

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE
HAPPY LITTLE NENA

By Aunt Julia



LITTLE NENA sang "Good Morning Bright Sunshine" as she stooped to pick little blossoms of touch-me-not on the roadside.

"How lovely and soft!" she whispered as she touched her cheeks gently with the bunch of the modest flowers.

Behind her a kind voice said,

"Good morning, little girl. What makes you so happy?"

"The bright sunshine, Sir, and the pretty little "makahiya," and, of course, the breakfast"

"What have you for breakfast today?"

"*Chamorado* and dried fish. And my mother has a golden papaya for me." Nena's face beamed at the thought of her favorite breakfast awaiting her. "I shall put these flowers in a little bamboo vase. Our table will look like the picture on my book."

"How would you like to play with another little girl? I live in that green house." The man said pointing to the house on the hill.

"That large house? The one with the beautiful iron fence?" Nena asked with

wide-open eyes.

"Yes. In that house lives another dear little girl about your age. Her name is Anita. Would you like to meet her?"

"Yes, Sir. But it is time for me to go home. My parents must be waiting for me at the breakfast table."

"Run home then. Come back after breakfast. I'll be waiting for you."

After breakfast, Nena came up to her mother and said,

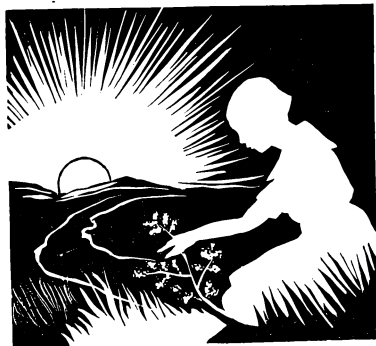
"Mother, the man who owns the green house with the beautiful iron fence wants me to play with his girl. May I?"

"Yes, dear, but don't stay long. Your sister will miss you."

The man held Nena by the hand. He took her around the garden. He led her to the green house. There everything was beautiful. There were finely carved chairs. Soft lace curtains hung on the windows. Red roses were placed in beautiful vases.

They entered a room which was different from the others. It was done in pink like a sweet pink rose. Birds and flowers were painted on the bed and on the chairs.

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HAPPY LITTLE NENA

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Butterflies and flowers were embroidered on the table runners, chair covers and curtains. Nena felt as if she were in a garden. But the most beautiful thing in the room was a sweet little girl with big curls on her head and a beautiful twinkle in her eyes.

"Anita, I have brought you a playmate."

"Oh, how do you do?" Anita extended her hand to greet Nena.

"My name is Nena. I live in the small house at the foot of that hill."

"Would you like to play doll? I have many, many dolls."

Anita opened a case. She brought out a Japanese doll in kimono. She put out a Spanish doll in a beautiful lace dress. There was a French doll with white hair and wide skirt. There were dolls that said, "Mamma" and dolls that danced. There was a baby doll in a crib. There was a big lady doll in a carriage.

Nena looked long at everyone of them. She touched their rosy cheeks. She stroked their curly hair. She said over and over again, "cute, lovely, beautiful!" She forgot Father, Mother, and Baby at home. She had not seen such beautiful dolls before. Her dolls were tiny things without hair and without clothes.

On her way home, Nena kept thinking of Anita's dolls. If she could only have one which said, "Mamma!"

When she was met by her mother on the stairs, she cried breathlessly.

"O Mother, such a beautiful house!" And the girl is very lovely. Her name is Anita. She had dozens of the prettiest dolls. Mother, may I have a doll that cries 'Mamma'?"

"Perhaps I can buy you one next Christmas if I could begin saving now. I must save at least fifty centavos every month and it will take me a whole year to save enough to buy a big doll."

"A whole year. Mother?" Nena's eyes were very wide with surprise.

"Yes, dear, and you will have to go without school dresses." The

LOVE OF COUNTRY

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country so dear as the Philippines, because she is your motherland. Under her skies, you first saw the light of day. Just as you can't help breathing her air, so you can't help admiring her woods, her rivers, her mountains; her sunshine, her plains and valleys, because they are filled with a singular beauty. You are growing up under their good and kind influences. Are you not glad that you were born in a country to which our Mother Nature has been most generous?

You can show your love of country by serving her with all your soul. True love of country does not mean blind worship of everything that has to do with one's country. "My country, right or wrong!" is not a wise principle to follow. Truth and justice should guide your conduct. If you know something to be wrong and improper, you should not uphold it simply because it happens to be of your native land. The best way to show that you have the welfare of your country at heart, is to work for the happiness and prosperity of its people. You should employ yourself in some profitable occupation so that you may be able to make your own living. You should willingly help those who you see are in need of help. You should love your fellow country men as you love your

mother murmured very softly.

"Ma, ma, ma. Da da da" came the silvery ripple of the baby's voice from the bedroom. Nena tore herself away from Mother's embrace. In a moment she had Baby in her arms.

"Why, Mother. Baby can say Mamma like Anita's doll. She can say *Dada*. Perhaps it means Daddy. She can cry and she can laugh. Don't buy me a doll. I love Baby better than all Anita's dolls."

"Tey, Tey" crooned the baby.

"Mother, she calls me 'Sister. Sister.'" And Nena pressed the baby's cheeks against hers.

SAMPAGUITA GARLANDS

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He shot out of the street like a bullet. He was swallowed in a stream of factory women picking their way home. He was almost crushed below the wheels of a taxicab had not the whistle of a traffic policeman stopped the car. Berto pushed on unmindful of the driver's curses. He found them at the corner of Echague and Villalobos. He was panting and shouting: "Ali, Ali is this your purse?" "Oh yes, that is mine." Where did you find it?" "Near the show house," answered Berto wiping his forehead with the hand.

The man brought out a few coins and handed them to Berto. Berto flashed a smile and was gone.

By this time fleeting shadows had come.

When Berto was gone the woman opened her purse.

Two folded show programs, a prayer book, and a rosary came out.

Berto strode off, whistling a familiar talkie song hit as his fingers caressed the two five-centavo pieces which the man had given him.

own brother.

If you truly love your country, you will obey and respect its laws. If the people do not obey their own government, there can be no peace and order in the land. Under such a condition, the life as well as the property of the people are constantly in danger of being lost. Ours is a country in which the people rule themselves by electing their own officials. If we want a good, clean government, we must elect only those men whom we believe to be entirely capable to run the government. Once they have been elected, it is our solemn duty to obey and respect them.

What must you do when your country is drawn into war with another? There can be only one answer. Fight for her! If need be, die for her! As patriotic sons of your motherland, you should be willing to shed your last drop of blood for her.