

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

1, 1935

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The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY • Volume 1 Number 2

The Message This Month

CHARACTER

Last month we made the statement that we should develop our abilities and capacities and build in us good character. We said that we should build good character in order that we may know how to live harmoniously and happily with our fellowmen.

What is character? If we were good every day and in everything we do and say, people believe that we have a good character. But if we were bad, our character is bad. However, our character, good or bad, does not depend upon what people think or say about us for it depends entirely upon what we really are. Our friends think that we are diligent and prompt to study our lessons in school and to do our duties at home. But if we neither study our lessons nor help our folks at home, of course, we are not what our friends think we are. Our enemies think that we are undesirable classmates. They tell others not to befriend us because we are quarrelsome. But as a matter of fact we are friendly and helpful to our classmates even to our enemies. Our character therefore, is good in spite of the opinion of our ene-

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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.

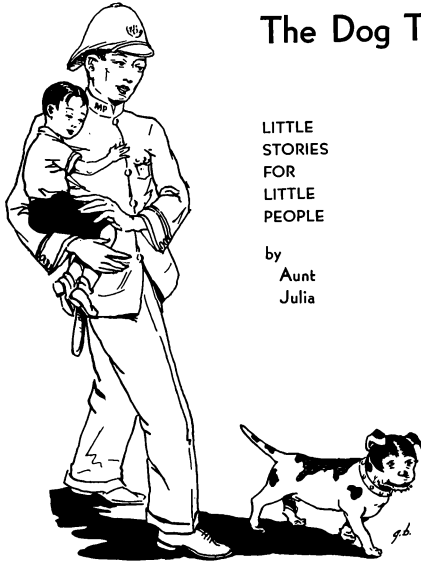
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The Dog That Jose Did Not Like



LITTLE
STORIES
FOR
LITTLE
PEOPLE

by
Aunt
Julia

“FATHER, I do not like dogs. I want a train. I want a little train that runs like a big train,” Jose cried.

His father was giving him a puppy for his birthday.

“You will soon like him. He will be a very good friend,” his father said.

“No, No! I don’t want him. He is barking at me. See his big teeth! He will bite me.”

“He just wants to talk with you. He wants to play with you.”

Then his father called the dog.

“Puppy, come. Sit up.” And Puppy sat up.

“If you will be kind to him he will take care of you,” Jose’s father said as he picked up the little dog.

But Jose did not like Puppy. He did not give Puppy any food. He did not want to play with the little dog. When the dog licked his legs, Jose was angry. He sometimes beat the dog. When Puppy tried to

sleep beside him, Jose would take him up and throw him on the floor. Puppy would run away and lie behind the door.

One day Jose was playing skipping rope in the yard. He saw many boys in the street. The boys were chasing one another. Some were rolling their hoops.

Jose wanted to play with them. He wanted to chase the other boys. He wanted to roll a hoop, too. He wanted to play skipping rope with them. Jose opened the gate. He saw Puppy running toward him. He closed the gate before Puppy could come out. He ran after the boys. But the boys ran very fast. He could not catch them. He ran and ran until he could not run anymore. He sat at the gate of a big house. A man came out and told him to go away.

He looked around. He wanted to go home. He did not know which way to go. He was lost. Then he began to cry.

A policeman came.

“Why are you crying, little boy?” the policeman asked.

“I am lost,” Jose said and he cried aloud.

“Don’t cry, little boy. I will take you home. Where do you live?”

“I do not know.” Jose pointed up the street. Then he pointed down the street.

The policeman took Jose by the hand. They walked slowly up the street. Soon they heard the barking of a dog behind them.

“Oh, that is Puppy. That is my dog,” Jose cried happily as he looked back.

Puppy turned and ran down the street. Then he would stop. The policeman carried Jose in his arms. He ran after Puppy. Soon they came to a small house with a green gate. Jose’s mother met them. She took Jose from the policeman and said, “Thank you very, very much.”

“You should thank your dog. He showed me the way,” the policeman answered smiling.

Do you think Jose loved his dog after this?

WHEN THE BOY PRODIGY WAS

MISSED

•
by
Alvaro L. Martinez
•

THE wild applause of the enthusiastic audience which filled the Grand Opera House made the curtain rise three times, each time causing the Boy Prodigy to appear and make his solemn bow. Every one wondered how one so young could play the violin so sweetly with his little fingers. Every mother in that big audience wished that she, too, had a son like him, a son who could receive the praises of the public.

Boys, much older than he, who were there to listen and watch him play, envied him at the bottom of their hearts. One said to another, "He must be very happy and very proud too." To which the other made reply, "He must be. I wish I can be like him too, then perhaps my mother would be glad to buy me the things I most want."

But the little Boy Prodigy was not at all happy. He was tired, tired of playing the violin, and tired of hearing the applause of the public and the praises of his friends.

