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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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Gilmo Baldovino

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The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
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The Message This Month

A GOOD CHARACTER

Last month we discussed the place of character in our life and community. We mentioned the fact that only good character can make us happy and successful. Now, let us ask: "What is a good character?"

We said before that character is a bundle of habits. So, good character, therefore, is a bundle of good habits of doing things. At home we should always do the right things in the right way so that our parents would be happy. In school we should always do the right things in the right way so that our teachers and classmates would be glad to have us with them. In like manner, in our own community and neighbourhood we should always try to do the right things in the right way, so that the people would see in us good character which would make them love us. In other words, we have a good character if we do the things which are approved by our parents, teachers and people who know what is right and what is wrong.

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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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ENJOYING THE BAGUIO CLIMATE



No. 1. The children of Mr. Anonas, Chief of the Metropolitan Water District, and of Mr. and Mrs. Diaz. They are Tito, Monet, Tirso, Guia, Gracia, and Gloria Anonas, and Carmen, Antonio, and Remedios Diaz.

No. 2. Children of Dr. Leandro Fernandez, Registrar of the University of the Philippines.

No. 3. Children of President Bocobo of the University of the Philippines.

No. 4. Daughters of Prof. Nicolas Zafra, University of the Philippines.

No. 5. Carlos Alvear Jr., and Constantino Carbotta, children of Attorney and Mrs. Alvear.

THE OLD WOMAN'S GIFT

(A Story)

by Antonio Muñoz

A FISHERMAN and his wife lived in a small hut near the sea. Tito was their only child. He was ten years old. Whenever his parents were away, Tito would do all the work in the house. He would gather fuel and fetch water. He would cook the rice and fish.

Tito was a very obedient boy. There was never a time when he disobeyed his parents. No matter how hard the work was, he did it cheerfully. This made the parents happy and as much as they could they did the work that should have been done by Tito.

One day the fisherman did not feel well. He could not go out that day to catch fish. Tito got his hook and line and went to the sea. Soon he caught a fish. That was enough for dinner so he went home. When he reached the shore, he got his bolo and split the belly of the fish. Just as he started to remove the intestines, he felt something hard inside. He took it out. It was a gold ring. How did it get into the stomach of the fish? Tito was puzzled.

"Well, I'll take it home to mother," he said to himself. "She can sell it if she does not want to wear it."

He stooped down to pick up the fish he had caught. It was not there any more. He looked around to see if somebody was there who might have taken the fish. An

old woman was standing near him but there was no sign of the fish.

"You are looking for the fish, little boy," said the old woman, "but you will not see it again. That ring which you found in the stomach of the fish is very powerful. It is mine and I give it to you for you are



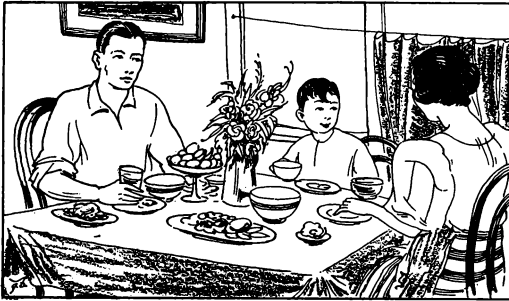
a good boy. You are obedient and you never do anything to displease your parents. A boy with such love and respect for his parents deserve the honor to receive the gift of Manda, the Queen of this Sea. If you put that ring on your middle finger, you will get anything you want. Don't take it off once it is placed on your finger for if you do something very bad will happen to you."

Tito looked down as he put the ring on his finger. Then he looked up to thank the old woman but she was not there any more so he went home.

"Mother," he asked, "do we have something to eat?"

"Nothing," replied the mother.

"My precious ring," said Tito, "please give us something to eat."



Immediately a table set with good things to eat appeared in the middle of the room.

"Come, mother," said Tito, "let us help father to the table."

But the father was already on his way to the table for as soon as the odor of the food entered his nostrils, he felt better and stronger. The effect was much better than the medicine he took that morning.

After their meal, Tito said, "Ring, dear, please give us a better house to live in and decent clothes to wear."

As soon as Tito had finished speaking, they found themselves in a well-furnished house. There were wardrobes full of clothes. The kitchen was well supplied with utensils. The sala looked grand with its fine furniture. The beds in the bedrooms were covered with thick mattresses and linen sheets.

"Where did you get that ring, Tito?" asked the mother.

Tito told her the story but he forgot to mention the warning of the old woman.

"Give it to me, Tito," said the mother. "I can take better care of it."

Tito did not know what to do. The old woman's warning rang in his ears at that

moment but he did not want to disobey or displease his mother. What should he do?

At last he took it off and gave it to his mother. As soon as it touched her hand, the room became dark. The house shook. The utensils in the kitchen fell to the floor with a loud crash.

Then all was quiet again, but it was still very dark. Tito thought that the end of the world was coming. He seemed rooted to the spot. He wanted to shout but the voice choked in his throat.

Suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everything was in its proper place. In the middle of the room, stood the old woman.

"Tito," she said to the boy, "when you got that ring, I told you not to give it to someone else. A few minutes ago you disregarded that warning by giving the ring to your mother. Am I angry with you? No, I am not. I am very happy. You are a good son, Tito for you decided to lose everything in order that you would not disobey or displease your mother. Let your mother keep the ring if she wants it. Whenever you need anything, just touch it, Tito, and ask for the thing you want and you will get it at once."

Thereupon the old woman disappeared and was never seen again. Tito and his parents lived happily for many years. The ring always gave them what they wanted.



