

LIBRARY
NOV 13 1948

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

NUMBER
5

APRIL
1948
V. 1
NO. 11

THIRTY
CENTAVOS



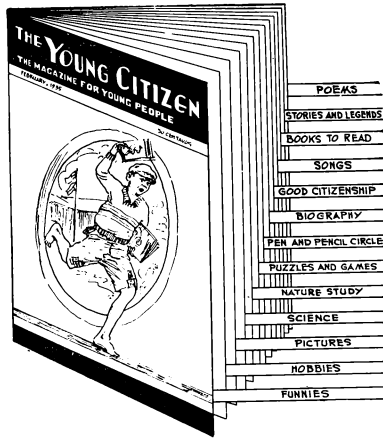
story on page 296

Linalesin, C. S. ...

Handwritten signature

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

*The Best Christmas
Gift for Boys and Girls*



What Bocobo Says—

President Bocobo of the University of the Philippines, in a speech delivered during the Boys' Week on December 3, 1935, said: "There is the need of fostering the publication and reading of children's magazines. One of the great needs in this country is the circulation of children's magazines of local material which will diffuse information to the children regarding wholesome games, beautiful Filipino legends, stories of our national heroes, etc."

We say: The YOUNG CITIZEN answers this need.

This is the only publication in the Philippines exclusively edited for Filipino children.

It is approved by the Bureau of Education.

Send Your Subscription To

Community Publishers, Inc.

405 P. Faura, Manila

Tel. 5-76-86

The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY • Volume 1 Number 11

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Manila Post Office on May 16, 1935

This Magazine is Approved by the Bureau of Education for Public Schools

The Message This Month

CHRISTMAS

December is the happiest month to almost everybody. When December is nearing we all have a feeling of joy and happiness. Old folks are happy, children are happy, everybody is happy; even the trees, the flowers, the birds, and the stars seem to be happy. Why? Because on Christmas day—

Everybody remembers his friends.

Everybody sends greetings of gladness and joy to his friends.

Fathers and mothers try whatever they can to make their children happy.

Children also do what they can to make their parents happy.

There are *fiestas*, food, candies, toys, gifts, lights, lanterns, music and everything that makes one's heart throb with joy.

On Christmas there is a feeling of goodwill toward one another.

Of course the joy, the happiness and the goodwill that we feel during the Christmas season are ours only when we are ready to make our fellowmen happy. If we receive something that makes us happy during the Christmas season but we did not give anything to our

(Please turn to page 286)

This Month

DECEMBER, 1935

Christmas Verses for Children (Poems)— <i>Lulu de la Paz</i>	294
Pacita's Christmas Tree (A Story)— <i>Aunt Julia</i>	295
Great Men's Thoughts About Mother	296
The Star of Bethlehem	296
The Wonderful Organ (A Story)— <i>Felicidad Dani</i>	297
A Little Doll's Story (A Story)— <i>Josefina V. Reyes</i>	299
My Mother (A Poem)— <i>Lulu de la Paz</i>	300
Rufo's Christmas Gift (A Story)— <i>Dr. I. Panlasiqui</i>	301
The Eldest of Eight (A Story)— <i>Aunt Julia</i>	303
The Adventures of A Beggar Boy (A Story)— <i>Julio Cesar Peña</i>	304
An Unexpected Christmas Gift (A Story)— <i>Antonio Muñoz</i>	306
Limbas (Safety Section)— <i>Mariano Pascual</i>	308
The Spirit of Giving— <i>Jose Feliciano</i>	308
Emilio Jacinto— <i>Eulogio Rodriguez</i>	309
Pictorial Page	310
Rizal—His Last Hours— <i>Dr. Frank C. Laubach</i>	311
A Cave (Interesting places)— <i>Jose Feliciano</i>	312
Melinda (A Story)— <i>Antonio Muñoz</i>	312
The Great Bell of Peking (A Story)— <i>Elisabeth Latsch</i>	313
The Anchoyos or Dilis— <i>Aunt Julia</i>	314
Where Christ was Born— <i>Francisco Carballo</i>	315
Pen and Pencil Circle	316
Young Writers' Page	317
Cubbing in the Philippines (Among the Boy Scouts)— <i>Horacio Ochangco</i>	318
Books to Read— <i>E. M. L.</i>	320
Kiko's Adventures— <i>Gilmo Baldovino</i>	322
Christmas is Coming—(A Song)— <i>Primitiva Miranda</i>	323
Dr.-writing Lessons for Little Artists— <i>Gilmo Baldovino</i>	326
Mother Nature's Christmas Tree (A Poem)— <i>Francisco G. Tongbunua</i>	327

Every Month

IN THE YOUNG CITIZEN you will always find:

Stories

Young people will read again and again—stories that build character, folklore, fanciful stories, and educational stories.

Poems

that the young people of the Philippines love.

Contests and Things-to-Do

Games, puzzles, things to make, cooking, drawing, etc.

Art, History, and Nature Study

Beautiful photographs and entertaining articles and stories which can really entertain and interest young people in these important subjects.

Interesting Features

The Pen and Pencil Circle, which stimulates creative expression; the Hobby Page, which opens the way to new interests and develops initiative; and the Citizenship Page, which instills practical ideals of good citizenship in the boys and girls who tomorrow will be the leaders of the world.

Book Chats

About books and authors young people will be interested in.

Science and Health

Talks on scientific subjects, special recipes and menus, articles on health and sanitation.

Editorial Director: Jose E. Romero.
Contributing Editors: Juliana C. Pineda, Encarnacion Alzona, Alvaro Martinez, Ursula B. Uichanco, I. Panlasiqui.

Staff Artist: Gilmo Baldovino.
Business Manager: E. C. Garcia.

Published by COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.,
105 P. Faura, Manila, Philippine Islands.

Subscription Price: P3 for one year of 12 issues; \$2.00 in the United States and foreign countries. Single copy, 30 centavos.

Subscriptions will be paid to
COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
105 P. Faura, Manila, P. I.
Reproduction of any matter herein is prohibited.



CHRISTMAS VERSES FOR CHILDREN

— I —

On Christmas Day

The stars in heaven brighter glow.
The birds in gayer feathers play,
The holy's green, the berry's red,
For Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Of Bethlehem the angels sing,
Of shepherds and a bed of hay,
The angels sing of three wise kings
For Christ was born on Christmas Day.

And all around the children sing,
Their merry, merry Christmas lays—
Of peace on earth good will to men,
For Christ was born on Christmas Day.

— II —

My Gift to Mother

On a silken spider's web
In colors blue and purple red,
Would I string the brightest starlets,
With moonbeams here and there sprayed.

I would gather scent of lilacs,
To keep my garland fresh and sweet
I would string some diamond dewdrops
My mother's garlands to complete:

On Christmas Day I'd offer her,
The rarest gift for her I made,
With wishes for a Christmas joy—
A very merry Christmas tide!

— III —

Giving Gifts

When Christmas comes I think of gifts,
For mother dear and all my friends,
I save some pennies for new things—
To fill each Christmas with sunshine.

I love to give so many gifts—
It keeps me happy all the year,
To think how little Christmas thoughts
Brings lots of laughter and good cheer!

By LUISA DE LA PAZ

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

PACITA'S CHRISTMAS TREE

By Aunt Julia



LITTLE PACITA was very poor. She lived in a very small house. She did not have fine dresses. But she was happy. She liked the flowers in her mother's little garden better than fine dresses.

Pacita had very few toys. When she saw the other girls with big dolls, she would say, "I like my cat better. I can play on the ground with my cat."

When she saw the boys with kiddy cars, she would say,

"I like my dog better. My pet dog can run after me. I run after him. We play together."

When Pacita came home from school one day, she ran to her mother.

"Mother, Mother, my teacher said Christmas is coming. We have a Christmas tree in our room. Shall we have a Christmas tree at home?"

"We shall ask Father if we might have one. You know dear, a Christmas tree costs money." Pacita's mother said slowly. She

looked sad. She took the little girl in her arms and kissed her.

"Oh, never mind, Mother. I do not want it very badly. Caridad, who lives in that big house will have a fine Christmas tree. Her mother is very, very rich. She will let me see her Christmas tree."

"You may wish for one, dear." The mother said. "If you wish hard enough, you might have one. Santa Claus might bring you one."

Christmas Eve. When Pacita said her prayers with her head on her mother's shoulders, she said,

"Dear God, if I cannot have a Christmas tree, please let me see one in my dreams."

Very early on Christmas morning, Pacita went to church. She saw Caridad riding in a big car. Caridad waved to her and shouted,

"Pacita, when you walk past our house, look through the gate. You will see my beautiful Christmas tree."

"Yes, Caridad, I will. Thank you." Pacita shouted back.

Pacita was met by her mother on the stairs.

(Please turn to page 321)

· Great · Men's · Thoughts · About · Mother ·



1. God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers.—*Jewish saying*
2. The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napoleon*
3. Children are what the mothers are.—*Landor*
4. All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my mother.—*Lincoln*
5. All that I am my mother made me.—*John Quincy Adams*
6. The mother's heart is the child's school-room.—*H. W. Beecher*
never wholly forgotten—a little spring
7. Stories first heard at a mother's knee are that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.
8. Let France have good mothers, and she will have good sons.—*Napoleon*

The Star of Bethlehem

WHEN JESUS was born in Bethlehem, three wise men came to Jerusalem. They knew of the birth of the "King of the Jews" because they saw His star in the east. The wise men, guided by the star of unusual brightness, reached Jerusalem. Here they lost sight of their celestial guide. Not knowing where to look for the baby, they went to King Herod saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

After the wise men had left the palace of King Herod, the star appeared again and went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. Thus they found the Baby Jesus.

The appearance of the Christmas star as a sign of the coming of Jesus Christ had been foretold by prophets many years before. The wise men, who were well versed in the language of the stars and in the predictions of the prophets, waited and watched for the appearance of the star.

With regard to the wonderful star, the Rev. Edmund J. Nuttall, Chief of the Astronomical Division of the Weather Bureau has this to say,

"The Star of Bethlehem is not legendary. It is an established fact. The Christmas star was a miraculous phenomenon. It was seen by the Magi only, put there by God to lead the Magi to Bethlehem."

• THE WONDERFUL ORGAN •

By FELICIDAD DANI *



Gift - Sr. Pambogin of

FATHER CRUZ looked long and carefully at the old church organ. He shook his head. He could not quite believe the tale that went with it. But the organ was there. The old stone church had been rebuilt three times. The organ had remained as good as new. The years had turned its deep, red color to almost black, but the birds and flowers which were carved on its two sides still looked very real. The beautiful, bright colors still clung to the wood. They were as fresh as ever. And the music that it gave, especially on Christmas mornings, was the sweetest that was ever heard. Indeed, every year, people came from all parts of the country to hear the old organ played.

Father Cruz smiled, then turning his eyes toward the image of the Son of God nailed on the cross, the smile died slowly on his lips. "God," he muttered, "one of God's wonders."

Benito was young. He was only fourteen years old. But in the whole town, no one could carve better than he. That was the only reason why the *alferez* had not turned him out into the streets. For, of all the slaves in the house, Benito was the most awkward and careless. When he washed dishes, he always broke either a plate or a saucer. When he waited at the table, he spilled the food on the guests' clothes. But he was most skillful with the knife. He could carve beautifully. That was what the guests of his master always said when they saw the furniture in the house. And his master was well pleased.

One evening, four days before Christmas, he was busy polishing the floor with banana leaves, when he heard a carriage stop in front of the house. The *alferez* had arrived. Behind him came four men who were carrying something heavy. It was wrapped in black, heavy cloth. They brought it to the sala, and then went away.

"Benito," called the *alferez*, as he uncovered it. "Do you know what this is? This is an organ for the church."

* Principal, Singalong Elementary School.



"An organ for the church?" murmured Benito to himself. To him, it looked like a small piano. He saw a piano once in the house of the *gobernadorcillo*.

"Stop staring at the organ, you stupid boy," cried the *alferez*. And he gave him a box on the ear. "See this picture? I want you to carve it on the two sides of this organ. Do you understand? Finish the work on Christmas Day."

When his master had left the room, Benito passed his hand lightly over the surface of the organ. How beautiful the wood was! It was deep red, and very hard and smooth. However, the two sides on which the picture was to be carved, were very white and soft. Benito wished he could begin the work right away. To carve that beautiful picture on that wonderful wood was better than washing dishes, polishing the floor, cleaning oily lamps, or fetching water from the well. And then, he was never whipped when he was carving.

But carving was slow work, especially when one carved beautifully.

Christmas Eve came. One side of the organ was finished. It was beautifully done. But the master had said that both sides should be finished by Christmas Eve. Benito bent his head lower over his work. He knew what the *alferez* would do to him. He took a look at the corner of the room where the rattan whip hang. It looked harmless, but Benito knew how much pain it could give. Once, while he was carrying a basin of water to his master's room, he slipped, and the basin fell on the floor. The master, greatly angered, took the whip and struck him with it. It fell on his back. For more than a month, he could not sleep on his back neither could he fetch water from the well without feeling as if all the bones on his back would break.