"What a wonderful child you have, Mrs. Roces. You must be very proud of him," he heard every one tell his mother, at the same time patting him on the head. At first he liked these remarks, feeling the thrill of being always mentioned. But when he began to lose the opportunity of mingling with the other boys in the street,



playing with them the games they all enjoyed, he found that, after all, being a prodigy was not a pleasure. At times he would go out of the house quietly like a guilty prisoner, in order to be able to mix with his former playmates, only to be called back at once and to be scolded.

So that night, as he listened to the applause of his admiring public, he felt very sad, for somehow it made him feel that he was not free. His parents were waiting for him at the stage door; and together with them were many friends, who were eager to be the first ones to congratulate him. He thought of escaping from them, and so he left the theater through the back door. Let them miss him if they would, but at least he would not be petted again as in the last two performances.

It was raining outside, and the place was cold and dark; but he decided that he would rather get wet going around the place to where their car was parked than to smile to every one even though his heart was heavy within him.



He wanted to be alone . . . alone! At the door, however, he suddenly stopped, for he heard a low sobbing as of one who was in trouble.

In a dark corner he saw an old woman seated at the foot of the stairs, crying softly and trying to suppress the sobs which would not be appeased. He went down and stopped before her. She looked up in surprise and rose quickly, wiping her eyes with her crumpled handkerchief.

"Why are you crying, Inang?" he asked very kindly, for his heart was touched with pity.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, laying her withered hands affectionately on his shoulders. "You are the Boy Prodigy!"

At first he felt a repulsion towards this show of admiration, for it was to avoid this thing that he had left the theatre through the back door; but when by the dim light of the lamps he saw her face, he felt that he should be kind to her.

"Yes," he answered meekly, "I am the Boy Prodigy. What can I do for you, Inang?" he added, motioning her to sit down again. As the old woman sat down, he sat beside her.

"I wanted very much to hear you play," she said after a while of silence, "but I could not afford to buy a ticket to get in. You see, I

am very poor."

"You could have come to me," he replied, "and I would willingly have given you one."

"Thank you, thank you, my son; but, you see, I do not know you personally, neither do you know me," she answered, coming closer to him and hesitatingly caressing him by the arm. "I could not afford to buy a ticket to get in, so I begged the porter to let me stay here and listen."

She heaved a deep sigh and tears came once more unbidden into her eyes. "What makes you unhappy, Inang?" he inquired, seeing her sad and in tears.

"I had a son," she told him, "who used to play the violin like you. Of course, he was not as good as you. But he loved to play the same piece which you played to-night. He often played it to me."

"Where is your son now?" he asked her.

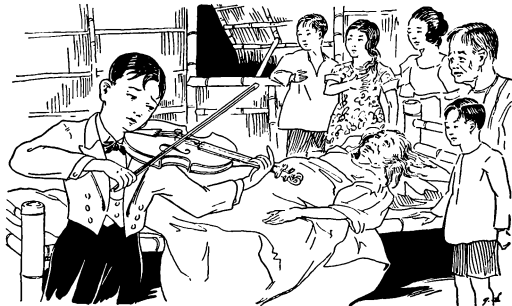
She was silent for a while and, then, between sobs and tears she said, "He is dead."

It was his turn to be silent and unconsciously he found that he, too, had tears in his eyes. A sudden inspiration came to him, an inspiration born of the brain of a genius.

He whispered something into her ears and before she could thank him, he was gone. The old woman stood up and, with tears mingling with her smile, left the place.

The Boy Prodigy had been practicing with enthusiasm, much to the surprise of

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THE BIG BROTHER

By Mrs. JULIANA C. PINEDA

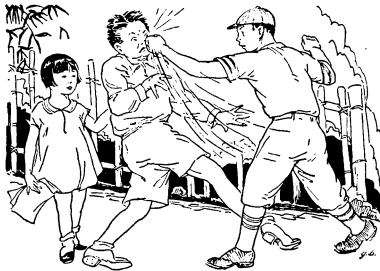
"TATAY! Tatay!" The screams of ten-year-old Pacita rang through the entire house as she rushed from room to room in search of her indulgent father. She found him buried in his books as usual, scraps of scratch paper thrown carelessly on the desk and on the floor.

"Tatay!" She sobbed as she threw herself on her father's lap. "'Kuya' slapped me on the head for the third time to-day."

"Oh, my darling, my pet, my little kitten," the kind father murmured as he stroked the girl's head.

Those words of endearment were enough to quiet Pacita and stop her tears. All her troubles were forgotten, all her wounds were healed by those words which her father reserved only for his favorite daughter. After a while, the girl straightened herself up, gave her father a light kiss on the shiny spot of his head, and ran out of the room in good spirits.

Like most brothers and sisters, Abelardo and Pacita teased, quarreled, and fought with each other many times during the day. They started an argument on anything. Abelardo, a boy and the first-born at that, regarded himself superior to all his brothers and sisters in every way. He was the bravest and strongest. He knew the most. He, therefore, claimed the best



of everything. He looked upon his sister Pacita, the eldest girl, as one who should wait on him, do his bidding, and receive a slap or two when he was in an ugly temper. Of course, he had a right to "boss" his brothers and sisters. Was he not a member of the graduating class of the Mabuhay Elementary School? He was a star indoor baseball player and a contributor to the school paper.