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

NENE AND THE WHITE KITTEN

by Mother Joy

LITTLE Nené had no friends. She had no playmates. The boys and girls would not play with her. They were older than she. Sometimes she would look at their toys. She would watch them play. The other girls would say,

"Go away. You do not know what we are doing. You are only a baby."

Nené was sad. Sometimes she cried. She had no toys. Her mother was poor and could not buy toys for her. She would take a stick. She would take a piece of rag. Then she would make a rag doll. She would call it "Nené." She would say to it:

"Nené, you must be a good girl. I am going out to work. I shall bring home something to eat."

By and by Nené would tell the rag doll, "You must say, 'Yes Mother. But I want a playmate. The other girls do not like to play with me'."

One day Nené was sitting at the foot of the stairs. She was sad. She had nobody to play with. She wished a kind fairy would give her a playmate.

Soon she heard a soft but long "meow". She looked back. She saw a little kitten. It was thin and very dirty. It looked gray. It tried to get up, but it could not. It was very hungry.

"Meow!" It cried again and looked at Nené.

Nené picked up the kitten. "You poor kitten. You look hungry and sick."

Nené gave the kitten some rice and water with a little salt.

"Eat this," she said, "I am sorry there is no fish in the house."

After a while Nené washed the kitten. She used a piece of soap and much water. After the bath, the kitten became white all over. It had a yellow spot on the head.

"You pretty thing!" Nené cried with joy and kissed the kitten.

"I shall name you 'Maganda'."

Nené was very kind to Maganda. She gave it a part of everything she ate. She gave it a bath every day. She let it sleep on her mat at her feet.

Maganda grew to be a big cat. It loved Nené very much. It followed her about the house. Nené was never sad again.

A week before Christmas, Nené's big sister said,

"Nené, our school will hold a fair. Our teachers told us to take our pets to school. My classmates will take dogs, chickens, and pigs. Let me take Maganda."

"Yes, Yes! But you must tell your teachers that Maganda is mine."

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ERNESTO had been begging his parents to permit him to join the boys' camp. His mother refused to let him go as he was barely eight years old.

"Wait until you are ten," she said.

"Then you may go anywhere. Be a Boy Scout or a Pioneer if you care to."

To console him Ernesto's father promised to take him for a walk in the woods of Balintawak and San Francisco del Monte.

The following Saturday, before the sun was up, father and son, like good pals, found themselves in a large orchard of santol, mango, tamarind, duhat, and siniguelas. At first, both were silent, listening intently to the many sounds made by hundreds of birds over their heads and all about them.

"You will notice, Ernesto," his father began, "that the sounds made by birds are merry. Boys and girls sometimes begin the day with angry shouts and cries. But birds are joyful. They begin the day with happy thanksgiving songs."

"And they get up very early," joined Ernesto.

"Yes," his father agreed, "they get up early and go to work right away."

"What work do they do, Father?" Ernesto asked.

"Hunting for food for themselves and their young, building their homes, and teaching their little ones to fly and to find food for themselves when they are old enough."

Aunt Julia's True Stories

Ernesto's Excursion To The Woods

"They are just like people," Ernesto remarked as he followed the movement of a black bird hopping from one branch to another of a tall duhat tree but not flying away from it. The bird had a hood over his head. There were no feathers growing on this hood.

"What is that bird's name, Father?" Ernesto asked, pointing to the bird.

"That is the martines." The father answered. "It must have its nest in that tree."

"Does it always live in trees, Father?"

"Yes, whenever there are tall trees. Sometimes, however, they live in the caves of churches and other tall buildings or in holes on high rocks called cliffs. Where do you think they would rather live?"

"Perhaps in the woods like these," Ernesto quickly answered.

"Now, think, and tell me why the martines and other birds like to live among trees."

"Because there is plenty of fruit to eat."

"Yes, go ahead. Think of another. Would you like to live in a place where

(Please turn to page 105)



When They Were Young~

LEON MA. GUERRERO

MANY a school child has been heard to say, "If I had rich parents, I could take and finish a fine course." Or, "If I were rich, I could serve my country better."

Few people know that many successful men were poor boys who had to struggle hard for an education. Among our truly great men who rendered useful service to their country in a quiet way was Dr. Leon Ma. Guerrero. He would not have been what he was, if he did not possess courage and determination to overcome difficulties. He was a poor boy.

As a child, Leon had to go to school in shabby clothes. Because he had shoes but without socks, his schoolmates jeered at him and made fun of him. Just like other boys, he did not enjoy being the laughing-stock. So the following day, he picked up a pair of old socks that had been thrown away by his older brother. He cut the torn ends and sewed the parts together. When he put them on, the socks looked as good as new.

One day he had to attend a program. At this program he was to receive a prize for the excellence of his work. As he had no decent suit of his own, he borrowed one from his older brother. To hold the loose waist in place, he used a piece of rope for



a belt. Could you imagine how he felt during the exercises?

Leon went to school in Manila, but his parents lived in Pasig. Whenever he went home, he had to go on foot. He enjoyed the walk for he liked to watch the birds and insects on the way. His natural interest in plants and animals developed as he observed them. Later he wrote about them. They were so good and useful that they were read by people outside of the Philippines.

He passed on his knowledge, not only through the books he wrote, but also by actual teaching. He taught in the University of Sto. Tomas and at the old Liceo de Manila. In fact, he was one of the founders of the Liceo. He also rendered service to his country by working in the Bureau of Science.

