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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

FEBRUARY 1935

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The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
PUBLISHED MONTHLY • Volume 1 Number 1

The Message This Month

Our fathers and grandfathers lived in simple communities. They lived with very few wants and needs. We are now living in communities that are more complex, and we are enjoying a life that has more wants and needs.

Compared with our fathers and grandfathers, we have more and better opportunities educationally, economically, and politically, and have more physical comforts. Because of this fact we have more responsibilities, duties, and obligations than our fathers and grandfathers.

This means that in order to be able to live honestly and intelligently in our present day communities, we should endeavor, to the fullest measure possible, to develop our abilities and capacities and to build in us good character. We should develop our abilities and capacities in order that we may be able to maintain life and enjoy its blessings. We should build good character in order that we may know how to live harmoniously and happily with our fellowmen.

Dr. I. PANLASIGUI

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The Awog—A Philippine Superstition . <i>T. Alvarico</i>

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.

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CARNIVAL TIME

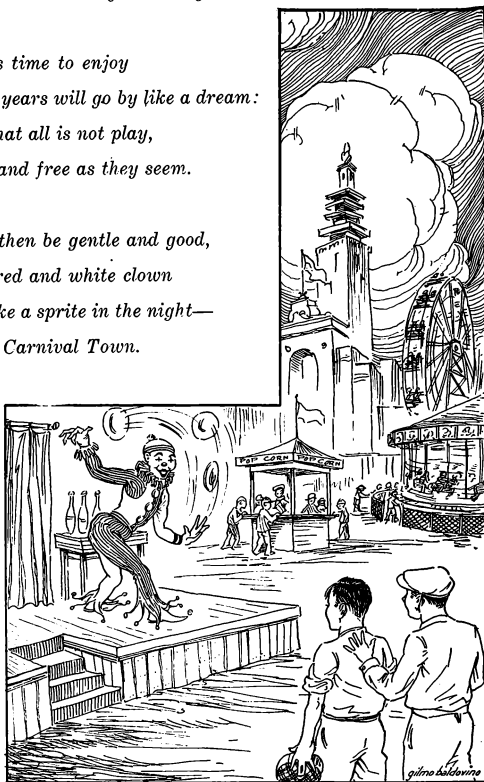
By Anatolio Litonjua

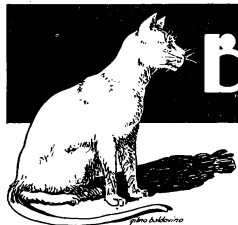


*Children, dear children, if you will be good,
Father will take you tonight to the show,
To the merry-go-round and the army parade,
To the land where delights like the lights ever glow.*

*It's Carnival Time. It's time to enjoy
While we may. For the years will go by like a dream:
We awake and we find that all is not play,
And men are not joyous and free as they seem.*

*Children, dear children, then be gentle and good,
Father will show you a red and white clown
And a woman in white like a sprite in the night—
All these you will see in Carnival Town.*





BLANCA AND THE OLD COUPLE

By Constanca L. Marquez

BLANCA was the name of the cat living next door. Her fur was as white as the lace on Sister's dress. Her eyes were as blue as the sky. She lived with an old couple whom the old children in the neighborhood called Lolo Juan and Lola Maria.

Lola Maria had found Blanca in the street one chilly morning seven years ago. She brought the sick cat to her house and gave her warm milk. She also placed her before the fire to warm her shivering body. Since then, Blanca remained faithful to the aged couple. She caught mice. She drove away bad cats who wanted to steal food from the cupboard.

The old woman was gentle and kind, but her husband was cruel and silly. He came home late in the evenings and kicked everything that stood on his way. Once he held Blanca by the neck and kicked her out of the door. Lola Maria did not say anything. She simply went out and lifted Blanca in her arms and carried her into the house. From this day Blanca was careful with Lolo Juan. She would not go near him any more. She would not rub her fur against his trousers as she used to do before.

One stormy night Lola Maria was darning her husband's socks. She heard scratches at the door. She went to the door and opened it. Blanca came in mew-

ing like a child. Lola Maria knew that something was wrong. She thought that her pet was hungry. So she went to the cupboard to get her some food. But Blanca tugged at her skirt and pulled her toward the door. The old woman followed.

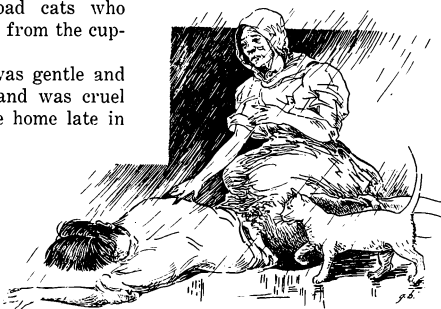
When she opened the door, whom did you think she saw lying in the middle of the street? It was Lolo Juan. He was stone drunk and dead. Perhaps he had been walking carelessly along the street. An automobile passed by and ran over him.

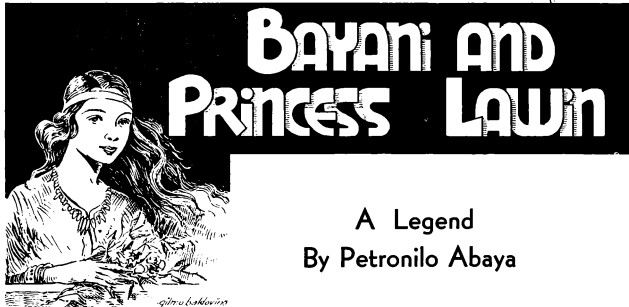
Lola Maria's death made the good old woman feel lonely. Although he had been a bad man, she loved him still. She remembered the days when both of them were young and happy.

One day Lola Maria fell sick. She could not leave her bed any

more. Blanca was always at her bedside. She snuggled close to the old woman to give her warmth, but in vain. Lola Maria died one late afternoon when the birds were going to their cozy nests to sleep. All the world was silent. Even Blanca lay quietly on a chair, her face resting on her paws.

When Lola Maria's remains were being carried to the cemetery, the people saw an old white cat walking slowly behind the hearse.





A Legend By Petronilo Abaya

MANY years ago when the world was young, the Philippines was composed of only two big islands: Luzon and Mindanao. They were so close to each other that a strong man standing on top of Mount Apo in Mindanao could hurl a stone across the sea to the island of Luzon. Luzon was peopled by a very fierce tribe led by Bayani. The people of Mindanao, on the other hand, were peaceful but ambitious. Their king was called Tanaw. He had a beautiful daughter named Lawin.

Bayani and Tanaw had always been fast friends. They helped each other in war and celebrated together their victories in times of peace.

One day Bayani visited Tanaw's kingdom. It was harvest time and all the women were out in the fields. As Bayani was looking out of Tanaw's palace, his eyes caught the young Lawin as she walked in the sun. Tanaw noticed Bayani was lost in admiration for the young maiden.

