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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

APRIL 1935

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AN ANSWER ON

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The Message This Month

THE PLACE OF CHARACTER

Last month's message brought to us the meaning of character. In this month's message we are going to discuss briefly the place of character in our own life and in our own community. Whether we like it or not we form character because, as we said last month, character is the bundle of all our habits.

Character has an important place in our life and in our community because of the following reasons—

1. Whether we are ignorant or intelligent, whether we are poor or rich, young or old, male or female, we can have good character or bad character. A poor man cannot have the many different material things, such as nourishing food, comfortable home, beautiful clothing, automobiles, etc., which a rich man can have; but he can have a character which is more acceptable and beautiful than that of a rich man. An ignorant man may not be able to acquire knowledge and wisdom but he can develop a character (Please turn to page 70)

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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 Two Brothers

Little Stories For Little People

By Aunt Julia

"**M**AMMA, Jaime does not want to give me my red ball," Eddie cried running to his mother.

"Let your brother have it for a while, Son," his mother said kissing him.

Eddie did not say anything, but he was angry. He went out and sat on the steps.

"I do not like Jaime. I do not want any brother. If he does not give me my ball, I will beat him with a stick."

Eddie ran down the stairs. He found his ball in the mud. He picked it up and washed it.

"I will lock it up in Papa's desk," he said to himself. "I shall ask Papa to give me a box with a lock."

Eddie went up to the boys' bedroom. Things were thrown on the floor. His bag was under the bed. He crawled to reach it. It was empty. His drawing book and box of crayons were gone.

"Jaime has my things, the bad, bad boy. He is not my brother at all," Eddie murmured in anger.

He ran out to the garden. Jaime was not there. He looked into the kitchen. Jaime was not there. Eddie ran toward the garage. The garage door was closed. He peeped through a crack. What do you think he saw? Jaime was lying on the garage floor. Open before him was his older brother's drawing book. The crayons were broken to small pieces. The

pieces were scattered on the ground.

Eddie pushed the door open. Without saying anything, he struck Jaime many times. He struck him on the head. He struck Jaime on the back. He pulled Jaime's hair and bit him on the fingers. He wished Jaime's fingers were cut.

Jaime screamed. When he got up, he ran into the house, shouting "Mamma" as loud as he could.

The rest of that afternoon Eddie was locked up in the bathroom.

The next day the house was very quiet. Jaime was sick. He had a high fever. Father and Mother talked very softly.

Eddie played alone. He put all his toys out. He played with all of them. When he was tired, he put them away. He went to the garden. He played skipping rope. He played hand ball. Soon he was tired of being alone. He wanted to play on the see-saw. There was nobody to play with. He wanted to play "hole in." There was nobody to play with.

Eddie went upstairs quietly. He walked into the bedroom softly. He looked at Jaime. Jaime's face was red. Eddie touched his brother's forehead. It was very hot.

Eddie walked out of the room slowly. He sat on the steps. There seemed to be a big lump in his throat. He tried to swallow it and said brokenly, "God, God, I want . . . Jaime now. I do not . . . want him . . . to die. I will give him . . . my ball . . . and my drawing book . . . and my crayons . . . and . . . and . . . anything."





Felipe's Queer Adventure

By Antonio C. Muñoz



FELIPE was only twelve years old but his unusual strength was admitted by all the boys in his neighborhood. When a quarrel arose among his playmates, it was always Felipe who settled it. They all loved him but at the same time they feared him. It would not take him long to bring a stubborn or wayward playmate to submission. He was honest and trustworthy in that he never touched things which did not belong to him without the owner's permission. He was kind to animals, particularly the smaller ones like the frogs and the lizards.

He lived with his foster parents in a hut. On one side of his home was the sea, and on the opposite side at a distance of about five kilometers was a dense forest inhabited by wild animals.

Felipe had an extraordinary appetite. The biggest problem of the poor couple from day to day was how to secure enough food for their adopted son who cared for nothing else but a good meal. Although they kept domestic animals and a poultry in their home, both of the foster parents devoted much of their time to fishing. Their catch, however, would not meet the food expense of the family due to the excessive meals of Felipe. At last to help solve all these difficulties, they began to sell their cows and chickens. This went on from year to year and when Felipe was sixteen years old, they had practically nothing left. The only things left in the home were the fish net and the hook and line with which the father would not part.

It was at this time that the foster father and mother thought of a plan. After a long conference, they decided to get rid of their adopted son who had caused them misery and brought them to that pitiable

condition. They decided to kill him in the forest by having a tree fall on him.

On the day fixed for the death of Felipe, the fisherman and his wife called their adopted son.

"Felipe," the fisherman said, "you are old enough to help us. You are strong and healthy. Let us go to the forest today and cut trees for the posts of a new house that I shall build. You see this hut will soon fall. Will you go with us, Felipe?"

"I will, father," the boy answered. "Are we ready to go?"

"Yes," said the fisherman, "we are."

So off to the forest they went. Their chance to kill Felipe did not come until they came to a big tree.

"Felipe," called the fisherman, "stand on that side while I cut the trunk of this tree. Catch the middle part when it falls so that it will not break. It is heavy, perhaps, but you are strong. I am sure it will not hurt you."

Felipe understood the purpose of his foster father but feeling confident of himself, he made no objection. He walked



directly to the spot indicated. The father cut the trunk and when it began to fall, he closed his eyes. After the crash, he opened his eyes only to find Felipe smiling with the upper part of the trunk resting on his shoulder.

"I knew your purpose, father," he said, "and I also knew why you wanted to kill me. You are tired of feeding me but I never thought that you would get rid of me in this way. I pity you and I pardon you for what you have done. Now let me ask you a favor. Give me leave to go out and see the world. Some day, if luck comes to me, I shall make you and mother happy till the end."

The fisherman could not answer at once. He was ashamed of what he had done. He embraced him and finally he said, "Go, my son, and may God be with you. We've done you wrong, and once again we ask you to pardon us."

"I pardon you," repeated Felipe, "and now good-bye."

The couple went home sad. Felipe took the opposite direction and soon disappeared in the thick forest.

Night came. Felipe sat down under a tree to rest. Soon he heard the piercing shriek of a frog. Up he jumped and was just on time to save a little frog which was starting on its journey into the stomach of a snake.

"Thank you, Felipe," said the frog. "You have done well for saving my life. Take this little stone with you for you will need it in time of trouble and difficulty. If you put it in your mouth, you will become invisible."

Before Felipe recovered from his surprise at hearing a frog talk, the latter had already disappeared. He sat down again and examined the stone. It was round and smooth. He put it in his pocket and climbed the tree close by. There on the flat surface of the first and biggest branch he slept soundly.

At dawn, after he had eaten a part of his provision, he resumed his journey. Late in the afternoon of that day he came to a city. He begged for lodging from an elderly woman who gladly received him. From her Felipe learned of the queer customs of their ruler whom they called the Count, and of the beauty of his only daughter whose name was Menia. The woman also told him that the Count was a sickly old man and that he had made up his mind to marry his daughter to the man who would pass certain tests.

"These tests are not made known to the public," said the woman. "Anyone who tries must either pass all of them or forfeit his life."

"And has no one risked his life for such a beautiful girl?" asked Felipe.

