

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

July, 1937 AP 201

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# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 3

NUMBER 6

J U L Y . 1 9 3 7

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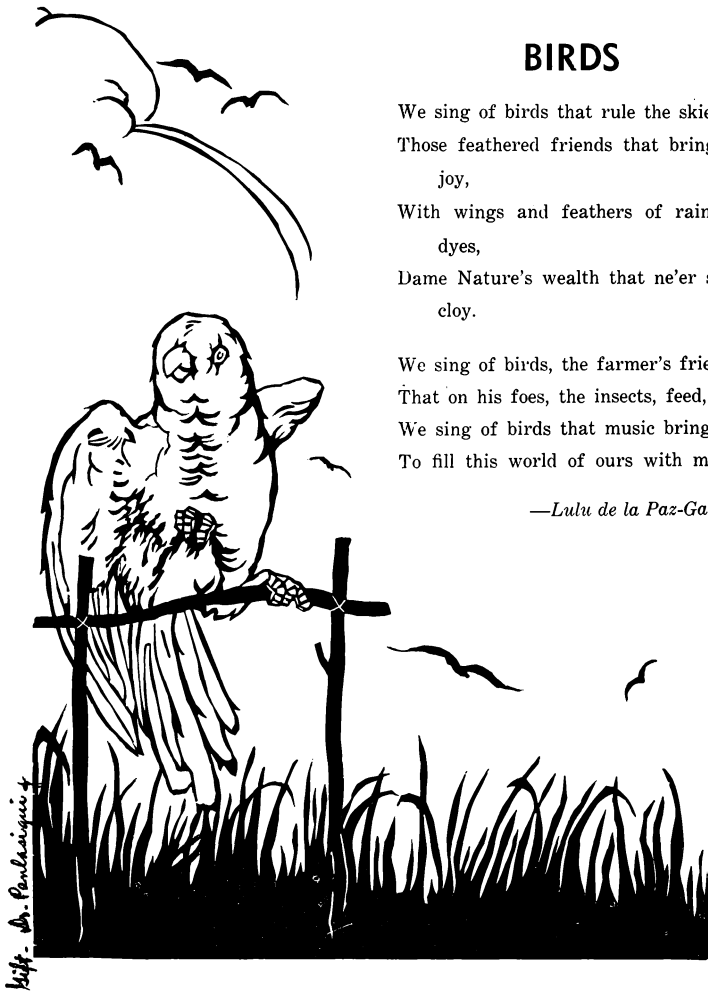
THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

## BIRDS

We sing of birds that rule the skies,  
Those feathered friends that bring us  
joy,  
With wings and feathers of rainbow  
dyes,  
Dame Nature's wealth that ne'er shall  
cloy.

We sing of birds, the farmer's friends,  
That on his foes, the insects, feed,  
We sing of birds that music bring,  
To fill this world of ours with mirth.

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**How Irma Found Health**

By AUNT JULIA



“**W**HY is Irma so pale and thin?” All her cousins asked when she arrived at the barrio.

“She has been eating very little,” Flery explained.

“You need our fresh milk and eggs,” Mering said.

“She needs exercise also, according to the doctor,” added Ernie. “But she is too lazy to perform her setting up exercises in the morning.”

“She should take long walks in our fields,” suggested Tinding.

“Long walks! Oh, I’ll die from fatigue,” Irma moaned.

Mering gave Irma a glass of foaming carabao’s milk early in the morning.

Tinding prepared eggs for her. Her cousin Jose brought home watermelons, the reddest and sweetest. But Irma ate her food without relish. She had no appetite.

One evening Nora called all the cousins together. They talked over plans by which they could make Irma take walks for exercise. “It is exercise she needs to whet her appetite,” Nora declared. After exchanging opinions, they hit on a plan.

“Have you been to the river?” Mering asked the city children when they got up in the morning.

“Our river is clear and just deep enough for you,” boasted Tinding.

“Where is the river? Is it far?” Irma asked with interest.

“Just beyond the bamboos that line our backyard,” Jose told his city cousins. “Just a few paces from those bamboos.”

“Let us go bathing this morning. I should like to learn to swim.” This from Ernie.

“Yes,” agreed Nora, “let us drink our hot milk now and eat the rest of our breakfast after the bath.”

“You will see big watermelons lying on the sand.” Mering informed them.

“Watermelons! May we pick some?” Flery asked, her eyes sparkling at the thought of big, red watermelons.

"As many as you can carry. They are ours," Tinding answered.

"Watermelon is the only thing I enjoy eating," Irma remarked.

"Then let us start right away," Ernie urged.

As everybody else got up, Irma found herself slipping on a bathing suit. Led by Jose who trotted on toward the bamboos, the children tripped along shouting merrily. Beyond the thick clumps of bamboo trees lay a seemingly endless expanse of sandy ground carpeted with green vines.

"Where is the river?" Irma asked.

"Just beyond that little ridge," answered Jose pointing to the west.

"Look!" shouted Tinding, "do you see the watermelons on the ground? Pick as many as you can carry and eat them while you bathe."

The children rushed forward elbowing one another.

"Do not step on the vines. You will kill the plant," Mering warned.

"Do you mean to say that these huge watermelons are borne by this frail vine?" Irma asked in an incredulous tone.

"Of course, they are. This sandy soil is rich and it is just what the watermelon likes," Jose explained.

"Do you fertilize it?" Ernie asked.

"No. The river overflows its banks in the rainy season and spreads a thin coating of slime over the land. After the flood, the soil is richer than ever."

Everybody carried two or three watermelons. Irma chose two of the biggest and carried one on each arm. She practiced stretching her arm with a watermelon on the palm and every time she succeeded, all her companions cheered and applauded. After walking a few yards, however, she squatted down on the sand with the watermelons on her lap.

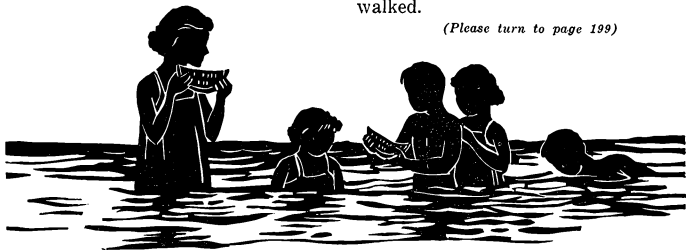
"I cannot go on anymore," she wailed.

"Let me carry your watermelons for you," offered Jose.

Mering broke open two watermelons and gave each child a piece. Then they all ran on toward the river taking care that Irma was not left behind. From the top of the knoll, the children could see the river, its water glinting in the morning sun. "How beautiful!" everybody exclaimed. Even Irma did not notice the wide sandy bank that had to be crossed to reach the river.

The children from the city were panting when they finally reached the river edge. Irma was most enthusiastic. She did not notice how far she had walked.

*(Please turn to page 199)*



## READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

### Jose and the Soldiers

Miss ELISA MARQUEZ \*



“**W**HAT fine looking soldiers those are!” commented Jose as he looked attentively at the rows of military men on parade. “Someday I shall be like any of them.”

Because of his admiration for the straight soldiers, he held his father’s hand in a tight grip.

“Anything you like, Jose?” asked Mr. Castro, Jose’s father.

“Aren’t soldiers really interesting? I want to be a soldier some day. I like to grow straight and strong. Then I shall also join a parade,” came from Jose.

“I am glad to know of your plan. But sonny, if you really want to grow straight and strong when you grow big, you must try to be straight and strong right now. Try to be like an ‘exclamation point’ which is always straight. In sitting, walking, or standing, think always of these soldiers whom you now admire much,” explained Mr. Castro.