"Well, what did you gain out of reporting me to Father?" Abelardo greeted Pacita sneeringly as she went downstairs to resume playing "piko" with her friend Caridad.

"Father will spank you when you go upstairs."

"Oh, yes? That is what you always say, but Father never does. I am older than you. You must always mind me. Or, you will get a beating every time you don't."

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THE LITTLE WHITE MAIDEN

This is the story of a girl in the moon who felt sad and lonely and longed for friends. The wind pitied her and brought her to the earth. Here, she became known as the Sompaguita.

by
Ligaya
Victórico
Reyes

LISTEN. The Wind is telling a story. Do you see him holding the flowers close to his lips, whispering into their tender ears a tale that was never told? See the flowers laugh and sway with pleasure. Watch the fiery Gumamela fling up her glorious head in glee and settle once more to attention. Look at the Roses — how stately they stand upon their thorny stalks, intently listening to the Wind's sweet tale. Do you notice how the butterflies flutter about in a sort of jealous frenzy while the Wind plays at will among the flowers and lure their sweetness with the silver of his voice? Let's draw near. Perhaps if we are very silent, we shall catch the words that the Wind is saying and enjoy his tale with the flowers of the garden.

Do you hear? The Wind is talking about the Little White Maiden, who dwelt in the moon. She must have been very beautiful, that Little White Maiden, for the Wind is sighing about her with gentle wistfulness. She must have been sweet, that Little White Maiden, for the Wind seems to have captured some of her scent and is wafting it to us. He says that she dwelt alone in the moon, in a crystal palace of glowing mirrors which caught up the radiance of the sun and reflected it to a sleeping world. She wandered all alone in this beautiful palace of loneliness, with

no one to talk to and no one to laugh with. She hummed songs that she heard the Wind sing; she played games with herself, stretching her arms over her head and pretending that the little maidens with the up-flung arms which the mirrors gave back to her were little playmates dancing to the tune of fairy music. How did she know about fairy music? She must have been a fairy once, and the memory of that sweet existence must have lingered with her long after she had been banished to the moon.

Why was she sent up to the gleaming palace of the moon? Well, let me see. Perhaps she was a little naughty and could not play happily with the other little fairies. Or perhaps she longed for so much light that she could not stand the darkness of the Underworld and thus had flown straight to the moon, the only light she had ever known. But no matter—we must be silent, or the Wind will hear us and discontinue his story.

One night, when the moon was waning, the Little White Maiden felt lonelier than usual. She was sick and tired of the huge palace of mirrors which was so bright and so silent. She wanted to hear laughter—the laughter of good children—the sweetest sound upon the universe. She sat by a little crystal table and thought and thought. The more she thought, the lonelier she felt, and she shed big crystal tears which fell on her knees and rolled down to her feet. As she looked at the little pool of tears which had formed at her feet, she suddenly thought of something that she had seen once in the world of long ago—a silver pool reflecting the brightness of the moon. A great home-



sickness for the earth and all its treasures assailed her. She wanted to go back—to hear the little children playing by the brook, once more hear their strange and lovely voices, and feel the beauty of their laughter. She wanted to go back. She could not stand this terrible loneliness in the glittering palace of the moon.

Resolutely, she stood up and dried her tears. She *will* go back. But how? She looked all about her. Half of the huge palace was in shadow, for the sun was resting on his right side and hid the brightness of his face. She went to a little crystal window and looked out at the world beyond. All about her was darkness, relieved only by the lamps of little stars who played with one another as they kept vigil while the sun slept. The Little White Maiden's heart was nigh to bursting with wistfulness. How she wanted to go out. How she wished she were a star, for then she wouldn't be so lonely. At least the little stars could play. She peeped out some more into the night. As she looked out, the desire to go out among the stars grew stronger within her. What could she do? She would perish of loneliness in the crystal palace of the moon.



The Little White Maiden thought for some more lonely hours. Then she cocked her ears to listen. What sound was that? From the distance came the music of the Wind as he blew among the heavens. The Little White Maiden strained her ears to catch the notes of his whistling. He was coming nearer. She put half of her body out of the little crystal window and waved her hands to attract attention. The Wind saw her tiny white arms frantically beating the silence of the moon palace and hastened to her.

"Please, Brother Wind, take me down!" the Little White Maiden pleaded (so ran the Wind's tale).

And with the words, the brave Little White Maiden flung herself out of the crystal window and sailed down, down, till the wind caught her up in his strong arms.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked the Wind, as he whistled among the walls of the heavens.

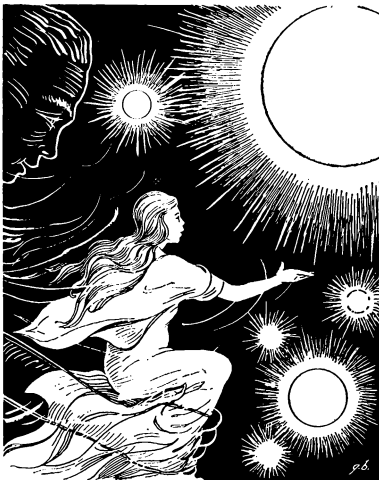
"Anywhere, anywhere!" the Little White Maiden replied, "where I can find laughter!"