"That is Lawin, my daughter," Tanaw told Bayani proudly.

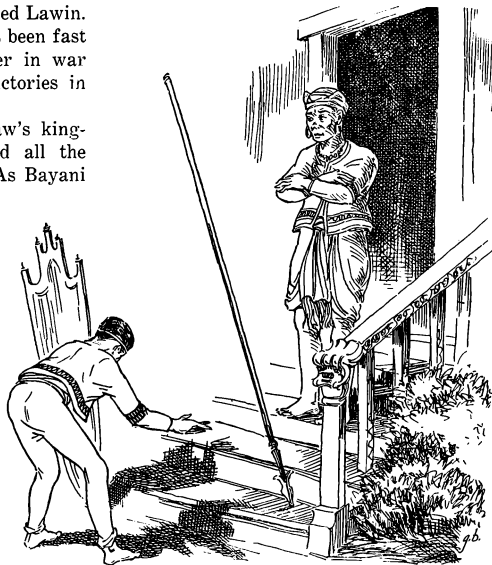
"Beautiful!" Bayani exclaimed and he smiled at Tanaw.

From that day Bayani made his visits to Tanaw's palace more often. He brought many expensive gifts. Sometimes he came just when the planting season began and his slaves did the plowing and the harrowing

of Tanaw's fields. Then he came again when the full moon was up in the skies. At other times he came to fish mother-of-pearls in the deep south seas. All these Bayani did with the hope that some day Tanaw would give him Lawin in marriage.

Many moons passed. Bayani labored hard in Tanaw's palace. Then he proposed. Thrusting his spear deep at the

(Please turn to page 9)





By Antonio Muñoz

ONCE upon a time there was a boy named Pastor. Although his parents addressed him by that name, he was known in the neighborhood as Pastolay. The house in which he lived was near a cornfield which belonged to his father. When his father died, Pastolay took care of this little farm.

Pastolay did not have any school training, but he was industrious. He took good care of his little farm. When he was sixteen years old, he had saved a little for the rainy day.

One morning when he visited his cornfield, he found some stalks without ears on them. This puzzled him. He had no idea as to what had happened to the missing ears of corn. Soon something struck his mind. He closely examined the ground. It did not take him long to discover the tracks of an animal. When he left the farm, he was sure that a monkey did the mischief.

When he reached home, he got the lower part of a banana plant and out of it he made the figure of a boy. He did all he could to make it look like himself. At noon his work was finished, and there sat in front of him, the life-size statue of a boy as big as himself. He covered the face and the abdomen with a thick layer of sticky gum which he got from the breadfruit tree. Then he took it to the cornfield. There he made the finishing touches. That night people passing by thought that Pastolay himself was watching his cornfield. But the

real Pastolay was hiding behind a tree eagerly waiting for what was to happen.

Soon a monkey came. Pastolay in his hiding place held his breath.

"Good evening, Pastolay," said the monkey to the statue. "I am very hungry. Will you give me some corn to eat?"

There was no answer.

"Pastolay," shouted the monkey, "are you deaf? I am hungry. Give me some corn or I'll slap your face."

Still there was no answer.

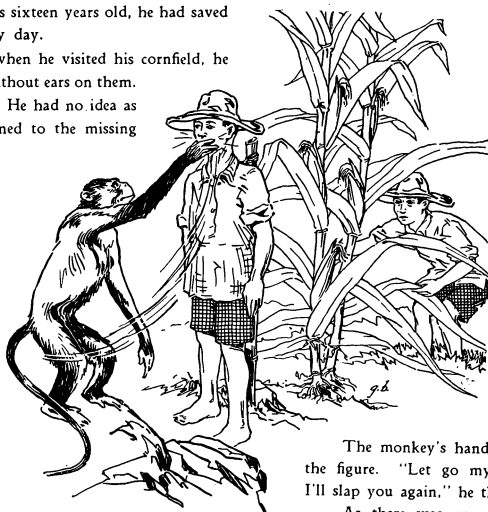
The monkey stepped nearer and gave what he believed to be Pastolay a blow in the face with his right hand. "Take that," he shouted. "It's the best medicine for crazy dumb people like you."

The monkey's hand stuck to the face of the figure. "Let go my hand, Pastolay, or I'll slap you again," he thundered.

As there was no response, the monkey struck the figure again with his left hand. It, too, struck where it landed.

Now the monkey was so angry that he kicked the figure in the abdomen, first, with his right foot and, then, with the left. Both stuck so fast that all efforts of the monkey to get free were vain.

"Aha!" laughed Pastolay as he jumped from his hiding place. "So you are the thief who has been stealing my corn. Now you shall pay for what you have done. I shall skin you alive."



"Have mercy, Pastolay," begged the monkey. "I shall never do it again. I was very hungry and you were not here, so I got some of your corn without permission. Spare my life and I'll be your servant as long as you live."

"If I spare your life, will you keep your word? What shall I do if you break your promise?" asked Pastolay.

"Kill me if I don't keep my word," replied the monkey.

Thereupon, Pastolay got a bottle of coconut oil and poured it on the hands and feet of the monkey. In a few minutes the monkey was free. He went with Pastolay to the latter's home. There he became a true and devoted servant.

The monkey did all he could to make his master happy. One day while Pastolay was away, he found a small purse with five gold coins in it. "It want to make good use of these coins," he said to himself. "If I give them to Pastolay, he may be happy but that will only be as long as he still has them in his possession. What can I do so that his happiness will be more lasting?"

He buried his face in his hands and tried to think hard.

After a few minutes, he jumped up and exclaimed, "I have it! I have it! Now my master will be a happy man as long as he lives."

In that same town lived a rich old miser whose sole joy was to gaze at his bags of gold coins. He had a daughter named Maria. She was beautiful. The young men of the town were crazy over her. The miser, however, would not allow any suitors.

One day Pastolay's monkey went to the miser's home. "Good morning, Sir," he greeted the old man. "My master, Pastolay, has sent me to borrow your box for measuring gold coins. He said he'll return it this afternoon."

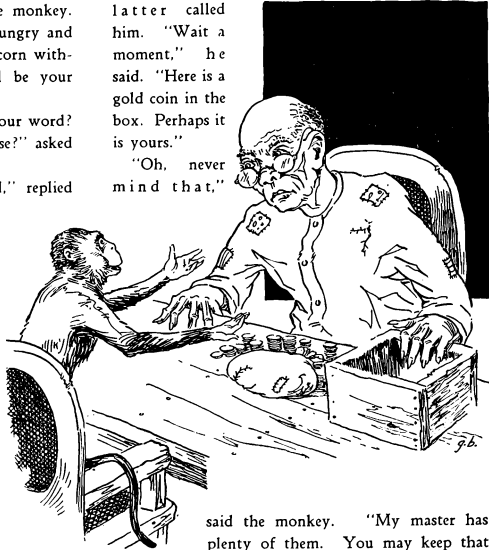
"I think you are making a mistake, my dear monkey," replied the miser. "Perhaps your master wants to measure the gravel in his little farm. Just take this box which I use for measuring sand, but be sure to return it this afternoon."