Dr. Leon Ma. Guerrero died only last month. He was then already over eighty years old. He was born on January 21, 1853. His long life must have been due to his poverty during his youth. For then he had to walk long distances. That habit made him healthy and strong.



Chapter Two

The Story of the Camagon Cane

AFTER supper, Tonio handed to the old man his *buyo* box and his *calikot*. Squatting on the floor, he said,

"Now, Lolo, what about the story of your cane?"

The old man blinked his unseeing eyes as he pounded his *buyo* slowly and began,

"This cane is an heirloom from my grandfather, who was a *cabeza*, rich and powerful in his day. The cane came to his possession in a very strange way. In fact, many people refuse to believe the story, but I know it is true. My grandfather was known as Cabesang Baró. His name was familiar to everybody in the town, but his fame spread to the entire province of Bulacan after his marriage. He married the most beautiful girl of the town who had been courted by the 'old man of the mound.'

"The young woman, who later became my grandmother, received nightly calls from the Old Man. He came at two o'clock when everybody was sound asleep. He pinched her on the arms and legs to awaken her and repeated to her in a frightful singing manner these words:

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Peña
•

"Maiden fair, my lady,
Leave this hovel of misery
Hie with me, hie with me
Where gold and gems are aplenty.' "

"The young woman could do nothing but say a prayer aloud. This act of hers madened the Old Man and he would retreat muttering: 'Crazy fool, crazy fool.' For more than a month the Old Man visited the girl, pinched her, wooed her with the same words chanted in the same fashion, and left murmuring angrily when she said her prayers. The affair went on until she grew very thin from annoyance and lack of sleep. Her arms and legs were covered all over with black-and-blue marks, the convincing evidence of her dreadful experience.

"My grandfather and she had already been betrothed. Their wedding had been set at the opening of the Christmas season, but they had to be married immediately in the hope that the Old Man would cease annoying my grandmother.

"For a whole week after the wedding, the young couple heard nothing from the Old Man. But at two o'clock in the morning of the ninth day, the entire house was awakened by the heavy steps of someone walking through the whole length of the house and proceeding toward the newly-weds' bedroom. Besides the heavy thud of the feet, the people heard the sound of

a cane descending on the floor with a deafening thump. Presently the screams of my grandfather filled the house. The invisible caller gave him a dozen lashes with the heavy cane and left as he had come, hobbling the house with his cane.

"Fearing the Old Man would call again, my grandfather made a pilgrimage to the mountain where a holy hermit lived. The hermit gave him a white pebble and taught him a short "*oracion*." He was instructed as to what to do when he came to a certain word in the prayer.

"On the ninth day from the first visit, the Old Man came. The sound of his heavy cane filled everybody's heart with fearful expectations. My grandfather left the room and waited for the visitor in the sala. He put the little white pebble in his mouth and started to say his "*oracion*." As he uttered the sentence about the crucifixion, he threw himself upon his unseen enemy and grappled with him for a breathless quarter of an hour. The spectators heard the panting and snorting of the Old Man although they could not see him. My grandfather was growing faint, when he thought of repeating the *oracion*. The moment he said "*ipinako*," his adversary fled, dropping behind him his cane, the cane I now own and use."

"What about the prediction, Lolo?" Tonio asked eagerly.

"I am coming to that, hijo. On the ninth day from the night of my grandfather's encounter with the Old Man, the latter came. He stood at the bedroom door and spoke in a frightful voice:

"You may have my cane. It is possessed of magic powers. But you and yours shall never enjoy its benefits. For I pronounce upon you and yours the curse of ignorance."

"That was the last they heard from the Old Man of the mound.

"My grandfather made another pilgrimage to the abode of the holy hermit. This was the holy man's interpretation of the curse of ignorance: Ignorance would prevail in the home of my grandfather and his children's children. All the members of his family would suffer poverty and persecutions because of ignorance. But the person to whom the last surviving member of the family bequeathed the cane would receive untold blessings. My grandfather died in poverty. All his lands and animals passed into the hands of the



Capitan. His children and grandchildren lived and suffered as tenants and laborers. I am the last living member of my family. I fear I'll die a beggar. But you, my boy, you don't belong to our accursed family. Knowledge and riches shall be yours when you come into possession of the cane. But you must conquer ignorance. You must go to school."

"I will work very hard, Lolo, to make your last days comfortable and happy," Tonio declared solemnly.

(Could Tonio overcome the "curse of ignorance?" Read the succeeding installments in the coming issues of *The Young Citizen*.)



IBONG ADARNA

AN OLD LEGEND ABOUT A WONDERFUL BIRD

*Linoleum cuts prepared
by gilmo baldovino*

ONCE upon a time, there was a king who was very much loved by the people. He was kind to them. When they were in trouble, the king was always ready to help them. One day the king fell ill. He called a physician who told him that his sickness was serious. The people were sad because they liked their king. They were afraid that something terrible might happen to their king. Twelve doctors came to see what sickness the king was suffering from. Each one of them shook his head after seeing the king in his bed. These twelve doctors agreed that they did not know how the king could be cured of his sickness. They said that no man could make the king well again.

But just when everybody thought that the king was beyond hope, a physician appeared in the king's palace. Nobody knew him. No one knew where he came from. But he had good news for the king. He said that the king's sickness could be cured only by a wonderful bird by the name of *Adarna*. When the king heard of this, he called Pedro, the eldest of his sons. He told him to look for the bird *Adarna*. Pedro was a proud prince. He obeyed the order of the king, thinking that

it would give him a chance to become admired by the people.