"Oh, son," the woman sighed, "many have tried but they have all failed. Not one of them has come out of that castle again."

"Tomorrow," Felipe exclaimed, "I shall present myself at the palace and I assure you, my good woman, that I shall succeed."

The woman said, "I like you, son, for you look honest, and honesty is something very rare in this place. I hate to see you doomed like the rest but there is something in you which makes me feel assured of

(Please turn to page 76)



CHILDREN OF THE SEA

By Elisabeth Latsch

VERY early one Sunday on one of those many thousands of islands of the Philippines, two little boys came down to the seashore with their father and mother. Along the coast were huge rocks. There they scrambled up almost tumbling down on the other side. The ocean waves came rolling and swishing towards the boys—one white-capped wave after another. It seemed the waves were running to meet them. Indeed, the waves were greeting the children and they were inviting them to play in the beautiful bay. The bright rays of the sun could not yet be seen, and the warmth could not yet be felt upon the big water.

Both boys took off their clothes. Slowly into the water they stepped. They were really just a little timid. Very soon, however, Juan who was the elder of the two, was much in advance. "Come here, come here," he called out to his little brother Wilfredo. But to his surprize he heard a thin little voice cry, "No, the water tickles my legs and the wind makes me shiver."

Juan laughed at Wilfredo. Then Juan thought of speaking wisely. "Wilfredo," he said, "boys must not mind such things. Anyway, it isn't cold at all after you are really under the water."

In the meantime their father and mother had gone out quite far. The water reached to their waistline. Both of them stood very still. Mother had kept on her bright red skirt and her pink bodice. She had raised her skirt to her knees. Much of it was bundled around her waist and the ends were firmly tucked in at the belt. She stood there with her arms folded. Be-



tween her lips she held a *cigarillo*.

But father, too, had kept his clothes on. His black trousers were rolled above the knees. He wore a white *camisa-chino*. His head was covered with a large grass hat, a *balangot*. A deep narrow basket was hanging upon his left arm.

Juan was having a wonderful time swimming about. But imagine! Wilfredo was still standing in the same place. Finally, his mother came over to him. As she approached him she splashed Wilfredo's head. Then he felt the water splashing over his shoulders and down his back. Soon his mother was splashing and splashing him all over. How Wilfredo laughed! He tried rubbing the water from his eyelashes, but there, splash—another fresh shower came down upon him. What fun it was having mother play with him like that! Really the water wasn't cold after all. And when he stayed under it entirely the wind could not blow against him. When mother stopped playing with him, Wilfredo began to splash about and he began to feel around in the bottom for shells and for many other sea toys.

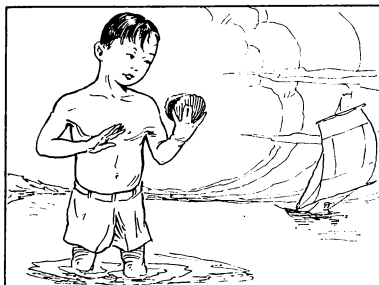
Wilfredo's mother had gone back to the place where father stood. Father had just dropped something into the long basket. Wilfredo wondered. Both his father and mother seemed to be standing very still again. There, mother's foot peeped out of the water. Wasn't there something between her toes? Why, it was a clam! So that was what they were really doing. They were feeling and digging around with their toes until they found the little clams. Certainly the water was not clear

enough to see down to the sandy bottom. Mother took the clams which she found over to father and dropped them into the narrow basket.

"Let me have the matches, please," he heard his mother say. "The fire in my *cigarillo* went out while I was splashing Wilfredo." Father raised his hand and carefully reached under his *balangot* bringing out a box of matches. Surely, the matches could not get wet on his head covered by that large grass hat.

When they had been in the water about two hours, their basket was quite full. "Juan and Wilfredo, we are going home now," called their mother. So they all walked back towards the rocks and stepped out of the water. The two boys dressed. They had hidden their clothes in a sheltered place between and under some rocks. But father and mother kept their wet clothing on. A long walk in the sunshine was yet ahead of them; and when they arrived at their pretty little nipa hut their clothes were quite dry.

By this time Juan and Wilfredo were very, very hungry. So mother cooked the dinner right away. After they had all eaten the little fresh clams and many, many helpings of the nice white rice, mother



fetched some of the short little bananas that grew in their own yard. And then all of them felt quite happy and contented. But they were just a wee bit tired and sleepy. So father went to the corner of the room and brought out a large buri mat, made from the fiber of the palm. Then mother helped him unfold it and together they spread it upon the bamboo floor.

There the whole family stretched out for a nice long afternoon nap. Juan had a wonderful dream. He found himself a grown man, a great fisherman, the owner of a *panandawan*. And Wilfredo dreamed again and again that his mother was still splashing him all over with the cool salty sea water.

DO YOU KNOW?

Some birds suffer from diseases as those suffered by human beings. Parrots are subject to asthma. Tuberculosis is a disease of pheasants and doves. And do you know that canaries become bald-headed?

Conversation of chickens is said to be understandable by humans. Scientists have discovered that there are 23 different notes made by chicks and their parents; and ten of these notes can be understood by one who cares for them.

Domestic cats are believed to be descended from Egyptian and European wildcats tamed centuries before Christ.

Chinese have fighting crickets. Do you know what a cricket is? A champion fighting cricket is worth as much as ₱100 in Hong Kong. The Siamese have fighting fish. Have you seen one?

The Philippines produces more copra than any other country in the world.

The ships which sailed between the Philippines and Mexico 250 years ago were called galleons and were mostly built in the Philippines.

Only 50 Filipino laborers can enter the United States every year.

Next year or next December when the Philippine Commonwealth will be established the name of this country will be *The Philippines*. It will not be called *The Philippine Islands* anymore.

The new king of Siam is a young boy 11 years old. The king of Yugoslavia is also a young boy. The king of Siam is called King Ananda; and that of Yugoslavia, King Peter.



TEODORA ALONZO Y QUINTOS was the mother of our national hero Rizal.

She belonged to a well-to-do and cultured family of Manila. Her father, Lorenzo Alberto Alonzo, was an educated and wealthy man. He was at one time *capitan* of the municipality of Biñan, Laguna. Her mother, Brigida de Quintos, was also well educated and good in mathematics. Among her relatives were lawyers and priests.

She was born in November, 1827, in Manila. She first studied reading and writing at home under her mother. Then she was placed in one of the well-known convent schools in Manila, the Colegio de Santa Rosa. Here she received an education considered sufficient for young ladies in those days.

In 1848 she was married to Francisco Rizal Mercado of Biñan. They made their home in Calamba, Laguna. They had ten children; namely Saturnina, Paciano, Narcisca, Olimpia, Lucía, María, José, Josefa, Trinidad, and Soledad.

Like the typical Filipino mother she was devoted to her family. She was the head of the household and the manager of the family property. She was known to be a

Teodora Alonzo y Quintos (1827-1911)

By Dr. Encarnacion Alzona

successful business woman. Her family was the richest in the town of Calamba.

In dealing with her children she displayed firmness of character. She demanded obedience from them, and she reprimanded them when they committed any fault. One of the stories she used to tell them was *The Moth and the Lamp*. It was about a moth which was burned in the flame of a lamp, because it disobeyed its mother. She taught them their first letters. It was she who taught Rizal how to read in Spanish from a popular reader entitled *Amigo de los Niños*. When Rizal began writing poetry, his mother was his critic, for she had literary ability.