In the afternoon the monkey got one of the gold coins and inserted it in a slit at the bottom of the box. Then he returned it to the miser.

As he started to leave the miser's house, the

latter called him. "Wait a moment," he said. "Here is a gold coin in the box. Perhaps it is yours."

"Oh, never mind that,"



said the monkey. "My master has plenty of them. You may keep that but please lend us the box again tomorrow. You see we could not measure all the gold coins today."

For five days, the monkey kept on borrowing the box. Each time he returned the box, he always inserted a gold coin at the bottom.

On the fifth day the miser said, "Tell your master that I shall be pleased if he honors me with a visit. My daughter, too, will be very glad to meet him."

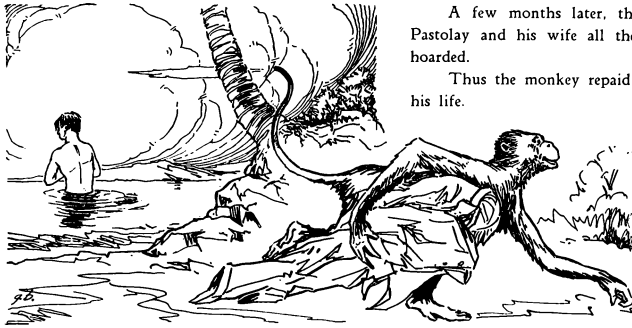
Pastolay who knew nothing of the monkey's activities was mad when he learned that he was expected by the miser's daughter the next day.

"How can I go there?" he yelled. "I don't have decent clothes."

"Don't worry, master, for before eight o'clock tomorrow you will have your clothes ready. Now go to bed and plan how you will win that beautiful daughter of the miser," replied the monkey.

Early in the morning the monkey was at the river. Soon a man came. He took off his clothes and jumped into the water. The monkey saw his chance. He got the clothes and ran as fast as he could to his master's home.

"Here they are," he said, "but don't ask questions. Put them on. A beautiful girl is waiting for you. Win her, dear master, win her."



Pastolay had to go. At first he was bashful, but at last he won the love of the miser's daughter. The old man thinking Pastolay rich readily consented to their marriage.

A few months later, the miser died leaving Pastolay and his wife all the riches that he had hoarded.

Thus the monkey repaid Pastolay for sparing his life.

Bayani and Princess Lawin (Continued from page 6)

foot of Tanaw's staircase and bowing low, he said: "Hearken, Tanaw. I come with one mission: to get your consent on Lawin's marriage with me."

But the proud Tanaw did not answer. He only smiled, pulled out the half-buried spear, and returned it to Bayani, meaning that he could not consent to Lawin's marriage to him. She was engaged to Magat, the mighty prince of Borneo.

Bayani walked away with a heavy heart. Lawin saw him leaving, his broad shoulders and his sturdy legs beaming like a young god's in the afternoon sun. Pity touched her young heart.

But the Luzon king was not discouraged. He knew that Lawin looked at him with favor. He knew that she loved him despite Tanaw and Prince Magat. One night he crept into the *silid* of Tanaw's palace and carried off Lawin.

The next morning the entire palace awoke in great confusion. Lawin had disappeared and so had Bayani. Thereupon Tanaw dispatched his twenty thousand lancers for a war expedition to the northern island. Tanaw decreed that the whole people of Luzon should be punished.

As the invaders sailed across the sea, a storm suddenly came. The waves rose

high and swallowed Tanaw's men. The earth quaked and moved mountains and plains. The land shook so suddenly that even Tanaw in his palace did not notice for a long time that his kingdom was pushed by the earthquake farther to the south.

The kingdom of Mindanao was troubled for many harvest seasons. Desperate over his losses, Tanaw climbed Mount Apo and madly hurled big rocks across the sea, intending to destroy Bayani's kingdom. All the stones fell into the sea except the last which struck the southern shore of Luzon.

Angered, Bayani seized the summit of Taal Volcano and threw it with all his strength at Tanaw. It struck the Mindanao king and sent him down Mount Apo.

Many seasons came and went since then. Bayani died, but the children of Lawin lived on. And the memory of the tribal strife between Mindanao and Luzon lingered with the years.

The big rock that fell on the southern shore of Luzon sank deep into the ground and left behind it a body of water called *Labugna* which we now know as Laguna Bay. The boulders from Taal Volcano that fell on Mindanao and killed Tanaw

(Please turn to page 18)

The Boyhood of Jose Burgos

By Jose Ramirez

WHEN you are old enough to study the history of our country, you will learn why three Filipino priests were executed by the Spanish government as a result of the Cavite Revolt. One of these priests was Father José Burgos, teacher of patriotism.

Burgos was born in Vigan on February 9, 1837. You can find Vigan on your map. It is the capital of Ilocos Sur, and it is the most beautiful town in the Ilocos provinces.

Jose's father was one of the prominent citizens of Vigan and his mother could read and write. She was one of the few who appreciated the value of an education. Jose's parents were strict with him for they wanted to see him become a good and useful man. They worked very hard so that they could give him all the advantages of a good education.

From his mother and father Jose learned to read and write. As a small boy he was studious. He always wanted to read, read, and read. He finished the *Cartilla*, and the *Caton* in a short time. Very soon he could read without the help of his parents. He studied hard at home and at school. His parents were surprised to see his rapid progress. So they began to think that their son would some day become a priest.

Although he was studious, Burgos did not neglect his health. He played a great deal with other boys. He was obedient and honest. He hated to quarrel with his companions, yet he was always ready to defend his playmates if they were in the right. His favorite games were *San Pedro*, *biola*, hide and seek, swimming, and running. In all these games he always played honestly and fairly. He was a good loser and a generous winner.

When he was studying in his home town, Jose paid close attention to his lessons so that in a short time he knew more than his classmates. It was by studying hard that he began the long struggle for an education — a struggle which he continued throughout his life. He took primary work under unkind teachers. He often complained that they did not teach him the meaning of the passages which they required him to memorize.

To make him work harder, one of his teachers

encouraged young Jose in his studies. He repaid his teacher by being always at the head of the class in all his subjects.

As a boy Burgos learned many things about his country which he never forgot. He learned that his fatherland was ruled by officers who were cruel and unjust. He heard that his countrymen were unhappy, and he kept thinking about them throughout his life. In Vigan he saw the poor badly treated, the farmers' crops taken away, and the people made to work hard and long and without pay. Everywhere he saw that the common people were not happy. He often wondered whether the people in other towns were also suffering in the same way.