“Oh, father, you shall help me be one of them. When you think that I am not in the correct position, score one against me in a card I shall make.”

Just then the last group of soldiers passed by. Father and son went home happily. To carry out his plan, Jose at once made a score card where his father and he could mark his position.

\* Teacher, San Miguel Elementary School, Manila.

## How Arturo Put a Punishment on Himself

Miss ELISA MARQUEZ

ARTURO was merrily playing with Pepito in the well-kept garden of their home. After a few minutes, Arturo's mother called, "Arturo, Arturo, do come up for a while."

Arturo heard his mother's voice and left Pepito. "Anything I can do for you, Mother?" asked he.

"I am sure you would like to go to the show to-night. Your father and I are going to see the Shirley Temple film. Go to your room and sleep. You may then go with us to the show," explained his mother.

"Oh! Mother, do I need to sleep yet? I'm sure I shall not feel sleepy," protested Arturo and he went back to play with Pepito. After playing for a long time, he got tired. He went upstairs and sat in a rocking chair. Soon he fell asleep.

Arturo's mother just then entered the sala and found him fast asleep. He was put to bed and left with a servant. His mother and father went to the show



without him.

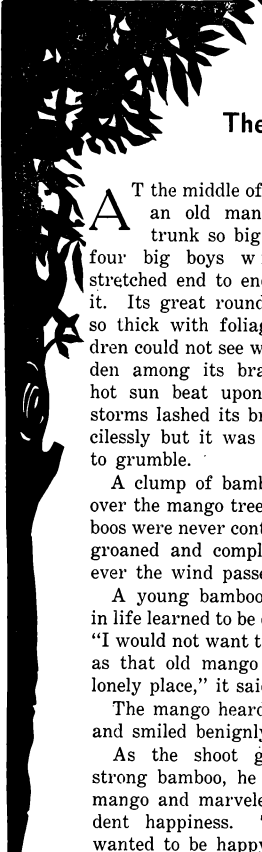
Later, Arturo woke up and found his parents gone. He repented for being disobedient but it was too late. He certainly missed the show.

1. What punishment did Arturo get?
2. How did Arturo get his punishment?
3. Cite instances when you received a punishment which was a result of your own disobedience.

## BIRD AND ARBOR DAY PAGE

## The Happy Mango Tree

By AUNT JULIA



**A**T the middle of a field stood an old mango tree, its trunk so big that it took four big boys with arms stretched end to end to encircle it. Its great round crown was so thick with foliage that children could not see what was hidden among its branches. The hot sun beat upon it and the storms lashed its branches mercilessly but it was never heard to grumble.

A clump of bamboos towered over the mango tree. The bamboos were never contented. They groaned and complained whenever the wind passed.

A young bamboo shoot early in life learned to be discontented. "I would not want to live as long as that old mango tree in this lonely place," it said.

The mango heard the remark and smiled benignly.

As the shoot grew into a strong bamboo, he watched the mango and marveled at its evident happiness. The bamboo wanted to be happy, too.

"What makes you so contented and happy? I should like to feel as you do," the bamboo asked with some humility.

"A great many things," the mango tree answered.

The bamboo raised its head in surprise. "What can they be? I have not seen any creature try to give you happiness."

"I do not notice what people and other creatures do or fail to do for me. What I know is what I do for them."

The bamboo could not see the mango's point but it said, "Go on, please. I am interested."

Smilingly broadly and almost shaking with sweet joy, the mango went on.

"Don't you hear the children's merry voices when they play in my shade? Their merriment makes me feel young and gay."


"I have always been proud of my long trunk that keeps on shooting upward," the bamboo mused. "The children would not care to play around me."

"I am never wanting in music. The birds that find shelter within my foliage sing to their mates all day."

"But not to you," the bamboo retorted.

"Perhaps not. But just seeing so much devotion and hearing notes of

(Please turn to page 194)







## The Brown Pipit

There's a merry brown *pipit* sitting up  
in the tree,  
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!  
And what does he say, little girl, little  
boy?  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
Don't you hear? don't you see?  
Hush! Look! In my tree.  
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown *pipit* keeps singing,  
"A nest do you see,  
And five eggs hid by me in the mango  
tree?  
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl,  
little boy,  
Or the world will lose some of its joy!  
Now I'm glad! now I'm free  
And I always shall be,  
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown *pipit* sings away in  
the tree,  
To you and to me, to you and to me;  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little  
boy,  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy:  
But long it won't be,  
Don't you know? don't you see?  
Unless we are as good as can be!"

—Adapted from Lucy Larcom

## The Tree

The Tree's early leaf buds were  
bursting their brown;  
"Shall I take them away?" said  
the Wind, sweeping down.  
"No, leave them alone  
Till the blossoms have grown,"  
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled  
from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and  
all the birds sung:  
"Shall I take them away?" said  
the Wind, as he swung.  
"No, leave them alone  
Till the blossoms have grown,"  
Said the Tree, while his leaflets  
quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the  
mid-summer glow:  
Said the child, "May I gather  
thy berries now?"  
"Yes, all thou canst see:  
Take them; all are for thee,"  
Said the Tree, while he bent  
down his laden boughs low.

—Adapted from  
*Bjornstjerne Bjornson*



## Where Our Songs Came From

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO

You, my dear readers, as you hum or sing your favorite song, or listen to someone singing or playing a piece of music on some instrument, did you ever stop for a moment and ask yourself or somebody who knows how music originated and how early people came to learn music and to sing? If you did, many and varied would be the answers.

In olden days some people believed that the planets as they revolved in the heavens produced sounds which they called "music of the spheres," and which the good gods were said to have handed down as a gift to the early people on earth. Be that as it may, it is a fact that our ancestors must have learned their first music from the traits of nature. The sky, the sun, moon, stars, clouds, the air, wind, and tempest, vales, mountains, streams, seas, trees, flowers, and creatures of earth and sky with their various sounds and beauty must have suggested to man his first songs and caused him later on to devise musical instruments. These whims of na-

ture have been an endless source of inspiration to the great composers and poets, for music, following the moods of nature, is able to express various feelings and emotions; such as, love, anger, devotion, calm, terror, passion, happiness, gloom, hope, despair, patriotism, and the like.

There is no doubt, however, that, as claimed by the ancient masters, our friends the birds taught the early people their first songs. Do you know our common Philippine birds and can you recognize them by listening to their songs?

Here is a little song suggested by a lively Philippine bird which is an early riser. It haunts bamboo groves and bushes in or about provincial towns. Its plumage is gray or brown with a patch of light yellow on the breast and it has a red bill. It feeds on moths, grubs, and other forms of small insect life harmful to plants, and is, therefore, a friend of gardeners and farmers. The

cheerful song of this sweet-voiced singer any special gift in music, and he is usually heard from early morn to late grateful to our little feathered friend, afternoon, particularly during the sum- the *Pipit*, for this little tune has been mer season. The writer does not claim suggested by its charming song.

## PI PIT

Words and Music by  
FRANCISCO CARBALLO

1. Pi - pit, Pi - pit, with wings- so light, From  
2. Pi - pit, Pi - pit, with down---y breast, At  
3. Pi - pit, Pi - pit, you bus-----y bird, You

tree to tree you flit, I hear you sing from  
day you hard---ly sit, You work the most and  
teach me do my, bit, You are the best wee

morn----- till night, I love your song, Pi---pit.  
sing----- the best, Your tune--ful song, Pi---pit.  
bird----- I've heard, With your sweet song, Pi---pit.

## JOSE RIZAL

(June 19, 1861)

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO

I love our nation's hero,  
Jose Rizal the brave;  
He lived a life of service,  
And died our land to save.

He was a thoughtful writer,  
A famous poet too;  
He was a careful doctor,  
A painter, and patriot true.