She was a martyr. As she lived on land owned by the friars, Calamba was a friar estate, she came into conflict with the friars. She was subjected to all kinds of vexations, and finally the friars, and later the Guardia Civil, brought false charges against her. For her trial, she was ordered to go to the capital of the Province of Laguna, Santa Cruz. She was compelled to walk all the way from Calamba to Santa Cruz. Although found innocent, she was thrown into prison where she stayed for two and one-half years. With Rizal's persecution, her troubles increased, for she was not spared by the Spanish authorities. Some of the family property was confiscated, and the family was ordered out of Calamba. The family then moved to Manila. As a culmination of her sufferings, she lived to see her son executed for being a patriot who loved his country more than his life.

The Philippine Assembly in 1908, recognizing her great sacrifice, proposed to grant her a pension in her old age, but she refused it saying: "My family have never been patriotic for money."

She died in 1911, a true patriot, worthy of the homage and veneration of the Filipino nation.



MANY years ago in the island of Siquijor there lived in its mountains a strange person. He was known among the people of the place by the name of Awog. He had the powers of a magician, but he was a very good and kind man. Thieves were very much afraid of him. He was their enemy. But the honest people of the mountains loved him, because he protected their carabaos, goats, chickens, coconuts, and other things from robbers. Many stories were told about Awog.

There was once a man who climbed a coconut tree to steal the nuts. After getting as many coconuts as he could carry, he came down and started to run away with them. But he found that his legs became very weak and heavy. Much to his surprise, his feet could only take him round and round the tree. Something seemed to hold him right at the trunk of the coconut tree. He could not explain why he could not move away at all. He put down his load of nuts, and started to run. But alas! his efforts proved useless. He went on jogging around the tree until he got tired and fell weakly to the ground. Morning came. The owner of the tree passed by and saw the thief lying down on the ground with a cluster of coconuts at his side. Everybody who heard about the happening knew that the great

An Old Legend

A W O G

By T. P. Alvarico

●
THE GREAT
MOUNTAIN GOD
AWOG
PUNISHED
ALL EVILDOERS
IN THE ISLAND OF
SIQUIJOR

man Awog had come unseen to help the farmer.

At another time a daring band of thieves entered a house and stole all the valuable things they could find there. The occupants of the house were then attending a fiesta in a neighboring town. As they passed out through the back door with the things they had stolen, the robbers felt happy. But the great man Awog was displeased with this bad deed. At the foot of the stairway, the robbers, became weak and helpless. They found themselves running round and round the house as if they were tied to it by an invisible rope. At last the people came and caught the bad men. Awog had done another good work.

(Please turn to page 77)





Chapter One

A LUCKY DAY

TONIO had been a beggar boy ever since he could remember. The old man whom he and everybody else called "Lolo" was blind and a beggar. The only life he knew was that of a begging boy and leading a blind beggar. He was not ashamed to beg. He was accustomed to walking from door to door expecting to be given a handful of rice. But somewhere in his head was an idea, not very clear, but an idea just the same, that he would not be a beggar all his life.

It was unusually cool that morning of Good Friday when Tonio and Lolo made their way slowly through the narrow and crooked alley which led to the street. The old man felt his way with his *camagon* cane which was an heirloom from his great grandfather who had been a *cabeza*.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Peña
•

"I am sure we shall have good luck today," the old man began. "We always make much on Good Friday."

"Why, Lolo?" Tonio asked, glancing up at the sightless eyes of his companion.

"Because the remembrance of how the Lord Jesus died for sinners makes everybody generous. Every kind act on this day brings about the forgiveness of many sins."

"Shall we stay out and work the whole day, Lolo? Shall we not go to church this afternoon?"

"We shall do both. The church is the best place for work and worship today."

After a long pause, the old man continued: "If we make much in April and May, you can go to school in June."

"O Lolo!" Tonio exclaimed, "Am I really going to school?"

After a while, Tonio continued: "But Lolo, it is impossible for me to go to the day school."

"We shall see what we can do before June. You are almost ten. I ought to have sent you to school two years ago. God knows I would have done it if I could."

"Yes, Lolo, I know how good and kind you have been to me."

The morning proved to be both profitable and interesting. At a *pabasa*, every guest gave the begging pair silver coins. A well-dressed young man standing by the window was about to drop a bill on the outstretched hand of the old man but an old woman warned him saying,

"Don't you ever drop money from the window, *hijo*, if you do not want money to leave you."



The fine young man thanked the old lady good-naturedly and took the trouble of going downstairs to place the money on the beggar's hand. The old man expressed his gratitude by entreating the Lord to pour blessings upon the generous youth. "May you have perfect sight all your life," he ended.

The hostess detained Tonio and Lolo for lunch. It was the heartiest meal they had for many a day. The menu consisted of boiled mudfish with soya bean sauce, broiled milkfish with tomato and onion filling, and fish-pond crabs. The hostess saw to it that no meat was served nor anything cooked in lard.

On their way to church they passed a stand where several kinds of sweets were offered. Lolo and Tonio were invited to take generous helpings of *ubi*, bean, and *makapuno* desserts. The old man explained to Tonio that such a stand of free sweets was called *caridad*. It was an act of charity on the part of the owner for the atonement of sins; that is, he did a kind act hoping to gain forgiveness of his sins.

The church was packed. The people stood so close together that it was impossible for one to move. There were weeping, sobbing, screaming, and fainting at the recollection of the suffering and death of Christ.

The beggars went home thankful and happy. Tonio was trying to guess how much they had made. If only every day were as good as Good Friday! "Could he go to school?" was the question he repeated to himself over and over again.

The old man broke into his thoughts.

"I will set aside our today's earnings. We shall see how much we have when we reach home. I am anxious to send you to school. There is a prediction about the fortune of the person to whom the last member of our family will give this cane."

"O Lolo! What is it? Tell me the story, please!"

"Yes, *hijo*, after supper."

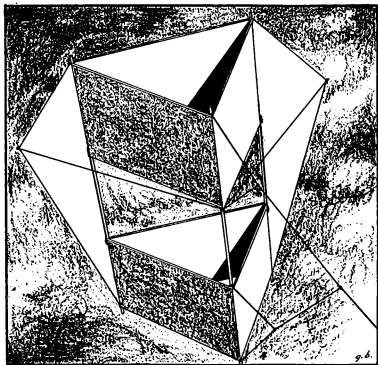
(What is the story of the *canamogon* cane? What fortune will its next owner have? Read the next issue of *The Young Citizen*.)

HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by

GILMO BALDOVINO

· HOW TO MAKE BOX KITES ·



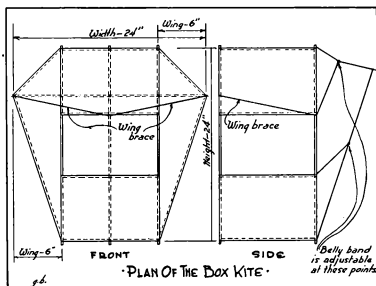
BOYS, can you fly a kite? Perhaps you can. But do you know how to make one?