Father Burgos, Teacher of Patriotism

Jose's ability surprised his delighted teachers, who persuaded his parents to send him to Manila to continue his studies. He studied in San Juan de Letran. In this college he was the head student. He led his fellow students in a protest, for he thought that a Filipino who was next to him in line should be appointed his successor as the head of the students. The students knew they were right and they won their case. As a result of this, Burgos made many enemies. His fearlessness when he knew he was in the right made many hate him.

Burgos studied for the priesthood in the University of Santo Tomas. When he finished his studies, he secured a position in the Manila Cathedral by taking a competitive examination.

You will study more about Jose Burgos later. He died in 1872 as a martyr. As a boy he was honest, obedient, upright, industrious, and studious. He loved his parents. He was a model Filipino boy.

NEXT MONTH

Stories about Rizal revealing his bright mind and keen wit even as a boy, his great love for things Philippine; about Leon Mu. Guerrero, the poor lad who lived to become one of our foremost scientists; and about Nicanor Abelardo, the humble but inspired composer of kundimans.

ARTHUR GREENWOOD—The Brightest Boy Living

IN New York there lives a boy seven and a half years old whose name is Arthur Greenwood. He could not talk until he was twenty months old. But when he learned to speak, he surprised his mother and father, because he talked just as well as they could. At the age of two he could read. Very soon, he wrote music in his own way so that he could remember the songs he heard over the radio.

In this manner, he could sing the songs himself. At the age of three he learned French, and then studied typewriting. He learned to type-write faster than many old stenographers.

Arthur's ability became known by many people only last December, 1934. At first he studied in a public school. He is now studying in the Brooklyn Ethical Culture School in New York. When he took the examination to test the intelligence of every pupil in that school, he obtained the highest rating: 230.

Educated men and women opened their eyes wide in great surprise. Arthur's intelligence rating is twenty-five points higher than that



Arthur is the boy standing at the middle of the picture

of Professor Albert Einstein. This German professor is considered one of the greatest scientists in the world today. This record of Arthur's intelligence is the highest. The ratings of some of the great men of the world are said to be the following:

Charles Darwin, a great English scientist, 165

Benjamin Franklin, an American philosopher and statesman, 160

Goethe, a great German poet, 210

Ulysses S. Grant, an American general, 130

Abraham Lincoln, the great president of the U. S., 150

Napoleon Bonaparte, the famous French soldier, 145

Voltaire, the famous French writer, 190

George Washington, the first president of the U. S., 140

In the intelligence tests given to Arthur Greenwood, he was asked to answer quickly hard questions. Arthur was told to repeat backwards seven numbers given orally by the examiner. To him were read long and difficult statements. He had to give the meaning after they were read. Then he had to define one hundred words. Many of them were very difficult, such as "homunculus," "shagreen," and "sudorific."

What Do You Know About Nature? • • • • •

THE following questions will test your knowledge of Mother Nature and her children. At first sight, this quiz may appear easy. After you have written your answers to all the questions, turn to page 17 and see if you have made the correct guess.

1. Why should you be very careful to see that when your dog

must wear a muzzle, it does not hold his mouth tight shut?

2. Are there any animals that never see their parents?

3. Do flies stay alive in houses over the cold season?

4. How far can a flea jump?

5. Are there any plants that are flowerless?

6. Do all trees have flowers?

7. Which of these animals keeps its body at the same temperature however hot or cold it is outdoors—frog, bird, man, carabao, lizard, bear, whale, fish, monkey?

8. Can a dog climb a tree?

9. Does our body temperature vary with the temperature about us?

10. Where do grasshoppers have their ears?

Foreign Customs

A Banquet in Japan

IF YOU take a boat in Manila and go to Japan, in eight days you will be there. Japan is a beautiful country, and the Japanese people are very industrious. Many of their customs and habits are different from ours. Let us go to a Japanese banquet and watch their quaint way of taking their meals.

Food is served on a low table where the members of the family and the visitors squat and cross their legs. This part of their custom reminds one of our own old-fashioned way of eating. Some of our poor families to this day regularly take their meals at *dutangs*. *Dulang* is the Tagalog name for the low dinner table.

In Japan the dining room, as any other room in the house, is perfectly clean and orderly because the wooden shoes the people wear are removed before entering the house. The room has very simple decorations. It is almost bare of color except for the bright-petaled flowers on pots at the low windows. Doors and windows slide open and shut. Besides another small table at the corner, the only piece of furniture in the room is the dining tables. Things have no importance in a Japanese room: the people are everything.

The typical banquet in that neighbor country of ours takes place in a simple but impressive manner. Two girls in bright silk kimonos enter the room. Their dresses are beautifully decorated with figures. They carry trays on which little cups of green tea and pieces of green candy are placed.

After the tea the same girls bring in hot napkins. These pieces of cloth serve to clean the visitors' faces. Then follows the third course, the pea salad. The girls prepare the main dish, the *skiaki*, on a little gas stove in the middle of the table. The dish consists of a big piece of fat, green onions, beans, sugar, soya-bean sauce, and finally pieces of meat. These bits of meat are mixed with raw eggs in saucers. Instead of spoons and forks, the Japanese, like the Chinese, use chopsticks throughout the entire meal.

Conversation begins to be interesting. The educated Japanese loves to talk about music, art, history, and literature. They are very polite and patient.

At the end of the dinner a *geisha* arrives. A *geisha* is a Japanese singing and dancing girl. She is accompanied by another woman with a *shu mi-sen* or lute. The woman with the lute sits down cross-legged and begins to play on her instrument. The *geisha* dances, or rather skips, in her white cotton socks in front of the people in the room. All the men clap their hands to beat measure with her dancing. Then, one of them invites the *geisha* to dance a one-step with him.

After a round of dancing, the *geisha* and her companion with the lute sit with the guests and drink *sake*, the favorite wine of Japan. The *sake* is served steaming hot. The party ends in a quiet way, and the guests, happy and entertained, depart for home.

The Sampaguita

By Dr. Maria Pastrana-Castrone



THE sampaguita is the national flower of the Philippines. I am sure you know how it looks like. It is white and small and very fragrant. At night when the flowers bloom, they give a cool sweet odor. New flowers blossom all the year. They come out most abundantly, however, in the dry months of April and May.

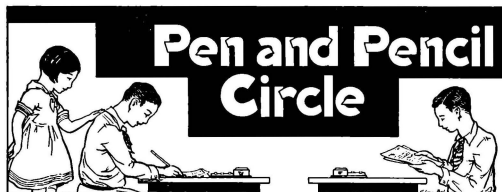
The buds of this flower are usually made into rosaries and necklaces. This is done by passing abaca fibers through the buds, *llang-llang* flowers and roses are tied at the end of the necklaces. Young women are fond of wearing these garlands around their necks.

The sampaguita plant is a slender, vine-like shrub. It is about two meters tall. It grows best when it is allowed to lean and climb on fences. The leaves are oval. They are somewhat pointed at the ends. They are arranged in pairs which are opposite to each other on the stem.