"Benito," called the *alferez* loudly. Benito turned very pale.

"Where is the organ? Have you finished it?"

Benito answered not a word.

The *alferez* approached the trembling boy and looked at the organ. Benito wished he could run away.

"Not finished!" thundered the *alferez*. "Not finished! Did I not tell you to finish it on Christmas Eve?"

He took the whip. He swung it over his head. Then it sang in the air. Benito tried to ward off the blow with his right hand. But when the whip struck his hand, he quickly drew it away—his whole body twisted with pain.

"Finish it tomorrow morning. Do you hear?" cried the *alferez*. "Finish it, or I'll break every bone in your body."

Benito sat back to work. It took him about four days to finish one side of the organ. How could he finish the other side in one night?

He felt weary, very weary. His right hand was black and swollen. He looked at it and then at the organ that must be finished by the next morning. He held the knife in both hands, and began to work.

(Please turn to page 325)

A Little Doll's Story

(A Christmas Story)

By Josefina V. Reyes



LITTLE girls say, "That is a pretty doll!" Their mothers say, "What a sweet doll!" And am I proud? Of course, I am proud . . . very, very proud. And, my little friends, do you know why I am pretty? It is because I am always happy. You don't know why I am always happy, do you? Well, I'll tell you my story . . . a very little story of a very little doll.

Long, long ago I lived in a little glass case in a big, big shop. Though I was there night after night and day after day, I was always happy. Little girls would peep at me with eyes that said something. Little boys who looked at Big Train beside me would give me smiles and would say, "When I grow bigger, I will buy Sister a doll like that." Once, I still remember, a little girl whispered to her mother, "Ma, isn't that a cute doll?" And her Ma whispered more softly, "Yes, dear, but we have no money for cute dolls today."

But one day a pretty little girl smiled at me. She had on a yellow dress and a big, yellow ribbon on her head. I looked at her, and, I think, I smiled, too. But suddenly her smile changed to something that was not a smile at all, and I heard her cry, "Papa, I want that doll. I want that doll." And she began to sob aloud. "Which one, my dear?" asked a big voice. "There, don't cry, darling, Papa will buy it for you." And soon I heard the sound of keys. Then somebody took me out and covered me with a green something all over my face,

my hands, my feet, and every part of my body. Then two little hands took me very, very gently.

When the cover was taken off my eyes I found myself in a big, nice house. And the little girl with the yellow ribbon was again smiling at me. "You are mine now, little doll. And nobody can take you away from me—not even my cruel, cruel Aunty." Then she took me in her arms and kissed me gently on the hair. I was very, very happy as many, many days passed by. Emma, that was the pretty little girl's name, made for me a very pretty red dress and a red bonnet. "Oh, Dolly," she said, "your dress is as red as your cheeks." And I felt as if my cheeks grew redder than ever.

One day Emma's Papa brought home many, many boxes. He gave them all to Emma, and Emma gave him a big kiss on the head. Then she put me on top of the boxes and carried all of us to the garden. There I saw something very, very nice. Emma called it "Christmas tree." Oh, it had many different lights and . . . it was wonderful. Emma opened all of the boxes, and I saw that she was very happy. Soon she took me and said, "There, Dolly, I have many, many toys. But I love you best, my darling." And she kissed me again. Then she looked up, and I saw that something surprised her. There was a little girl at the door. She had no shoes and her dress was not pretty, but she was smiling. Emma took her by the hand and said, "Why don't you come in, little girl? I have many, many toys and a Christmas tree there. Come, let us play." "Oh, no," said the girl. "I . . . I am poor. Your father . . ." "No, no, Papa is very good. Come, I will give you some chocolates, too." "Oh, no, thank you. Will you . . . will you just let me kiss your doll?" "Kiss? Kiss my doll?" Then she walked slowly back to me and took me in her arms. She kissed me again and again until I felt something wet on my head. She gave me to the girl and said, "There, take her, she is yours now." "You mean . . . she is . . ." "Yes, yours,

My Mother



— I —

She laughs with me when I succeed
In any work be small or big—
She sings with me when I'm glad,
Yet, she weeps more when I feel sad.

— II —

She keeps me watch both day and night—
She teaches me to do things right,
She makes me work, yet, lets me play
To keep me happy all the day.

— III —

When all friends turn away from me—
She stays to keep me company.
She is an angel from above—
My mother dear so full of love.

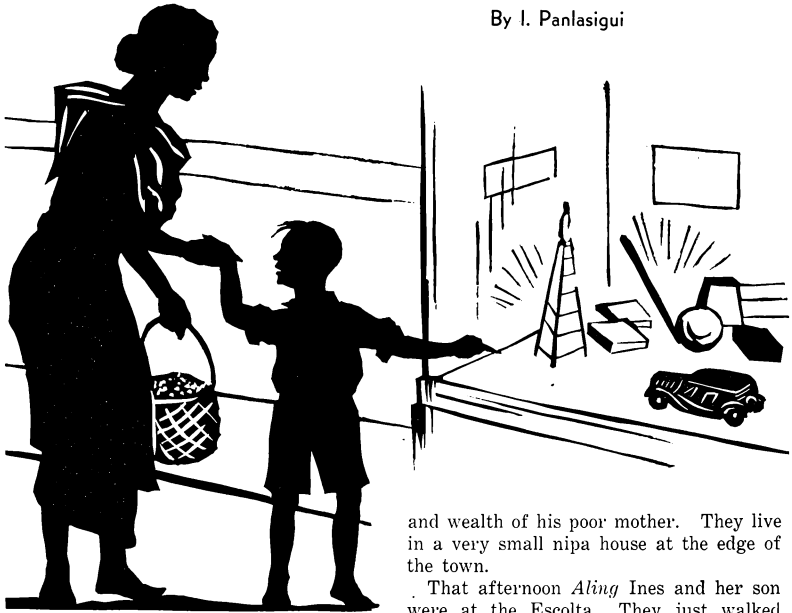
LULU DE LA PAZ
E. Jacinto Elem. School

Papa will buy me another doll. But, please, love her." The girl was crying when she answered, "Thank you, thank you. I . . . I will love her . . . very, very much, because . . . because, you know she is my only Christmas gift."

And she did. So you see why I am very, very happy . . . and pretty?

• RUFO'S CHRISTMAS GIFT •

By I. Panlasigui



IT was afternoon of December 24, 1934. Everybody in town, as was the custom, was busy preparing for the Christmas Eve when there would be a great rejoicing—music, dancing, singing, eating, and the midnight mass.

That afternoon *Aling Ines* and her little son, *Rufo*, like the other people of the town, were at the *Escolta*. She was not buying anything in particular for Christmas but she just felt that she should also go where people were going that afternoon.

Aling Ines is a widow. She earns a living for her and her son by washing. Most of her washing comes from *Mrs. Cruz*. She does not earn much; more often she earns so little that sometimes she and her son do not have enough to eat. Her son, *Rufo*, is only about seven years old, and being the only child of course, he is the whole comfort

and wealth of his poor mother. They live in a very small *nipa* house at the edge of the town.

That afternoon *Aling Ines* and her son were at the *Escolta*. They just walked around and looked at the many beautiful things on the show-windows; things that would make anybody happy—toys, candies, shoes, hats, etc. *Rufo* was delighted to see those things. He had been waiting for a long time for the prize that his mother had long ago promised to give him if he would be a good and an obedient boy. *Rufo* was very glad indeed for soon he was going to have the prize. *Aling Ines*, however, was sad in the midst of rejoicing because she knew that she could not buy a toy or anything for her son's prize.

"Mother, do you remember you promised to give me a toy for Christmas if I would be good and obedient?" asked *Rufo* of his mother. "Many times you told me I am a very obedient boy. Tomorrow is Christmas. Why don't you buy me the toy which you promised me?"

"Well, we shall just look around yet," answered *Aling Ines* in the hope that something might happen. She had no money to buy her son a toy but she did not have enough courage to tell him so. They walked on and looked around at the different good things for Christmas, things that only those who have money can have. *Aling Ines* did not care for anything for herself; she only wished she could afford even a ten-centavo toy at a Japanese store for her son. But she could not. She and her son walked on and looked around. Finally *Rufo* saw one little toy that attracted his fancy. It was a little automobile.

"Mother, there is the toy that I like," he said. "Let us go in, mother, and buy it."

Aling Ines looked at the toy. It was marked "30 centavos." But she had only thirty centavos for their supper that Christmas Eve. She did not even know where she would get their meals for the next day—Christmas day.

"No, *Rufo*. I am afraid we cannot buy that, nor any other toy because I have money just enough to buy our supper to-

night," finally *Aling Ines* told her boy. She did not want her boy to hope any longer for a toy which she already knew she could not give.

"But, mother, you promised me?" said *Rufo*.

"I know I did, son," agreed her mother. "You have been very obedient and good, but I am afraid you have to go through this Christmas without any toy."

"But, why, mother?" asked *Rufo*.

"Because we have no money," answered *Aling Ines*.

Rufo was going to cry, but he did not. Although he was yet very young he had already learned that when his mother said there was no money, nothing more could be done. Sometimes they have to go to bed without supper because there was no money. *Rufo* already learned the lesson to insist no more for what he wanted when there was no money.

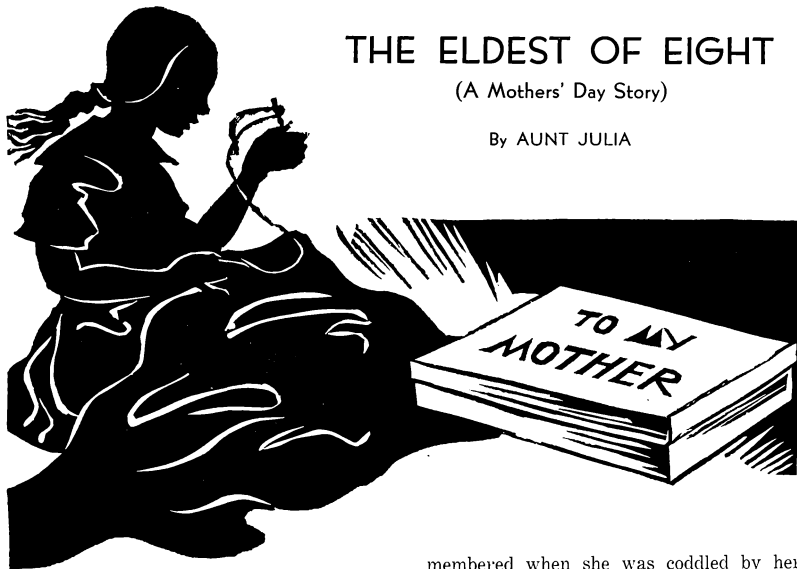
(Please turn to page 324)



THE ELDEST OF EIGHT

(A Mothers' Day Story)

By AUNT JULIA



SIONING had never been separated from her mother. The oldest of eight children, she did most of the work in the house. Although she went to school, she had no time to prepare her lessons. Very early in the morning when she enjoyed her sleep most, her mother, *Aling Sion*, would be heard saying,

"Sioning, do you suppose it is still midnight?" Uttered in a stern tone, this rebuke always startled Sioning.

Sioning would get up to prepare the breakfast. While her younger sister set the table, she spread the clothes on the grass to bleach. She had hardly eaten her breakfast when she would find it was time to go to school. When she arrived home in the afternoon, she had to clean the house, cook the supper, wash the little boys and girls who were as dirty as kittens after a day's romp.

She had no time for herself, no time for play, no time for friends. She never re-

membered when she was coddled by her mother or petted by her father. How could she have the chance to be petted when babies came every year?

At school every holiday was observed. Children read stories and poems about Thanksgiving Day. They were enjoined by teachers to be thankful to God for His innumerable blessings. Sioning wondered for what she should be thankful. There was no Sunday for her, no Thanksgiving Day, every day was one of drudgery.

Mothers' Day was to come about a week after Thanksgiving Day. Programs were being prepared to celebrate the day. The girls in Sioning's class were embroidering handkerchiefs and making household linen for their mothers. Sioning wanted to make something only because it was the fad. She could not get any money from her mother without an explanation about the object of expense. Besides, she honestly could not see any particular reason why she should give her mother a gift. Didn't she work at home as no other girl in her class did?

(Please turn to page 324)



Chapter Nine

THE NEW HOME

“THAT is your new home.” The lady whispered in her gentle and silvery voice as the big car started to ascend a steep drive.

Tonio looked in the direction the lady pointed.

“That?” He gasped as he saw a large and massive concrete building snugly perched on the top of a high knoll. Huge mango trees stood on either side forming a fitting frame for it as it presented a beautiful picture to the gazer.

“I seem to have seen that somewhere.” Tonio murmured. “It looks like one of those houses in front of the big hospital.”