Most of you can make our native kites, which we call *saringolas*. Have you ever tried to make another kind, the box kite?

It is easy to make a box kite and it is easy to fly one. Unlike the *saringolas*, the box kite does not swing very much to the left or to the right side. When we have kite-fights we use the *saringolas*. We cannot use the box kites in kite-fights because they fly gently. In fact, if there is enough wind to pull the kite up, you can tie the string to a branch of a tree and you can leave the box kite flying by itself for hours and hours.

In making a box kite, the first step is to get the proper materials. All you need are bamboo sticks, ordinary kite paper (papel de japon), string, and some good paste.

If you want a box kite 24 inches high and 24 inches wide from wing to wing the second step is to prepare three bamboo sticks, 24 inches long each; and four triangles made of bamboo sticks of the same length. Each side of the triangles must be 12 inches long. Then tie the three sticks to the corners of the four triangles. In tying them, the triangles must be equally distant from each other. Then cover the two triangles (the upper one and the lower one) with your paper leaving the middle triangle uncovered as shown in the illustration. The next thing to do is to make the two wings. The width of each wing is 6 inches from the side of the box to the tip.



The sides of the wings are of bamboo sticks also. After the sticks are attached to the box, cover them with paper, too. Then place the wing brace. This is the string that is tied to the tip of the wing to the middle stick of the box as shown in the picture. The control bent is easily arranged by following the arrangement made in the illustration.

A WENDISH MOTHER AND CHILD

HAVE you ever heard of the Wendish folk? Do you know where they live?

They now live in Lusatia which is located in Germany. But a long, long time ago the Wends were only a neighboring people of Germany. Today 111,000 of them inhabit a unique stretch of land which is but a very short journey from Berlin, the capital city of Germany. The Wends continue to cherish and practice their old customs and traditions. Their festivities and their food, their language and their dress are still strictly Wendish and not German.

Wouldn't it be a good idea if we kept all Philippine customs and traditions that are really worth while? Let us continue wearing our Philippine dress; let us sing and play our Philippine folk-songs; let us dance our Philippine folk dances; let us continue to be respectful toward our elders; let us be thoughtful and considerate toward strangers on the street and in other public places. There are many good things Philippine that we should remember and practice.

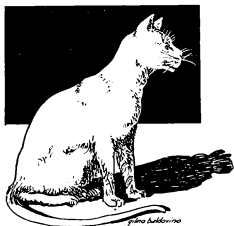
But we were telling you about the Wendish folk who now live in Germany. They settled in a part of the country which is quite different from the rest of the German land. We said it was unique, it is! It so happens that the river Spree divides into many little brooks and canals



(Courtesy of Reichsbahnzentrale für den Deutschen Reiseverkehr, Berlin)

in a part of Germany which is known as the Spreevald—the Spree forest. There thousands of little islands may be found around which flow the numerous brooks and canals. Instead of sidewalks on land, they are all little crooked water streets. Each Wendish home stands upon an island of its own. The workman, the doctor, the postman and the policeman come and go in boats. Children travel to school in boats. People row to the factory; they row to their shopping; they row to church. Even the cows are rowed in the boats to small stretches of pasture land. In winter time, however, it is merrier still. Then all the little canals and brooks are frozen up. Big and small, old and young ride in sleighs or go skating along over the smooth ice roads.

The Wends are a very industrious and thrifty little group of people. Even in the picture their dress shows how much time and thought are spent upon it. Everything is immaculately clean and colorful and neat. Many good weavers and many fine needleworkers may be found among the Wendish people.



• THAT FUNNY CAT •

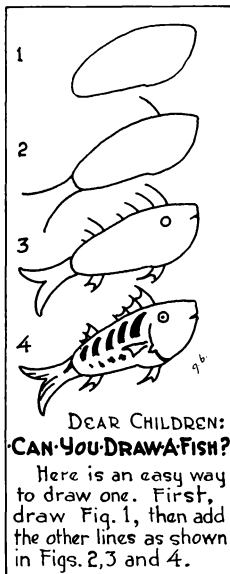
•
by M. G. C.
•

I have half-forgotten
What the kitten said;
“Dear me, dear me,”
He whispered to himself.

He looked at the lizard,
And he looked at me;
And then he looked away
With a knowing smile.

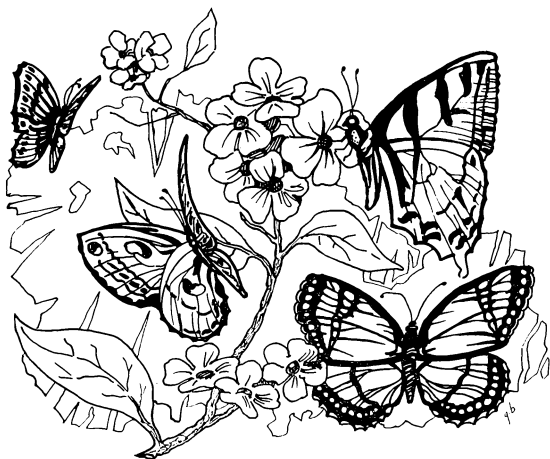
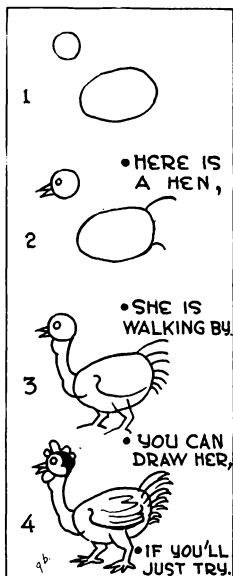
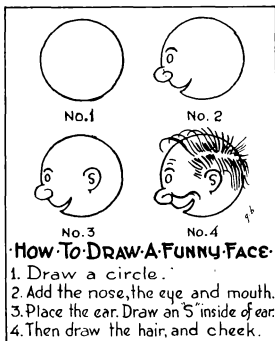
What was he thinking
When he looked at the lizard?
Why was he smiling
As he looked at me?

And then I heard him run
Under the stairs
Where I saw him laugh,
That funny cat.



DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

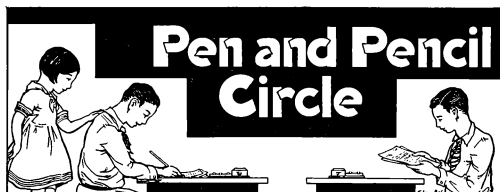
by Gilmo Baldovino



COLOR ME

You can color this simple line drawing with crayola, or colored pencil, or water color.

My suggestion in applying color is not to use too much. Apply the color little by little until the right amount is obtained. The flowers may be colored pink, the leaves green, and the branches brown. For the butterflies, select only the brightest colors, like the yellow, red, foliage green, orange, and violet.



Tanjay, Or. Negro
March 22, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma:

I cannot write yet but I told my mother to write this for me. I told her what to write.

I am a boy. I am four years old. I like to hear stories. Sometimes my father gets angry when I make him tell me stories for hours. Now I make him tell me the stories in *The Young Citizen* as I point to the pictures. I like all the stories there but I like best "The Dog That Jose Did Not Like" because there is a policeman in that story. Oh, I like policemen very much!

I am sending you my picture with two of my cousins. I am the boy at the right of the picture. The picture was taken last year. I am also sending you the song which my mother used to sing to me when I was small yet. Please publish both.