A patriot loves his country  
By doing noble deeds  
From day to day in service  
For country and her needs.

Jose Rizal whom we honor  
For things he has done,  
To him we're ever grateful,  
Our nation's noblest son.

THE GOOD READERS' CORNER

Conducted by Miss DOLORES SILOS \*

## GRADE ONE

Draw a line under the correct word.



1.  
balls  
bubbles  
balloons



4.  
running  
reading  
riding



2.  
bird  
bell  
bench



5.  
earning  
ending  
eating



3.  
girl  
goose  
gun



6.  
walking  
waking  
washing

## GRADE TWO

Place the number of the sentence below the correct picture.



- |                               |                                   |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. We put water in the basin. | 4. Bananas are good for children. |
| 2. A lamp gives us light.     | 5. The pitcher has water.         |
| 3. Eat at the table.          | 6. A green mango is sour.         |

\* Assistant Principal, Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School, Manila.

## GRADE THREE

Fill in the blanks with the words in the list. Remember some of the stories you have learned before.

owl	cats
Juana	echo
Cinderella	woodpecker
game	

1. Lucas heard his own \_\_\_\_\_.
2. The \_\_\_\_\_ is a bird.
3. An \_\_\_\_\_ has big round eyes.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ told the brook to stop.
5. "Hide and Seek" is a \_\_\_\_\_.
6. Five little \_\_\_\_\_ were invited to tea.
7. The prince married \_\_\_\_\_.

## GRADE FOUR

Fruit Store	Desk
Grocery Store	Hardware

Write these groups of words under the correct heading:

- a glass bowl
- a bunch of bananas
- a ripe melon
- a lead pencil
- a red apple
- a frying pan
- a box of soap
- a bag of nuts
- a spelling booklet
- an ice-cream freezer
- a tin dishpan
- a basket of grapes
- a tin kettle
- an eraser
- a green pear
- a box of crayons
- a can of corn
- a ripe mango

## GRADE FIVE

Answer Yes or No.

1. Mother and you are to ride in a ca-

lesa. Should you get into it before mother?

2. Is it right if Mother gets out of of the calesa first?

3. You were walking on the street. You met Jose and his father. You called out aloud Jose's name. Did you act politely?

4. Maria and Rosa were taking a walk. Maria saw and greeted her friend Juana. Should Rosa smile at Juana or Juana at Rosa?

5. Must we enter a room where persons are engaged in private conversation?

## GRADE SIX

Write the correct words in the blanks to complete this short story. Use words that rhyme with *cat*.

I have a pretty little cat. One day, in my lap it \_\_\_\_\_. Just then it saw a \_\_\_\_\_. It was right in a \_\_\_\_\_. My cat jumped from my lap and ran after the \_\_\_\_\_. Then it came back to me and I gave it a \_\_\_\_\_.

## GRADE SEVEN

## DO YOU KNOW ME?

I come to many careless people.  
I give them much pain.  
Sometimes I make children cry.  
Sometimes I keep people awake all night.

No one likes me.

No one wants me.

I come to children who eat too much candy.

Sometimes I come to the boy who forgets to use a toothbrush.

Sometimes I come to the girl with a cavity in her tooth.

Do you know me?

(Please turn to page 193 for the answers)

## Learning New Expressions

## A PARTY I ATTENDED

By JULIANA C. PINEDA \*



Read the story. Have you attended a party like this? Note the use of the italicized expressions.

The party I attended was held *in connection with* a barrio fiesta. The guests *were entertained with* the continuous *servicing of* food. A very heavy luncheon was served. It *consisted of* many kinds of beef and pork *dishes*. It lacked vegetables because the hostess thought that they *had no place in a party*. Shortly after we had left the table, we *were offered* ice cream. When the ice cream

cups were removed, baskets of *santol*, *sinigüelas*, and turnips were *brought in*.

Use the italicized expressions in answering these questions:

1. Why was the party held?
2. How were the guests entertained?
3. Of what did the luncheon consist?
4. Why were vegetables not served?
5. What did we have after luncheon?

Read the paragraph aloud, remembering the italicized expressions.

Without looking at the paragraph above, fill the blanks in the following story. When you cannot recall the correct expression, refer to the first paragraph.

The party I \_\_\_\_\_ was held \_\_\_\_\_ the christening of a cousin of mine. The guests were \_\_\_\_\_ music and dances. The dinner \_\_\_\_\_ many beef courses. Country people think that fish and vegetables have no \_\_\_\_\_ a party.

## KEY

1. attended
2. in connection with
3. entertained with
4. consisted of

Now you should be able to tell your classmates about a party you attended. Try to use the expressions you have studied.

\* Supervisor of Intermediate English, City Schools.

## MEMORIZE A POEM A MONTH

Do you have a dog? What does your dog do for you? If you have no dog you must have seen your neighbors' pet dogs, how they follow their masters and lick their hands. In many ways they show their love for their masters.

When you see how faithful dogs are, don't you wish you had a little dog all your own?

Here is a poem that tells about a child's wish. Read it through. What is the child's wish?

Read the first stanza again. Describe the dog that he wants to have. Read the words that tell about the dog he is dreaming of. What will the dog's eyes show?

Read the second stanza. What does the boy expect the dog to do at night?

Read the poem silently again. Which words should be given emphasis if it would be read aloud? Now read it aloud showing with your voice which words are important. Read it over and over until you have learned it well enough to recite it.



### My Dog

*John Kendrick Bangs*

I have no dog, but it must be  
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—  
A little dog with wagging tail,  
And dark brown eyes that never fail  
To look at me the long day through  
With love unspeakable and true.

I almost think I see him wait,  
It may be by a garden gate  
With eyes alert, and glad delight  
To bid me welcome home at night  
Just waiting patiently, that he  
May be on hand to welcome me.

## CHARACTER EDUCATION SECTION

### Playing Host and Hostess

By B. HILL CANOVA

"PABLO," called Mrs. Santos to her little boy, "I am going down the street to leave this material with the dressmaker. I'll be back in a very short time. You play in the garden and do not wander into the street while I am away."

"Yes," answered Pablo.

As Mrs. Santos was leaving the dressmaker's house, Mrs. Cruz passed along the street.

"Good morning, Mrs. Santos, I have just been to your house," said Mrs. Cruz.

"And Pablo told you I was here, I suppose."

"No," he didn't tell me," replied Mrs. Cruz. "I asked him where you were but couldn't get a word out of him. He is rather shy, isn't he?"

Mrs. Santos skipped over the question and answered, "I am sorry I was out. I am going right back home now, won't you come with me?"

"Thank you, no," said Mrs. Cruz. "I

meant to stop only a minute to tell you about the club meeting tomorrow afternoon at two. I just happened to pass this way and am glad I saw you."

The two women talked for a few minutes and each went her way. As soon as Mrs. Santos was alone she asked herself, "Why did Pablo not answer Mrs. Cruz's questions? The boy is too timid. He must overcome it, and I must help him. Every day I must help him."

When the mother reached home Pablo was sitting on the steps. "Did any one call while I was out?" she asked the little boy.

"Yes, Mrs. Cruz came."

"What did you tell her?" questioned the mother.

"I didn't tell her anything," answered Pablo and looked uncomfortable.

Mrs. Santos knew that to scold her little son was not the thing to do. She went in the house without saying anything. All day as she went about her work she thought of ways to help Pablo to gain courage to speak up and talk to people. It worried her. "In many ways he is so clever, but when some one speaks to him he tucks his head and does not reply," she told herself. "I must help him."

That evening they had supper earlier than usual. When everyone had finished eating, Mrs. Santos said, "Children, let's clear away the dishes and play some games together. It is early."





