parties. Freddie never thought that he would be in the movies some day. His aunt had trained him to be an actor, but she had not told him that he would be good enough for the screen.

Then one day, while Freddie and his aunt were having their vacation in New York, the aunt read the an-

nouncement that Mr. David O. Selznick needed a boy to play in "David Copperfield," the classic written by Charles Dickens. Freddie was thrilled by the idea of appearing as the young "David," because the book was one of his favorites. So the boy and his aunt went to Hollywood and Freddie applied for the role of "David." Out of 10,000 contestants for the part, Freddie was selected.

If you have seen "David Copperfield," then you know what a good actor Freddie is. As the young David, the newspapers praised him. He at once became a favorite with people who go to the movies. This is not strange, for Freddie is not only a beautiful boy, but he also can speak very clearly and distinctly. His pronunciation is even better than that of older actors. He can

act well and he can remember his lines easily. For these reasons, he earns hundreds of dollars a week.

Freddie is a very successful little movie actor, but his success does not go to his head. He still likes simple things, like plain, good food and ordinary boy's clothes. He is interested in many games like cricket and ball games. His friends are American children who are actors like himself. Among them are Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Searl, and others. He has brothers and sisters in England. His father and mother are still living, although his aunt is his legal guardian. He sends money every month to his family in England, for he believes that he should help his parents send his brothers and sisters to good schools. He himself was taught mostly at home by his aunt, although he once attended a private school before he came to America. He has read many good books. Because of this, his work in the movies is made easier, as he already knew most of the characters that he was to act on the screen. Besides "David Copperfield," Freddie has acted in "Anna Karenina" and "Professional Soldier."

As "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Freddie takes the part of a little American boy who comes to England to inherit the wealth and title that his father left him. Freddie fits very well into this role, and everything has been done to make the picture a success. Dolores Costello Barrymore is his mother in the picture. Little Lord Fauntleroy called his mother "Dearest." Other fine actors are in the picture: C. Aubrey Smith, Guy Kibbey, Mickey Rooney, and Jackie Searle. Wait for "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the State Theatre where it will first be shown.

• NEWSETTES •

Compulsory army service in the Philippines met a strange obstacle in the ranks of Moro recruits. The Mohammedans refused to wear the uniform broad-brimmed hats that they were required to wear. The Mohammedan Bible forbids them from wearing such hats because it blocks the wearer's view of Heaven. The Moros are willing enough to fight if they do not have to wear the forbidden hats.

Monday, May 18, was the hottest day in 21 years ever recorded in the Philippines. At 2:35 o'clock in the afternoon, the mercury soared to 38.0 degrees Centigrade or 100.4 Fahrenheit.

The highest temperature for this period was recorded in Manila on May 17, 1915, when the mercury registered a maximum of 38.6 degrees Centigrade.

Little Henry Ford, seven-year old son of E. B. Ford, Vice-President of the Philippine Trust Company, received a great thrill on his birthday. On May 16, Henry gave a birthday party. After the party, he and his friends went to the Botanical Gardens. Mrs. F. M. Gisbert accompanied them.

Henry was enjoying himself feeding peanuts to big elephant, Goyo, when suddenly, Goyo pushed his trunk through the bars and wrapping it around Henry, lifted the

boy from the ground.

Mrs. Gisbert who was standing near saw what was happening to Henry. She seized the boy and pulled. The elephant also pulled. An American who happened to be near saw Mrs. Gisbert pulling the boy, so he ran to her aid and pulled also. Fortunately for little Henry, Goyo saw the handbag which Mrs. Gisbert dropped. He let go of the boy and went after the bag. He ate a lipstick, an eyebrow pencil and other little things which were in the bag, but he let Henry go free.

Driving a car safely is taught at the Roosevelt Junior High School of San Diego. A traffic table is used to help along instruction. The table is 13 feet square. On it are placed small trucks, automobiles, street cars, pedestrians and buildings. These small objects are used to illustrate the problems of driving which are present in every modern city.

Eddie Cantor, the man with the large eyes, has given more than \$4,000 to care for 13 children in Palestine, and he has promised to give money that will take care of 500 Jewish children now in Germany—if the women's Zionist organization of America will care for

500 more children.