The boy walked as if in a trance when he was led to a back room on the first floor. The couple gave directions to a maid about helping Tonio with his things. He thought he was dreaming when the lady said,

“This is your own room. Ask the maid for whatever you need. She will also instruct you about your work tomorrow.”

“Yes, Madam.” And then, as if he could not contain his joy anymore, he said in a voice that trembled with emotion, “How kind you are! God will repay you for your goodness. May He teach me how to serve you, Madam and . . . and . . . Sir.”

“My husband’s first name is like yours. Call him Mr. del Valle. Yours is Ramos,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Peña
•

isn’t it?”

“Yes, Mrs. del Valle, but everybody calls me Tonio.”

“We shall call you Tonio. You see, I call Mr. del Valle Tony.”

“All right, Tonio, you need rest.” Mr. del Valle interrupted. “Eat your supper and go to bed.” And he led his wife out.

Once alone, Tonio fell on his knees and uttered a fervent prayer of thanks. There was just one more wish to be fulfilled—his Lolo’s recovery. His happiness would be complete then. He lay awake long after the other people in the house had retired. Silence reigned over the place. Only the occasional call of the gecko could be heard. How different it was from his old home. There the loud talking and boisterous laughter of street boys lasted far into the night. He was happy over the change, but he missed the soft lapping of the wavelets on the beach which had lulled him to sleep.

In the morning, he was taken to the grounds by the maid. He was to feed the chickens and tend the pigeons, water the plants, and help with the cleaning of the car. He determined to perform his work promptly and thoroughly and to give the generous couple no cause for complaint. He had hoped that he might be assigned to the cleaning of the rooms so that he could be at hand whenever Mrs. del Valle needed help.

Tonio enjoyed his work more and more as days passed. He could not tell which he liked better, the garden or the chicken yard. He attended to the chickens first of

all. He fed the big ones corn and palay. For the chicks, he mixed ground rice, chopped dried fish, and finely cut up greens. He was careful about changing their drinking water daily.

But the pigeons were more interesting to him. He learned from the manager of the grounds that the stock increased rapidly because the place was quiet.

"They are sensitive creatures," the man said. "They want peace and harmony about them. When the people in the house often quarrel or are noisy, the pigeons move to another home."

"How do they find a new home?" asked Tonio in great wonder.

"They seem to communicate with other pigeons they meet. Often a pair of discontented pigeons follow their friends to the latter's home. The owner gets a pleasant surprise by finding one morning that his stock has grown."

"The pigeons have very interesting habits, the man continued. "The male pigeon is a model husband. He is always true and affectionate. And he demonstrates his affection in many ways!"

"Please tell me more about them," Tonio begged.

"No, you will enjoy better if you observe them."

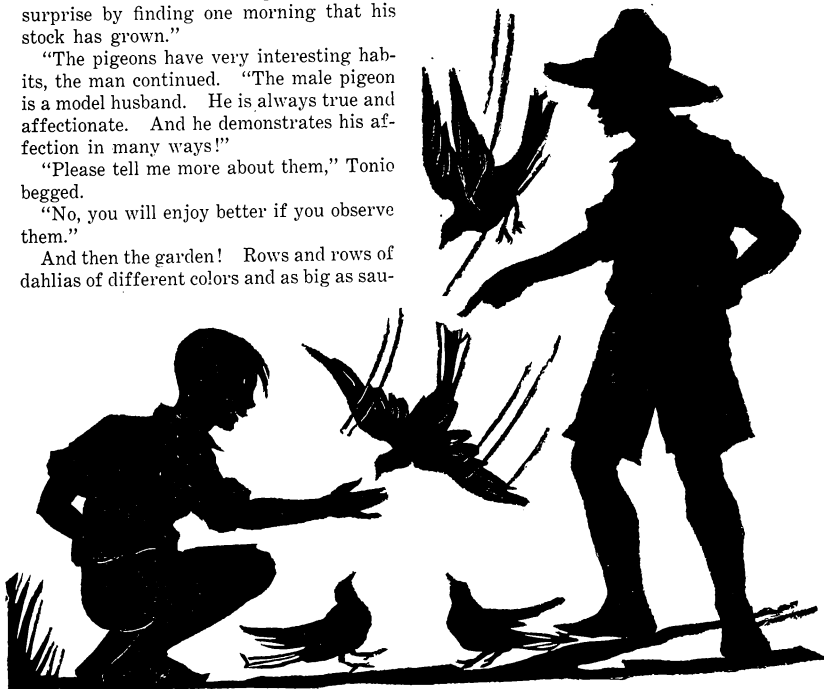
And then the garden! Rows and rows of dahlias of different colors and as big as sau-

cers, hundreds of roses in big vats, and plots of azucena made the garden a beautiful sight. It was there where he awaited the break of day. If the sunset in the sea in his old home was gorgeous, the sunrise on the hill of his new home was glorious.

The bracing air and mild morning sunshine filled Tonio with vigor and a desire to plunge to work at once. Even the sky on a starry night seemed different. It looked much vaster and the stars brighter.

Tonio was very happy. He never had dreamed of so beautiful a life. When after two weeks his Lolo was brought home his joy knew no bounds. He wanted to do something wonderful for Mr. and Mrs. del Valle but succeeded in merely hugging their favorite dog.

(Please turn to page 317)



AN UNEXPECTED CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Antonio C. Muñoz

IT was Christmas eve. The parlor of a big house was well lighted. In the center stood a Christmas tree beautifully decorated. Toys of all sorts hung from its branches. Around the tree was a group of children. Each one was busy selecting the toy which soon would be given to him by the kind-hearted hostess. Seated near the sides of the parlor were older people, the parents of the children whom Miss Reyes, the principal teacher, had invited to the entertainment.

On the street in front of this house there was a small crowd looking at what was going on inside. A little boy was among that crowd. His whole attention was on the Christmas tree and the children around it.

Not even once did his eyes turn from that happy company inside.

At last he muttered to himself, "Oh, if I only had enough!" Then with a sigh he turned around and left the place.

An old gentleman in the crowd outside noticed the boy's eagerness to be one of the happy children inside. He knew how that poor boy felt and he wanted to do something for him. He followed the boy and when he overtook him, he asked, "Where are you going, little boy?"

"Home" was the only answer.

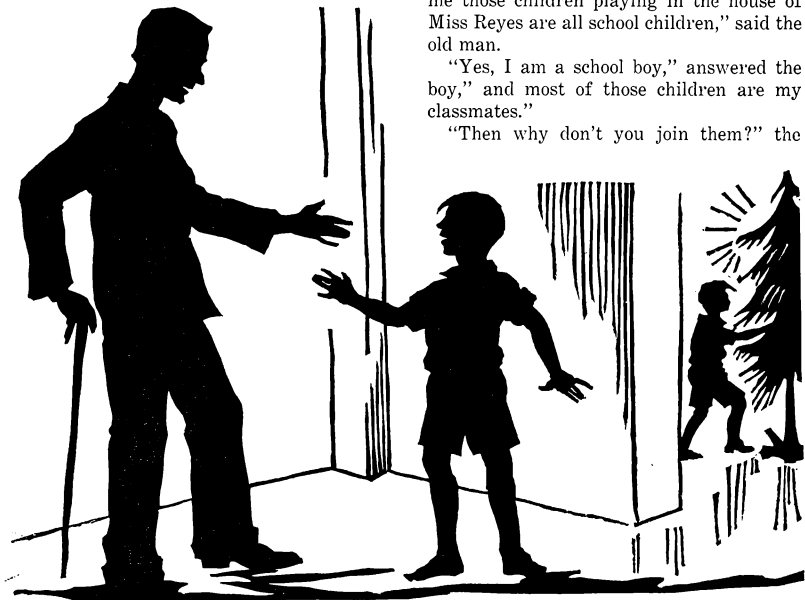
"Don't you wish to join those happy children inside?" he asked again.

"With all my heart, I wish I were with them," the boy replied.

"Aren't you a school boy? It seems to me those children playing in the house of Miss Reyes are all school children," said the old man.

"Yes, I am a school boy," answered the boy, "and most of those children are my classmates."

"Then why don't you join them?" the



old man asked again.

"Oh, you see, I simply didn't have enough, the boy told him.

"I've heard you twice saying that you didn't have enough. What do you mean by that?" the old man was now interested.

"Miss Reyes, our principal teacher," said the boy, "told us on the first day of December that beginning that day we should all save whatever amount of money came into our hands for a Christmas uniform. She told us to report to her on December 20th so that we could all go with her and buy the materials together. 'We shall have a party at home for all A-1 children on Christmas eve,' she said, 'but all must wear uniforms. After the party, each one will receive a gift. Do not tell your parents about this for I will invite them and give them a surprise. Remember, the money for the uniforms must be earned by you.'

"There are twenty-four A-1 children in our school and I am one," the boy went on with his story. "We all worked very hard in order to be able to attend the party and to receive a gift. We sold vegetables, fetched water, gathered fuel and sold it, polished shoes, ran errands, and did many other things just to be able to earn enough and through our efforts, each one of us earned a little more than the amount needed for the uniform."

"Unfortunately, my father fell ill on the day I was to report to Miss Reyes with my money. We had no money at home except the little amount I had for my uniform. My father needed medicine. All my mother could do was to sit down and cry. I could not bear to see my father suffering and my mother crying. At last I put into my

mother's hand all that I had. My mother was, of course, surprised for she did not know anything about our plan. I told her everything. She wanted to return the money to me for she said she would just borrow some from a friend. I told her that father needed the medicine very much and he should not suffer any longer. With tears rolling down her cheeks she kissed me and said, 'Joe, you are a good son. I am proud of you.'

"She gave me the remainder but it wasn't enough for the materials of the uniform. Now, you see, I simply didn't have enough, but I am glad, very glad because my father is now well," he concluded.

"This is my house, sir," the boy said pointing to a small nipa house. "Won't you drop in?"

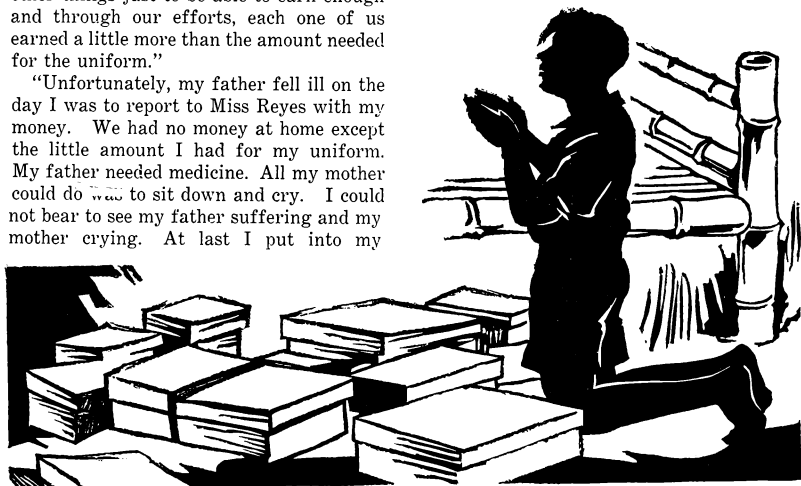
"No, thank you," replied the gentleman. "I have engagements tonight. By the way, what is your name?"

"My name is Jose Dizon but everyone calls me Joe," answered the boy.

"Good night Joe, I wish you a happy Christmas," said the old gentleman.

Before Joe could return the greeting, the old man was quite too far to hear him.

(Please turn to page 323)



SAFETY SECTION

LIMBAS

By MARIANO PASCUAL *

THEY called it the "limbas." It was truly a beautiful little thing. It could fly in the sky and turn this way and that and up and down like any living bird. Of course it was not a bird. It was only a kite. But this kite was like a living bird because it could swoop down and tear another kite as easily as a hawk or an eagle swoop down upon a chicken. That is why it was called the "limbas."

Perto loved the "limbas." His uncle made it for him one Saturday afternoon in November. In November, the days and the nights are cold and the wind is good for flying kites. When the kite was finished, Perto went to the beach and flew his kite there. It was not yet called the "limbas." There were many other boys in the beach flying kites. Some of their kites were red; some yellow; some were green. Perto's kite was white with two little red wings flapping in the air. It flew up and up and up and seemed to say, "See how well I can fly!"

There was a green kite flying near Perto's kite. The green kite looked at Perto's kite and said, "I can fight you, white kite. I can fight you!"

Perto's kite shook in the wind with laughter. "Ha! ha! ha!" it laughed. "I laugh at you, green kite. Come and fight me. I laugh at you!"

And so the two kites fought. The green kite snapped his teeth at the white kite's tail. But the white kite jumped away and swooped down upon the green kite. The white kite caught the green one on the face and bit him until his face was torn all over.

When Perto's kite went down the boys in the beach crowded round it.

"What a beautiful kite!" said one. "It fights like the 'limbas'."