"Good!" shouted Anselma.

"Fine," agreed Emilio.

"Are you going to play with us?" asked Pablo.

"Yes, I want to play," replied the mother.

The three children hurried about to clean up the dishes. They loved to have mother play with them.

"What shall we play?" asked Anselma.



"Let mother name the game," suggested Pablo. "She can think of such nice things to play."

"Very well," agreed the mother, "let's play Host and Hostess."

"How is it played?" asked all three children at once.

"It's lots of fun," began the mother, "you play as if you were someone else other than yourself."

"Whom shall I be?" asked Anselma.

"Well," said the mother, "suppose you and Emilio play as if you were Mr. and Mrs. Ramos. Pablo, let us pretend that we are Mr. and Mrs. Lucas."

"This is going to be fun," suggested Anselma. "What do we do?"

"The first thing, you choose a place for your house and pretend that you live there."

"Come Emilio," said Anselma, "we will play as if this end of the porch is our home."

"Pablo, shall you and I live here on the other end of the porch? Play as if it is our home."

The two "play-like-families" went to their "play-like-homes."

"You see," explained the mother, "the man and wife who receive visitors are called the host and hostess. Now that we are two families living in two homes, we will make "play-like-visits" to each other. Remember, Anselma and Emilio, you are Mr. and Mrs. Ramos and Pablo and I are Mr. and Mrs. Lucas. We must talk and act just as we think those two families would."

"May Emilio and I be the host and hostess first?" asked Anselma.

"Yes, you may, but what are you going to do when Pablo and I come knocking on your door. Remember, we are Mr. and Mrs. Lucas."

"We will say, 'Good afternoon, come in, how are you, take a seat,'" explained Anselma.

"That is right, and don't forget to take our umbrella," reminded her mother, "Then you and Emilio must keep

*(Please turn to page 198)*

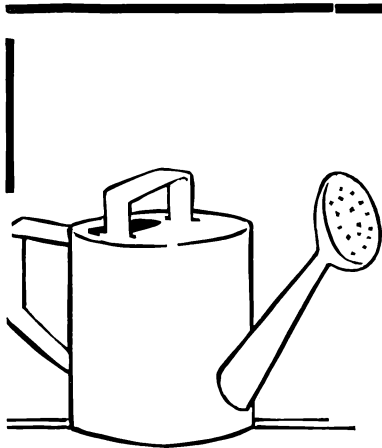
## DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

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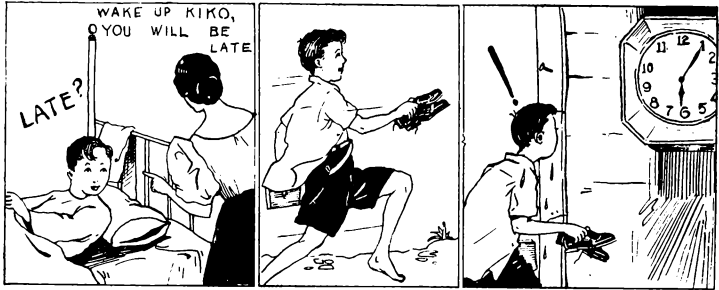
## MY PLANT

From out a little seed,  
I dropped into a hole,  
Out rose a little flower plant,  
Which soon grew very green and tall.

Each day I watered it,  
And watched with tender cares  
Till once it bore a bud at night,  
That in the dawn became a flow'r.



## KIKO'S ADVENTURES



## A SONG FOR ARBOR DAY

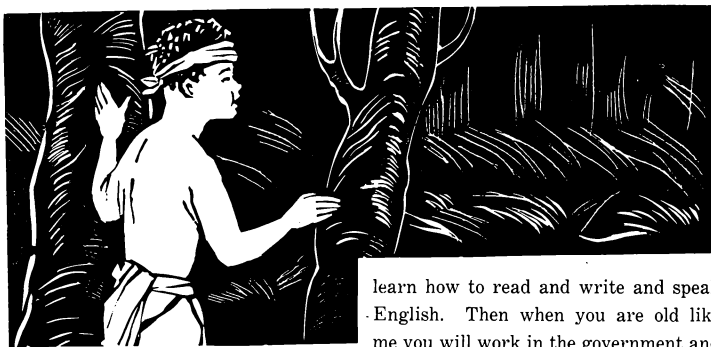
Words by CAROLYN BAILEY

Music by I. ALFONSO

The trees that grow be-side the road, Give plea-sant  
 shade for all They rock the ba-by birds to sleep  
 And squir-rels gray and small Come let us plant an  
 oak or pine. This ti-ny slip shall be 'When God has  
 helped it grow a-while. A-no ther migh-ty tree

# THE SON OF TAKIAWAN

By LORETO PARAS-SULIT



**O**DOY was the son of Takiawan, the hunter. It was his great ambition to be a mighty hunter like his father, to bring in like him at sunset slung across his shoulder a fine deer or a huge wild hog and throw these on the ground for his mother to roast for supper. Secretly, when by himself, he would practice walking with the cautious steps and watchful eyes of his father. His little round Bogobo face, so brown and serious would then become alive with excitement when he imagined how he would fell a deer with a well aimed spear. Oh, to be grown up like his father.

But his father often told him these days, "Next year I will bring you to that school in the barrio where you will

learn how to read and write and speak English. Then when you are old like me you will work in the government and perhaps be a *Capataz*." No, no, he shook his head stubbornly when by himself, never! He did not wish to stay in school nor help build roads like those dirty, sweating men working near their home. He wanted to be a great hunter.

When his mother dressed him in his gay red pants and shirt embroidered with glittering shell sequins and tied bands of little bells around his arms and legs so that he walked with a tinkling musical sound he would run away and take off all these silly things. He kept only the colored handkerchief tied about his head and the spiral-wound leaves of the buri stuck in the holes in his ears. You would frighten animals away if you walked with jingling, tinkling noises.

Once summoning all his courage he asked his father if he might go with him hunting. Takiawan looked at his son seriously and did not say *No* nor *Yes* but answered only, "The weather is not good. It might rain today." Odo's little eager heart beat painfully with its bitter disappointment and he never asked his father again. When he went to play with his brothers and sisters, he whipped them angrily.

A strong desire to see his father hunt grew in him. He would wake up while it was yet dark and from his mat watch his father leave silently. In the evening, Odo waited for his father to return, for it always gave him a thrill of pleasure to feel the still warm body of the slain deer. On moonlit nights his father went out to hunt returning home at early dawn.

One such night when the moon was like a white basin of light in the sky. Odo decided he would follow his father into the forest. His eagerness conquered all his fears of the dangers he might meet on the way. When he saw his father go outside the hut to get his spear and sharp bolo, Odo crept noiselessly outside on his fours like a big cat. Odo saw his father walk straight ahead looking neither to the right nor to the left nor behind him. Odo breathed with thankfulness when he saw he was not noticed and he followed cautiously behind.

Soon they reached the edge of the

forest. The full bright moon enabled the boy to see that his father had squatted under a tree waiting for his game. Odo hid behind another tree. Not a sound broke the stillness of the forest. The cold pierced the boy's thin clothes and he longed for his warm mat and his sleeping brothers, but he stayed on. Then a slight rustling sound came to his ears. Takiawan had stood up, his head bent forward to trace the sound.

Odo crept forward and came to what he thought was a fallen log among the grasses. He was about to fall across this log so that he might watch securely hidden his father, when something made him look down at the fallen tree. It moved slightly and the light of the moon falling on it made it gleam. He followed its length and what he saw seemed to turn him into a stone so great was his fright.

To the keen ears of the hunter came that little broken gasp of horror and he ran swiftly to his son, leaped across that gleaming log, and with one mighty blow of his sharp bolo cut the huge sleeping snake into two. Then as swiftly he lifted his son into his arms and ran towards their home.