"The older Jews in Germany must die," said Mr. Cantor. "We cannot save them. But we must help the youth. If we fail the Jews in Germany, God knows what is going to happen to them."

Dr. Harold Campbell, Superintendent of Schools, New York City, has instructed the teachers in his schools to "inculcate the ideals of peace" to their children. This is especially necessary because of the unsettled conditions throughout the world today. Pupils should learn the "futility, horrors and devastation of war and the blessings and benefits of peace."

Children in the schools have spent a great deal of time and effort to study war. Now, it is time to study peace.

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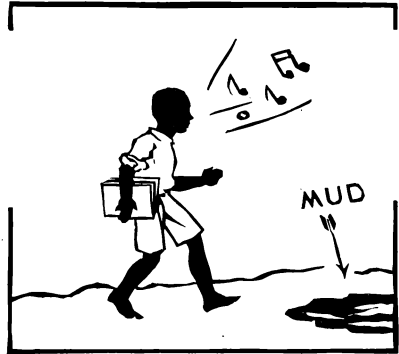
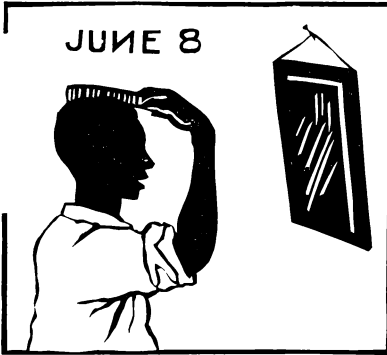
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Kiko's Adventures

by gilmo baldovino



Vacation Days Are Over

Words by
LULU DE LA PAZ

Music by
I. ALFONSO

Allegretto

Va-ca-tion is o-ver school days are here Play has end-ed S—
chool work be-gins Va-gins Toys are laid a-way Books are brought out
Smiles are Les-sened Let's all set to work. Let's wake from the rest. Let's
all bear in mind work has be-gun, Va-ca-tion is o'er.

THE BOY HOUSEKEEPER

(Continued from page 134)

"Yes, just right," Mother answered.

Mey built the fire and placed the pot on the stove. Singing loudly, he sat on a stool in front of the stove. As he watched the fire, he swung himself on the stool.

"Bog!" It was the sound of something heavy that had fallen down.

"My son, what is that?" shouted Mother running out.

"Nothing, Mother, I was just practicing leap frog over this stool." Meynardo picked up the stool and put it in the corner. He limped a little as he walked.

"Mother, the rice is boiling, look!"

But Mother was still out of breath with fright.

"What else, Mother? I want the lunch prepared before Father and Sister come home."

"I want that broiled," Mother said pointing to a milkfish wrapped in banana leaf. "But your embers are not enough."

"I shall ask *Aling Chelang* for some. She has live coals all day for her tea and *bibingca*."

Meynardo rushed down the bamboo stairs before Mother could say anything. Soon he was back. He was carrying a coconut shell full of red hot embers. After pouring them into the stove, he turned to Mother.

"Look!" he said proudly "I asked the Chinese *tienda* keeper for a few cloves of garlic. Father likes garlic with vinegar."

After spreading the coals, Mey-

nardo placed the broiler over them and put the fish on it.

"Mother, please go back to the baby. I know what to do." And he pushed Mother gently out of the kitchen.

When Father and Sister came home shortly after twelve o'clock, lunch was announced right away.

As Father sat at the table, he looked around. "Where is the maid?" he asked a little angrily.

"She left this morning," Mother told him.

"And who prepared the lunch? Did you work, Ibang?"

"No, dear. Your boy did all the work."

"Who? Mey?" Father was very much surprised.

"Yes, Mey took the place of the maid."

"I see. That is the reason why the fish is broiled so nicely. I am very proud of my boy housekeeper."

LOPE AND THE OLD WITCH

(Continued from page 139)

the gleaming blade raised for the deadly blow. Lope kicked her in the abdomen. It sent her sprawling on the floor. The knife slipped from her hand. Lope rushed towards her. It was a fight between an old person and a young one. The witch was old but Lope was too young to beat her.