Prince Pedro started on his journey the following day in search of the *Adarna*. Before he could go very far, the prince met a beggar. This person was an old man, weak and dressed in rags. The beggar asked the prince for a piece of bread. But the prince did not want to be bothered by beggars. So he told the old man that he was not carrying a piece of bread with him, and added: "Do not bother me. I am on an important errand; and the end of my journey is yet far off." So Pedro hurried away, leaving the beggar in hunger.

But the beggar was God himself in disguise. He only wanted to test Pedro. God wanted to find out whether or not the prince was kind. Pedro failed to pass the test. He was thoughtless and selfish. As he went on he met a hermit, a man who lives in the mountains alone and spends his time in prayer and fasting. The hermit pointed to him the place where the bird could be found. He should go to one of those big trees, and on the branches of the biggest tree the *Adarna* was perched.

Prince Pedro arrived at the place where the tree was standing. It was then night time. Very soon he saw the *Adarna* flying around the tree. It was a beautiful bird, big and graceful. The prince waited for the bird to stop flying and to settle down on one of the branches. But while waiting, he became tired, so tired that he fell asleep. His sleep was sound. He dreamt that he was with the *Adarna* in his father's



palace. He saw himself surrounded by people admiring the great deed he had done in bringing back the bird which made his father well. While Pedro was resting in deep sleep, the *Adarna* sat on a branch just above his head. A feather fell from the body of the *Adarna*, hitting Pedro on the head. A strange thing happened. Pedro was turned into stone.

The king waited a long time for the arrival of Pedro. Days and, then, weeks passed. The king's condition grew worse and worse. Still Pedro did not appear. Nobody knew that he was changed into a piece of stone. At last the king sent his second son Diego. As Diego went out on his journey to look for the *Adarna*, the same thing happened to him as that which had happened to his elder brother Pedro. He met the beggar who asked him for a piece of bread. Diego did not want to be bothered by that old man. Hurrying to

the place where the *Adarna* could be found, he fell asleep under the tree and, like his brother Pedro, was also changed into stone.

The people in the palace were surprised that Diego had not come back. What was to be done? Pedro had not appeared anymore. Now it was Diego who failed to show up. The doctors said that in a few days the king would die. The good king had only one son left. He was Juan, the youngest of his children. The king was reluctant to send Juan. He was afraid that he would also lose him. But he took a chance. He called Juan and told him his doubts about sending him to look for the bird. But like a good and obedient son, Juan asked his father that he be allowed to go. "If I don't go, father, you



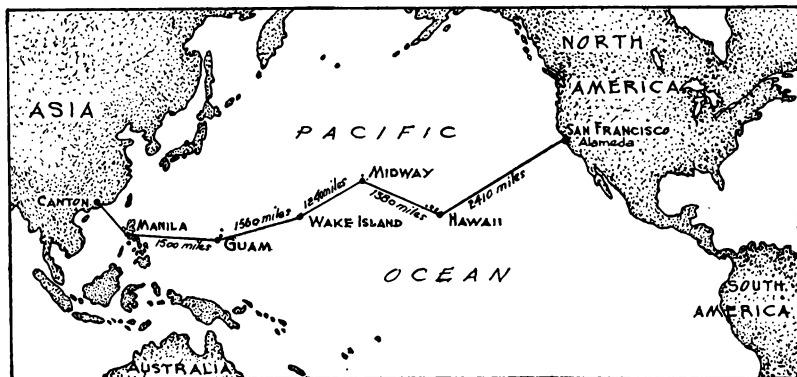
will surely die; but if I go, at least we will have a chance of making you live longer. So, please, let me go. I shall take good care of myself," Juan told the king.

The king was thus persuaded to let Juan try his luck. This young prince was a very kind person. He was thoughtful and he had a tender heart.

As Juan started on the journey, he saw the hungry beggar. Juan gave the old man not only a piece of bread but all the

(Please turn to page 105)

TRAVELLING IN AN AIRPLANE



A HUGE airship called the "CLIPPER" took off from Alameda—a small town near San Francisco, California—at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of April 16th last. It was not heard from again until about 7 o'clock the following morning when it was seen above the waters at Honolulu, Hawaii. Less than an hour later, it landed safely just in time for breakfast. Which means that the big sea-plane spent only about 18 hours to cross the ocean of about 2,400 miles wide. Its actual speed was therefore 127 miles per hour. Fast ships like the President Coolidge or President Hoover are just like a slow duck by the side of this bird of a "CLIPPER". These big steamers take five or six days to cross the same body of water.

The "CLIPPER" carried some 20,000 special air-letters to commemorate the event. These letters and the stamps used on them are going to be very valuable to all stamp-collectors.

This airship can wing along the air at 150 miles an hour with 14 passengers and 2,000 kilos of mail on board. A few days after its arrival in Hawaii, the giant of the air flew back to California.

That flight of the "CLIPPER" was just a trial. Sometime this year, that plane will come to Manila from San Francisco, stopping at Hawaii, then at Midway Island, then at Wake Island, and then at Guam; and from Guam its next stopping place will be Manila. From Manila the "CLIPPER" will go to Canton, China. That will be the first airplane travel across the wide Pacific Ocean. It will only take then 3 days to go to America, while now big ocean steamers have to spend 20 days at least to travel that distance.

The world is getting smaller and smaller every day. It took Ferdinand Magellan six months of weary sailing across the Pacific before he finally landed in the Philippines.



WHAT IS A BOY SCOUT?

by Fernando Pimentel



YOU have probably heard many persons talk about the valuable service rendered by Boy Scouts on various occasions, such as in public gatherings, processions, carnival and charity fair grounds, in fact, in every place where many people are congregated.

