



THE merry sounds of distant bells awakened Caridad. Opening her eyes, she said, "Oh, Yes, it is Christmas. I wonder what my gifts are."

Many and of different kinds were the gifts Caridad found in her room. On her bed were pretty striped sweaters, embroidered handkerchiefs, a baby doll on a baby bed, and a toy piano. She took up a sweater and held it against her breast. She spread the lovely handkerchiefs on her mat. She touched the pink cheeks of the baby doll and ran her fingers over the keys of the piano.

She got out of bed. On her dressing table stood a big doll elegantly dressed in the *mestiza* costume.

"What a lovely lady you are!" Caridad exclaimed taking up the doll. "It is Grandmother's gift."

Caridad's parents were rich. Her grandmother had much money. Her aunts and uncles were the richest people in her town. Caridad received gifts from all her relatives. There was a doll carriage. There were rubber horses and tigers, too.

LITTLE STORIES FOR

By Aunt

A Rich Girl's Christmas

She played with her toys for a while. Soon she was tired. She looked out of the window. Children in brightly colored dresses were passing by. They were talking excitedly about the little toys and centavos they had received from their relatives and godmothers. Caridad watched them. She could not understand why they were so glad over their little gifts.

She went out to the garden. All kinds of beautiful flowers surrounded her but she did not notice them. She wondered why she was not happy like the children who were passing by.

Through the iron fence she saw the ragged forms of *Aling Maria's* children. They were quarreling over some cheap toys.

"This is my doll!" the smallest girl cried as she hugged a little celluloid doll without any dress.

"Just let me see it!" her older sister insisted.

"Mother! *Kuya* is taking my horse!" a little boy was shouting. His *horse* was a piece that had been cut from the end of a bamboo pole.

Caridad watched the children with pity. She had never thought children could hunger so much for toys. She turned back and ran toward the house.

"Merry Christmas, Father."

"Merry Christmas, Mother. May I do whatever I please with my gifts?"

"Certainly. They are yours," Father said.

Caridad rushed into her room. She carried as many presents as she could in her

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YOUNG FOLKS

MOTHER'S FACE

By MARGARITA SANTOS



"On Monday, children, each one of you will tell me the prettiest thing that you have ever seen," said the teacher. "What will you tell me, Ernesto?" inquired Miss Faustino once more.

"I shall tell you the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen," replied Ernesto. Ernesto was the best-behaved boy in that class (IV-A¹). He seldom raises his hand but whenever he does he always give the best answer.

Monday morning came and all the children were dressed in their best because it

was Mothers' Day. Everyone had either the red or white "cadena de amor."

Miss Faustino asked, "Children, are you ready to tell me the prettiest thing that you have ever seen?"

"Yes, teacher," responded the children. Everyone had his hand raised. All were eager to recite.

"The prettiest thing I have ever seen," began Aurora, "was the Shirley Temple doll at Beck's show window. She looks very much like the true Shirley Temple. Her cheeks are as rosy as the red apples and her eyes are like two little stars. I wish she were mine and I would be very happy."

"The prettiest thing I have ever seen was the toy army band at the Philippine Education. The soldiers seem to be very brave and proud to fight for their country. They were marching and I wish I were one of them. Oh! if I could only have that toy army band, I would not wish for anything else," related Jacinto.

Ernesto stood next. "The prettiest thing I ever saw was just My Mother's Face."

The children all put their hands down. No one dared to recite for they all knew that Ernesto had given the best answer again.

A RICH GIRL'S CHRISTMAS
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arms and ran out again. She ran across the street and called the children.

"Little girl," Caridad said, "I like your little doll. Would you exchange it for this big one?"

The little girl's eyes grew big with surprise and admiration for the lady doll in skirt and camisa.

"Take it," Caridad urged.

"The handkerchiefs and sweater are for you," she told the bigger girl.

"Here is a horse for you" she addressed the little boy.

Caridad gave every child some presents until she had given away all that she had brought. As she was walking back home, she heard the little girl's voice.

"Mother, Mother, look at what the rich girl gave us."

"Rich!" Caridad had not realized before that she was a rich girl. She saw only on that Christmas Day how much happiness a rich girl could give the poor. And how a rich girl could be happy, too!