Soon Lope felt the woman's fingers on his throat. He kicked her again. She fell back. Lope stood up. The woman did the same. They rushed at each other. Both fell down. They were near the knife now. The old woman grabbed it and stood up. Lope did the same. The woman rushed to strike. Lope stepped to one side and gave his opponent an uppercut. It landed on her chin. She fell down gasping. Lope seized the knife, ran to the window, and cut the rope. He opened it and jumped out. He ran as fast as he could. The witch picked up the knife which Lope left on the bench and ran after him.

Near a big tree, Lope fell down exhausted. The witch with the knife in her hand was just a short distance away. Lope expected to die. But what's that rope-like thing lowering itself from the top of the tree? It was a huge snake. It grabbed Lope in its embrace. It raised itself and placed the unconscious boy on a big branch. The witch came. She saw Lope on the branch. At once she started to climb the tree. When she had climbed a step, a carabao rushed upon her. Its sharp horn passed through her body. The animal tossed her in the air and she fell down dead.

"Lope, my good boy," cried a voice above him, "you are safe now. Go home. Get the bag from the hole in the old woman's house. It is yours. When you reach home, get one half of the gold and give it to your mother. Divide the other half among the poor people in your neighborhood. Whenever you need

THE RICH AND THE

(Continued from page 135)

house, so during the night, they went softly inside the poor home and stole the bags of money. In the morning, the wood-cutter discovered the loss of his money.

"What shall I do?" he wept. "Now I am as poor as I ever was." He hurried to Mayaman's house and told him all that happened.

Mayaman listened to the wood-cutter's tale patiently, then he once more gave him four bags of money.

The four bags were stolen that very night by the same bad neighbors. Three more times the rich man gave the wood-cutter bags of money, but no matter how well the bags were hidden, the neighbors always found out and the wood-cutter remained as poor as ever.

On the sixth time, Mayaman did

help, just call us. Say, 'Botso-Gotso, Goto-Loto, and Betsy-Getsy, help me, and we shall be there to help you. Good-bye.'

It was the same bird which talked to him the evening before. Lope saw it fly away into the forest.

The snake then took Lope and placed him on the back of the carabao. The latter ran towards Lope's home. It stopped at the old woman's house. Lope got off and went up to get the bag of gold. Then he rode on the carabao again. The animal went on until he reached Lope's home. Lope got off. He stroked the carabao's forehead. It turned around and ran towards the forest.

Lope went up. His mother was crying. She thought a wild animal had taken Lope away. When she saw her son, she ran to him and held him tightly in her arms. Lope gave her the bag and then told her the whole story.

The next day Lope and his mother went around to distribute the gold among the poor people in the neighborhood.

not give the wood-cutter money. Instead he presented him with a beautiful ring.

"Treasure this ring," Mayaman said, "for it will give you everything you ask for. With its help, you can become the richest man in the whole world."

The wood-cutter received the ring with joy and sailed home. In the middle of the river, he felt hungry, so he asked the ring for food. In an instant, twelve different kinds of food appeared in the banca, and the hungry man ate heartily. After he had eaten, the wind calmed down, and his banca would not move.

"O beautiful ring!" he cried. "Blow my banca very hard so that I can get home quickly."

At once a strong wind rose and blew the banca very hard. The little boat was broken to pieces and the man had to swim for his life. In his hurry to get ashore, he lost the ring. He went back to Mayaman and told him of his loss.

"I am very sorry," said Mayaman, "but I have nothing more to give you. Go to my friend, Mahirip, and ask him to make you rich."

Mahirip had no money to give the wood-cutter. He was so poor himself that he had only five centavos to spare. He gave the five centavos to the wood-cutter and told him to go to the market and buy a fish. The wood-cutter was disappointed, but he sailed home and followed Mahirip's advice.

The wood-cutter went to the market. There he saw a very nice fat fish. "For how much will you sell the fish?" he asked the fish vendor.

"You can have it for five centavos."

"Will you give it to me for three?" asked the wood-cutter. "I have only five centavos and if I give you all I will have nothing with which to buy rice."

But the tendera refused to give him a discount. So, because the fish looked so fat and fresh, the wood-

Bow To The Chinese Juveniles

(Continued from page 137)

"Little lad, you seem to be uncommonly clever for your years."