It is said that the sampaguita is a native of India. The Hindus call this flower *balphul*. It is named *sampaga* in Pampango, *manol* in Visayan, and *sampaguita* or *kampupot* in Tagalog. In naming this flower *kampupot*, the Tagalogs are misled. The real *kampupot* is another flower belonging to the same family as the sampaguita.

Some people think that the name sampaguita was taken from *sampaga*. *Sampaga* is defined by a Tagalog dictionary as a kind of flower similar to jasmine. Another book says that it is another name for flower.

The old folks in the Tagalog region
(Please turn to page 21)



Pen and Pencil Circle

Dear Boys and Girls,

I am conducting this column of the *Pen and Pencil Circle* for my young friends all over the Philippines and in the other countries far away. I would like to ask you to send me letters, short poems, and articles which you have written, or interesting pictures and snapshots, which I shall publish in this column if they prove to be good and interesting.

Next month I am giving a surprise gift to any young boy or young girl who sends me the best letter telling the *YOUNG CITIZEN* what he or she likes most in this magazine. In your letter state how old you are, and where you are studying and in what grade.

Send all your letters, poems, or articles, or snapshots to Aunt Alma c/o The Young Citizen, 405 P. Faura, Manila.

Dear Aunt Alma,

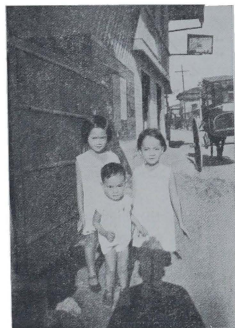
I am a little girl five years old. My Mama told me I'm going to San Roque Central School in June.

I like my teacher in kindergarten. She is very very good. My godfather is also very good. He took a snapshot of me, my little brother, and my friend. I am the little girl at the right of the picture.

Your friend,

Adoracion Legaspi

So you're going to school next June. Adoracion? I am sure you



Little Adoracion Is at the Right of the Picture

will enjoy it if you keep being a good girl. Write to me again next June and tell me about your school.

AUNT ALMA.

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am Baby Bella and daddy says to write to you to tell you I am your friend. I don't know you but I think I like you.

Baby Bella

Baby Bella is a mystery to me. She is my friend, she says, but does not tell me who she is or where she can be found.

Did you really write this letter, Baby Bella? Do write me another one and let me know where I can send you a little present. I think I like you too.

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am Nora Cruz, the daughter of Mr. Jose C. Cruz. I am now eight years old. I am now in the fourth grade, and I am studying in Rizal Elementary School.

My father received the gift you send him. He cannot write a letter to you because he is very busy.



Salvador Wants Friends

My father is thanking you very much for the gift you send him.

Your little friend,

Nora Cruz

Is she not a helpful, little secretary? Only, she will put her daddy in embarrassment if she does not look out for the tenses of her verbs.

Thank you for writing to me, Nora.

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am nine years old. I am in the Third Grade in the Bagong Buhay Primary School.

I want to know many friends in all parts of the world.

I am fond of sawing toys out of wood. I have made wooden pigeons, deer, and cats.

I like to play ball. I also like to ride on a bicycle.

Your friend,

Salvador Jacinto

You will soon have many of them, Salvador, if you keep in touch with our column. Sawing toys out of wood is good as long as you do not saw off your fingers. Keep at it, Salvador!

AUNT ALMA

(Please turn to page 15)

The Sky and the Stars—

ORION



DURING the month of January and February when the sky is clear at night, we see a group of stars right above our heads. This group of stars is called the constellation of Orion. A constellation is a group of small and big stars.

The people living in the country of Greece hundreds of years ago believed that Orion was once a young hunter. He used to spend his time in the forest. One day he saw seven beautiful maidens. They were the daughters of Atlas. Atlas was believed to be the strong man who carried the heavens on his shoulders.

Orion, the young hunter, ran after the beautiful girls. They were frightened and they fled away crying. But Orion ran faster than they were. When he was about to overtake them, the goddess Diana changed them into seven white doves. Afterwards she placed them in the sky as seven bright stars. These stars are Pleiades, the daughters of Atlas. In reality, there are only six stars in the Pleiades. The seventh, according to the legend, faded away when the city of Troy was captured a thousand of years ago.

Orion is accompanied on his journey through the heavens by his dog Sirius. This dog has been al-

The Whale—Giant of the Sea

Do you know what the biggest living animal is? It is not the carabao, nor the elephant. It is the whale. If you make a whale stand upright on the ground, its head will reach the top of a tall coconut tree.

Very few of us have seen a real whale. But in some seas in the Philippines, this animal is found. It looks like a fish, but scientists tell us that it is not. It is called a mammal. Mammals are a group of animals who feed their young with milk. Man is also a mammal.

The whale has warm blood, while the fish has not. It has a well-developed brain.

If it has lungs instead of gills, why can it stay for long periods under water? Because its lungs have become adapted to its present way of living at sea. When it rises to the surface, it breathes out the used air in a column of vapor.

When the whale is hungry, it swims on the surface of the water with its mouth open. Among the toothless whales, plates of *whalebone* take the place of the teeth. When seawater enters its mouth, tiny animals found in the water are drained by this *whalebone*. These sea creatures are then carried into the stomach of the whale. Imagine how many thousands of these small living things are needed to furnish a full meal for this giant of the sea.

The toothed whales have a different kind of food. Their ordi-

nary meal consists of cuttlefish and other large sea creatures.

ways faithful to him. Sirius is also a star. It is one of the brightest.

The star on the upper left of Orion is Beelgeuse, and the one on the lower right is Rigel.

According to the beautiful legend, the goddess Diana killed Orion whom she loved. Some say that she killed him, because he made love to Eos, the goddess of the dawn. This goddess is sometimes called Aurora. In her sorrow she placed him and his dog Sirius among the con-

stellation.

The most important group among the whales is that of the sperm whale. This whale is over sixty feet long. It is found mainly in tropical waters. In the Philippines dead whales have been cast on the shores. Found in its big head is a white, waxy substance which is used in making ointments and candles.

Another gray substance called ambergris is obtained from the intestines of the whale. It looks like chewing gum. It may be found floating on the surface of the sea. It is mainly used in the making of good perfumes. The makers of perfume pay big sums of money for a small quantity of ambergris. A few years ago some persons found a large quantity of ambergris near the shores of Mindanao.

The oil of the whale is also used for lamp oil. Before petroleum was discovered, whale oil was more widely used than now for lighting the interior of houses.



Some people believe that whales will disappear soon from the surface of the earth. Men who want to make money from the valuable things the whale gives, kill too many whales a year.

—(O)—

stellation.

The constellation of Orion consists of three stars in a straight line. These three stars are supposed to be the belt of the hunter.

Jupiter is the biggest of all the planets. It requires nearly twelve earth years for this great planet to make one revolution round the sun. A man on Jupiter who lives to a hundred will be well over a thousand earth years in age.