Scouting is not only a truly Filipino organization but is also a world-wide brotherhood and in every part of the world you will see Boy Scouts. There are over two and one half million Boy Scouts in the 73 countries of the world that have Boy Scouts.

Here in the Philippines there are more than ten thousand Filipino Boy Scouts. Although the Philippine Council is considered the second largest Council under the American Flag, the number of Filipino Boy Scouts is nothing compared to the number of Filipino boys of Scout age who are not Boy Scouts, and should be members of this great patriotic "junior republic" for boys.

A Boy Scout trains himself to develop his character and citizenship so that when he becomes a man he will be of service to his country. Before a boy joins the Boy Scout Organization, he pledges on his honor to do his duties to God and his Country, to help other people at all times; to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight. He also recognizes the Scout Law which is the

following: A Scout is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, and Reverent. A Boy Scout always uses these Laws and sees to it that every action he does conforms to these rules.

There are many other things that a Boy Scout can do, that other boys cannot. He is trained to tie different kinds of knots that will hold tightly. He is trained to always "Be Prepared." He knows swimming, woodcraft, handiwork, signalling, cooking, and many other subjects of importance and value to life.

A Boy Scout is trained also not to have a cross face. He is trained to smile always. He is very keen in observation and can tell you the kind of flowers, fruits and animals at a glance.

He can tell you the places where these may be found.

A Boy Scout cannot finish his task of the day unless he has done at least a "Good Turn" to other people, such as helping his Mother to clean the house, helping an old lady cross the streets, etc.

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout. He is courteous to everyone, even if he knows that that boy is his enemy. He is a hero at heart, and is always prepared to sacrifice his own life to save

(Turn to page 104)

BADGES AND INSIGNIA

<p>Head Band of Boy Scouts when wearing Scout Hat. (Crested with Scout Emblem. Color: Blue. Lined with White. Material: Cotton. Size: 1 1/2" x 1 1/2".)</p> <p>Boy Scout of America emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on left breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on left breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on left breast.</p>	<p>Scout Emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on left breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on left breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on left breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on right breast.</p> <p>Scout Emblem on left breast.</p>
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THE BRAVE BOY OF LEMERY

AN INCIDENT IN THE PHILIPPINE REVOLUTION

by

D. A. Hernandez

DEAR boys and girls, when I was about as old as you are, I heard from my mother's lips a story, which I am eager to repeat to you now. It is a true story, told by an old mother whose memory was full of thrilling events that happened near the close of the Philippine Revolution.

Before I begin, I should like to ask you to have a look at the map of our country. Find the Province of Batangas. In this province there is a little old town situated on the bank of a little river, the Pansipit River. That little old town is Lemery. You ought to remember it as one of the only two towns in the entire Philippines where there are no Chinese merchants. The other one is Taal, also in the Province of Batangas. It was in Lemery that our story happened.

During the whole week before the story took place, the people of Lemery had been fleeing to the mountains to hide because they heard that the American soldiers had defeated Aguinaldo and his men and were now marching down, burning the towns on the way, and torturing all that resisted them. Very few persons remained in the town. Taal was deserted. Its inhabitants had already fled. I cannot remember now why my mother insisted on remaining with her children. Perhaps, she believed that wherever she might be, in the mountains or in the town, near or far from the firing line, if it was the will of God that she should die, she would die anyway.



An incident in her past life must have taught her the folly of seeking hiding places, for once following the example of her neighbors and their advice, she left her home with a tiny baby in her arm to hide from Spanish soldiers. But some of them passed by her while she was

resting in the shade of a tree standing on the road. She looked at them without fear as she nursed her baby half-sleeping in her arms; and the soldiers, after looking at her, walked on in silence with their bayonets glittering in the burning sun. Why those soldiers did not stop to molest her, when cruelty was then a common practice, she attributed to her prayer and faith in God. Now again she remained, perhaps believing that her faith and her prayer would be a sufficient protection against the bullets of the American soldiers.

At dawn of that day she was awakened by a stunning sound. It seemed to come from the east. Rising with a prayer on her lips, she opened a window and beheld Taal in flames. She could see big tongues of fire licking big houses and slowly eating them up. The roofs of homes she had once been in crashed down with a terrific noise. She heard the continuous sound of guns. She prayed with more fervor.

"Jose!" she called out.

Jose was her boy, her eldest, still sound sleep.

"Jose!" she repeated.

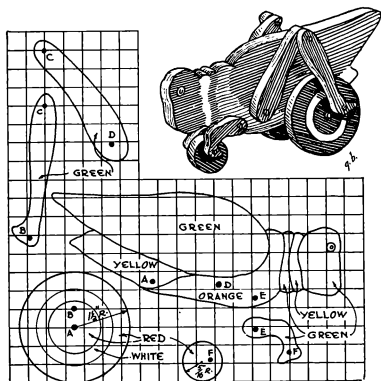
Sleeping children are rather hard to wake up. She approached him and shook his head. Jose began to wake up.

"Wake up, Jose! The Americans! They are coming!"