"Father, did you know I was following you? Was that a *sawa*?" To Odo's questions Takiawan's answer was only a short grunt. "That was a *sawa*," declared Odo hoping for a contradiction, but Takiawan merely grunted again and held his son in a tighter, fiercer embrace.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THIS EARTH OF OURS****WIND AND RAIN**

Who has seen the wind? Neither you, nor I, but we know when the wind is passing by, and can tell generally whether it is a gentle wind or a strong wind that means rain. We can tell the direction of the winds by means of a weathercock which is the figure of a bird sometimes built on the roofs of houses. The head of the bird always faces the wind. When we know the direction from which the wind is blowing, we know what weather is coming.

The north winds come from a part of the world where there is ice and snow all the year round. They are cold, biting winds. The south winds blow from hot lands where ice and snow are never seen. They bring us warm weather. The winds from the ocean bring us rain, the winds from the land usually are dry winds. We have other names for gentle winds. We sometimes call them breezes or zephyres.

When there are clouds in the sky, the wind blows them along like so many sheep. As you have learned, these clouds are made of water that has evaporated from the earth. When these clouds come in contact with a colder part of the air, the vapor changes into water again and falls to us as raindrops.

Much of the rain that falls stays in the first few feet of the earth's soil. This moisture makes it possible for all the plants to grow, because

*(Please turn to page 198)*

**HOMES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM****THE HOME OF THE SILKWORM**

This month you will read about the most valuable home in the animal kingdom. The lowly creature that spins it has enabled man to cloth himself in shining garments and added thereby to the beauty of the world. This is the mulberry silkworm or known just as the silkworm. It spins most of the real silk cloth in the world which is unwoven from the walls of its home.

The silkworm's skin is smooth and yellowish white. This caterpillar likes the leaves of the mulberry tree better than any other food. When it has eaten as many mulberry leaves as it can, it is about two inches long, and is then ready to spin its cocoon. Its cocoon is yellow or white and it is spun with unbroken fiber and without any doorway.



The silkworm lives as a pupa inside the cocoon for about three weeks (or more if it is kept in a cool place) and by the end of that time it has its wings and is ready to come out of the cocoon. Although the cocoon has no doorway, the moth has a way of coming out. It squirts some liquid against one of the cocoon. This liquid softens the gum that holds the silk together. It is then easy for the moth to push

its way out thru the wet end of the cocoon. The moth is cream-colored, with some faint brown lines on the forewings.

There are many interesting stories about this famous insect. Long, long ago, the Chinese people found out that if they put the cocoons of the mulberry caterpillars into hot water, the gummy stuff on the silk would soften and the fiber could be unwound. They found that fibers from several of these cocoons could be twisted together into thread and then woven into cloth.

This way of getting silk fiber to use was kept a secret by the Chinese. They practiced weaving and dyeing and embroidering until they could make wonderful silk cloth with pictures of flow-



ers and dragons and people on it. The silk robes that the Chinese princes wore were the most beautiful in all the world. The Chinese sold some of their silk cloth to travelers from other countries, who paid great prices for it. This cloth was so famous that China was called "Land of Silk."

But in one way and another the secret of getting silk at last reached the people living in the different countries, and they, too, learned how to cultivate the tame silkworms. Here in the Philippines you may watch silkworms, if you are interested in them, when they are exhibited every year by the Bureau of Agriculture at the Carnival. Perhaps many of you have already seen them and have wondered as you stared at those soft round creatures how a thing of beauty may have a very humble source.

## PLANTS ABOUT US

### PLANTS WITH TWO WAYS OF GROWING

Now that the rainy season is here, you will want to plant anew in your little garden at home if perhaps only to increase your sampaguitas and dama de noche or to make camote leaves climb somewhere in the backyard to help humbly the supply of your mother's vegetables.

Of course you all know that many plants can grow only from seeds. Many plants, however, can grow from seeds and also in other ways. Let us see what some of these plants are.

Plants that belong to the Lily Family can grow from seeds as other plants can. Another way lilies can grow is from *bulbs*. A bulb is a thick somewhat ball-shaped, underground part to which the roots are attached. It has layers that fit snugly together one outside another. At first a lily plant has only one bulb, but after a while smaller bulbs form near the first one. These bulbs can be taken off and set in the ground, and will grow into lily plants that will blossom and have seeds and bulbs of their own. One very common relative of the lilies is grown for food. Did you know that when you eat an *onion* you eat the bulb of a plant that belongs to the Lily Family?

The underground stems of some plants are thickened into parts we call *tubers*. A tuber is one solid piece and not in layers. On the surface are *buds*, which we sometimes call *eyes*.

(Please turn to page 192)



## COCKROACHES

Last month you read about the fly, one of the most common of household pests that breed, grow and live in our houses and premises at our own expense. Today, we shall tell you about the cockroach, another annoying and dangerous enemy in the house because of its filthy habits. They eat almost any kind of food and usually they pollute more than they actually eat. They may eat or damage leather, clothing (particularly when starched), the bindings of books, or other articles. They eat also garbage and other decaying material. These insects have been blamed for the transmission of such diseases as diphtheria, dysentery, and typhoid.

The presence of cockroaches in a place, as in a box or food cupboard or on shelves, causes a peculiar, strong offensive odor. This odor can be removed only by using hot water, soap, and some kind of scouring material as ashes. When cockroaches walk over dishes they leave this same disgusting odor on the dishes. Food served in these dishes will have the odor to such an extent that it is distasteful. The odor comes from a fluid secretion from the mouth of the cockroach, from a secretion from glands on the abdomen and from the body waste of the insect. The contaminated dishes should be washed with hot water and soap and the spoiled food should no longer be eaten.

The body of the cockroach is flat like the

bedbug. This allows it to squeeze into good hiding places by day. Cockroaches hunt their food at night and unless their hiding places are disturbed they are not seen by day. For this reason, housekeepers often think they have no cockroaches about the house when really there are many.

Cockroaches will not stay in a place where they can get nothing that they like to eat. Therefore, one of the best ways to get rid of them is simply to keep all food closely covered, and all garbage and other waste covered in such a way that cockroaches cannot get to it. Care should be taken that small particles of food are not left on the floor or the tables, and that food left in dishes is covered. The odor of the food will attract cockroaches.

There are powders that sometimes are used to get rid of cockroaches but they are expensive:

there are poisons that sometimes are used, but these may be dangerous to use because the cockroaches may carry the poison to the food. Perhaps the cheapest and best way to get rid of and keep them away always is to be sure that there is nothing around the house and yard that they may use for food. A thoroughly clean house and yard will not have cockroaches long. They cannot live where there is nothing to eat.





SAFETY SECTION**Too Confident**

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ \*

"Let's go fishing. My brother has two new fishing rods and small sharp hooks for catching *ayuñgin*." Alfredo invited Luis.

"I am sorry, Fred. It has just rained and the river banks are slippery. Our teacher told us it is dangerous to walk on the banks of the river especially after a heavy rain," replied Luis.

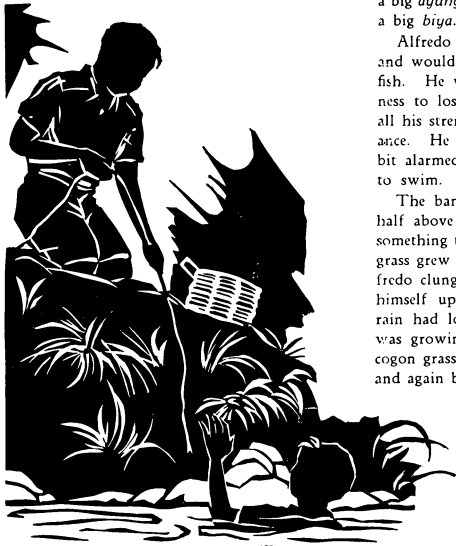
"That is true, but we know how to swim, don't we?"