Do You Know That—

Three great Americans were born in February. They are George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Thomas Alva Edison.

□

There are more people in Europe than in North and South America combined, and more in Asia than in the Americas and Europe together.

□

Cebu is the most populated province in the Philippines. Its population, according to the latest estimate, is 1,141,742.

□

The Philippines was once connected to the mainland of Asia by strips of land. That was thousands of years ago.

□

Fishes and snakes can not close their eyes even when asleep, because they have no eyelids. Human beings could also sleep without closing their eyes, but the effort of keeping the eyelids open is too great. So we adopt the easier course --and shut them.

The little white marks on some people's fingernails are caused by poorness of the blood which prevents the nail-cells to work properly. People whose blood is not healthy have these white spots on their fingernails.

□

If you were born between January 20 and February 20, your zodiac sign is Aquarius, meaning the water bearer. Your ruling planet is Saturn. Your flower is the tulip. Some of the famous persons born between these dates are Father José Burgos, Napoleon, Galileo, Lincoln, Edison, and Mozart.

□

Florence Nightingale is known as "The Lady with the Lamp." During the Crimean War she worked hard to save the lives of wounded soldiers.

□

THE YOUNG CITIZEN is the first and only magazine of its kind in the Philippines.

PEN AND PENCIL CIRCLE . . . (Continued from page 13)

Dear Aunt Alma,

I want to have friends whose ages are like mine. I am ten years old. I was born on June 3, 1924. I am now in Grade III in the Ciudad Elementary School. I have two brothers and one sister.

When my friends will write to me, I shall tell them many stories and how to play games.

I hope they will tell me also stories about themselves and about their friends and about what they read from their books.

Yours sincerely,

Aida Filoteo.

You want to be a story-teller, Aida? Here is a chance for you to do it. Write a short one and send it to Aunt Alma, and if it is good she will print it in this section.

Dear Cousin:

I am very glad to write you a letter. How are you now? How is Aunty?

The first thing I want to tell you is about vacation. We might not be able to go there this year because we have no time. But Lola is going there.

I have nothing more to say so I think I will close now.

Best regards to all the members of the family especially to you. I will write to you again some day.

Your loving cousin

Ileana C. Adolfo.

I will be glad to transmit this letter to Ileana's cousin but unfortunately she forgot to give me her cousin's address. I hope that her cousin will come across this letter

Your Health

Your Hands and Your Health

One of the most important health habits a boy or a girl must have is the cleanliness of the hands. We usually wash our hands when grease or any foreign substance soils them. When they look clean, we refuse to wash them before eating a meal. This is not an example to follow, for many persons expose themselves daily to disease just because they fail to take the time to clean their hands.

During your waking hours consider how many chances you might have in touching things laden with disease germs. The coins given you by your mother, the playthings you hold at home and in school, and the countless other things touched by your hands are filled with bacteria and other very, very tiny animals which will do great harm once they are in your body.

Your skin is an excellent place for growth. There is living matter present which gives necessary nourishment, oil from the glands near the skin, moisture, and a suitable temperature. All these are essential to the life of the bacteria.

Not only when food is eaten do the hands reach the mouth, but also when finger nails are bitten and fingers are sucked. Aside from being insanitary, the habit of sucking the fingers is babyish. It also causes the ugly arrangement of the teeth. When you see old boys and girls whose teeth are like leaning fences, you can be sure that they had the habit of sucking their fingers when they were children.

It is then our duty to wash our hands thoroughly with soap and water before eating and to keep the hands off the mouth all the time.

and will understand that it is for her.

Ileana is nine years old and is in the Fifth Grade in the Normal Training School. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Adolfo.

AUNT ALMA.

ARE YOU COLLECTING STAMPS?

STAMP collecting is not very popular among young people in the Philippines. But in America and Europe, children and even grown-ups are interested in this pastime. They spend much money to obtain the rarest stamps.

Among the most noted collectors of postage stamps are King George V of England and President Roosevelt. Some of their stamps are worth hundreds of pesos each, because no other copies of them could be found anywhere in the world.

Old stamps that were used years and years ago are very valuable today. If you are lucky and industrious, you may get old stamps without spending a single centavo. In some corner of your house you may find old letters of your father or of your grandfather. These letters may have old stamps that came from India, or Russia, or Australia. These stamps left forgotten among cobwebs and dust may be worth one hundred pesos today, for all you know.

It is believed that the first stamps were used in the Philippines in 1854. These postage stamps bore the image of Queen Isabella of Spain.

Then there are the special stamps issued now and then by our government to mark a great event, as the coming of Loriga and Gallarza, daring Spanish aviators, and the arrival of Babe Ruth with other American baseball players. The number of stamps printed for such events is limited. It would be wise for you to keep several copies of them. There will come a time when they will be bought at a high price. So, you see, you may become rich some day from the stamps you have collected in your youth.

(Please turn to page 22)

• BOOK CHATS •

HOW many books have you on your bookshelf? What else would you like to read?

Of course, before I can suggest any interesting books, I must first know what you, yourself enjoy reading. Perhaps you will write and tell me the names of the books you own. Have you read any that belong to your friends? No matter whether you are in the fourth grade or in the seventh, or in any other grade, I would be happy to hear from you.

And by the way have you any books at home which you can read to your little sisters and brothers? What are the names of the books? Perhaps, you have some nice picture books too.

When you write to me, tell me about the following:

The titles of the books you own.
The titles of the books you have read.

Put a little check preceding the names of those books which you have enjoyed the most.

The names of the books which your mother or even you read to your little sisters and brothers. Don't forget the names of the picture books, too!

Write down your own name, your age, the name of the school you go to, and the grade you are in.

Now, if you tell me all of these things, it will be lots of fun telling you all about the good books you can read. We will have a book chat every month. Write soon.

Lovingly,

Mother Goose of Bookland

ALL ABOUT BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS!

Stories of Fun and Mischief

So many men and women are writing books every day for the boys and girls all over the world. Did you know that very often these writers tell about adventures which happened to them when they

were your age? Of course, that is why so many of them make their stories sound so true and real.

□

I am thinking of Thomas Bailey Aldrich who wrote *THE STORY OF THE BODY*. In this story Mr. Aldrich tells all about the pranks and all about the mischief for which he and his playmates were blamed by the village folk. Those were the happy days when he was a real boy having a glorious time in Rivermouth and Portsmouth on the coast of the Atlantic ocean.

□

Another good book which tells about the doings of a jolly bunch of youngsters is Booth Tarkington's *PENROD*. This is followed by a second book called *PENROD AND SAM*. It's great fun meeting Penrod and his friends—not forgetting the faithful little old poodle. Both of these books are very amusing.

□

And you surely should have a chance to read *THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER* and the second book, *HUCKLEBERRY FINN* by Mark Twain.