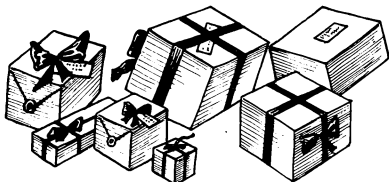
And so it was called the "limbas."

(Please turn to page 315)

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

By JOSE FELICIANO *

CHRISTMAS is here again to gladden our hearts. What child does not look forward to the coming of this day? And what grown person is not carried away by the spirit of Christmas? Old and young, rich and poor, join in the observance of this holiday, the happiest of all the year. People wish one another peace, happiness, and prosperity. From everyone's lips comes joyously, "I wish you a merry Christmas."



Why do you think the Christmas season so full of joy for every one? There seems to be only one answer: we give with all our heart and we wish others all the blessings from above. Yes, we believe in the old, old saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Of course, it is not all giving, for we also receive something—not necessarily in return for what we have given. No, indeed. If we remember our friends, they too remember us. If we give something out of the goodness of our heart, others do the same. Kindness begets kindness.

Now I should like to remind you of something you should not fail to do when Christmas comes around and even afterwards. You, who are fortunate enough to have a good home, loving family and friends, and comforts of life, must not forget your less fortunate brothers. Young as you are, you know that there are people who have not even the bare necessities of life. They are not to blame for not having enough to live comfortably. Perhaps misfortunes have befallen them one after another. Perhaps they have lost their piece of land, or their employment. We cannot exactly tell why

(Please turn to page 316)

* Assistant Principal, Tondo Elementary School.

* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.

Our Nation's Heroes—

EMILIO JACINTO

By EULOGIO B. RODRIGUEZ*

BEFORE the outbreak of the Philippine Revolution Emilio Jacinto was taking up the preparatory law course in the University of Santo Tomas. This was in 1894 and he was then 19 years old. He also joined the Katipunan in the same year.

As a student Emilio Jacinto worked hard in preparing his lessons. He had not been only studying his lessons thoroughly but he likewise read much other books that were not included in his course of study.

During the time of Emilio Jacinto, Filipino students especially in the higher grades had to meet a handicap and a responsibility in life. On the one hand, they should not be too liberal in their ideas because they might be accused of criticising the government. On the other hand a Filipino student was looked upon by the people as their adviser or community leader. They came to him to be enlightened on any subject from astronomy to government.

Jacinto took an active part in defending the common man against wrongs they suffered from the hands of some abusive officials of the government. At that comparatively early age his was a delicate responsibility. This forged his character into one of iron will.

At times he would go along the shore of the Luneta to read before his trusted friend his plan or the principle that should guide his people in the contemplated revolution that might take, and in fact took, place at any time. The Luneta's shore was a safe place as any Spanish official who might come at any moment could be seen at once and the compromising papers could either be buried in the sand or thrown into the bay. Jacinto also believed that if a revolution had to be started it must be started

by the common man and not the wealthy or the intelligent class. But the common man must have a leader prepared to guide the revolution wisely so that it would not be a mere bloody affair rather it must be one based upon the principle of human liberty.

For the guidance of the Katipunan he prepared the "Primer" and promulgated rules for its ceremonies and rites. He also wrote propaganda articles on such subjects as light and darkness, light and glitter, liberty, equality of men, love, the people and the government, false belief, and work. In his teachings to his people he emphasized the fact that they must first strive hard to deserve liberty before winning it.

"Work," he said, "is a gift to humanity, because it awakens and gives vigor to intellectual power, will, and body which are indispensable for progress in life. . . He who toils keeps away from a life of disorderly and bad habits and boredom, finds diversion in labor, and becomes strong, prosperous, and cheerful. . . How much truth is there in what our Baltazar has sung in his verses 'Those who grow up 'midst the revelries of wealth, are devoid of judgment and kindness and lacking in counsel'. (Ang laki sa layaw karaniwa'y hubad, sa bait at muni't sa hatol ay salat.)"

Again, he wrote, "The life that is not consecrated to a lofty and reasonable purpose is a tree without shade, if not a poisonous weed. . . The honorable man prefers honor to personal gain, the scoundrel, gain to honor."

Of light and glitter he said: "Treason and perversity seek glitter in order to conceal their falseness from the eyes of the spectator; but honesty and sincere love go naked and allow themselves to be seen confidently by the light of the day."

* Assistant Director, National Library of the Philippines.



Pictorial of the Celebration of
the First National Girl's Week

Emilio Jacinto Elementary School

Presiding over the festivities: Filipinas, center; Minerva (Goddess of Wisdom) on her right; and Vesta (Goddess of the Home) on her left.

Filipinas Gloria Samson
Minerva Remedios Ramos
Vesta Preciosa Irma Pineda

Below are prize winners in the different phases of school work. The prizes are awarded by the Jacinto Mothers' League.

On the right: Corazon Handog, Ideal School Girl and best cook



On the left: Fernanda Salonga, Healthiest



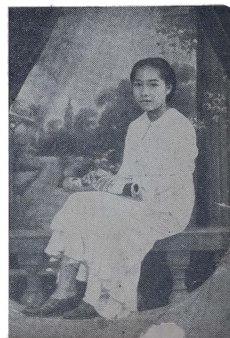
Below: Libertad Donato, most lady-like in department



Adelia B. Fugoso. She excels in academic subjects



Teofila Avelido Skilled in needlework



JOSE RIZAL—His Last Hours

By Dr. Frank C. Laubach

ON November 8, 1896, Jose Rizal, heavily guarded, was locked in Fort Santiago prison. His brother Paciano, was seized and tortured with a screw twisted into his left hand, while a pen was thrust into his right hand to make him sign a statement that his brother was connected with the Katipunan. Paciano would not sign. The torture was continued until he fainted. The next day he was tortured again until he began to act insane. But he had not signed anything. What courage flowed in the Rizal veins, in father, in mother, in sons, and daughters!

Then as always Rizal was against revolution, and on December 15 he wrote from prison to his countrymen to tell them that he had never had anything to do with these uprisings, and that he had tried to stifle the rebellion. "I am most anxious for the liberties of our country * * * but I place as a prior condition the education of the people, that by means of instruction and industry our country may have an individuality of its own and make itself worthy of these liberties. I have recommended in my writings the study of the civic virtues, without which there is no redemption * * * I condemn this uprising * * * Return then to your homes, and may God pardon those that have wrought in bad faith." Still cherishing the hope in Education which he had described in one of his early poems! To the very end, as Retana declares, "a convinced pacifist."

With his elbows drawn back with cords so that they nearly touched, he was brought before the court martial. In that position of torture he listened to the drawn-out readings of excerpts from his writings, which were produced to prove that his pen had really caused the Katipunan. The Christmas holidays interrupted the Court. Rizal spent his final Christmas eve composing his



"Last Farewell" which he wrote out while sitting in the Fort Santiago chapel. On December 29th, the court reconvened and pronounced the sentence: guilty of treason; death by shooting in the back in twenty-four hours.

Jose Rizal's mother and sisters came to say a last farewell. Wonderful mother, who had nerved her son to be true to his vision all his life! She was not allowed to kiss him farewell, lest she might give him poison and so cheat the spectators the next morning! He asked permission to give his sister Trinidad a little lamp which had been a gift of a friend in Europe, and was unlike lamps in the Philippines. As he gave it to her he said in English, which the guard did not understand, "There is something inside."

When his mother and sisters reached home, they hastily pushed a little ball of paper out of the lamp, opened it, and on that paper, stained with alcohol from the lamp, they read—his mother herself could see it!

(Please turn to page 321)

INTERESTING PLACES

A CAVE

By JOSE FELICIANO *



IN the mountain fastness of Sibul, a well-known health resort of Bulacan, there is a cave which has ever attracted sight-seers from far and near. "Renacimiento" the people call it. Some day you may chance to find yourself at Sibul, and like many of those who have been there, you too may want to see this cave.

I shall try to picture this cave to you. Once more I see it in my mind's eye. Standing before it, with several companions, I see nothing particularly strik-

ing on the outside. Before us is a huge rock overgrown with plants, mostly vines. At the bottom of this rock is a narrow opening, which, we are told, is the mouth of the cave. Hanging over this opening are small projections of rock, which look very decorative. At the mouth of the cave we find heaps of ashes, evidently the remains of fires built by those who have entered the cave before us. Those fires have lighted their way into the darkness.

In order to get inside the cave, one has to bend low, nay, almost crawl. My companions and I need not build a fire, for we have a powerful flashlight. Slowly and carefully we make our way into the cave. Inside, we see but a faint light, which comes from the entrance. Suddenly we hear the flutter of many wings! What is the meaning of this? We have intruded upon the sleeping inhabitants of this gloomy hollow of the earth. They are the bats.

Aided by our flashlight, we now begin to explore the place. How fearfully fantastic it looks! We move about slowly, for the ground we walk on is cut up with sharp-edged stones, and the top of the cave is most irregular. Near the entrance, the air is damp and cool; but as we descend into the bottom the air becomes drier and warmer. We dare not venture to reach the very bottom, for we know not what awaits us there. Fear begins to fill our hearts. So we hurry back to the sunlight and the open air.

I know it will be long before the picture of this cave fades away from my memory.

* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.

MELINDA

(Continuation)

A Story

By Antonio Muñoz

On the third day she went to visit the place. On the mound stood a beautiful tree. The fruits were of different shapes, sizes, and colors. As the branches swayed to and fro, sweet melodies passed through the leaves.

Melinda was happy, very happy. She picked a fruit and opened it. It contained a pretty dress. She opened another. There was a pair of shoes inside. Every fruit contained something very pretty and very useful. There were a coach, a pair of white horses, and many other useful things. The objects were small while they were inside but when she drew them out, they became large. When she had seen them all she carefully put each one back into its place.

Just before she left the place, she leaped to a stone in the brook. As she looked down to see if

the fish was there, something struck her forehead. She looked at her reflection in the water. A bright star shone on her forehead. Hastily she went home for she was afraid.

Her step-mother looked at her and gazed at the beautiful star on her forehead. She tried to remove it. She even went as far as scraping it with a knife. At last she thrust the pointed end of the knife into the skin and tried to dig the star out. It was vain for it did not move. When she found out that she could not remove it, she got more soot from the stove and smeared Melinda's forehead until the star was completely hidden from view. Not until then was she relieved.

"How did you happen to get that star?" she asked. Melinda told her the truth.

(Please turn to page 319)

THE GREAT BELL OF PEKING

(Retold by Elisabeth Latsch)

(Continued from the October issue)

NOW Kuan-yu called upon the Emperor to receive the command to cast the Great Bell of Peking. But he felt all the more distressed after the audience with his Celestial August. He must make the bell: there was no longer any way out. Kuan-yu began to labor day and night. From the wise men who were able to read the great and wonderful books, Kuan-yu learned about the art of casting bells. He traveled far and near to the craftsmen in the art: he must see and hear more about engraving, about embossing and about inlaying the metals to be used for the bell. But such a large bell had never yet been cast in all China. And to Kuan-yu's dismay he realized that he could never become a master in such a great task.

An immense factory was built where hundreds of workmen were busied with precious metals. There were silver and gold in abundance: yellow brass, red copper and bright tin were piled up everywhere. Kuan-yu, too, was everywhere. He watched here and he directed there. He gave the orders for making the mold: the mixing of the metals; and the drawing of the pattern. But the more work his men turned out, the heavier grew Kuan-yu's heart. "How could he know the little and important thing; about casting bells? He a cannon molder! Min Ling, had done him no friendly turn, to recommend Kuan-yu, the cannon molder as the most skillful master in the art of bell making." Gradually, Kuan-yu lost hope altogether. He could not sleep. He could not eat. He worried and worried throughout his work, day and night. Even the fragrant tea of China no longer brought a look of cheer to his face. "If only my bell were finished and as well rounded as this small cup here before me!"

EMILIO JACINTO

(Continued from page 309)

As we all know Jacinto was the brain of the Kapitunan. He was the son of Mariano Jacinto, a bookkeeper by profession, and Josefa Dizon, an intelligent midwife, residents of the barrio of Trozo. He was baptized at the age of three days at the Biondo church on December 18, 1875. He breathed his last on April 16, 1899, at Majajay, Laguna.

In the meantime, Ko-ai, the daughter of Kuan-yu sat in the garden embroidering her wedding gown. She was to be married to the son of Min Ling. The design on her gown was the peach blossom, from the tree which brings long life and good fortune to young brides. Ko-ai was very, very happy and sensed nothing of her father's great sorrow. Softly, very softly she sang to herself an old, old song:

"Peach blossom after rain
Is deeper red;
The willow fresher green:
Twittering overhead:
And fallen petals lie wind-blown,
Unswept upon the courtyard stone."