Thank you.

Your young friend,
Jaime Muñoz.

I held the penholder when my mother signed my name.

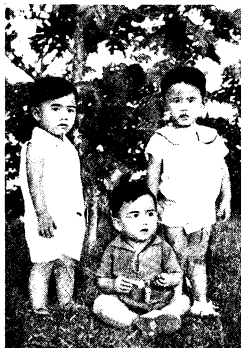
THE SPOILED CHILD

"Lola, Lola," was the shout coming from the sala. It was Totoy crying. He said, "Lola, Lola, Brother does not like to give me that magazine." Then his "lola" came and dried his tears with her "tapis," got the magazine from Jose, and gave it to Totoy.

Totoy stopped crying; but afterward he saw Jose playing with a marble. So he cried aloud for he wanted to get the marble too. His grandmother heard him and gave one of the

marbles to Totoy.

When it was lunch time, Totoy did not eat. He only asked for some money. When he was given a centavo he ran and searched for the cigarette can, where his grandmother kept her money. When he found it he got the handkerchief in which the money was tied and ran away. His lola saw him and asked for the money. Totoy threw the handkerchief. It hit his "lola" on the face. He laughed only and ran to his playmate.



The other boy was holding a whistle. Totoy liked it very much so he asked for it.

He said, "Lend me your whistle and then we will go to the seashore."

When it was given to him he went home and hid under the bed.

The boy ran after him and told his lola that Totoy had the whistle. His lola told him to

return it but he cried and cried. So his lola bought him one.

He was so spoiled that he wanted everything he saw. When his "lola" could not afford to give him what he wanted, he began to steal. His parents became very unhappy.

By Preciosa Irma Pineda
VI-A, Emilio Jacinto Elementary
School

SCENES IN THE MORNING AND SCENES IN THE AFTERNOON

It was early in the morning when I was awakened by the crowing of the roosters. I went hurriedly to our bathroom to take a bath. After bathing I went to our garden. The sun was beginning its daily work and saluting the new day. The flowers were in bloom and there was a great difference between yesterday and today.

It was also that afternoon when I put down my books and hurriedly went to the Luneta. I sat on a big rock. The sun was setting and finishing its work. The sun was throwing its rays to be the pathway of the angels to the gate of heaven.

Adela B. Fugoso, VI-A
Emilio Jacinto Elementary School
Manila

FATE

As I have learned, in the days
of old,

Great men prosper, while others
fall,

While rich men rejoice, the poor
ones toil,

Sinners repent to clean their
soul.

Poor was the rich man as time
went on

His riches' perished, his power
was gone,

He no longer could laugh at mis-
chance of the poor,

Great are the things that fate
has done.

Jose C. Reyes, VI-A
Emilio Jacinto Elem. School
Manila



PETS.

Speak gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf.

Be blithesome with the bunny, at barnacles don't laugh!

Give nuts unto the monkey, and buns unto the bear,

Ne'er hint at currant jelly if you chance to see a hare!

O, little girls, pray hide your combs when tortoises draw nigh

And never in the hearing of a pigeon whisper, "Pie!"

But give the stranded jelly-fish a shove into the sea—

Be ALWAYS kind to animals wherever you may be!

Ashby Sterry.

HAVE YOU ever heard of Tistet? Well, if you have not heard of him I shall tell you WHO he is. Tistet is a little boy in the story of THE POPE'S MULE. He is the Pope's servant. Tistet is expected to take good care of the mule. But one day naughty Tistet takes the Pope's mule way up into the belfry tower. Up, up into the highest point of the tower he forced the mule. Imagine how difficult it was for the mule to walk up so many steps. How could the poor mule ever get down again?

The story of THE POPE'S MULE is written by a Frenchman. His name is Alphonse Daudet. This little book has been translated into English so

that the boys and girls of other countries may enjoy reading it.

Do you remember I once told you that many people in other countries are writing story books for children and that many of those stories are translated into many different languages?

There is a Frenchman who has done some very lovely illustrating of children's books. His name is Boutet de Monvel. Boutet de Monvel made the pictures for that interesting and exciting story of JOAN OF ARC. This is a book which older boys and girls will be proud to have on their book shelves. Even the little sisters and brothers will enjoy the story of the brave and saintly maiden Joan. They will be able to follow it very well by simply looking at the beautiful pictures which Boutet de Monvel has made. There is an illustration on every page.

Another book, and that is a very small one, is illustrated by Boutet de Monvel. The name of it is SUSANNA'S AUCTION. It is a story of a little girl who loved her dolly very, very much. One day, however, Susanna was very naughty. She broke her mother's beautiful vase. Susanna would not even say, "I am sorry mother". Then something happened to Susanna. But I must not tell you the whole story. There would not be anything left for you to read.

MOTHER GOOSE.

(Continued from page 55)

The Place of Character

that may make him be loved and revered by every one who knows him.

2. Character makes for us friends or enemies and thus makes us also happy or sad. It

is not very difficult to see the reason why one man has many friends, and another has no friends at all, instead, he may have many enemies. It would be interesting for a school child

to observe the characteristics and habits of a classmate who has many friends, and to observe also a classmate who has very few. He will discover that the friendly attitude of many school children toward the first child and the hostile attitude toward the second child are due to character. The first one has a character that attracts friendship, while the second has a character that courts hostility. A good and beautiful character is agreeable to, while a bad and an ugly character is condemned by, everybody. It is, therefore, clear that character either makes for us a cozy place in the hearts of our fellowmen and a beautiful niche in our community structure, or makes us spiritually or socially outcasts in our own community life.

3. Character leads us either to success or to failure in our life career. We have heard the story of men and women who were on their way to success but who, before reaching their goal, fell down to failure and shame because of bad character. On the other hand we have heard also the story of men and women who started their life career in a very humble way, but rose up to the very summit of success and glory because of good character. It is true that intelligence and education secure one a job in the government or private business firms, but it is equally true that character holds or loses that job, sooner or later. Ability and temperament often times promise success in one's life career, but character is the most reliable guarantee to success or failure.

Thus we see the place of character in our own life and in our community life—(1) it is a possession that everyone of us can have, (2) it makes for us friends or enemies and thus makes us happy or sad, and (3) it leads us either to success or to failure in our life career.

DR. I. PANLASIGUI



The Making of Laws During the Philippine Commonwealth

ON Saturday, March 23, 1935, in Washington, D.C., the President of the United States approved the constitution of the Philippines. He signed it in the presence of Manuel L. Quezon, the president of the Philippine Senate, Claro M. Recto, the president of the constitutional convention, and Manuel Roxas, a delegate to the constitutional convention and formerly speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives. Bells were rung in Manila to celebrate that event.

The new government under the constitution is quite different from the present one. This new government will be established sometime this year.

The laws of the Philippine Islands will be made by the National Assembly. This will be the legislature of the Philippine Commonwealth.

The present Philippine Legislature has two houses. They are the Philippine senate and the house of representatives. But the National Assembly has only one house. It is the National Assembly itself.

Having only one house, instead of two houses, the legislative body of the Commonwealth will be less expensive to run than the present legislature. It will be able to work faster because it will not have to wait for another body to approve what it does.