Some writers choose what is called a pen name instead of using their own name. That is just what Mark Twain did, for his real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens. He was a pilot on a Mississippi river boat for many years. Having grown so very fond of the river life, he chose the nautical term to stand for his name throughout the remaining years of his life.

□

Now I can hear some girl saying "But not a single book for girls has been mentioned!" However, I can assure you that there is hardly a girl in the whole United States who has not read these numerous boys' books. In fact, I met many girls in the European countries who had read them. Some had read

(Please turn to page 20)

Aunt Julia's Corner

(This department is conducted personally by Mrs. Juliana C. Pineta, Principal, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School, Manila)

My dear young friends:

Every time THE YOUNG CITIZEN comes to you, you will find "tidbits" for you on this page. Sometimes I shall tell you little true stories about your nature friends. At other times, I shall tell you stories that come to me in dreams. Such stories may not be true but they may be interesting. Once in a while I shall teach you how to play games. And sometimes I shall try to help you with your school work.

Today I shall tell you how to play a game that your parents used to play. Not many of you play it now because you have been taught to play American games.

This game is "Pass in Order." You can play it indoors, but you must remember what your teacher teaches you. You must play out of doors a part of every day. From five to ten players can play this game.

We shall choose the leader, who is called "Mother", by drawing lots. Get as many sticks or pieces of string as there are players. They must be of different lengths. Hold them tightly in your hand with only the ends out. Each player

pulls a stick or a piece of string. The one who gets the longest is the "Mother." The other players form a circle around her.

You start the game with this conversation between the "Mother" and the other players:

Mother: Pass in order!

Players: Deep convent.

Mother: Who will be the first to get me a stick? (The Mother can name any object found about the place. The players rush out to obey the order.)

A player: I am the first.

Another: I come second.

The first player to return and give the Mother the thing wanted remains with her. He is the quickest child. Perhaps he should also be the dearest.

The game is repeated until all the players are left with the Mother.

Now can you play the game? I would be glad to hear from you about what you think of this corner of your magazine. I shall be glad to answer your questions about anything which you think I know about.

AUNT JULIA

OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' CORNER

The Life of a Shell

By IRMA PINEDA, VI-A

Emilio Jacinto Elementary School, Manila

I AM a small shell. I live in the deep blue waters. I was happy there. My master the snail was kind to me.

One day my master left me alone. I wanted to see the beauties of my home so I left the place where I was and after a while, I saw something. I thought it was

going to catch me. But when I came nearer I found out that it was something with two feet and two hands. It was swimming to me. When it came nearer I found that it was a water baby. We talked together and I was happy to be with her.

Suddenly I saw five long, white things. It held me tight in the

What Do You . . .

(Answers to Nature

Quiz on page 11)

1. A dog can perspire only from his mouth and tongue and not like ourselves, from all over the body. If you keep his mouth closed, you stop him from panting, or perspiring and he cannot cool off.

2. Yes. Many insects never see their parents, because the parents' lives are finished before the young are born.

3. Yes. Although many die off when cold comes, some get into houses and stay in a sleeping state during the cold, but wake up when warm weather comes.

4. Sideways about a foot and upwards about six inches.

5. Yes. These are: yeast, mushrooms, molds, ferns, and horsetails.

6. Yes. All trees belong to the flowering plants. Some people do not realise this, because the flowers are often very small and not showy. The reason is that tree flowers are often fertilized by the wind and have no need of fancy petals, as the wind has no eyes.

7. The bird, the carabao, the bear, the whale, the monkey, and man.

8. No.

9. No.

10. Some kinds of grasshoppers have their hearing organs in the abdomen, and other kinds have them on the front legs.

Then I felt that I was lifted. Afterwards I saw something with holes. There I saw many of my friends. So I was happy again. But yet, I could not feel the water for I was in a basket on the dry land. Then the man took the basket away and brought it to his daughter. The girl put me to her ear. I sang songs for her until I rot and she threw me away. Until now I am in a dirty nook.

HOBBY PAGE

A Carabao Cigarette and Ash Holder

By Gilmo Baldovino

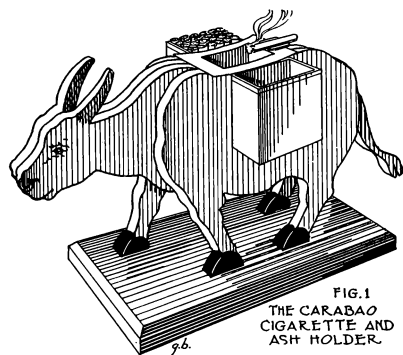


FIG. 1
THE CARABAO
CIGARETTE AND
ASH HOLDER.

THE carabao is a useful and hardworking animal. We often see it in the roads pulling carts or carrying heavy loads on its back. For your handiwork this month, we are giving you a model of a carabao cigarette and ash holder.

Figure 1 shows the finished carabao and cigarette and ash holder. The wooden carabao consists of five parts as shown in Fig. 2. These parts are sawed out of wood $3/8$ inch or $1/2$ inch thick. In assembling the pieces, apply glue on the sides of

pieces A and B. Figure 2 shows two small slots at the hind part of the carabao. Insert the tail E in the slots indicated in Fig. 2, as mortise $1/4$ " deep. Then nail parts A and B together. Glue and nail parts C and D on their respective sides to form the body of the carabao. The feet are then glued and nailed at the bottom of the base.

Now only the packs are lacking. In making the cigarette packs, the ash tray and the pommel, any lightweight tin will do. Base the measurement of the packs of cigarettes on an actual package of cigarettes. (See Fig. 3).

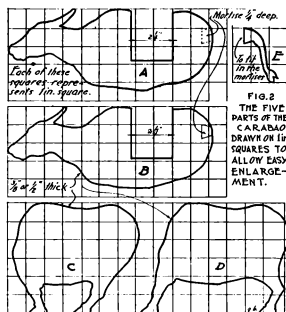


FIG. 2
THE FIVE
PARTS OF THE
CARABAO
DRAWN ON IN
SQUARES TO
ALLOW EASY
ENLARGEMENT.

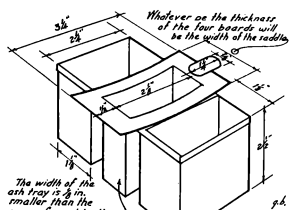


FIG. 3
SHOWING MEASUREMENTS FOR THE
PACKS; ASH TRAY,
SADDLE, AND CIGARETTE REST. (The
cigarette rest is referred to the saddle).

The width of the ash tray is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, smaller than the space formed by the parts A and B (Fig. 2) so that it may be easily removed for emptying.

Note: The saddle will have to be bent and the ash tray to be cut to follow the curve of the back of the carabao.

Paint the carabao first before placing the packs on it. The body of the carabao should be painted dark stone gray; the upper part of the base and the packs, the saddle and the pommel, green; the animal's horns and hoofs, black.