As she went on embroidering the branches of pine trees took shape upon the cloth: for the pine tree was the sign of happy marriage. And remembering that the perfume of the plum blossom was the nightingale's voice turned to music, Ko-ai carefully selected and stitched its design and colors on her robe. Last of all, she added the King of Flowers, the royal peony. As she shaded its hues of white, cream and crimson, a smile spread over her face and softly she spoke aloud, "Is he whom I am to wed, not more to me than a king? It is for him I place the petals of the peony upon the hem of the gown." And once more her voice drifted into a song from "The Book of Jade":

"The earth has drunk the snow,
and now the plum trees are blossoming once more.
"The willow leaves are like new gold:
the lake is molten silver.
"It is the hour
when sulphur laden butterflies
rest their velvet heads upon the flowers."

as a result of the bullet wound in his thigh which he received while in command of the Northern army. Thus passed the man the keystone of whose doctrine was to work and to labor, giving the noblest and best that was in him for the revolution, or for a change for a better government in order to give the common man—the average Filipino—a chance to rise without interruption, through his labor and industry.

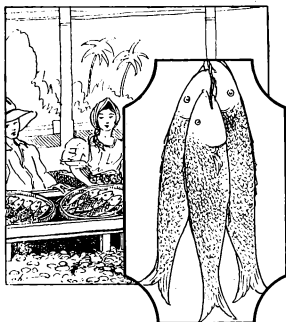
The Anchovies or Dilis

Aunt Julia's True Stories

IN towns far from the sea, people seldom eat or see fresh fish. They get fish in a preserved state, that is, as dried fish, smoked, or pickled. If you walk through the fish section of the markets in such towns you will find big basketfuls of dried fish. And you will not miss the dried anchovies or *dilis*. The dried form seems to be more popular than the fresh fish. It is growing in popularity because it is now generally known that *dilis* contains plenty of calcium, a mineral which our bodies use in building bones and teeth and in strengthening the lungs.

The humble *dilis* can be prepared in many ways. It can be preserved in oil just like sardines or it can be pickled. In whatever state it is eaten, it maintains its high food value.


Dilis is cheap whether fresh or dried. When dried, it is sold by the liter or by the ganta. When fresh,



dilis is a delicate, little, silvery fish with a silvery band along the side. The different kinds of *dilis* come in great schools. A swarm of large group of fish is called a school.

Cheap and common as *dilis* is, you should develop a liking for it. Including *dilis* in your meal often will make your body strong enough to fight tuberculosis and other diseases.





Carnation Milk

I drink each day
Before I go to
School or play

It keeps me well and
tastes so
good



If you don't drink it-
well, you should!

AT ALL DEALERS

Carnation

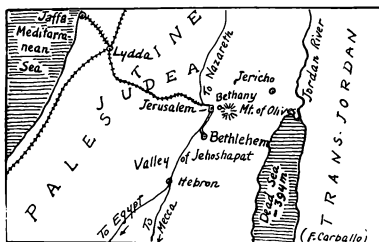
Evaporated Milk

FREE
PREMIUMS

WRITE TO P. C. C.
MANILA FOR NEW
PREMIUM CATALOG

WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO *



BETHLEHEM
And Its Surroundings

A CHRISTMAS DAY approaches, the minds and hearts of Christians all over the world are turned to that mysterious town of Bethlehem in Palestine where Jesus Christ was born about one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five years ago. During that time, Palestine was a Roman province when Augustus Caesar was emperor and the local king was Herod.

Bethlehem is from the Hebrew *Beit Lahm* which means 'house of bread.' This name has been appropriately given to the place for Bethlehem was and still is the wheat granary of the surrounding country due to the fertility of its soil.

There are about six thousand inhabitants in Bethlehem, consisting of Christians, Moslems, and Jews. In the town proper some men are engaged in carving pearl shells for various decorative purposes and the women produce beautiful embroideries. In the suburbs, most of the people are occupied in wheat and barley raising, sheep herding, and tending vineyards olive and pomegranate orchards.

Most of the houses are built of rough-hewn stones and are plastered to give the walls an appearance of solidity. The roofs are flat and these serve as roof gardens where members of the family gather to enjoy the cool Judean air during the summer evenings. The one-storeyed houses, in general appearance resemble those found in the Batanes Islands with the difference that the roofs of the latter are covered with grass thatching.

Most streets are narrow and winding, and people go about on foot or ride on the backs of donkeys or camels. Products for local consumption are still brought in by camel caravans.

Water for domestic use is secured from wells, cisterns, and tanks which collect water during the rainy season. The community well, however, is an important social center for here the townspeople meet to get water, and while waiting for their turns, they exchange the latest news of the day. Travelers water their animals here also.

Everything, however, is not antiquated in Judea, for with the com-

ing of the British, under whose mandate the Holy Land is governed, institutions and implements of western civilization, such as improved roads, schools, hospitals, automobiles, sewing machines, electricity, and the like, have been introduced in the country. Pilgrims may now visit Bethlehem leisurely in automobiles and autobuses which run the ten-kilometer distance from Jerusalem in short time. With these innovations however, most of the Bethlehemites still cling to the modes of dress and traditions of their forefathers.

The chief center of interest in Bethlehem is, of course, the Church of the Nativity which is built on the spot claimed to be the place of the stable where Jesus was born in a manger. Here thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world gather to worship, visit the places connected with the Nativity and the life of Christ, and take home with them souvenirs of the Holy Land.

Bethlehem is sometimes called the City of David for it was also the birthplace of that shepherd king who killed the boastful giant Goliath of the Philistines and wrote the beautiful psalms found in the Old Testament. Christ descended from David's line, and the prophets foretold his birth and his acclamation by the world as The King of Kings and the Saviour of Mankind. The light of His teachings have affected the lives of all Christendom, and we of the first Commonwealth of the Far East are now sharing that light which first shone on the first Christmas Day in Bethlehem.

* Formerly Principal, Intranuros Intermediate School.

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

(Continued from page 308)

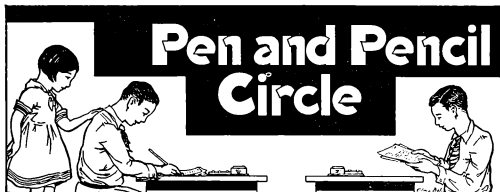
they have become so poor, but they must be remembered and aided.

On Christmas morning a beggar may knock at your door. He is

cold, tired, and hungry. Perhaps he has not had a good meal for many a day. A piece of bread may satisfy hunger, but it can hardly be enough for one meal. Then, for our dear Lord's sake, don't turn

him out into the streets. He comes to you because you have something to give away, and he has nothing. He would not come to you begging unless he is in great need.

(Please turn to page 328)



Francisca San Jose of Baiz, Negros Oriental and Preciosa Irma Pineda of Jacinto Elementary School of Manila.

Agustina Gayo of Tanjay Elementary School and Nora Cruz of Rizal Elementary School, Manila.

Dear Aunt Alma.

I am Agustina Gayo. I am in grade four. I am fond of reading magazines including "The Young Citizen."

I should like to make friends with another girl in grade four.

AGUSTINA GAYO
Tanjay Elem. School
Tanjay, Neg. Oriental

Dear Agustina,

I gave your letter to Nora Cruz, another reader of the "Young Citizen." She promised to answer your letter. Have you heard from her?

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am going to tell you something about the Unit II Athletic Meet.

On October 4 the meet began. The towns that were represented were Tanjay, Sibulan, Ayuguitan, Dumaguete, Luzuriaga, Zamboan-

guita, Dauin, Siaton, Bacong and Tolong. Before the games began there was a parade which was preceded by the town band. The districts that took part in the parade were Tanjay, Dumaguete, Zamboanguita and Tolong. It was a very attractive parade. The uniforms of the athletes captured the attention and admiration of the people. The best group was the Tanjay group. The town people were surprised to see the girls' uniforms. In the history of this town they have never seen girls parading the streets in shorts. Our girls were neat-looking and businesslike in their new uniforms. After the parade it was thought that our athletes would not have any chance to win because they were younger and smaller as compared with those of the other groups of athletes. The first game played was baseball. Pres. C. Limbaga of Tanjay pitched the first ball. When the ball was pitched the crowd shouted and clapped their hands. Cenon Aguilar of our team was the star pitcher. His balls were very swift. He is left-handed. Lino Buenaflores was the catcher. He was a good catcher.

and therefore there was no school. So many boys were on the beach.

Perto saw the other boys toss their kites into the air. But the wind was strong and many of the kites danced crazily in the air, and then they would suddenly dive to the ground again.

Perto laughed aloud.

"See my 'limbas,'" he said.

"Your kites cannot fly in a hard wind. The 'limbas' can fly even in a storm."

He did not use any body protector. Because of the brilliant work of these two boys Tanjay won the game easily. At the end of the meet the total points were counted. The following were the results: Tanjay got 80 points; Dumaguete, 39 points; Zamboanguita, 36 points; and Tolong, 0. Tanjay won the general championship of the Unit II Athletic Meet.

Aunt Alma, I think this is all I can tell you at present.

Sincerely yours,

PATERNO RODRIGUEZ
Tanjay, Negros Or.

Dear Paterno,

Congratulations for the victory of Tanjay in the Athletic Meet! Your description too, is excellent. I am sure children in other parts of our country will enjoy reading it.

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am twelve years old and in the last stage of the intermediate grade. I am one of the admirers of the *Young Citizen* and I enjoy reading it very much. All of my brothers and sisters also enjoy reading the stories. In school, we read this magazine in our spare moments and sometimes advertise them as a part of our lesson in reading.

My classmates are all interested in the *Young Citizen*. Every time they see a new issue of that magazine they read it eagerly.

Your admirer,

ADELIA B. FUGOSO
VII-B, Emilio Jacinto Elementary
School, Manila

LIMBAS

(Continued from page 308)

Many other afternoons Perto went to the beach. Many other kites fought with the white kite, but always the white kite won.

One early afternoon, Perto went to the beach with his white kite, the "limbas." The sky was cloudy and the sea was angry with long rolling waves that beat on the shore with a loud noise. On a day like that, boys do not go to the beach to fly kites. But it was Saturday,

The "limbas" was tossed into the air and it flew upward proudly as if to say, "Look at me. I can fly even in a storm. Look at me. Is there a better kite than I?"

The "limbas" went higher and higher into the air. At first it danced merrily and flapped its wings with pride. Then its brave white face became troubled and it looked down at its little master, down, down the earth looking like a tiny little ant.

(Please turn to page 325)

YOUNG WRITERS' PAGE

UNIT II ATHLETIC MEET

The Unit II Meet took place here in Tanjay. This was the first time that the meet of this kind was held outside of Dumaguete. Tanjay ought to be proud of this privilege. In this meet four districts were represented, namely: Tanjay, Dumaguete, Zamboangita, and Tolong. It began Friday afternoon and was finished Saturday afternoon. All the athletes tried their best to win. They were all worthy of praise. The most thrilling game that I have ever seen was the baseball game between the Tanjay and Dumaguete districts. Our boys showed real ability in playing, particularly the pitcher and the catcher. At the end of the game the score was 11 to 1 in favor of Tanjay. The following morning the same teams played. The score was 7 to 0 in favor of Tanjay, too. In indoor-baseball, Dumaguete got the first place. Although the Tanjay players were much smaller in sizes than those of Dumaguete, yet the former gave the latter hard time. In track and field events although the other districts had good representatives, Tanjay got the most points. In basketball all the districts had excellent players. But Tanjay came out triumphant. The result was as follows: Tanjay got the championship with 80 points. Then came Dumaguete with 39 points. Then came Zamboangita with 36 points. Tolong became popular without getting any point. It was estimated that there were more than 2,000 people that attended the game from the neighboring towns.

AMALIA MUÑOZ
Tanjay Elem. School
Grade VI'

THE ADVENTURES OF A

(Continued from page 304)

"Lolo why is God so good to us?"

"Because you have always been good and thoughtful. Have I not always said that God does not sleep?"

WHY I WAS SCOLDED

It was Saturday. I was very lonely because I had no playmate. Soon my friend passed by. She asked me to carry my doll and play with her. She invited me to her house. So I stole away from home and went with her. We ran as fast as our legs could carry us. Soon we had a very nice time playing. After an hour I became very uneasy. My heart beat fast because I thought of my mother who would look for me. Soon it became dark. My friend took me to the porch. It sat in an easy chair. The air became very fresh I soon fell asleep.

Meanwhile my mother was looking for me. They searched for me everywhere. My sister who knew my friend's house went there. Suddenly I woke up. I saw my mother in front of me. I received a nice scolding from her.

LYDIA HERNANDEZ
VI-B, Emilio Jacinto Elementary
School, Manila

A GREEDY BOY

There was once a couple who had a son named Justo. Every day he was sent to the woods to gather fuel.

One day while Justo was gathering fuel, he thought of a plan. He decided to play a trick on his mother. He was very fond of eating fried bananas and rice cakes. He wanted to eat some that day. His plan was to dig a hole inside the trunk where he could hide. When the hole was deep enough for him, he tell his mother about it.

"Mother," he began, "in the woods where I gather fuel there is a tree, inside its trunk is the largest fish in the world.