"Yes, just the same, it is dangerous and I cannot go with you."

"Then I must go alone. I don't want to miss the fun and thrill in fishing *ayuñgin*."

"If you are determined to go you may. How-

\* Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School.



ever, let me remind you not to go alone."

"Aw! I can take care of myself," replied Alfredo with an air of confidence.

"All right then. Good day to you and good luck," Luis said as he turned away.

Alfredo went home and got ready for fishing. He took with him a bamboo basket in which to put his catch. On his way to the river he bought shrimps for bait.

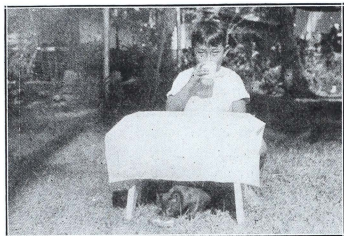
The river banks were indeed slippery and it took Alfredo a hard time before he could seat himself comfortably on a big root of a mango tree that grew at the edge of the river bank. Luck seemed to have favored him for it didn't take him a long time to catch two mud-fish and a big *ayuñgin*. His fourth would-be victim was a big *biya*.

Alfredo realized that his hook was too small and would soon give way to the weight of the fish. He was greatly thrilled and in his eagerness to lose the fish he whipped his rod with all his strength and in doing so he lost his balance. He fell into the river. He was not a bit alarmed for he was confident in his ability to swim.

The bank was steep,—about a meter and a half above the water surface. One must have something to climb on to reach the top. Cogon grass grew on the sides of the river banks. Alfredo clung to some of them and tried to pull himself up, but, down he went again. The rain had loosened the soil on which the grass was growing. Alfredo was too heavy for the cogon grass. He tried pulling himself up again and again but failed. The loosened soil had to give way. He was now feeling exhausted. On the other side of the river, he saw guava branches hanging near the water surface. If he could only reach that place! But, he was now very weak and to swim to  
(Please turn to page 199)

## ANTONIO

By B. HILL CANOVA



What do you suppose is the first thing Antonio does when he gets home from school in the afternoon? Well, I'll tell you. He drinks a big glass of milk. Milk helps growing boys and girls to be healthy and strong and Antonio enjoys his very much.

Healthy, happy boys are never selfish. See this fine boy share his afternoon milk with his kitten. Notice him sitting in the garden while he drinks it. "After being inside all day at school milk tastes better out in the fresh air," says Antonio.

What does Antonio have after class in the afternoon?

Where does he drink it? Why?

Read the second sentence of the second paragraph aloud. Do you *share* food with your friends and pets? Write your answer in your vocabulary notebook. Underline *share with*.

## OUR FLAG

By B. HILL CANOVA

We love our flag, its colors bright

As it stands waving in the air.

Our people must love each other

To keep it always waving there.

## IVORY CUPS

Stars that bless the day with fragrance,  
Gleaming soft and white in the sun,  
Nodding, smiling at the cloudlets,  
Gracefully, dancing in the breeze.

Velvet petals,—foamy white,  
Ivory beads of suave delight  
Sampaguita like yet—more rare,  
Ivory cups so sweet and fair.

We know not yet from where you came,  
Is it from far off land or heaven?  
Your delicate beauty we adore,  
Ivory beads of charm galore.

—Lulu de la Paz-Gabriel

## PLANTS WITH TWO

(Continued from page 189)

The tubers you know best of all is a potato. A potato plant can be grown from a seed, but that is not the common way of doing it. Before a farmer plants a potato he cuts the tubers into pieces, leaving at least one bud to each piece. In this way he gets several plants from one tuber because each bud can grow into a whole plant with leaves and blossoms and tubers and roots of its own.

Some plants are started by cutting off a piece of stem from an old one and putting it in water. Such a piece is spoken of as a *slip*. After a slip has been in water for some time, roots begin to grow on it. Then it can be set out in earth. By means of slips we plant roses, the rosal, the dama de noche, the sampaguita and other decorative plants at home. Can you name others? Certain trees can be grown this way as the caca-wate. Plants like the banana have young shoots that appear around the mother tree. These are the ones transplanted when one wishes to start a new group of trees.

Tell in what way or ways may these plants be grown:

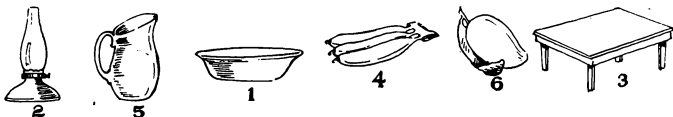
- |                |                        |
|----------------|------------------------|
| 1. gumamela    | 6. sugar cane          |
| 2. ubi         | 7. bogainvilla         |
| 3. spider-lily | 8. San Francisco plant |
| 4. ginger      | 9. gabi                |
| 5. guava       | 10. four-o'clock plant |

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS ON PAGES 178-179

GRADE ONE

- |             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. balloons | 4. reading |
| 2. bell     | 5. eating  |
| 3. girl     | 6. walking |

GRADE TWO



Hardware

- a glass bowl
- a frying pan
- an ice-cream freezer
- a tin dishpan
- a tin kettle

GRADE THREE

- |               |          |
|---------------|----------|
| 1. echo       | 4. Juana |
| 2. woodpecker | 5. game  |
| 3. owl        | 6. cats  |
| 7. Cinderella |          |

GRADE FOUR

Fruit Store

- a red apple
- a green pear
- a bunch of bananas
- a ripe mango
- a ripe melon
- a basket of grapes

Grocery Store

- a box of soap
- a can of corn
- a bag of nuts

Desk

- a lead pencil
- a spelling booklet
- an eraser
- a box of crayons

GRADE FIVE

- |       |        |
|-------|--------|
| 1. No | 3. No  |
| 2. No | 4. Yes |
| 5. No |        |

GRADE SIX

- sat
- rat
- hat
- rat
- pat

GRADE SEVEN

Toothache

## Interesting Places

# Shooting the Rapids

By ELISA MARQUEZ

"Are you ready to shoot the rapids this morning?" asked our kind hostess.

As we had already put on our bath robes and taken our broad-brimmed hats to protect us from the sun's rays, we merrily went to the shore. There the expert boatmen were waiting for us in their bancas. Only two of us could ride in one banca for every vessel had to be manned by two men.



The ride to Pagsanjan Falls started. The oars of the boatmen whizzed thru the waters. Everyone was eager to reach the famous falls.

"There," warned the boatman. "Keep your hands away from the sides of the boat. We shall begin to shoot the rapids."

"I thought that the end of the ride had come. Big boulders were before us and the strong current seemed to push our light craft back. I could see the boatmen double their strength to make the boat pass thru the bubbling water and between the big rocks.

Did I feel nervous? Surely, I did, but then the lofty mountains on both sides of the stream held me spellbound. What lovely flowers grew on the wild grass! How interesting the varicolored dragon flies and birds were! With my whole attention focused on these lovely works of Nature, we passed thru the rapids not without that feeling of great excitement and awe.

"But, hush! Do you hear that noise?" I asked my companion who was craning her neck to see a cute bird just alighting on a thick bush.

"What can it be?" she asked me in reply.

"We are nearing the falls," explained the two boatmen in unison.

After several minutes more of constant rowing, we reached our goal. Magnificent! I was speechless for a moment. How great it is to see the mighty volume of water rushing down the high mountain!

People say that the ride to the falls is quite dangerous, but I assure you that the wonderful scene is something that you cannot forget.