"How so?" answered the boy back. "A hare at the age of three days can scamper over the fields, and should I not know a thing or two at the age of seven years?"

Confucius smiled at the presumptuousness of the child and said: "Then, son, may I ask you a few things?"

"I am ready," said the child.

"Then," asked Confucius, "can you tell me what fire has no smoke, what water no fish; what hill has no stones, what tree no branches; what man has no wives, what woman no husband; what cow has no calf, what mare no colt; what is that which has not enough, and what is that which has an overplus;

cutter got it for five centavos.

When he reached home, he at once proceeded to clean the fish. When he opened it, he could not believe his eyes. For there before him was the precious ring which Mayaman gave him! He was so happy about recovering his treasure that he walked up and down the streets laughing and singing:

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!

I have found you now;

You are here and nowhere else."

His bad neighbors heard him. They thought that the wood-cutter had discovered who stole his money and were addressing those words to them. They were frightened, so running up to him, they gave him his bags of money. "Forgive us!" they cried, "We are returning everything to you."

The wood-cutter was greatly surprised, but he pretended to be angry. He took all the money from them.

With his ring and his bags of money, the wood-cutter soon became the richest man in the town. "You see," said Mahirap to his friend, "With five centavos, I have made a man rich."

what city is without a market, and who is the man without a style?"

The child immediately answered: "A glow-worm's fire has no smoke, and well water no fish; a mound of earth has no stones, and a rotten tree no branches; genii have no wives, and fairies no husbands; carthen cows have no calves, nor wooden mares any colts; a winter day is not long enough, and a summer's day is too long; the imperial city has no market, and little folks have no style."

The eyes of the child brightened up with a roguish twinkle, as he continued: "If you will tell me how many stars there are in heaven, I shall know more than I do now."

"Why do you inquire about things so far away?" said the Sage. "Ask about something near at hand, and I will answer you."

"Then," said the boy, "please tell me how many hairs you have in your eyebrows?"

The Sage stood astounded at the clever sally. He shook his white head and went back to his chariot, the story says, muttering the following words: "The young generation is to be admired."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. What are the principal designs on the Moro cloth?
2. Who was able to make the woodcutter rich, the Poor Man or the Rich Man?
3. What fire has no smoke?
4. What is a composite flow-er?
5. Why does a butterfly visit flowers?
6. For whom was the month of June named?
7. What happened to little Henry Ford?
8. What was the hottest day since 1915?
9. Why did the Moros object to the broad-brimmed hat?
10. Why did Juanito get a cold?

Strange Facts

Joan of Arc was considered a very good seamstress when she was a child in Domremy, France.

Aristotle, the great Greek philosopher of 350 B. C. thought the brain was a great sponge through which the blood passed in order to be cooled.

Ecaterina Teodoroiu, a Roumanian, was the only woman who really fought during the World War. At the age of 16, she dressed herself in a man's uniform and joined the army. She became noted for her bravery and was killed while fighting.

That very famous book, "Robinson Crusoe," which was written by Daniel Defoe, was turned down by twenty publishers before it was finally bought by someone. This book has been selling fast for 217 years now.

Florence Nightingale, founder of scientific nursing, owned a pet owl which she carried in her pocket wherever she travelled. She was known by the soldiers she nursed as "The Lady with the Lamp."

Experiments at the University of Michigan promise a cure for stuttering. Twenty-four cases of stuttering has been greatly improved by having the stuttester talk while he, or she, was walking on all fours. The reason for the cure is not very clear, but Miss Hazel Geniesse, who conducted the tests, believe that it may be the change in blood pressure.

11. Why did Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle give a birthday party?
12. Recite the song of the owl.
13. Why do children go to schools?
14. If you were in Lope's place, how would you feel?
15. Have you ever listened to a Children's Hour program? Why do you like to listen to it?

How The Month Of JUNE Was Named

June Brides! You have heard of them and seen them in their elaborate wedding ensemble. Many people want to get married in June believing that it is a lucky month since it is sacred to Juno, Goddess of Marriage. Juno was the wife of Jupiter and, therefore, queen of the gods according to the belief of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Juno, represented as a tall, beautiful woman, was very proud and jealous. Many stories are told of how her jealousy brought intense suffering to those who incurred her displeasure. On the other hand, she extended help to those whom she favored.