Some countries have legislative bodies similar to the National Assembly of the Philippine Commonwealth. Spain, Turkey, Norway, Finland, Latvia, and a few others have legislatures with only one house. Do you know

where these countries are? In 1898 when the Filipinos declared their independence and made a constitution in Malolos, they also provided for a legislature having only one house.

In the United States, the national government has a legislature with two houses. It is called Congress, and its two houses are the senate and the house of representatives. But some states of the United States are now beginning to plan for a change. Nebraska is one of them. In the elections last November the state of Nebraska decided to change its legislature by having only one house instead of two houses. The people of other states are thinking of following the example of Nebraska. They believe that a simple government works better and is less costly than one which is complicated.

The National Assembly of the Philippine Commonwealth will have 98 members. These members will represent all the provinces of the Philippines. As the population of the Philippines increases, the number of members of the National Assembly will also increase. But it cannot go beyond 120 members.

In order to become a member of the National Assembly, a person must be at least 30 years of age. He must also be a citizen of the Philippines and a voter. He must reside at least one year before election in the province which he desires to represent in the National Assembly.

A person who is elected member of the National Assembly holds his office for 3 years. During that time he is not al-

lowed to do business with the government. Thus, if he is an engineer he cannot receive pay from the government for making a building or a bridge or any other thing for it.

Every year the National Assembly will hold a meeting. This meeting cannot last longer than 100 days. It may have special meetings. Each special meeting cannot continue for over 30 days.

During any of the meetings, any member of the National Assembly may present a bill. Do you know what a bill is? It is a writing which the person presenting it wants to be approved as a rule for the people.

If the Assembly approves it, the bill is sent to the President of the Philippine Commonwealth. This person is the chief officer of the Philippine Commonwealth. He will take the place of the Governor General, who is the chief officer now.

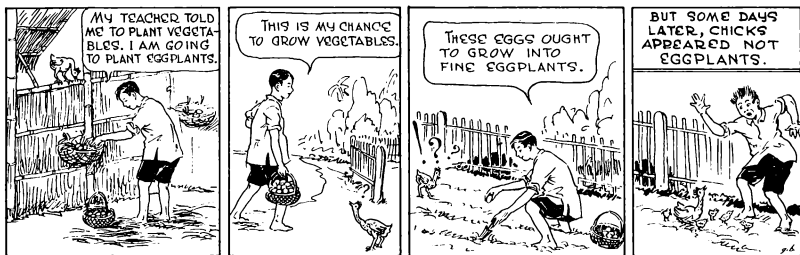
The President of the Commonwealth has the power to approve or to disapprove the bill. If he approves it, the bill becomes a law. Every person in the Philippines has to follow that law and all other laws.

If the President disapproves it, we say that the bill is vetoed by him. To veto means to disapprove. A bill which is disapproved is sent back by the President to the National Assembly. If two-thirds of all the members of the Assembly will vote in favor of that bill, then it will become a law even without the approval of the President.

So you see that a member of the National Assembly will have much power. For his work, he will be paid P5,000 a year. Every good citizen should, therefore, elect only the best men of his province to be members of the National Assembly. Having much power, a good and wise member of the Assembly will be able to make this country prosperous and our people happy.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES—Egg-Planting

by Gilmo Baldovino



What Do You Know About Nature?

OUR FOREST TREES

The Tangle

There are big forests in the mountains of our country. In these forests we find many kinds of trees. Some of them are tall and large; while others are very tall but slender.

One of these large trees is the tangle tree. The trunk of this tree sometimes grows so big that if you make a hole through it, you can drive a carriage drawn by horses right through that hole from one side to the other side of the tree. Do you know the length of one meter? If your father stretches his arm, the distance from the tip of his fingers to his opposite shoulder is about one meter. The desk on which you do your writing in your school is about one meter long. The distance around the trunk of a large tangle tree is about 18 meters. Imagine how large that tree is!

Let us cut a tangle tree and see the inside of the wood. Let us first see the part near the outside of the wood. The color is light and whitish. This part of any wood is called the sapwood. The inside part of the wood, about one inch or more under the sapwood, is red in color. Sometimes it is brownish red. The inside part of a wood is called the heartwood.

You can tell the place where a certain piece of tangle lumber comes from by looking at the heartwood. If this is light red, we may be sure that it was cut from the forests in Southern Mindanao. If the color of the heartwood is dark red or brownish red, that piece of tangle lumber must have been taken from Mindanao or from the forests in the Visayan Islands or in Luzon.

Tangle is the most popular lumber used in building houses in the Philippines. Although it is not a very hard wood, it is strong. If it is

(Please turn to page 77)

Learning To Use New Expressions

(Drive, drive away, drive into)

Junior likes to *drive* his little automobile in the back yard. He likes to see the chickens running away from him. With his car, he can *drive away* the chickens from the vegetable plots. Driving away pigs and chickens from the garden was his work. He does it fast when he *drives* his car. With it he can also *drive* the chickens *into* the coops. He can drive the pigs into the pens and the dog into the kennel.

Answer these questions in complete sentences. Repeat the words of the story.

What does Junior like to do?

What does he do when he sees pigs and chickens in the garden?

What does he do when it is time for pigs and dogs to rest?

More questions to answer. Do not answer with "Yes" or "No" only.

Can you drive a carromata?

Can your father drive a car?

Do you have to drive away animals from the garden?

Does your dog have a kennel? Do you have to drive him into it at night?

Fill the blanks with *drive*, *drive away*, or *drive into*. A blank stands for a whole expression.

Juan has to _____ the pig _____ the pig pen every evening.

His dog can _____ the pigs from the vegetable garden.

The child can _____ his kiddy car.

Juan can _____ a carromata but his mother would not let him.

Juliana C. Pineda

(See answers at page 77)

CORRECTION

On page 45 of the March issue of The Young Citizen, is a song, "Sleep, Baby, Dear." The lower or alto note

in the fourth measure of the song should be on the first line instead of in the first space.

Announcing **THE YOUNG CITIZEN**

The Philippines' First Real Magazine for Young People

YOU have been hoping and even saying all along, "What we need is Philippine Literature for our children."

HERE is a magazine which brings to your home that which is Philippine for the children of the Philippines.

READING is not common in the Philippines even among college graduates because in most homes young people have nothing suitable to

AT LAST—THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE—A MONTHLY EDITED ESPECIALLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE BETWEEN SEVEN TO FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE!

read—reading in school is not enough to form the habit.

YOU are eager to give your children every educational and every cultural advantage. Here it is for them in an entertaining form. The children will find enjoyment therein throughout their many hours of leisure. It is an opportunity for them to absorb that which is good and beautiful, and therefore, educational!

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Animals cannot live without plants. If green plants were to be destroyed today, human beings and animals will die of hunger. There are no mines of food as we find mines of gold, oil, silver, iron, salt, and other things under the earth. No matter how deep we might dig into the ground, we cannot find food there. Food comes from the plants. It is not made all the time. It is made only during certain months.

Yes, the biggest factory in the world is in the green leaves and twigs which we find in the fields, the orchards, the gardens, the forests, and the weeds in the sea.

Why are the leaves green? Before we answer this question, let us first know something about the light of the sun.