(Please turn to page 103)

HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by
GILMO BALDOVINO



A Hopping
Grasshopper Toy
(A Simple Pull Toy)

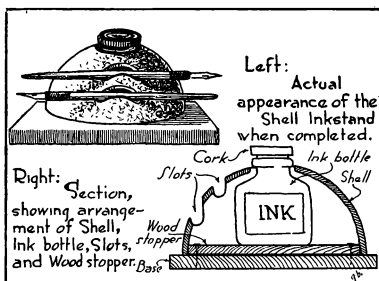
CHILDREN, have you ever thought how simple it is to make a grasshopper toy that will hop as you pull it with a string? Here is an easy way to make one. The things you need are: A piece of board 1 or 1 1/4 inches thick, and another piece 3/8 or 1/2 inch thick. The thicker board will be used for the body, while the other will be used for the legs and wheels. You should also get some paint and some pins or nails.

1. Draw squares (one-inch square each) on the two pieces of wood. Then copy the drawings which appear on this page.
2. Cut the drawings out by a small saw. Sandpaper the edges to make them smooth.
3. After the parts are sawed out, locate the holes (as A, B, C, D, E, and F) and punch them with a small drill.
4. Then paint the parts (follow the suggestions in the illustration for the color combination).
5. When the paint is dry, place the parts together as shown in the picture.

Coconut Shell
Inkstand

MOST of the provinces in the Southern Luzon, Visayan Islands, and Mindanao have large coconut plantations. The coconut shells are stored away after the coconut meat is removed from them. The people of these provinces have different uses for the coconut shells. Out of the shells, they make water containers (*tabo*), small saving boxes (*alcancia*), etc. But most of the shells are made into charcoal, which is used for cooking and ironing clothes.

The illustration below is a suggestion of another use of coconut shells. It is a coconut-shell inkstand. All you need is a coconut shell, a knife, one wood pile, a small saw, and some sandpaper.



When you have the material and tools mentioned above, the next thing you will do is to get a bottle of ink. Cut off the coconut shell to the height of the ink bottle. A hole is then made on the upper part through which the neck of the bottle passes. The cork shall show up. Then you saw the slots that will hold the pens and pencils.

After the shell is prepared make a wood base for it, allowing 3/4 inch from the side of the base. Then make a wood stopper that will fit exactly inside the shell. This stopper is then nailed to the base. The illustration of the section will show you how the thing could be arranged.

THE SKY AND THE STARS

Andromeda, The Chained Lady

ON the last days of the month of March, when the sky is clear, if a person stands on the shore, he can see on the western horizon a group of stars shining at about seven o'clock in the evening. After that month, these stars cannot be seen anymore until the first of September when we see them again on the eastern horizon at about seven o'clock in the evening. Then in the middle of the month of October that group of stars may be seen again in all their beauty right above our heads when the sky is cloudless and clear. This group of stars is called the constellation of Andromeda.

Look at the picture on this page (Fig. 1.) The big stars found in this constellation are Alpheratz, Almach, and Mirach. The others are smaller.

The people of ancient Greece had a beautiful legend about this group of stars. It tells us that this constellation was once a pretty maiden by the name of Andromeda. Her mother was Cassiopeia. Cassiopeia once boasted that her daughter Andromeda was more beautiful than any of the Nereids. The Nereids were the sea nymphs. They were the daughters of Neptune, who was the great ruler of the sea. Cassiopeia was so proud of her daughter Andromeda that she said her daughter was even far more attractive than the goddess Juno herself. This boast made Neptune angry. He sent a terrible monster, something like a big whale, to destroy the people

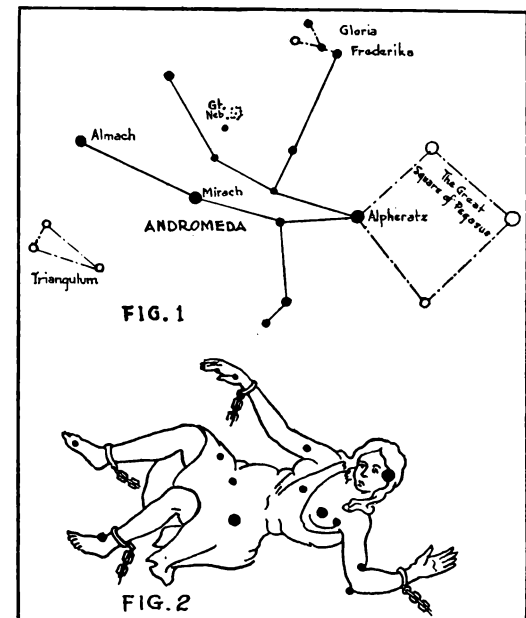


FIG. 1

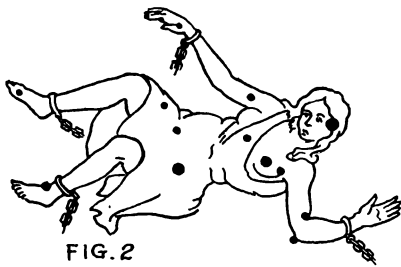
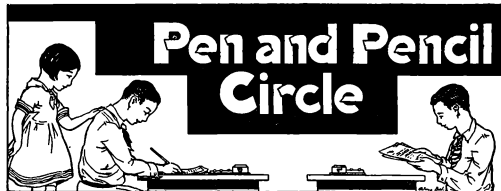


FIG. 2

living along the sea coast. Cassiopeia was terrified when she heard about this plan of the god Neptune. She went to the great and powerful god Jupiter, who was called Zeus by the Greeks, to ask for his help. But Zeus told her that Andromeda must die in order to appease the anger of Neptune.