"Shall we try the stars?"

"Do, do," the Little White Maiden pleaded.

So they sailed among the stars, coming close to one another and listening with all their ears. There was the sound of faint, indistinguishable music, more like

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(Little Stories for Little People)

Sitong, the Little Hero

By Mrs. Juliana C. Pineda

SITONG was very quiet at the table that evening. He did not tell any story about his playmates. He did not talk about the games he played during the day.

His father looked up at him. His mother said,

"Sitong, are you sick? Why don't you tell us some stories?"

"No, Mother, I am not sick. I want to go to bed," Sitong answered.

Sitong's aunt came.

"Do you know, Maria," she said, "that Sitong had a fight this afternoon?"

"What?" Sitong's mother cried. "Is that true? With whom?"

"With Andres, Mang Manuel's boy. Andres went home with a bleeding nose."

"Sitong, you naughty boy, come here this minute. Didn't I always tell you never to fight?"

"Yes, Mother," Sitong mumbled.

"Were you hurt?" his mother asked.

"No, Mother."

"Yes, you were. Look at your forehead. It is bruised. Get the mentholatum jar."

Sitong's mother spread some mentholatum over the blue part.

"Now, tell me why you fought," the Mother demanded.

"Nothing, Mother," Sitong answered with hanging head.

"Tell me," his mother ordered, "or, I will spank you."

Sitong said nothing. As his mother stood, he ran to his father. His father took him in his arms.

"Never mind, Maria," he told his wife with a wink. "Sitong will tell you about it by and by."

Father and son went into the bedroom.

"My son," the father spoke gently, "you do not have to tell your story now. You may tell Father about it when you want to. Perhaps tomorrow."

"I shall tell you about it now, Father."

The father sat on a chair by the window. He held Sitong on his lap.

"We were playing 'hole in' Father," Sitong began. "He liked my marble. It was the one I polished with your shoe polish. He offered to give me two marbles for it. I did not want to exchange my beautiful shining marble. He took it from me. Then, he offered three marbles for it. I said 'No.' He became angry. He threw it on the ground and shouted:

"There is your marble shining like the bald spot on your father's head."

"Then I gave him a hard blow on the nose."

The father pressed the child to his breast. Kissing the boy on the head, he said,

"That's my brave boy. Yes, sometimes you have to fight. And when you fight, fight hard."

A BOY'S WISH

by ANATOLIO LITONJUA

I wish the wind would carry me
To far-off lands across the sea.

I'll visit boys as young as I
Who fly big kites up in the sky.

I'll hunt big tigers, lions, deer
With bows and arrows, knife and spear.
These, all these I'll do the day
I sail for countries far away.

MISSING PAGE/PAGES

YOUR HEALTH

BEAUTY FROM THE SUN

By Prof. URSULA B. UICHANCO *

WHAT will happen to us if there were no sun? Have you ever thought of this? How have you felt on a dark, rainy day? Have you been happier when the day was bright and sunny? The light of the sun lifts up our spirits; and without the sun, we cannot live.

The sun is a planet like the earth on which we live; but it is many, many times bigger than the earth. It is very hot. Have you ever tried to pass its light through a piece of crystal? Then you must have seen the variety of colors such as what you have seen in a rainbow. This variety of colors is called the "spectrum". It is formed by the rays of the sun.

In the spectrum there are some rays of light which give us life. Have you ever heard of the "ultraviolet" rays of the sun? What do they do for us?

The ultraviolet rays of the sun make our blood richer and stronger so that we are better able to fight against diseases. They also help to make us beautiful or handsome because they bring to our cheeks a healthy red glow. A boy or a girl who does not get enough sunshine becomes weak and pale.

Do you know that good strong bones help to give your body a beautiful form? Without sunshine, children's bones will not grow well. Their legs are likely to be crooked and bent. Lack of sunshine causes *rickets*, a disease which makes children bow-legged.

Sunshine early in the morning is very healthful because it has an abundance of ultraviolet rays. The time from sunrise until the school begins in the morning should be spent outdoors under the sun as

* Actg. Head, Department of Health Education, University of the Philippines.



The New Government of the Philippines

Every good Filipino citizen should know the changes that take place in our Government. Since the year 1916 most of the important offices of the Philippine Government have been held by Filipinos. The principal exceptions are the office of Governor General and several offices of justices of our Supreme Court. Since that year the highest law of the Philippines has been the Jones Law. It was passed by Congress in 1916. This is what is known as a Constitution. The constitution of a country is its highest law. No law may be passed by the Philippine Legislature which is contrary to the Jones Law.

But on March 24, 1934, the Congress of the United States passed a new law changing the Jones Law. This new law was accepted by the Philippine Legislature on May 1, 1934. The Filipino people have been allowed by it to elect delegates to a constitutional convention. A constitutional convention is a body of officers which has the power to make the highest law of the country, or its constitution.