Sunlight has many different colors. Among these colors are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. Every ray of sunlight may be divided into these seven different colors. When a ray of sunlight hits a leaf or any green part of a plant, only a part of that ray enters the

power. For instance, the strength of a man comes from his energy. When a man dies, he loses his energy. The steam produced from boiling water gives energy; it makes machines run. The strength of the carabao which enables him to pull a cart is energy. Electricity which lights our houses is energy. The petroleum which we put in our lamps to give us light has energy.

The energy of the sunlight which is kept in the green parts of the tree is used by it in manufacturing food. How it is used, nobody can tell us exactly.

By means of this energy, the green parts of plants take in raw materials. They also throw out waste. On the leaves and other parts of a plant, there are tiny holes. These holes are called pores. Through them the air passes freely in and out. Besides these little holes we can also find in the body of plants and in their branches and leaves very tiny tubes. Through these very small tubes, water runs up from the roots, through the stems, into the leaves; and from the leaves the water passes back through

air and the soil, but the unused products remain in the body of the plant.

The raw materials are all very simple and very common. They are readily dissolved in water. Some of them are solids. They are from the soil. One is a liquid, which is the water. Another is a gas, which is the carbon dioxide of the air.

But what is carbon dioxide? It is a kind of gas which a human being gives off when he exhales. It is given off to the air. It is also formed when you burn wood, coal, oil, and other things. Great quantities of carbon dioxide gas are formed in time of big fires. It is also given off with hot gases from volcanoes. Carbon dioxide gas moves very easily. Water, on the other hand, may be taken in or be needed by a plant faster than it can be secured. That is why we need to water plants very often. The solids are taken in by plants much more slowly. They are the nitrates, phosphates, sulphates, and chlorides. These furnish the nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus,

(Please turn to page 78)

The Universe and the Stars



ON a clear night, we see many stars in the sky. The sky looks like a big bowl covering the earth. The earth also looks like a big room with the heavens for its round roof. But the truth is that the sky is not the roof of the earth. What we see as the heavens is but a wide, wide place which we call space. It is so large that no one has yet measured it. This vast space surrounds the earth.

Within this space we find stars, millions of them. So large is the distance in this space that the star nearest our earth is about twenty-five million million miles away. All this vast space is called the universe.

The earth where we live is but a very tiny thing compared with one of these stars. Have you ever asked yourself where the stars come from? Scientists think that a long time ago in the universe there was nothing but clouds of gas or smoke. After millions of years this gas became thicker, and afterwards it hardened and so became the first stars. This is merely a guess of great scientists. We know, however, that right now there are thousands of clouds in space, probably making stars. These clouds of gas are called *nebulae*. Some of these *nebulae* have no shape. Others are like wheels of vapor. They are continually whirling. Astronomers, or persons who study about stars, believe that this whirling *nebulae* move so fast that as they become harder they also get hotter and hotter until

at last they shine forth as stars. Some of them can be seen with our eyes; but others are invisible because they are very far away from us.

After millions of years, some stars lose their heat and become dead. There must be many, many dead stars. They are black, invisible masses moving in space. One dead star at times collides with another. Just imagine the result of such a collision! The impact is so strong that it produces terrific heat. That heat changes the dead stars into clouds of gas again. And from these clouds new stars are probably formed.

Even if two stars do not collide, a *nebula*, would be formed if they come very near to each other. The friction of the two stars passing so close to each other would be enough to divide them into small fragments, each one of them becoming a new star.

Our sun is a star. This sounds strange perhaps because we do not see the sun at night. The other stars which we see at night are also suns. Many of them are thousands of times larger than our sun.

No one knows exactly how many stars there are. There are perhaps millions of them. We can see only about 4,000 stars with our naked eyes. However, by using an instrument called the telescope, about 1,500,000,000 stars can be seen. But there are very many more which cannot be seen even by a very powerful telescope.

If many of these stars are very much bigger than the sun, then the universe must be very, very large. It is millions of millions of miles. It is beyond our imagination.

The distance between the stars is so great that it is not measured anymore in miles. Instead of saying that a star is so many billions of miles away, astronomers say that the distance from the earth to a star is so many light-years. This means that light takes so many years to reach us from any star. Light travels 186,000 miles per second, or 5,876,068,880,000 miles in a year. That is the distance of one light-year. Thus the light by which we see our nearest star left that star more than four years ago, because our nearest star is twenty-five million million miles away. Other stars are 30,000 light-years away.

The ancient astronomers saw that the big stars were found in groups. These groups are called constellations. They gave these groups the names of their gods and heroes. We still use their names today. Among these constellations are the Great Bear, the Little Bear, Cassiopeia, Pegasus, Andromeda, Perseus, Orion, and the Great Dog. We already learned something about Orion last February. In the next issue we shall study the other constellations.

FELIPE'S QUEER ADVENTURE

your success. Go, my son, and may God bless you."

The following morning Felipe was at the castle. A queer-looking person took him to the Count.

"I understand you have come to take the tests," said the Count. "Tomorrow at this time you will either live or die."

"Now, Cosco," he continued addressing the queer-looking person, "take him to his quarters."

Felipe was conducted to a well-furnished room. As soon as he had sat down in a comfortable chair, the servant withdrew closing and locking the door behind him. Felipe found himself alone in the room. As there was nothing to do, he lay down on the couch nearby. When his back touched the cushion, the light in the room became dim. The things around him took on weird outlines. The doors and window shutters creaked on their hinges. Felipe was not afraid. Soon he heard groans. At last one of the pillars swayed and fell towards him. It was very heavy and would have crushed him to death had it not been for his superhuman strength. He caught it and it remained suspended in the air for a short time. Then again it slowly descended. Felipe used all his strength to check its downward progress. Now it went up as Felipe pushed it. Then it went down again as Felipe's muscles relaxed. At last with all the strength left in him, he gave the pillar a push and it fell to his side crushing the table nearby.

Felipe quickly jumped up and immediately the room was flooded with light. Everything was in its proper place just as if nothing had happened.

"Well done, my friend!" a mocking voice was heard.

Felipe turned around and there stood before him the queer-looking person.

"That's fine work," continued the man. "I'll leave now for I have duties to perform. So long."

Felipe was again alone in the room but he noticed that all the doors and windows were open. He looked out of the window. The streets and garden were deserted. Not a soul was in sight. He went to the door. Nobody was there except a coach and two white horses all ready for anyone who would want to make a trip to a place far away. Felipe went back to his room. On the table he saw bags of gold coins. In a box he saw a collection of precious stones. There were diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and many others. Anyone could have gotten away with all those valuable things but the idea never came to Felipe's mind.

He sat down and busied himself looking at the pictures in the room.

"You are wonderful!" again Felipe heard the same mocking voice.

He looked in the direction from which the voice came, and there again stood the same queer-looking person.

"Tonight," the man told him, "my master will come to visit you. He will give you the last test."

Thereupon the man disappeared behind the curtain.

Early that evening, the Count came to Felipe's room.

"Good evening, sir," Felipe greeted him.

"Good evening," returned the Count. "I see that you have proven yourself to be a man of extraordinary ability and I am beginning to like you. Are you ready for the last test?"

(Continued from page 58)

"I am," replied Felipe.

"Do you see that castle at the end of the garden?" the Count asked him.