Sooner or later he rewards the deservng."

"Besides," the old man continued, "we must not forget the cane. Why did the blessed accident happen just when you had

"Is that so?" cried the anxious mother in surprise.

"Why, yes," he replied, "But it cannot be caught unless you use fried bananas and rice cakes for bait.

His mother cooked one basketful of fried bananas and rice cakes for she was very anxious to see the largest fish in the world.

Justo ran ahead of his mother before his mother arrived at the spot. The mother began putting fried bananas at the end of a fishing line until not a single one was left. Still the largest fish in the world was not caught.

The mother thinking that the fish was really inside the tree she called a woodcutter so as to divide the tree in two.

It was done, but still "the biggest fish in the world" was not found. Instead they saw Justo cut in two.

HONORATA H. MIRANO
VII-B, Emilio Jacinto Elementary
School, Manila

A BOY I KNOW

We all know many boys, but I think it is very hard to distinguish one from the other.

The boy I know is a shy and timid boy. He is naughty and at the same time a good boy. He is one of the leading pupils in his class. He is not proud. He is thrifty in his clothing, his money, his articles and everything. Early in the morning, he gets water from the artesian well. On Saturdays he goes to the field or to the river to gather fuel. His hobbies are art or painting and swimming.

INIBIG KASIGURAN
VII-B, Emilio Jacinto Elementary
School, Manila

the cane with you?"

Tonio was silent. There could be no possible explanation for their wonderful fortune except that God was good.

(To be continued)



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

CUBBING IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Horacio Ochangco*



What is "Cubbing"?

Cubbing or "Cubs" is a program of the Boy Scouts of America for boys of 9, 10, and 11 years of age. It has pleasant past-time activities and a character-influencing movement for the boy of the pre-Scout age.

Its activities also afford opportunity for the development of good habits and traits essential to good citizenship.

The Aim and Purpose

This program is to give every member. (1) more of that joy in living. (2) Chances to do with and for others. (3) Example of manly ideals. (4) Chances to bear responsibility. (5) Opportunity for hobbies, handicrafts and skills. (6) Definite emphasis upon health.

When and How the Program Started

The movement started in the States under the auspices of the Boy Scouts of America in response to demands from parents, churches, schools and other institutions in most parts of the country.

At first the National Council declined to bear the burden until they have fully progress in the program of the Boy Scout and not until 1928 after a thorough study of the efforts of the younger boy programs, a fund was made available by one of the major Foundations (Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial). This made possible the organization of the "Cub Pack."

Introduction and Progress in the Philippines

The movement was not introduced in the Philippines until 1931 when the Office of the Chaplain of the U. S. Army at Fort Stotsenburg in Pampanga, organized the first Pack, composing of 9 boys. This Pack which still exist was backed by the Philippine Council, although very little attention was given to it due to the fact that the Council that time was concentrating to organization of more troops.

From that time on other Packs were organized but sponsored by Private Schools and other Church Institutions, although during those times petitions and complaints came from scoutmasters and parents from time to time, that the movement be taken up by the Philippine Council. It can be said that the Philippine Council took it up seriously only this year when

pamphlets and other booklets were printed for the training of cubmaster and a course personally conducted by Mr. Ernest E. Voss, Regional Scout Executive, was held in Baguio. At present there are 22 Packs, one of which is in the Culion Leper Colony, five in Manila and the rest in the provinces.

If Mother Were Away

I would not care for stars,
Birds' songs and flower's in May,
For moonlight and raindrops,
If mother were away!
The butterflies would lose
Their colors bright and gay—
The dawn—its crimson hues
If mother were away!
The winds shall cease to sing,
The white clouds shall be gray,
The sun shall cease to shine,
If mother were away!

LULU DE LA PAZ
E. Jacinto Elem. School

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PHILIPPINE
ISLANDS
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND
COMMUNICATIONS
BUREAU OF POSTS
MANILA

SWORN STATEMENT
(Required by Act 2580)

The undersigned Community Publisher, Inc., owner or publisher of Young Citizen, published monthly, in Manila, P. I., after having been duly sworn in accordance with law hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., as required by Act 2580 of the Philippine Legislature:

Editor: Jose E. Romero
Managing Editor: Juliana C. Pineda
Publisher: Community Publishers, Inc.
Business Manager: E. C. Garcia

Owners or stockholders holding one per cent or more of interest, stock, bonds or other securities:

Bondholders, mortgagees: None.

(Signature) Community Publishers, Inc.
(Owner or publisher)
By E. C. Garcia

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th of October, 1935, the declarant having exhibited no cedula by reason of her sex.

[SEAL]

(Sgd.) A. NIEVA
Notary Public
(Signature of officer administering oath)

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

MELINDA

(Continued from page 312)

Melinda took her half-sister to the place. The tree was there playing a sweet melody but only Melinda saw it and hears its music.

Without a moment's delay, she called her own daughter and told her to go with Melinda to the brook and to look down into the water near the stone.

The girl after hearing the directions given by Melinda, stepped on the stone. Then she looked down into the depths of the water below. A sound thing happened. A groan sounded above her. It echoed and reechoed among the trees. Then something struck her forehead. The frightened girl looked up and touched it. She looked down into the water to see the reflection. What was that on her forehead? Not a star but the grinning face of a serpent.

Hurriedly they went home. The mother raved when she saw the frightful spectacle. She snatched a knife and cut the serpent's head but no sooner was it severed from the forehead than another one more frightful took its place. She tried to cut the growth several times and each time it was cut a more frightful head came out. At last she got a towel and wrapped the girl's head with it.

When the father came, he asked his wife why their daughter had a towel around her head.

"She has a headache," was all that the wife said.

The next day was Sunday. Immediately after breakfast, Melinda ran to the brook and took a bath there. Then she opened the fruits and put on the clothes and jewels that were hidden within. A carriage drawn by two white horses was there, too. After she had dressed up, she stepped on the carriage and drove to the church. The birds sang to her as she passed by. The trees bent down their branches when she was near.

The carriage entered the church and stopped near the altar. Melinda did not get off. The people in the

church were greatly surprised. It was the first time they saw a girl with a star on her forehead. Her beauty dazzled those who looked at her. At the first part of the ceremony, she knelt down on the carriage seat and immediately after the last part, she drove back to the brook and put the things back to where she got them. Then she put on her apron and ran home. When her step-mother saw that the soot was washed off her body, she immediately applied another coating of it.

Sunday came again. Melinda went to the brook, took a bath, and dressed up. Then she went to church. At this time, a prince was waiting at the door. After the last part of the ceremony, Melinda turned the horses around and started for the brook. At the door, the prince seized her hand to detain her but the horses could not be controlled and the carriage sped by unchecked. However, her ring was left in the hand of the prince. The latter ran to catch up with the speeding carriage but the distance between them widened and widened until at last the carriage disappeared among the trees.

Melinda returned to the brook. After she had put the things back into their places, she went home.

As soon as the prince reached the palace, he disguised himself as a peddler. Then he set out to look for the owner of the ring. He went from house to house in the hope of seeing again the girl with the star on her forehead but all was vain. He tried to slip the ring on every finger of every maiden that he met but the ring was either too loose or too tight.

At last he came to the house of Melinda's father. He displayed his wares. The father bought some of them. Just before he went away, he said, "I'm looking for the girl whose finger this ring fits. If I find her, I'll give her all my jewels and everything that I have. She will be happy and I, too, will be happy."

Then he asked the father to call all the girls in the house. The re-

quest was granted. Melinda's half-sister came. The prince tried the ring on all her fingers but it would not fit.

"Don't you have any other girl in the house?" asked the disguised prince.

"No other except our black servant," replied the father.

"Please tell her to come," requested the prince. "The ring may fit one of her fingers."

Melinda came. The prince slipped the ring on her finger. It fitted. Everyone present was thunder-struck. The prince looked at the black servant in astonishment. The father was puzzled and shook his head. The daughter or Melinda's half-sister stared at the ring on the black finger. The mother was pale.

"Who are you?" gasped the prince.

"I don't know who I am. I was taken out of that room by the mistress of this house," replied Melinda.

Upon hearing these words, the father ran to get the key and opened the door of the room. He opened the trunk. It was empty. At once he ran back to the little group.

"My daughter!" he sobbed as he embraced Melinda.

Then in a stern voice, he said to his wife, "How dare you! Oh, I never thought even for a moment that you would be so cruel! You are not fit to live!"

Melinda asked to be allowed to bathe in the brook. There she put on her magic dresses and returned to her home in the magic carriage.

The three went to the church and the priest married the two young people.

After the wedding ceremonies, the prince took Melinda and her father to the palace. The old king gladly received Melinda as his daughter-in-law.

Not long after that, the old king died and the prince ascended to the throne. Melinda became the queen just as she felt she was in the presence of the fish at the river.

They ruled the kingdom wisely and they lived happily for many years.



The Merriest Christmas Ever to those Boys and Girls who can never find enough to read. Here's wishing that Old Saint Nick will put a good book in the stocking for all of you!

Practically all boys and girls who attend school are familiar with Clement C. Moore's jolly Christmas poem, *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*. When Mr. Moore wrote that poem he did not know that for many years to come the boys and girls of the United States would be memorizing it or reading it over and over again each year when Christmas comes around.

Mr. Moore wrote the poem as a present for his own little girls only. The little Moore children were so happy over the present that they showed it to many of their friends on Christmas day. As usual many guests spend the Christmas holidays with the Moore family in Chelsea, New York. It so happened that one of the visitors copied the poem in her album. This visitor lived in Troy, New York. When she returned to her home after the holidays, she showed the poem to the editor of the Troy newspaper—the Troy Sentinel.

The very next Christmas the editor published the poem in the Troy Sentinel and with it he put an old woodcut picture of St. Nicholas. This occurred in 1823.

After that other papers copied the poem so that each year, more and more boys and girls became familiar with it; and today, after 112 years, English speaking boys and girls all over the world can be heard repeating with the merriest twinkle in their eyes—

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

“’Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a longer winter nap.—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his couriers they came,

And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer!” now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Come! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!

Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!”

As he flew leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow.

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly

That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to read.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work.

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

JOSE RIZAL—HIS LAST

(Continued from page 311)

All eye witnesses agree as to Rizal's incredible serenity and courage during the trial, and during his last long hours. He spent the final night in prayer, in reading, or in untroubled conversation with guards and priests. The next morning as he was led down the street to Bagumbayan Field, he was the same keenly interested observer that he always had been. "When were those two towers added?" he asked the Jesuit beside him, pointing to the Ateneo. "I used to walk here with Leonora," he said as he passed another spot. "We are going to Calvary," he said presently. "My sufferings are little. The Saviour suffered much,—nailed on the cross. In a moment the bullets will end all pain."

He looked out at the ships. "How beautiful it is this morning. Father. How clear is the view of Corregidor and the Cavite Mountains. I walked here with my sweetheart Leonora on morning like this."

There were troops waiting formed in a square as he approached, enough artillery to fight an army, and a band ready to play the national anthem when everything was over. Hundreds of government officials were there with their families, shouting with pleasure as the noblest, most gifted and most learned man in the Spanish realms approached. He stopped when he reached the captain and said:

"Would you kindly shoot me in the front?" For shooting in the back was the symbol of treason.

"I have orders to shoot you in the back," replied the captain.

"But I have never been a traitor to my own country nor to Spain."

"My duty is to comply with the orders I have received."

"Very well, then shoot me as you see fit. But may I ask that the sol-

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim: ere he drove out of sight:

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

E. M. L.

diers aim at my heart and not my head?"

"Yes, we will do that," replied the captain. He did not know that Rizal desired one second of consciousness after the shots were fired, in order to choose how he should fall.

He turned again to the Jesuit.

"Oh how terrible it is to die, Father. How one suffers * * * I forgive everyone from the bottom of my heart * * * I have no resentment toward anyone: believe me your reverence." The Jesuit held the cross to his lips and stepped away. Rizal turned his back to the firing squad. His face was toward the western sky, perfectly calm. A military doctor in amazement ran out from the line of officers and cried:

"Colleague, let me feel your pulse." Rizal thrust his hand out as far as the bonds would permit. The beat was scarcely above normal.

"You are perfectly well, colleague, perfectly," said the doctor, as he withdrew.

Rizal twisted his hand to the spot in his back where he wished the soldiers to aim * * * Eight soldiers fired together. With one last effort of will the victim twisted his body about and fell—face toward the sky!

December 30, 1896. Thirty-five years, six months, eleven days old.

The band played the national anthem. The crowd shouted "Viva España." They thought he was dead. They tried to hide his grave.

His largest monument stands on the spot where he fell. Perhaps he has more monuments than any man of the nineteenth century. There is one on the plaza of every village. There are a million pictures of Rizal on the walls of the Filipino homes. And he is enshrined in ten million hearts. Eight shots did not kill him.

"Thine air, thy space, thy valleys I shall permeate."