The voters of the Philippines elected the delegates to form the Constitutional Convention. This body met on July 30, 1934. It finished the writing of the Consti-

much as possible. We may run and play, or better still we may work to water or clean the garden and the yard.

Healthy children are always active. They dislike being lazy. If running, active games, or work tire you easily, there must be something wrong with your body. In the next issue I shall tell you the causes of such troubles.

tion of the Philippines last month. That Constitution has been sent to the President of the United States for approval. If approved by him, the Constitution will be sent back here. It will then be presented to the voters of the Philippines for approval.

When the voters of this country shall have approved that Constitution sometime this year, we will have a new Government organized according to that Constitution. In that Government all the officers will be Filipinos. If needed, Americans may be used as advisers.

The United States will be represented in the Philippines by an American officer whose title is High Commissioner. He has nothing to do with the running of the Government here. He will act simply as an observer to report to the President of the United States matters happening here. His salary will be paid by the United States.

When the new government will be established, this country will be known as the Commonwealth of the Philippines. The Government of the Commonwealth will continue for about ten years. After that period, independence will be given to the Filipinos by the United States. We shall then have a Philippine Republic. Whether or not the Filipinos will really want to be completely independent from the United States ten years after the establishment of the Commonwealth, is a question which we shall decide later.

In the next issue of this magazine we shall discuss the duties and privileges of the Filipinos under the new law of Congress.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES—Kiko Went Fishing

By GILMO BALDOVINO



What Do You Know About Nature?

This is a continuation of the Nature Quiz begun last month. You will find the answers to these questions on page 49.

1. Which can turn its head farther around its neck, you or a bird?
2. Do rabbits walk?
3. Which sings, the male or the female canary?
4. How is a frog's tongue different from your tongue?
5. Where are a rabbit's eyes placed?
6. What part of the plant is the potato? Is it a leaf, a stem, a bud, or a root?
7. What fish lives in the sea and goes to fresh water streams to lay its eggs?
8. Name an animal that is found only in the Philippines, one that is found only in Australia, two that are found only in Africa.
9. Is the tomato a fruit or a vegetable?
10. What is the English name for camotes?

Learning To Use New Expressions

Read the story below. Remember the expressions that are new to you.

The town fiesta was celebrated last Sunday. Early in the morning, Rosa went out to *pick* some flowers. She *picked* so many that she dropped some of them. She *picked them up* and showed them to her mother. Her mother told her to *pick out* the red ones for the sala.

Answer the following questions. In your answers use the expressions underlined in the story.

1. Why did Rosa go out?
2. What did she do with the flowers she dropped?
3. What did her mother tell her to do?

Fill the blanks with the correct expressions. Each blank stands for a word or a group of words.

1. Do you _____ the waste paper on the school ground?
2. We must not _____ flowers in other people's gardens.
3. When picking guavas, do you _____ all the fruit, or, do you _____ the ripe ones?
4. Here are some shells. _____ the clean ones.
5. It is a pleasure to _____ sampaguitas early in the morning.
6. I _____ the buds and the open flowers. Then my sister _____ the buds for her necklace.

(See the answers on page 49.)

CHARACTER

(Continued from page 27)

mies. Thus we see that other people cannot make character for us, for we ourselves build character in us.

The habits of doing things, of expressing ideas, and thoughts, of showing manners and attitudes of

managing temper and emotions, of keeping promises, of making and maintaining decisions,—all these sets of habits and many other little habits—constitute character. Bind tightly all these habits into a bundle and we have character.

To build, as early as possible, desirable habits is to lay the solid

foundation of a good character. Forming the habit of solving accurately arithmetical problems such as $2 \times 2 = 4$ and not 5 ; $3 + 5 = 8$ and not 9 ; $9 \div 3 = 3$ and not 2 ; is just like forming desirable habits that may eventually grow into a beautiful structure of a good character.

Dr. I. PANLASIGUI.

SLEEP, BABY, DEAR

Composed Exclusively for
THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Words and Music by
ANTONIO MUÑOZ
Tanjay, Oriental Negros



1. Ba-by, sleep, ba-by, dear, Moth-er to you is near,
2. Bright stars are shin-ing, dear, Cold winds blow here and there.



Lord God who's ev-ry-where Watches o'er you with love and care.
Moth-er to you is near, Sleep, ba-by, dear, you need not fear.

How To Do Simple

MAGIC TRICKS

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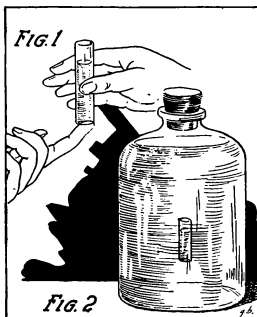
The Magic Bottle

• • •

All of us love to play with water, but just splashing around isn't half as much fun as really to make something.

One of the most ingenious and amusing toys is the Magic Bottle.