And so Andromeda was chained to a rock, against which the waves of the sea dashed. There she had to wait for the coming of the sea-monster who was to devour her. The people felt sorry for her. But before the

monster arrived to eat her up, the great hero Perseus came, flying thru the air on his strong horse Pegasus. He had just come from his victorious fight with Medusa, the seven-headed serpent. He saw the beautiful maiden in distress, and like a true champion Perseus flew to her assistance. He attacked the sea-monster which was about to devour Andromeda, and immediately that terrible creature was turned to stone. Perseus then came down and released the sad maiden. When Andromeda died, she was placed in the heavens as a bright constellation.



Malate, Manila, P. I.
April 18, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am a boy. I am eleven years old. I am fond of reading books. I always tell my mother and father to buy me worthwhile-reading books. I always read the *Young Citizen*. I like to read the lives of Filipino great men and adventure stories. I was very much thrilled by the story of AWOG in the April issue of the *Young Citizen*. "Isle of Capri" is my favorite song. I like AWOG because he is generous and kind to poor people.

Your best friend,

Gregorio Mariano, VI-B
Singalong Elementary School

Manila, P. I.
April 18, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am a boy. I am ten years old. I like to read stories because I get a lesson from them. I like to read the *Young Citizen*. I like the story of The Two Brothers, because it is a good story. It is a good story because Jaime does not want to obey his mother so his brother Eddie pulled his hair and bit his fingers. "Isle of Capri" is my favorite song. Please publish both. Thank you.

Ramon Mariano, Jr., V-B
Singalong Elementary School

Manila, P. I.
April 18, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma,

I like best the story of Kiko's adventures, because it is a funny

story. Kiko thinks that egg-plants grow from eggs. I am eight years old. I am in the fourth grade in De La Salle College.

Arturo G. Sinco
Grade IV,
De La Salle College

A REWARD FOR KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Leon's house is one and a half kilometers distant from his father's rice field. One day his father was plowing the rice field. Before leaving for the field, Leon's mother was instructed by the husband to take his noon meal to the field. At eleven thirty in the morning of that day, she requested Leon to take the food to his father. Before starting for the field with his father's food his mother advised him not to play on the way because his father might become hungry if he would be late in bringing the food.

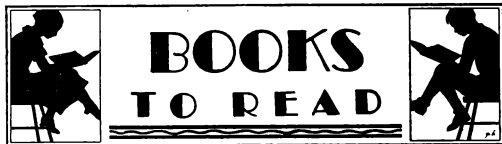
On his way he saw a carabao tied to the trunk of the tree near the river bank. It was almost dying of thirst, suffering much from the heat of the sun. It could not reach the river as the rope was tightly tied to the trunk of the tree. Leon stopped and rested under the shade of a mango tree. Later on he thought of a plan that would save the carabao. He was afraid to go near it, because he might be gored with its sharp horns. But he decided to stay at that critical moment. He thought that the

carabao would die from thirst and the heat of the sun, if he would not untie and take it to another place where it can drink and take a bath in the river. So he approached the carabao and took it to the shade of the mango tree. From the tree the length of the rope was enough to reach the river where it could drink and bathe. After doing this duty, he continue his way to his father. He arrived late in the field. His father expected him to be there an hour earlier.

His father took the food from him and sat in the shade of the mango tree where he took his noon meal. After taking his meal he asked Leon to explain why he was late. Leon's explanation satisfied his father, who praised him for his act of kindness to the animal. Then Leon went home. He did not tell his mother about the incident he met on his way.

The father continued working until five o'clock in the afternoon. In the evening he returned home. He told his wife that Leon was late in bringing the food to him, but that it was due to a very kind act he did for a carabao. Leon's mother was very glad over Leon's act. Then the father suggested one year subscription for the *Young Citizen* for Leon as his reward. The mother approved the idea of her husband and the following morning she went to the Post Office and sent a money order for three pesos to cover one year's subscription for the *Young Citizen*. Five days later Leon received the first copy of the *Young Citizen*.

Santiago Ermino
c/o Bureau of Internal
Revenue, Statistical and
Acctg. Division.



MANY of the stories that we read today are the folk tales of foreign countries. Ages ago before printing was invented stories could only be enjoyed by word of mouth, that is, they were told by the people. Telling the stories to the children and grandchildren was the only way of passing them on through the many years to come. Grown ups enjoyed them just as much as the children did. Not having anything at all to read it was a most delightful and entertaining way to pass the evenings. Hard rains and snowstorms kept the people indoors and fortunate were the families who had a story teller in their house. People loved to listen to stories so much that when a travelling story teller would come to the villages (barrios) they would all gather out-of-doors and listen to the stranger telling stories that had been retold centuries ago. These stories were called folk tales because they came from the people.

After printing was invented writers were very eager to collect all the stories that the peasant folk had been telling to their children, to their grand children and great grand children. They found that the best way to collect these stories was to go to the peasant and mountain folk—to go to their homes and listen to the old folk telling the tales. These plain folk were very good in telling the stories because they were very sincere and simple folk.

In Germany there lived two brothers, Jacob and William Grimm. They wanted very much to preserve the interesting stories told by the German peasants. So

both brothers went around the country for *thirteen years* collecting stories everywhere. They sat at many a fireside, they sat in many an inn and under many a tree listening to some peasant retelling the old tales. From the lips of an old nurse, who was the wife of a cowherd, they heard the greatest number of tales. The old nurse had a splendid memory. Very often they asked her to repeat a story so that they would be sure to get it right. They found that she always told it as she had done before. She never changed anything, no matter how many times she was asked to repeat it.

If you remember the stories, which your grandparents, your parents or even your aunts and uncles have told you, write them down. Perhaps when you are older and able to write English very well you can rewrite those stories and send them in to *The Young Citizen*. Then other boys and girls of the Philippines and of other countries will have a chance to read the stories you yourself have enjoyed.