A youth of eighteen had gone to Europe to learn what he could do for his helpless oppressed country.

PACITA'S CHRISTMAS TREE

(Continued from page 295)

"Oh, Mother, I saw the most beautiful Christmas tree. It had so many shining stars it sparkled all over." Pacita was out of breath. "It was so wonderful," she continued, her eyes very bright with joy. "Perhaps I do not need to have a Christmas tree. I have already seen a very, very lovely one."

"But you have one, darling." The mother said very gently. "It is not very beautiful, but it is your own."

Pacita clapped her hands as she asked,

"Where is it? Where?"

Her mother led her into the small sala. Pacita was greeted by a Christmas tree no taller than she.

"How lovely! Where did you get it, Mother?"

Father made it for you." The mother answered.

"I like this better. It does not shine like Caridad's, but it has beautiful flowers on it. And oh! Look at these sweets. The wrappers look like butterfly wings. And they are among flowers. Aren't they beautiful?"

"I am glad you like it. Try the candy, Pacita, and tell me if you like it."

"Not yet, Mother. I just want to look at it now. Anyway, I know I will like it. You are the sweetest mother in the world."

Pacita skipped around her small tree. She kissed the flowers. She touched the candy with wrappers that fluttered like butterflies among the bright flowers. Her cat and her dog followed her about. They, too, were happy to have a Christmas tree.

Pacita's Christmas tree was a small branch of *calós*. White and pink *chichirica* flowers and red santan blossoms were tied among the leaves. Tiny one-centavo toys and coconut candy in wrappers of red, gold, and blue hung from the little twigs.

At thirty-five he had found the answer: He could tell the terrible truth, and die for it.

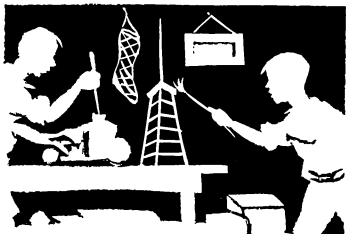
KIKO'S ADVENTURES - Christmas Deed

by gilma baldovino

Kiko thought all children should have a happy Christmas. There should be toys, candies, books, and such things. But everybody said there was no money. So he thought of calling his friends.



Last November Kiko told his friends that they should help other children on Christmas day. "Let us give them toys," said Kiko. "But how?" his friends asked. "Get your old toys, and fix them."



For days and days before Christmas Kiko and his friends fixed their old toys and painted them. They made them look new. "These toys will make poor children happy," Kiko said.



But Christmas is not complete without a Christmas tree. So every one of them went to the woods to select a good tree. The best one was made the Christmas tree.



Behind Kiko's house is a vacant lot. Here they placed the Christmas tree. On the night before Christmas many boys went to see the tree all lighted up, with toys hanging on the branches. Kiko was nowhere to be seen. But soon Santa Claus appeared, and gave the poor boys toys, which made them all happy.

Christmas Is Coming

By Primitiva Miranda
& Jacinto Elem. School

The musical score is written on five staves in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The first line starts with a 'S' in a circle. The second line ends with a 'C' in a circle. The third line ends with a 'Fine' marking. The fourth line ends with a 'S' in a circle. The fifth line ends with a 'C' in a circle.

Cri-ri-ri-ri-ring cring-cring Christ-mas is com-ing Cri-ri-ri-ri-
ring cring-cring Christ-mas is com-ing, Cri-ri-ri-ri-ring cring-cring Christ-mas is
com-ing, All bells will ring this Christ-mas day. Sing the
song of glad-ness now, And lets twine the hol-ly bright. Glad
Christ-mas time is com-ing, Our hearts with joy are light.

Note: The last three lines are taken from a poem.

AN UNEXPECTED

(Continued from page 307)

Joe slept well that night. His mother awakened him in the morning. "Joe! Joe! Wake up!" she exclaimed. "Here is something for you."

Joe jumped up from his bed and ran to where his mother was standing. She had a big package in her arms.

"What is that, mother?" he shouted.

"Something for you, Joe," she said as she placed the big package on the floor. "A messenger brought it in a few minutes ago. He said

it is from the gentleman whom you met last night."

There was a note inserted. Joe opened it. It ran:

Dear Joe:

I'm sorry you could not attend the party but what you did which prevented you from being with the other children is great. I wish I were in your place. Then I would feel great—greater than what I am now.

Receive this little gift and may you have a happy Christmas. Someday you will know me.

Your Old Friend.

Joe opened the package. Every-

thing he needed for Christmas was inside. There was a pair of white pants, a silk shirt, an undershirt, a silk hat, a pair of shoes, and toys. There were also a big silk kerchief for mamma and a pair of slippers for papa. At the bottom of the package was an envelope. On it the following was written: "FOR HOME NEEDS." Inside the envelope was a ten-peso bill.

Joe knelt down and raising his eyes to Heaven, said: "Lord, bless the gentleman whose heart is so good and kind."

Joe had a happy Christmas and he deserved it for he was a good boy and a thoughtful son.

RUFO'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

(Continued from page 302)

He was very sad, but his mother was very much sadder. Little Rufo had to enjoy his Christmas only by looking at the toys displayed on the show-windows. He could only look at, and wish for them; but he could neither touch nor have them.

It was already getting dark, when the mother and the son returned home. Rufo was sad but glad at having seen the many things that he saw which he knew he could never have for Christmas.

"Mother," said Rufo, "next Christmas I shall have some toys. I shall try to earn some money to buy that automobile."

"Yes, you shall have it, son," said his mother.

They ate their supper which *Aling Ines* was able to buy with her thirty centavos. Rufo was very tired so he ate with great appetite.

Before going to bed, however, he told his mother,

"Mother, I wish some fairy would bring me something while I am sleeping. I don't care what it is, mother, just so it is a toy."

Aling Ines did not say a word. She pretended not to hear her son. She started to work in order to prevent the tears from flowing from her eyes. But when Rufo was already asleep, she began to cry not for herself but for her little son. She cried for sometime. Gradually she began to be aware of the fact that within her small nipa hut she was crying and very unhappy while outside the whole town was in full merriment—music and gladness. She could not be happy even if she wanted to because her little Rufo, now sleeping, could not have the toy which his little heart had desired.

She was still crying when she thought of Mrs. Cruz. Mrs. Cruz had always been very kind to her. Why couldn't she help her now? Why did she not think of Mrs. Cruz during the afternoon? She could have borrowed thirty centavos from her to buy that toy for her son. It was not too late yet. Perhaps Mrs. Cruz was not yet in

bed and the stores were still open.

Before she knew what she was doing she was already in the street, more running than walking, and soon she was at the house of Mrs. Cruz. She was very glad because Mr. and Mrs. Cruz and the children were still wide awake decorating their Christmas tree.

"Why, *Aling Ines*, why are you here?" asked Carmelo, who first saw the night visitor.

"Come in," said Mrs. Cruz. "Has anything wrong happened to you and Rufo? Why come so late?"

"Nothing wrong has happened. Mrs. Cruz. I just came to ask you if you could advance me thirty centavos to buy an automobile toy for Rufo," *Aling Ines* told Mrs. Cruz. She told her also about her promise to her boy, and their walk at the Escolta.

Mr. and Mrs. Cruz knew how good a boy Rufo was. He had been an obedient boy and a great help to his mother. Carmelo liked him so much that he and Rufo often played together when he and his mother come to get the laundry.

It was Carmelo who spoke first when *Aling Ines* finished her story.

"Mother, do you remember that automobile toy I got from school last Saturday? It is exactly like the one Rufo likes to have. Why don't I give that to him?" Without waiting for an answer from his mother he went to get the automobile. Soon he returned.

"Here, *Aling Ines*, give this to Rufo for his prize."

Aling Ines could hardly believe her eyes seeing the toy and her ears hearing the words of Carmelo. She remembered the words of Rufo as he went to sleep about some fairy that might give him the toy. *Aling Ines* thought she was dreaming. For a while she could not talk.

"Yes, *Aling Ines*. Take it and give to your boy," said Mrs. Cruz. "And tomorrow you will come here to get a Christmas dinner for you and your son."

Aling Ines was very happy. She thought she was the happiest mother that evening because she knew that

THE ELDEST OF EIGHT

(Continued from page 303)

Of course, she loved her mother, but she nursed in her heart a deep resentment at the joylessness of her life.

On the Friday before Mothers' Day, Sioning, with two other girls, was asked by her teacher to call on a classmate who had been absent. Lolita Ruiz was the richest girl in Sioning's class. She went to school in a big car. Her dresses were always distinctive and her purse was always full of "just pin money."

Sioning and her companions hesitated to knock at the gate. The big house, so quiet and imposing, was set far from the street. The gardener admitted them into the grounds. Another servant opened the door to them and conducted them to a beautifully furnished bedroom.

"It is so kind of you to visit me," Lolita said as the girls timidly entered the room.

(Please turn to page 328)

Rufo would be the happiest boy when he woke up in the morning. She took the automobile and after thanking Carmelo and Mrs. Cruz and after greeting them with a "Merry Christmas," she left.

Rufo was still sound asleep when *Aling Ines* arrived. She looked at the little boy and she looked at the toy. Her face beamed with happiness.

She woke up earlier than her little boy. She placed the toy on the pillow in such a way that when the sleeping little boy opened his eyes, it would be the first thing he could see. She could hardly wait to see the happiness of her boy when he would see the toy. Soon Rufo opened his eyes and saw the automobile. He took it and showed it to his mother.

"Mother, I dreamed that there was a fairy who brought me this toy. She told me it was my prize for being a good and an obedient boy."

"Yes, Rufo, you have been a good and an obedient boy, that is why the fairy, God, and Carmelo

THE WONDERFUL ORGAN

(Continued from page 298)

The night deepened. Now and then, the silence was broken by sounds from firecrackers. In other houses, other boys like him were playing and having a good time.

"Good evening," someone called at the gate. "Will you give a tired traveller a drink of water?"

"Good evening," answered Benito, as he came down the house with the drinking bowl.

The stranger drank the water and said, "Thank you." Then he returned the coconut bowl to Benito. "Your hand is bleeding," he observed. The voice was soft and kind. No one had spoken to Benito as kindly as that before.

Benito looked at his hand and saw that it was, indeed, bleeding.

"I am working on the organ for the church. It must be finished by tomorrow morning," Benito said softly, as if he were saying his prayers.

"And will you finish it?" asked the stranger.

"If I can keep awake, I will try hard to finish it," Benito answered. "I am very sleepy."

"Let me tell you stories, then, while you work," said the stranger.

Benito looked around him. The house was very still. The *alvarez* had gone to hear the midnight mass. The other slaves were fast asleep.

Benito led the stranger upstairs. He sat on the floor in front of Benito. Then he told Benito stories. He told him about the fairy moonbeams that danced and leaped among the leaves of the trees and about golden fishes that played hide-and-seek among the corals under the deep, blue sea. He told him, too, about a land where the birds were always gay and the flowers never withered. As he spoke, the

are very kind to you."

The little boy was very happy because of his new toy, and the mother was very happy because of the happiness of her boy. The mother and the son felt the joy of Christmas Day.

LIMBAS

(Continued from page 316)

Perto on the ground held the string of his kite with trembling hands. At first he had been smiling. But now he did not know what to do. The wind had blown harder and harder carrying his brave

lamp glowed more brightly. The room seemed to be flooded with moonlight. But outside, it was very dark. A sweet delicious scent hung in the cold, December air. And from afar, came the soft, sweet strains of an unknown song. The knife dropped from the young boy's hands. His head sank lower in his breast. The stranger's quiet voice had lulled the tired boy to sleep.

Then, all of a sudden, the stillness was broken by the ringing of the bells telling of the birth of the Saviour.

The Christmas morning was bright and cheery. When Benito awoke, the sunshine was streaming into the room through the windows. He remembered the organ with a start. He felt very much frightened. He took the knife right away and looked for the part which he had left unfinished. He could not find it. Both sides of the organ were done in the same beautiful way. More than that, they were beautifully painted. Benito did not know how to paint. Who had finished the organ and painted it while he was asleep?

Then Benito remembered the strange visitor of the night. He looked at the organ again. The flowers looked so fresh he knew they would never wither, and the birds looked so gay, he knew they would always remain so. He looked at the leaves. The moonbeams were still there.

Then he looked at his hand. It was completely healed.

For the first time in many years tears stood in Benito's eyes. But he was too simple and good of heart to be afraid. Lifting his eyes up to the sky, he murmured softly to himself, "God, I thank You for all Your kindness."

white kite up, up, higher and higher, although he tried hard to pull the kite down. The string was humming loud and he had all he could to prevent himself from being lifted up into the air. The white kite grew smaller and smaller and then suddenly, he fell back on the sand. The string had snapped broken and the "limbas" was gone sailing in the wind farther and farther away.