## THE HAPPY MANGO TREE

(Continued from page 174)  
love fill me with love too."

The bamboo could not find it easy to believe what it heard.

"Have you witnessed how children shout with glee when they pick my golden fruit? Could there be a greater source of happiness?

"Which?" asked the bamboo in surprise. Do you realize

that your life consists in giving, giving, giving? What do you receive in return?"

"Happiness," was the mango's quick reply. "Happiness, my child, comes from giving, not from receiving." And the grand old tree nodded its head to stress its point.

## SOMETHING TO DO

1. The bamboo was (fool-

ish, wise, discontented, lazy).

2. The mango was (selfish, happy, greedy, discontented).

3. Three things that make the mango happy are — — —, and — — —.

4. Name other things that the mango gives man.

5. What proverb expresses the central thought of the story?



## AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz\*

### LONE SCOUT TRIBE GOES TO CAMP



Sssssssssssssssss Boom!

"Boy Scouts. Stand together!

Never quit the troop!

We'll fight on forever.

We'll never quit. we'll never quit the troop!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Brother Scouts forever!

Life is just a loop.

If you want to keep Life spinning.

Carry on the game of Scouting!

Never quit the troop!"

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Rigger Boom! Kigger Boom! ! Sis-boom-ba! !

Manga Suman

All Hail Tribe One!"

Rigger Boom! Kigger Boom!! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sssssssssssssssss Tribe!

Sssssssssssssssss One! !

Sssssssssssssssss Tribe One! ! !

It was on the morning of May 6th, that Lone Scout Tribe One, of Manila, left the Santa Mesa Railroad Station, bound for a one-week camp in Hinulagang Tak-Tak Falls, Antipolo Rizal.

Composed of only one leader and six boys (the author was a member of the group), we, nevertheless, had the time of our lives during that one week stay. Of the party, four were experienced campers, while three were "green-horns" still.

Arriving at the Hinulagan Tak-Tak Falls station at around ten-thirty, and gazing at the tremendous up-and-down trail we had to follow before we could reach our destination, it seemed as if we could never accomplish the feat. The weather was not friendly, as could be seen by looking at the dark clouded sky, and as a matter of fact, it started to rain a little just before we be-

gan our work of taking our equipment to the camping place. It took us about an hour to do this, because of our limited number and the difficult passage. Finally, we reached the place, exhausted, and immediately started cooking our lunch.

At this juncture, I would stop and recount more detailedly my camp impressions. For purposes of securing a more liberal freedom of style in guiding the reader, I would invite him to take an imaginary stroll with me and observe things as we go on our way.

We arrive at the Manila Railroad Station of Hinulagan Tak-Tak Falls. Before descending to the lake-depository, we stand by the iron railing overlooking the lake and give the scene a general view. Below us is a cluster of small bamboo huts with roofs of thatched cogon grass, serving as refreshment parlors and rest places for tired excursionists.

We go down, following a winding trail that leads right into the huts which, a moment ago, we espied from above. As we stand on the boulders beside the huts, we see before us the Falls itself,—several columns of water rushing and roaring over a stony precipice. The lake, into which the water falls is in the form of a sugar-bowl, with a circumference of about three hundred feet or more.

Several persons are swimming in the lake; it is a real thrill to join them; and a few, more daring and reckless, go so far as to climb the boulders opposite us and to dive from them.

Going on our way, we pass by the last store, and in front of us is a long, slippery trail leading upward. We follow it. It is a very tiresome journey—at times, we have to cling to a hanging branch or twig in order to maintain our balance. Finally we arrive on the summit, fatigued almost to a point of lying down.

(To be continued next month)

\* Manager, Publicity Department, Philippine Council, B.S.A.

## MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



# The Young Citizen PANTRY



## MORE ABOUT DESSERTS

(Continued from last issue)

BY

MISS JULIANA MILLAN \*

### SWEET CONDOL

- 1 cup condol
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. lime (apog)

1. In a saucepan of water, dissolve the lime.

2. Wash and pare the condol. Divide lengthwise and remove the seeds. Cut into desired sizes and shapes. Drop into the limewater and soak overnight. Press out the water. Boil some water in a kettle and

pour over the condol. Drain the water and leave to dry.

Heat the sugar and water together. Strain and boil until it forms a thin coating over the mixing spoon. Put in the condol and continue to boil until it is tender. Serve cold.

### SWEET GUAVAS

- 20 ripe guavas
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. lime

Dissolve the lime in a saucepan of water.

Wash, pare, and divide the guava into halves. Scoop out careful not to break the flesh. Drop into the limewater to prevent discoloration. Leave overnight.

Prepare the syrup as for Sweet Condol, and cook until the guava is done.

### SWEET SANTOL

- 25 santols
- 1 kilo sugar
- 8 cups water
- 1 tsp. lime

Pare and divide the santol. Remove the seeds  
(Please turn to page 198)

Sugar is as indispensable in the preparation of desserts as salt is to most main dishes or viands. Sugar not only improves the flavor of desserts but adds considerably to its food value as well. The addition of a quantity of sugar makes the dessert fall under heavy foods and should be served only after light meals. In other words, sweet or sugary desserts have their place in the meal to add or complete its food value.

Sweets are generally done by preparing the syrup first, putting in the food and keeping it boiling for sometime.

This is done to allow the sugar to penetrate the whole food to make it into sweet. Sweets generally get their name from the food prepared as Sweet Condol, Sweet Bananas, etc.

I shall now tell you how to make some common sweets.

\* Teacher of Home Economics, Emilio Jacinto Elementary School, Manila.



## YOUNG WRITERS

### THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

It was the night before the first day of school. Everybody in the house was asleep except Anita and Dolores. Anita was the youngest of the family and she was going to be in the fourth grade. Dolores was the second girl of the family. She was in the fourth year.

"Anita," said Dolores, "have you finished covering your books?"

"Yes, Loleng. I am through," answered Anita.

"Well, better go to bed. It's quite late for a girl of your age to be up now." And with that Dolores kissed her sister and went to bed. Anita followed her, said her prayers and then got into bed.

"Loleng," she said just as the lamp had been put out. "I wish school were not opening tomorrow. I wish there were no schools at all. Just think of the work we have coming. Oh, oh!

But Loleng did not answer her for she was fast asleep.

When Anita woke up the first thing she thought of was school. She took a bath, dressed hurriedly and went downstairs to eat her breakfast.

"How does the little pupil feel today?" asked her father.

"Oh, quite well, thank you," she answered.

After eating breakfast she ran upstairs to get her books and what do you think she saw? On her books was a package. She opened it and saw a set of blotters. On a

600 F. B. Harrison  
Pasay, Rizal  
June 4, 1937

Dear Aunt Alma,

I heard my sister saying that she did not like school to begin yet and it gave me an idea. So I sat down and wrote a story which I named, "The First Day of School." I am sending it to you and I hope you will publish it.

I am studying in the Philippine Women's College and I am in the seventh grade. I have been reading or rather subscribing for *The Young Citizen* for

piece of paper was written. "To my little sister, Anita, from Loleng."

"Oh, thank you so much," she told Dolores, who came into the room. "That," said Dolores, "is to keep you from coming home with ink-stained handkerchief."

For many times had Anita come home with her hankies stained with ink because she had been wiping her pen with them.

Then Anita ran to the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her hands. On the washstand she saw a box which was labeled "One Dozen Erasers." On a piece of paper were written the words, "To the little imp, from Jose." Jose was her big brother. She wanted to thank him but he had gone to school already. So she ran downstairs to kiss her mother and father good-bye.

"Why don't you put your

nearly a year. Each time the magazine comes I feel so excited about reading it that I have to be reminded to eat my luncheon.