"Yes," answered Felipe.

"In that castle lives Menia, my daughter. I want you to go there and get the ring which my daughter keeps in a tiny box. You will find the box on the table in her room. As soon as you come to me in my room with the ring, I shall call all my people and before them my daughter and you will be united in marriage."

When the Count was gone, Felipe started for Menia's castle. At the door of his room he heard one of the guards say, "Here he comes. Be sure that you get him."

"Don't worry," said another, "for as long as I have this spear in my hand, that fellow will never cross the line."

Felipe saw that the space between the two castles was well guarded. It was impossible for him to reach the castle of Menia. He went back to his room and sat down. He was discouraged.

"I'll give it up," he sighed at last.

"No!" cried someone behind him.

Felipe turned around. There stood a frog smiling at him. "The stone, the stone! Felipe, have you forgotten the stone?" asked the frog.

Immediately the frog disappeared. Felipe was alone in the room. He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out the small stone which the frog gave him. Then he put it in his mouth. When it touched his tongue, his hands, feet, and even his clothes disappeared. He knew he was there but could not see himself. He went to the mirror but there was no reflection there.

At once he ran to the door towards the guards, slapping each one as he passed by. Each guard, thinking that the fellow near him did the mischief, lost no time in returning the blow. Thus started a free-for-all and the garden was in commotion while Felipe sped his way towards Menia's castle. Nobody saw him. He was invisible. He ran up the steps and was soon in Menia's room. On the table lay the tiny box. He snatched it and ran back to his room. Then he got the stone from his mouth and put it in his pocket. He was visible again. Then he went to the Count's room and gave him the box.

The Count smiled and said. "I have been waiting for a long time and now you are here. I am very happy."

"Cosco," he said addressing the queer-looking servant, "send for my daughter and tell all the

people to assemble in the garden."

When Menia came, the Count took her and Felipe to the garden. There he told his people that he was already old and could no longer carry on the work of a ruler.

"Here is my successor," he added presenting Felipe. "He has proven himself to be brave, strong, honest, and trustworthy. Love him as you love me for he will make you happy."

Then and there Felipe and Menia were married amidst the shouts of joy of all their subjects.

Not long after that, the Count died and Felipe became the ruler of the city.

However, he had not forgotten to send for his foster father and mother; and when they came, he gave them a house and furnished them with everything that they needed.

Awog

(Continued from page 62)

Some old people today are fond of telling the strange story of the man who bravely tried to steal eggs from a back yard. When he started to run away with the eggs, he was surprised to find that he could not even reach the fence. Every time he would move a few steps forward, he found himself back to the place where he stole the eggs. Soon he became hungry. He took three eggs from the bag under his arms and ate them. An hour later he felt an unpleasant movement in his stomach. He had pains all over his body. He became sick and dizzy. Then something tickled his throat. All at once, three chicks came out of his mouth. That was the punishment he received from Awog.

What Do You Know About Nature? (Cont. from page 72)

not always wet with water, tangle lumber lasts for a long time. But when this wood is placed outdoors or is put on the ground it does not last long.

Tangle is a kind of timber very often used for making tables, chairs, and other pieces of furniture. It is easily colored with any kind of stain. Do you know what stain is? Stain is the color carpenters put in a piece of wood. It is different from paint because paint covers the surface of the wood. Stain does not cover the surface at all. It simply sinks into the wood and gives it a natural color. For instance, if we want tangle chairs to look yellow, we put a yellow stain on the tangle.

In the United States there is a kind of timber called mahogany. Tangle looks like mahogany. This is the reason that tangle is called Philippine mahogany.

Tangle lumber is usually large and long. You do not find many cracks and other defects in this

kind of lumber. It is easy to work with ordinary tools, such as knife, saw, plane, and chisel. It is easy to carve. Its grain shows the figure of a ribbon which we can see clearly when we divide the lumber. The holes or pores of the wood are quite fine. Tangle is quite shiny when made into boards. It is not heavy.

The Philippines has exported to the United States much tangle timber. Many American makers of furniture use it instead of mahogany. For this reason, in many places in the United States merchants are not allowed to call tangle by the name of Philippine mahogany.

Learning To Use New Expressions

(Learning from page 72)

(Answers)

drive . . . into
drive away
drive
drive

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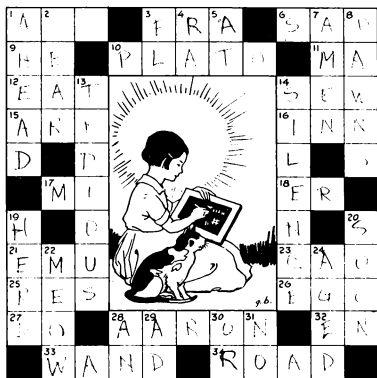
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Cross-Word Puzzle



ACROSS

- Lincoln's nickname
- A long period of time
- Not happy
- The pronoun for a male person
- A flat piece of stone where one may write.
- A female parent
- To put something in the mouth.
- What you do with needle and thread.
- One form of the verb to be.
- A house where strangers stay for a while.
- A note in the musical scale.
- The ending of the comparative form of an adjective.
- An African bird.
- A container.
- A note in the musical scale (plural)
- To praise yourself.
- Not to be lazy.
- A man's name in the Bible.
- A prefix (for words like *forget*).
- A stick used by a magician.
- The place where men and vehicles pass.

DOWN

- In front.
- An animal.
- "He" in Spanish.
- Royal Academy (Abbreviation).
- A preposition.
- The end of every prayer.
- Before the sun shines in the morning. (in plural)
- Tiresome.
- This is said to be golden.
- A large group of animals.
- In a short time.
- What is the cry of the animal in the picture?
- To grow old.
- Article.
- Advertisement (Abbreviation).
- Preposition.
- Negative answer.

OUR COVER THIS MONTH

This is the vacation season. Boys and girls are free from school work. Some of them have to work in their homes helping their parents. Others, whose parents do not need their help in the home, spend their time playing games. The picture on the cover of this magazine is that of a boy fishing. Have you ever been fishing? This is a

The Factory of Nature

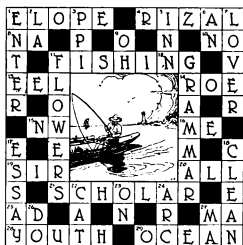
(Continued from page 74)

and other important elements in our food.

When the day is warm, wet, and bright, the green plants are busy manufacturing foods. These are sugars, starches, fats, and such things which are called proteins. The simplest but most important of them are sugars. We see no smoke coming from these factories. We hear no noise. We smell nothing from them. Instead of making the air dirty as do our man-made factories, these factories of nature purify the air, giving back to it oxygen.

Note: Most of the facts contained in this article are taken from an article written by Prof. George J. Pierce in the *Scientific Monthly* of November, 1934. —Ed.

SOLUTION TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLE OF MARCH ISSUE



fine game. Look at the boy in the picture. He is in the open air. The game of fishing teaches him a good habit. That habit is to know how to wait. You cannot hurry a fish to bite your bait. Do you know what a bait is? A boy who cannot wait will never catch fish. When boys and girls grow up to be men and women, they must know how to wait. Success in life goes to him who can wait. It is a good thing then for young people to play games which teach them how to be patient. This means knowing how to wait.

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