Perto sat on the sand sobbing. The "limbas" was fast disappearing, his dear, brave, little "limbas." He saw the broken half of the string gleaming in the wind and noticed that the little kite was flying lower and lower. Quickly wiping his eyes, he ran away in the direction taken by the "limbas."

Half an hour later, he found the "limbas" still flying over the roof of a nipa house. The string it carried had caught around a lamp post and the kite flew up and down as if trying to free itself.

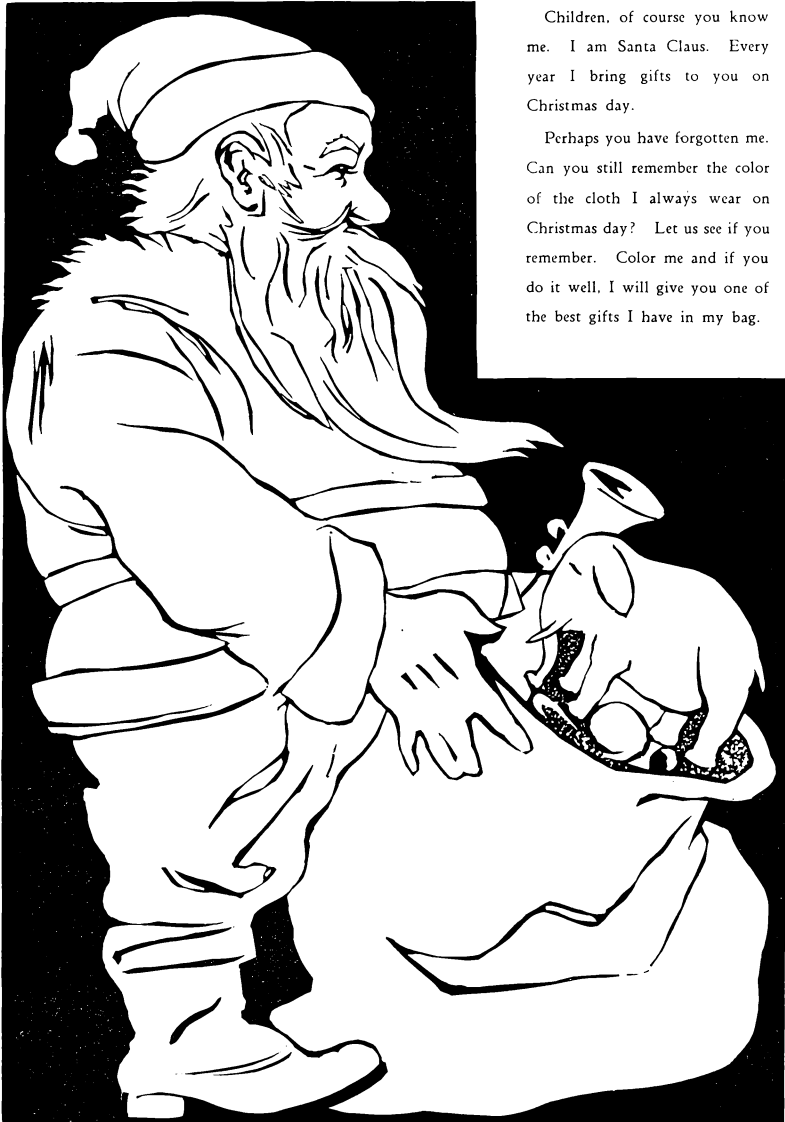
Perto ran here and there looking for something. A policeman standing near the lamp post watched him as he ran. Perto found a long pole standing against the wall of a house. Without asking the owner any permission, Perto took the pole and went back to the street. He was about to reach the string caught around the lamp post when the policeman stopped him.

"Wait," the policeman said.

Perto wanted to cry again, but he stood still at the policeman's bidding. They saw the kite flying up and down. Sometimes it whirled round and round and then it would suddenly fall down again. As they watched the kite whirl again for the second time, it suddenly flew toward the wires. There was a hiss and a sudden light, and the kite burst into flame. The next moment it had turned into ashes.

"Did you see that?" asked the policeman.

Perto, pale with fright, nodded at the policeman. He would have died if he had touched the wires with the pole.



Children, of course you know me. I am Santa Claus. Every year I bring gifts to you on Christmas day.

Perhaps you have forgotten me. Can you still remember the color of the cloth I always wear on Christmas day? Let us see if you remember. Color me and if you do it well, I will give you one of the best gifts I have in my bag.

Mother Nature's Christmas Tree

By FRANCISCO G. LONOGBANUA

There was once a wee Christmas tree
Stood bare in the woods;
Unhappy was he,
Poor little tree!

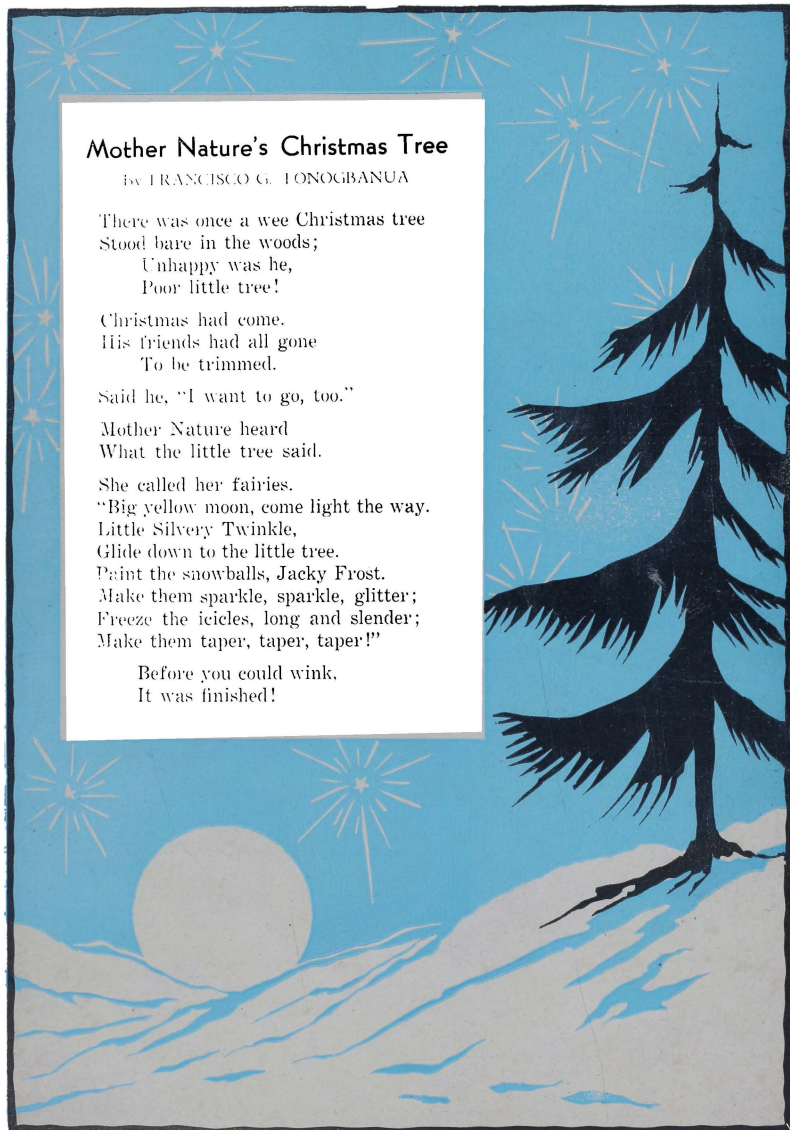
Christmas had come,
His friends had all gone
To be trimmed.

Said he, "I want to go, too."

Mother Nature heard
What the little tree said.

She called her fairies.
"Big yellow moon, come light the way.
Little Silvery Twinkle,
Glide down to the little tree.
Paint the snowballs, Jacky Frost.
Make them sparkle, sparkle, glitter;
Freeze the icicles, long and slender;
Make them taper, taper, taper!"

Before you could wink,
It was finished!



THE ELDEST OF EIGHT

(Continued from page 324)

"The teacher sent us," Sioning answered.

"I have been very lonely," Lolita complained. "I wish I were a member of a family like Sioning's." Lolita finished with a sigh full of longing.

"What? Like mine?" Sioning asked in great surprise. "You don't know what it means to be the oldest of eight children."

"I do not know. Just the same, I would rather be one of eight than the only one and without a mother." Lolita returned.

"But you have your father who is very rich and very liberal to you."

"Oh, I have no complaint against my father. He is the best of fathers. But there is something very big that is lacking when there is no mother."

"You have servants to look after you," one of Sioning's companions remarked.

"You think that is fine. On my part, I would rather do all the housework and wait on my mother if only I had one." Lolita retorted in all earnestness.

"I feel I could bear all poverty and hardships if I could taste a mother's kiss." Lolita continued.

"My mother kisses me when I leave for school and at my arrival. We kiss also before we go to bed." Sioning's companion said with pride.

"My mother does not kiss me." Sioning thought.

"I thank you again for coming. I shall try to be present on Monday. By the way, Sioning, I have a piece of silk which I intended for a Mother's Day gift."

"A gift? For whom? You have no mother." The three callers asked in surprise.

"I make-believe that I have one. I even planned to embroider it. But now, I cannot carry out my project. You may have it Sioning, for your mother."

Sioning accepted the gift. The next day, while her mother was out, she made a lovely negligee with it and embroidered it with dainty sprays of lazy-daisy stitches.

CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 294)

Friends we surely have no right to be happy. Surely everybody can give something—a gift, a greeting, or a wish—"A Merry Christmas."

On Christmas we wish everybody joy, happiness and goodwill because it was on the first Christmas Day that God gave his best wishes, a gift to us—Jesus our Master and Saviour.

"And there were in the same shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped

When Sioning placed her gift over her mother's pillow very early on the morning of Mothers' Day, there was no more resentment in her heart. There was only a wish that her mother might kiss her even once.

ANSWER TO THE LAST MONTH'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

(Continued from page 315)

You may have a schoolmate or a playmate whose parents you know will not be able to buy him a gift for Christmas. You have many good things of which your friend or companion has none. Will it not make you happy to give him a little of what you have? If your heart is truly kind, you can't bear to see someone suffer while you have more than enough to satisfy yourself.

Dear children, let me add one more thought about the spirit of giving. To feed the hungry, to clothe the ragged, to help the needy, or to give others costly gifts, is not enough. Your heart, full of willingness and love, should go with your gift or act of charity. I would value more a small loaf of bread given to me with the giver's goodwill. If you would share at all what you have with others, do so willingly and gladly. A poet says, "A gift without the giver is bare." Let us not think that what we give now is lost to us forever. Somehow or sometime good acts will be rewarded. Today the good things of life may be ours to enjoy; tomorrow we may lose them all. Those whom we have helped and even those whom we have not, may then do us a good turn. Giving with all one's heart and giving for the joy of it, is the true spirit of love for mankind. Such is the spirit of Christmas.

in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Our gifts, our fiestas, our candies, our toys, our music, and all things we do to celebrate the Christmas Day are nothing unless they really and truly give glory to God, make peace on earth, and bring goodwill toward one another.

"A Merry Christmas to Everybody."

PRINTING

like most other commodities, is subject to a variety of qualities dependent upon what you wish to pay.

Formerly many buyers too often felt that the low bid was the right price. Now we are glad to note that a distinctly different trend is manifesting itself. YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR. Buyers are beginning to look with disdain at a low price.

It is not how many booklets for a dollar but how many dollars you get a booklet that sets its value.

Profitable printing is not found on the bargain counter.

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES PRESS
PRINTERS • BOOKBINDERS • STATIONERS • PUBLISHERS
405 Padre Faura, Manila • Telephone 5-76-86

*This Magazine is a
product of this Press.*

FAIRY TALES BOOKS

Color picture books - famous old fairy tales, favorite verses, simple modern stories. Just the kind of books small children like best.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS
THE THREE BEARS
HANSEL AND GRETEL
LITTLE BLACK SAMBO
THE UGLY DUCKLING
CHICKEN LITTLE
THE PIED PIPER
THE LITTLE RED HEN
THREE LITTLE PIGS
THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK
HUMPTY-DUMPTY AND OTHER FUNNY PEOPLE FROM MOTHER GOOSE
THE POSTMAN
THE MOTORMAN
THE POLICEMAN
THE ENGINEER
THE FIREMAN
THE DELIVERYMEN

Price: 55 centavos and 45 centavos

Come to our shop

COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.

405 Padre Faura, Ermita
Manila

(across from the Ateneo)

Just Published

A PRIMER OF THE PHILIPPINE CONSTITUTION

By

Prof. VICENTE G. SINCO

The book which every citizen of the Philippines, young and old, should read.

A textbook which should be in the hands of every student of civics and Philippine government, *because it is the only up-to-date book on the subject.*

Its author is a professor of Constitutional Law and Government in the University of the Philippines.

Send your orders to

Community Publishers, Inc.

405 P. FAURA, MANILA

(A Filipino corporation, owned and controlled by Filipino)