With best wishes to *The Young Citizen*, I am,

Yours truly,  
Erlinda T. Alcantara

Dear Erlinda,

You have written an interesting story. It will come out in "*The Young Citizen*" with your letter. We shall be glad to publish more of your stories.

Aunt Alma

books in your basket?" asked her mother.

"Oh, Mother, the basket has lost one handle and it is dirty," she answered.

"Never mind," said Mother. "We shall get you a new one. Go and get it from the library table."

Anita went to the library to get it but on the table instead of the basket was a leather bag. On the cover her name was engraved. She laughed and ran to her mother to kiss her. After she had kissed her she ran to her father and said, "Father, please give me ten centavos. I want to buy a pad and a pencil.

"Run along and get your umbrella," said father.

She went to the umbrella stand. Just as she had reached it she gave a cry of delight for on the umbrella stand were two packages. She opened one and

(Please turn to page 199)

## PLAYING HOST AND . . .

*(Continued from page 188)*

an interesting conversation going. When we leave you must ask us to come again, and we must thank you for a pleasant afternoon."

Everything was ready. All the players understood how to play the game. Pablo and his mother pretended to dress to go out to make a visit. The play-like-Mr. and Mrs. Lucas knocked on the play-like-door of the play-like-home of the play-like-Mr. and Mrs. Ramos.

"Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas," said Mrs. Ramos (Anselma).

"Come in," added Mr. Ramos (Emilio).

"Good afternoon," replied Mr. and Mrs. Lucas (Pablo and his mother).

"Will you sit down?" asked Mrs. Ramos.

"Thank you," replied Mr. and Mrs. Lucas as they sat down.

"Let me put up your umbrella," offered Mr. Ramos.

"Thank you," said Mr. Lucas.

The game was going very well. The hard part now was to keep the conversation going. Mr. Ramos and Mr. Lucas talked about the campaign against noise. Mrs. Ramos and Mrs. Lucas discussed their flower gardens.

After a while Mr. Lucas said, "it is time for us to go. We have had a very pleasant afternoon."

"Indeed, we have," added Mrs. Lucas.

"We are glad you called" said Mrs. Ramos.

## THE YOUNG CITIZEN .

*(Continued from page 196)*

and drop into a saucepan of water with lime. Leave for some hours. Rinse.

Boil a little water and pour over the rinsed santol. Squeeze out the juice. Soak in rice water for 24 hours. Squeeze the juice being careful not to break the flesh. If the water is not sour anymore, prepare the syrup in the same way as for Sweet Condol.

## SWEET BREADFRUIT

(Rimas)

- 1 breadfruit
- ½ kilo sugar
- 5 cups water

Pare and slice the breadfruit. Soak in limewater overnight.

Boil some water and drop in the breadfruit. Press out the juice gently. Prepare the syrup as for Sweet Condol, put in the breadfruit until it is tender.

"Yes, come again," urged Mr. Ramos.

"Thank you," said Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, "and we hope you will come to see us."

"Thank you," said Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, "and we hope you will come to see us."

They played again and let Pablo and his mother be the host and hostess while Anselma and Emilio were their visitors. Pablo was not timid to talk to his mother and brother and sister when they were playing together. Host-and-hostess was their favorite game for several weeks. Sometimes the father played with them, too. They had happy times with

## WIND AND RAIN

*(Continued from page 188)*

they can suck it up with their roots; and animals, including man, can satisfy their thirst from the wells and springs and rivers. The water that has seeped through the earth in this way is better to drink than the rain water as it falls from the sky. The earth acts like a filter, and, as the rain water slowly passes through the sand and gravel, all the impurities that have been washed from the air are filtered out.

Not all the rain that falls stays in the soil for plants and animal to use. Much of it is evaporated right back into air when the sun comes out hot. In moist climates much of the water drains off into the rivers which carry it to the sea. Here it may once more evaporate into the air, and start the round again, to fall later as rain.

these play-like-visits with each other.

A few weeks later, the mother was down town. She met one of her neighbors. "Good morning, Mrs. Santos, I stopped in your house on my way to town."

"I am sorry I was out," said Mrs. Santos.

"I spoke to Pablo, and like a little man he said, 'I'm sorry mother is out. She went to town and will be out most of the morning. Will you leave a message and will you call again?'"

Mrs. Santos smiled and she and the neighbor continued their shopping tour together.



## TOO CONFIDENT

*(Continued from page 191)*

the other side would endanger his life the more. However, there was no other way of saving himself except swimming to the other side of the river. He was about to swim to the other side when suddenly he heard a familiar voice calling him.

"Hey! Alfredo! I thought you were fishing."

Alfredo looked back and saw Luis. He wanted to talk but could not. He was completely exhausted. Luis noticed this and readily guessed Alfredo was in trouble. He took a long rope from his basket and threw one end of it to Alfredo.

"There, hold on Alfredo," he said, but Alfredo was too weak. He heard everything Luis said, but his hands were numb and couldn't even grasp the rope. Luis realized what danger Fred was in. He hurriedly tied one end of the rope to a protruding root of the mango tree and tied the other end around his waist. Then he jumped into the river and caught Fred by the collar of his shirt.

With great efforts, he pulled Fred near the bank.

"Hold on, Fred, and rest yourself."

The two boys held on the rope and after resting for some time pulled themselves up the bank of the river.

"What a break!" sighed Fred.

"Are you all right now?"

"Yes, Luis. Thanks for all that you have done. I would have been drowned had you not come on time. But tell me,

## YOUNG WRITERS

*(Continued from page 197)*

saw that it was a pencil box. It was from father. Then she opened the other package. It was a supply of pads enough to last the whole year. The gift came from Rosa, her sister who was married.

Just then her father came into the room. He said, "Well, how do you like my present?"

"Oh, father, I know now why you did not want to give me the money to buy a pencil and a pad," Anita said.

She kissed her father and ran to the window to call for the car. Just before she stepped into the car she said, "Father, I think the first day of school is not so bad as I thought it would be."

Erlinda Alcantara  
Age 10

why did you bring this rope? Did you anticipate my . . ."

"Oh! no," interrupted Luis. I was on my way to grandfather's farm. Father told me to help him pasture our carabaos so I brought this rope with me. I dropped to this place to see what you have caught and—how did it happen anyway?

Fred told him about his struggle with the *biya*; how he lost his balance and fell into the river; and his futile attempts to pull himself up with the aid of the cogon grass.

"Oh, I just do not know how to thank you," sighed Fred.

"Don't thank me. Let us thank God, and remember, it is not safe to fish or even stay near the banks of the river especially during the rainy season.

## HOW IRMA FOUND

*(Continued from page 171)*

"How clear the water is!" she exclaimed. "Clear as crystal," she quoted. "Look at the pebbles at the bottom. Some are white and round."

The water on the side was only ankle-deep. The sand on the river bed tickled the sole and the children danced and yelled. They leaped and splashed at one another as they bit off mouthfuls of the juicy watermelon.

The sun was becoming warm and the children were beginning to feel hungry, still they were unwilling to go home. Only the thought of an inviting breakfast made them leave the river. Carrying melons and watermelons, they trotted home as fast as they could.

And how Irma relished the breakfast consisting of rice, *tinapa*, and tomatoes!

Every morning after that day, Irma got up earliest and roused the others. They raced to the watermelon plots, chose the roundest fruit, and ran to the river for their bath. The children's appetite grew keener and their endurance in running became greater.

At the close of the long vacation the children returned to the city. Irma's friends greeted her with surprise.

"Why, how plump you have grown!"

"And rosy in the cheeks!"

Irma would smile and say, "The race to the river did all these. I do not call it exercise. It was just fun."

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