A story tells how Juno was responsible for the eye-like spots on the peacock's tail. The peacock was her favorite bird. One of her most trusted servants was Argus, who had a hundred eyes. When he went to sleep, he closed only a few of his eyes at a time. Juno made him guard a cow which

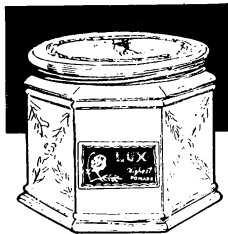


Jupiter wanted to get. This cow was in reality a beautiful girl named Io. Jupiter sent Mercury to carry off Io. By telling long and tiresome stories, Mercury succeeded in making Argus so sleepy that he closed all his eyes. Jupiter then cut off Argus's head. To keep Argus with her forever, Juno gathered all his eyes and scattered them over the tail of her peacock.

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THE BOOK AND THE PENCIL

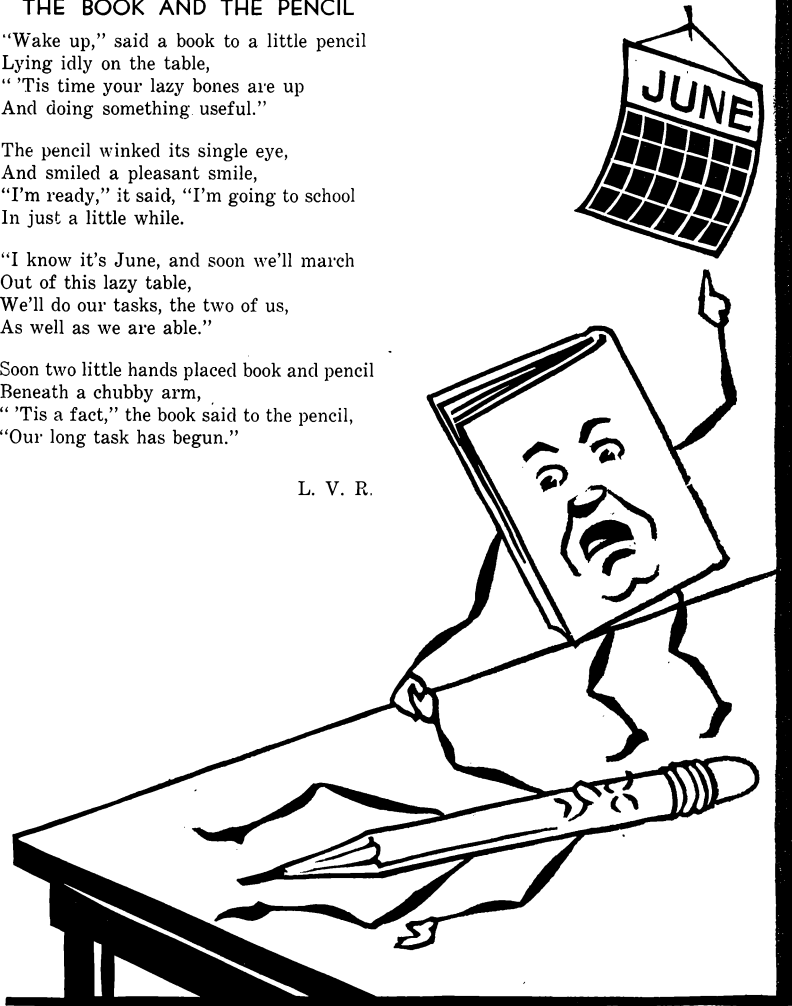
"Wake up," said a book to a little pencil
Lying idly on the table,
" 'Tis time your lazy bones are up
And doing something useful."

The pencil winked its single eye,
And smiled a pleasant smile,
"I'm ready," it said, "I'm going to school
In just a little while.

"I know it's June, and soon we'll march
Out of this lazy table,
We'll do our tasks, the two of us,
As well as we are able."

Soon two little hands placed book and pencil
Beneath a chubby arm,
" 'Tis a fact," the book said to the pencil,
"Our long task has begun."

L. V. R.



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