All that you need is a big bottle full of water way to the top and a little vial. Fill the vial with water, then put your finger over the mouth, turn upside down, and dip quickly into the mouth of the



large bottle. (See Fig. 1.)

You will find that perhaps half an inch of air has gotten into the top of the vial. If you haven't let in enough air, the vial will sink to the bottom of the bottle and you must fish it out and try again. If you have let in too much air, the vial will float high and once more you must try. Your object is to let enough air into the vial so that it will just barely float and bob under at the lightest touch. This requires patience.

When you finally have the vial properly posed, and you may have

to try a good many times before you succeed, close tightly the big bottle with a cork.

As you press the cork down, water is forced up into the vial and compresses the air. This makes the vial less buoyant. It then dives to the bottom. Pull out the cork gently. As the pressure is removed,

(Please turn to page 49)

DO YOU KNOW?

Tomas Claudio of Morong, Rizal, was the first Filipino to die on the battlefields of France during the World War.

Cathay was the ancient name for China.

Shakespeare, the greatest English poet and dramatist, and Cervantes, the greatest Spanish writer and author of *Don Quixote*, died on the same day, April 23, 1616.

Switzerland is the oldest republic in the world.

The parliament of Iceland is the oldest parliament in the world. It is over one thousand years old.

Easter cannot be earlier than March 22 nor later than April 25.

That part of the sea near the east coast of Mindanao is one of the deepest bodies of water in the world. Its depth is many times more than the height of Mount Everest in Asia, which is considered the highest mountain on earth.

WHEN THE BOY PRODIGY WAS MISSED (Continued from page 30)

his parents and his tutor. But he insisted in playing over and over again one single piece—"The Angel's Serenade."

"That is not the piece you're going to play in your next concert, my son," his mother protested one day. "But you spend more time in it than in that which you are going to render on the night of your performance. Why?" He would not give them any answer, but would merely smile and go on. Meanwhile, the day for the fourth great performance drew near, and people who knew the Boy Prodigy began to talk of him again, anticipating the glorious night when he would thrill them with his music.

But that night when he was to appear before them, the Boy Prodigy was nowhere to be found. Had he been kidnapped for a ransom? Had he developed stage

fright and refused to play that night? Or were his parents trying to hide him somewhere to make the management raise his share of that night's proceeds from the sale of tickets?

A search for him was started, a search frantic and determined. The search ended in a little nipa hut, dimly lighted by a flickering *tinghoy*.

The house was surrounded by a crowd of poor people, all listening intently but in reverent silence. "The Angel's Serenade" was being played from a violin which was almost human in its pleading. And it was the hand of the Boy Prodigy that was drawing out from its strings the inspired melody.

His face was bathed in tears as he played it—played it to an old woman who was lying down on a broken bed, with her face toward him, and her eyes bathed in tears. At the foot of the bed sat a young

girl, suppressing her sobs but giving her tears free rein.

Soon the piece was ended but silence remained unbroken.

The Boy Prodigy wiped out the perspiration from his young forehead and looked down at the old woman on the bed. The sight startled him. The young girl rushed to the bedside of her mother, for it was her mother who was lying there listening to the "Angel's Serenade."

She was dead, but she had a beautiful smile of contentment and joy on her aged face.

She died happy, made happy by a little boy who did not think himself too great to play for an old poor woman like herself, by a little boy whose skill in playing the violin made people spend money to hear. Suffice it to say that that night's concert was greater and more acclaimed than ever.

OUR MOST FAITHFUL FISH FRIEND (Continued from page 36)

If milkfish lays eggs and produces baby milkfish in the sea, how, you will ask, it is raised in fish ponds? The millions of "kawag-kawag" that are hatched in April, May, and June in the open sea swim to the shore. Men catch them along the shores of the Ilocos provinces, La Union, Pangasinan, and Batangas. They supply the fish ponds in Luzon. Fish ponds in the Visayan Islands are supplied from Cebu, Oriental Negros, Iloilo, and Antique.

If your home is not far from the sea or from mouths of rivers, you must be familiar with fish ponds. After the "kawag-kawag" are collected, they are placed in a fish pond which is divided into compartments or rooms. Their first home is the "pabiayan." Here they feed upon tiny green plants that form a mat on the floor of the "pabiayan." After two or three months in this compartment, the fish are about the size of a man's finger. Of the number placed in the "pabiayan," only two thirds or six-

ty out of every hundred grow into the fingerling. The tiny fry are eaten by other fish or they die because the water becomes too salty or too fresh.

The fingerling are transferred to the next compartment called the "impitan." Their food here is a kind of water plant called "lumut." Here they stay for about two months with plenty of food. After two months in the "impitan," the fish are transferred to the "kaluañgan," which is the most spacious part in the entire fish pond. Why is it necessary for the fish to have a very large room at this time? Here they remain until they are ready for the market. By the time they are ready to be harvested, only about thirty-six out of every hundred of the original members of "kawag-kawag" are living.

After reading this article you should be able to take the test below. Mark T the statements that are true and F those that are false. Read parts of the story again if necessary.