BAYANI

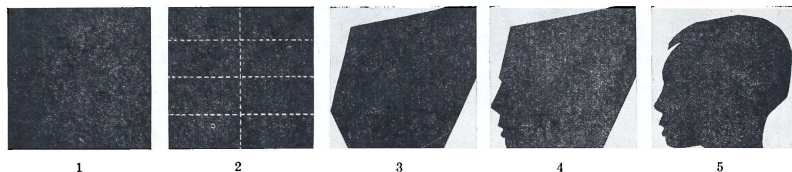
(Continued from page 9)

likewise made a big hole which became filled with water and was later known as Lake Lanao. After that great storm the water shallowed. The rocks Tanaw had hurled and which had fallen into the sea re-appeared and became the Visayan islands.

Thus is told the origin of the Philippine Islands.

CUT-OUTS — Easy Way of Making Them

By GILMO BALDOVINO



CUT-OUT OF THE HEAD OF A BOY

In this page are reproduced cut-outs of the head of a boy, a girl, a man, and a woman. Although each one of them is arranged so as to make itself explanatory, I shall explain the method here employed step by step.

1. Cut a square of any suitable size as shown in No. 1.
 2. Fold this square in the center. Then fold it again to divide the square into four equal parts. The purpose of the folds is to have guide-lines on the paper before cutting it as shown in No. 2. (See the diagrams on how to fold).

3. The first cut is from the chin to the point of the nose. The second—from the nose to the forehead. The third—cut a portion from the top to make the fore-

head narrower. The fourth—from the back of the neck to the back of the head as shown in No. 3.

4. Make a trial cutting of the nose, upper and lower lip, and chin. See No. 4.

5. Make the final cuttings. The forehead must not be made prominent. Bend the bridge of the nose a little. See No. 5.

In making the cut-outs of the head of a girl, a man, and a woman, the ways mentioned above may be followed. The forehead of the man and woman must be made wider and the nose straighter to denote age.

In making all these cut-outs, always refer to the diagrams.



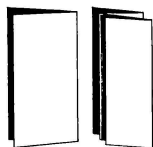
CUT-OUT OF THE HEAD OF A GIRL



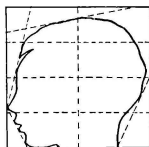
CUT-OUT OF THE HEAD OF A MAN



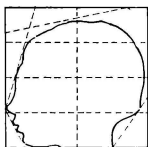
CUT-OUT OF THE HEAD OF A WOMAN



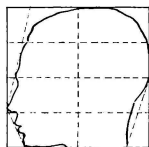
How to Fold



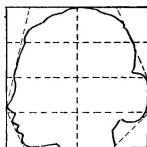
Boy



Girl



Man



Woman

DIAGRAMS

EVERYWOMAN'S HOME DOCTOR

A Book of Incalculable Value to every woman and her family—a whole library on Home Economics

Prepared by

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HOW TO SAY IT

1. There are other correct ways of saying "Yes," as "Certainly," "Surely" not "Sure," "Yes, sir. With great pleasure."

2. When you are requesting for something, always say, "May I..." not "Can I..."

3. Don't say: I entered *into* the room. "Into" is not necessary.

4. One does not say, "I climb up a tree." "Up" is superfluous.

5. Another common error: I don't know to my mother. Say: It depends upon my mother.



BOOK CHATS...

(Continued from page 16)

them twice and some even three times! Of course, you know that these stories have been translated into French, German, and into many other foreign languages. Perhaps, when you grow up, one of you will translate these good books for boys and girls into the Philippine dialects. Don't forget.



I'll suggest two books written especially for girls. They are *INGER JOHANNE* and *WHAT HAPPENED TO INGER JOHANNE* by Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Here you find amusement and mischief a-plenty. *INGER JOHANNE* is a girl from the Land of the Midnight Sun. Can you imagine living in a part of the world where for two whole months it is dark both night and day? Then for another whole month the sun shines throughout day and night!



I do not want to forget *ANNE OF GREEN GABLES* by L. Montgomery. Just you read what Anne does to her long lovely red hair! You will never forget Anne, for you feel as if you had really met her in true life. (I read the book three times.)

SAMPAGUITA . . .

(Continued from page 12)

gions believe that the name sampaguita was taken from *sampa-kita*, which means love's vow. It is said that in a small barrio a young man and a beautiful maiden loved each other. Both were poor.

One day the young man died. The beautiful maiden became very sad. She had no money to buy roses or other expensive flowers for her loved one. As she walked along the fields, she saw tiny, white flowers growing near bamboo fences. She gathered a cluster of these flowers and scattered them all over the tomb of the young man. Those flowers were sampaguitas. But in those days the people had no name for them. So they called these pretty blossoms sampaguitas in memory of the great love between the man and the woman.

Do you know the best way to plant sampaguitas? In this country the seeds of sampaguitas do not mature and can not be used for planting. Instead of seeds, stems are used to grow new plants. First of all, cut a healthy green stem whose buds are ready to sprout. Use a sharp knife in the cutting so that the tiny cells at the end of the stem will not be crushed and closed. Water from the ground passes through these tiny cells into the plant. Plants, like animals, need water as well as food in order to live.

Before planting the stem, remove the old leaves from it. Let the young leaves and the buds remain.

Plant the stem in a box. Place it in the shade until new leaves begin to come out and new roots are developed. Give it enough water.

After you have removed the young plant from the box, transplant it in a moderately rich soil. Be sure to watch it every day, especially during the dry season. Flowers will appear in a month or two. If you want to have many, many flowers, remove now and then old leaves and old stems from the plant.

(Please turn to page 22)

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SAMPAGUITA . . .

(Continued from page 21)

Being our national flower, the sampaguita must be cultivated widely in our gardens and in our public parks. It represents the beautiful in our country. Our poets often speak of our young maidens as the sampaguitas in this garden of the East.

ARE YOU COLLECTING . . .

(Continued from page 16)

Aside from the profits, stamp collecting is enjoyable. Is it not a pleasure to know that the colored squares of paper that you keep come from strange and distant countries?

You will even be interested to increase your knowledge of geography. You would want to be acquainted with the countries and their people who used or still use the stamps in your collection.

Do you know how to begin the hobby of stamp-collecting? You may start with the postage stamps of our country. You need a stamp album in which to keep them. A good stamp album can be bought from any large store selling school supplies, toys, and stationery. The same store may have foreign stamps for sale.

You can get foreign stamps free by writing to boys and girls in other countries. When your friends from far away send you copies from their collection, they expect you to send yours too.

One thing to remember when you start this hobby is never to paste down your stamps. Stamp mounts can be bought from any stamp dealer. These gummed strips of paper are used to hinge down the stamps to the album like the lid of a desk. Thus, when you want to remove the stamps and transfer them to another album, you can easily do so without destroying them.

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