1. The milkfish is found only in fish ponds.

2. Milkfish may be bought in the market at any time of the year.

3. The milkfish lays millions of eggs.

4. It lays eggs in the fish ponds.

5. The roe is the sack that contains the tiny eggs of a fish.

6. The milkfish thrives well in fresh water.

7. The eggs hatch into fry as big as your finger.

8. There are many rooms in the fish pond.

9. The room in which the "kawag-kawag" are placed is called the "pabiayan."

10. The "kawag-kawag" feed upon "lumut."

11. The big milkfish feed upon the tiny plant that forms a mat on the floor of the pond.

12. About one third of the "kawag-kawag" placed in the fish pond grow into the marketable size.

13. Milkfish can be prepared in many ways.

**Answers to the Test on
"OUR MOST FAITHFUL FISH FRIEND"**

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. F | 7. F |
| 2. T | 8. T |
| 3. T | 9. T |
| 4. F | 10. F |
| 5. F | 11. F |
| 6. T | 12. T |

13. T

THE LITTLE WHITE MAIDEN . . .

(Continued from page 33)

the music of sighs than of laughter.

"Come," said the Little White Maiden to one little star. But the star just winked at her and shook her silver head.

"I have watch to keep," she said at length, "and duty can be more delightful than laughter when one has known it all her life."

All the others whom they approached merely winked and twinkled at them but would not leave their post. So the Little White Maiden, lonely and bewildered, sailed along with the Wind.

"And I told her," (the Wind said,) "about a world beneath the stars. A little world where the colors of the rainbow could be found in the flowers, where sweetness is so free, and laughter so wholesome. I told her of a little garden where children played all day and plucked flowers by a little lake. I told her of the music of their laughter when they were delighted and the wisdom of their words when they were kind. And I told her of the sweetness of their breath when they are asleep and the tinkle of their laughter when they dream of beautiful things. 'Look everywhere you wish,' I said to the Moon Maiden, 'but nowhere can you find sweeter music than the sound of children's laughter when they are happy.'"

The Little White Maiden clapped her hands in glee and asked to be taken down to this little garden. So they sailed down, down, down, till they came to this little garden with the clear bit of lake. She lingered by the beautiful flowers

BOOKS TO READ . . .

(Continued from page 42)

quite funny. Did you ever think that 'foxes' might wear 'socks'? Many of the poems in the book, **WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG** are about the things that little boys and girls love to do and about the things that little girls and boys dream of. All of the poems were written for a real little boy who lives in London, England. His name is Christopher Robin. Some other time I shall tell you a secret about Christopher Robin.

I do wish some of you boys and girls would write to me about the kinds of books you would like to read. Look in the first number of **THE YOUNG CITIZEN** and turn to the page where it tells you just what I would like to know. I am waiting to hear from you.

Lovingly,

MOTHER GOOSE.

while they slept, kissed their delicate petals, caressed their tender stalks, and sank to rest in a little throne of green which lay by the lake. Suddenly, there was the sweet tinkle of a baby's laughter, coming clear and beautiful in the perfumed air. The Little White Maiden clasped her hands in ecstasy, her face beautiful beyond words.

She is there now. Would you like to see her? But you must be good and think only of beautiful things so that the sound of your laughter would be unutterably sweet when she pauses to listen for it. Here, by this tiny pool, look closer, for she is there, the Little White Maiden. Do you see her? Yes, in the daytime she is a little Sampaguita, sleeping in a bed of sweetness. But in the night, she wakes up from her rest and leaves her fragrant bower. She flits about the cradles within the silent houses, waiting for the thread of melody which tinkles from the land of dreams and trickle out of the sweet, soft lips of slumbering children.

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THE BIG BROTHER

(Continued from page 31)

As Caridad handed to Pacita her "pamató," she remarked,

"Your 'Kuya' is very cruel. I am glad I am the oldest in our family."

"Well, Chary, I don't know. Perhaps I would not like to be the oldest. My mother says the oldest will have to fight many times for the younger."

"Then your 'Kuya' is just practicing his fists on you."

"May be." And Pacita lost herself again in the game.

That afternoon the Mabuhay indoor baseball team played against a visiting team and gave the latter a sound licking. Pacita was among the crowd of spectators. Her heart leaped with pride as Abelardo sent the ball flying over the fence. It stood still as she followed the figure of her brother speeding toward the home base. Tears ran down her cheeks when her "Kuya" won the game for the home team.

Pacita elbowed her way out of the crowd to carry the good news to her father. As she was squeezing herself through the crowded gate, she heard her brother's name mentioned. A member of the visiting team referred to Abelardo as an "empty-headed braggart."

Facing the speaker, Pacita slowly but forcefully said: "Whoever says that about my brother is himself the empty-headed braggart. You are lucky my 'Kuya' did not hear you."

"I will say so in his face," shouted the boy. "Who are you that meddles in boys' conversation? Run home and cook some porridge for your . . ."

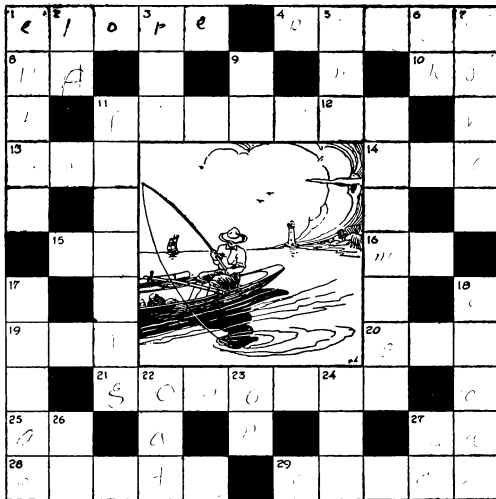
He had no chance to finish his statement. A well-aimed blow landed on his nose.

"How dare you bawl out my sister?" It was Abelardo confronting the offender with clenched fists.

"He called you a braggart, 'Kuya,'" Pacita put in timidly.

"Never mind about me. Pacita, go home and I'll teach this boy not to be fresh."

Cross-Word Puzzle



ANSWERS TO NATURE QUIZ ON PAGE 44

1. The bird can turn its neck half way around and rest it on the back, which you could not. He has more neck bones and that makes his neck easier to turn.
2. No, they hop.
3. The male canary.
4. Your tongue is attached at the back end and is free to flap around at the front end. A frog's tongue is attached to the mouth at the front and is free to flap at the back.
5. In the side of the head so that he can see behind him.
6. The potato is a stem. The "eyes" are buds.
7. Salmon and eels.
8. The tamaraw—in the island of Mindoro, Philippines. The kangaroo—Australia. The zebra and the giraffe—Africa.
9. The tomato is a fruit. In science the word fruit means the part of the plant that holds seeds.
10. Sweet potatoes.

MAGIC TRICKS

(Continued from page 45)

the air expands, the vial regains its buoyancy and jumps up again.

By skillfully manipulating the cork in this way, remembering to move it only a hair's breadth at a time, you can make the vial dive up and down or halt midway as if by magic.

When you have astonished your friends within the magic bottle, you can explain to them how it works, and then play an interesting game. Each person takes turn to see how long he can keep the vial poised in the center.

When it hits the bottom or the top of the bottle, this is a miss and the next player has his turn.

LEARNING TO USE NEW EXPRESSIONS

(Continued from page 44)

ANSWERS

1. pick up
2. pick
3. pick; pick out
4. pick out
5. pick
6. pick; picks out

ACROSS

1. To go away, as lovers sometimes do.
4. The Greatest Malayan.
8. North America (abbreviated)
10. Negative.
11. What the man in the picture is doing.
13. Snake-like fish.
14. Female deer.
15. Point of a compass.
16. Myself.
19. How a polite boy addresses his elders.
20. Everything.
21. Man of learning.
25. In the year of our Lord (abbreviated).
27. Short for mother.
28. Young man.
29. Large body of water.

DOWN

1. To go in.
2. Sixth note in the musical scale.
3. People of the Philippine Islands (abbreviated).
5. Small hotel.
6. Article meaning one.
7. One who loves.
9. Exclamation.
11. They smell sweet.
12. Science of the right use of language.
17. Written composition; also to try.
18. Unsoiled.
22. It has nine lives
23. Upon.

At the table that evening there was extraordinary peace between the two oldest of the seven children. Pacita watched her "Kuya" as he ate, and anticipated his wishes. She handed to him his glass

of water and the hand towel. When she offered Abelardo a generous slice of the coconut candy, he refused, saying, "You may have it for yourself, Pacita. A banana is enough for me."

Little Anastacia—The Heroine

A True Story

HAVE you ever heard of a little girl eleven years old who died in a fire in order to save her brother and other younger children? That was what young Anastacia Orense did in a little barrio of Tanza, Cavite. She was playing one day at about the beginning of this month with six children in a little house made of nipa and cogon. One of the children was her brother. They were all younger than herself. Tired from playing, some of the children fell asleep. Little Anastacia went to the kitchen to cook some rice. When she got through with her work, she discovered that the house was on fire. Her first thought was of the children. She immediately sent away those that were awake, three of them. The three children that were asleep, however, had to be taken away one by one. Anastacia was so thoughtful that she did not even want to awaken them.

Some neighbors who had approached the burning house saw

Anastacia go in and out of it to save the children. They warned her not to enter a third time because the house was already about to fall. But the brave girl, who knew that her young brother was still inside, dared everything and calmly ran into the house. Upon reaching the place where the child was still sleeping, she took him into her arms at once and ran to the door. But it was too late. Two burning rafters fell on her, pinning her to the floor, together with the child in her arms. The flames devoured the house, reached the two other girls already in the yard so that all four were burned to ashes. Afterwards, looking over the ruins and turning up the ashes, the neighbors discovered the charred bodies of Anastacia and the younger brother still clasped in her arms. With tears in their eyes, they removed the tiny corpses, and could not find adequate words to praise the little girl who saved first her playmates before she even attempted to save her brother.

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