There are many good stories collected by the Brothers Grimm. Those which are liked especially by the children of other countries are the Frog Prince; The wolf and the seven kids; Hansel and Gretel; The fisherman and his wife; Mother Holle; Bremen town musician; Brier Rose; Snow White; Rumpelstiltsken and many others. Here is a little animal story which appears in one of the books by The Brothers Grimm. I am retelling it to you. Listen:—

MOTHER GOOSE.
(E.M.L.)

ONLY ONE TRICK.

Retold by ELISABETH LATSCH
from the Brothers Grimm.

ONCE upon a time a cat was taking a little walk in the woods. She had not gone very far when she met a fox. The cat had heard that the fox was a very clever fellow. She was glad to meet him. "How-do-you-do Master Fox? I suppose you fare quite well. It is said you are really wise. Times are very hard, indeed. One must be sensible."

Master Fox felt quite flattered by the cat's remarks. What could he say to all that? He held his head up high, then shook it. And with a bit of pity in his voice he said, "Poor Pussy, you must have a dreadful time waiting around for the mice to come out of their holes. But you see, you have not learned enough. You do not even know any tricks."

"Oh, yes I do", replied the cat.

"Then pray tell me what they are", said Master Fox.

And humbly the little pussy said, "When the dogs come barking and running after me, I can climb a tree. You know very well they can never follow me to the tree tops."

"But is that the only trick you know? Really you should have a bag full. Just look at me. I know a hundred tricks. My sack is overflowing. There is cunning a-plenty. Better come along with me and learn."

Just then they heard the blowing of a horn. The very next moment eight big hunting dogs stood before them. How loudly the dogs barked. It was frightening. In a flash pussy was gone. There, there, up the tree went pussy. Master Fox, too, tried to get away. But the dogs were right behind him and in front

(Please turn to page 106)



The Chief Executive of the Philippine Commonwealth

FOR more than 300 years the chief executive of the government of the Philippines has always been a foreigner. During the Spanish times, he was a Spaniard; and since the first days of American occupation, he has always been an American. They have been called governors general. For the first time in the history of our country, we shall have a Filipino as our chief executive. He shall be known as President of the Philippines. He shall be elected by the voters of the Philippines. If the candidates for the office of the president receive exactly the same number of votes, then the National Assembly shall elect one of them president.

The President of the Philippines shall hold his office for six years. A person who has been elected president of the Philippines may not be reelected for the following term. There are some good reasons why a person should not be allowed to succeed himself as president. If allowed to do so, he may use his office for the benefit of people who can help him in the following elections instead of using it for the good of the whole country. He may put in various positions men who are corrupt but who might secure many votes for him in the next election. Another reason is to discourage a person from becoming too powerful. This will happen if the

president is allowed to stay in office two or more terms. He might only act as a king if he may stay as president for 12 years or over. Other able persons should be given a chance to serve their country as president.

Before a person can be elected president of the Philippines he must have certain qualifications. First of all he must be a citizen of the Philippines, born in this country. A naturalized Filipino citizen cannot become president. He must be at least 40 years old. He must have lived in the Philippines for at least 10 years before his election. He must also be a qualified voter.

The salary of the president shall be ₱30,000 a year. He has an official residence. His salary may not be increased or decreased during his term of office. In this way the National Assembly cannot control him by threatening to cut his pay. During his term he may not receive any other compensation from the central government, or from any province, or from any municipality, or from any other body controlled by the government.

The president of the Philippines shall have practically the same powers which the governor general has at present.

If the president commits a crime, or accepts bribes, or be-

comes guilty of treason, or violates the constitution, he may be removed from his office by means of impeachment. There is a committee of the National Assembly called the Commission on Impeachment. This committee has the power to present accusations against the president for the purpose of removing him from office. The National Assembly acts as the judge to decide whether or not the president shall be removed. If three-fourths of all the members of the National Assembly not belonging to the commission on impeachment, agree to remove the president, then the president will be ordered removed. This manner of removing is called impeachment.

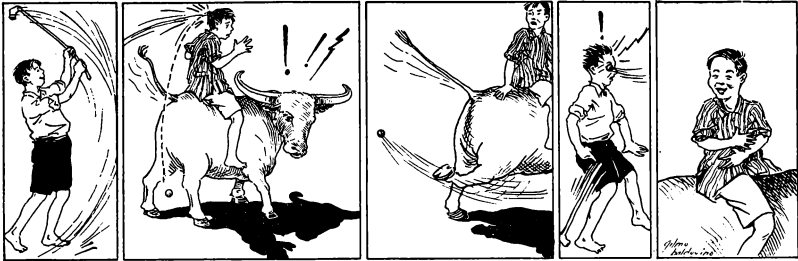
There will be a vice-president who will also be elected by the voters of the Philippines. His term and his qualifications shall be the same as those of the president.

The president has the power to appoint officers of the higher class. For instance, he appoints the justices of the supreme court, the heads of the executive departments and bureaus, the higher officers of the army, of the navy, and of the air force, and the auditor general. But his appointments must be approved by a committee of the National Assembly. This committee is called the Commission on Appointments.

The President of the Philippines will be a powerful official. As the chief executive, he will be the representative of our nation. We should, therefore, select a very able and honest person to be our president.

KIKO'S ADVENTURES—He Who Laughs Last Laughs Best

by Gilmo Baldovino



DO YOU KNOW?

A fly can walk upside down. Why? The secret lies in the feet of the fly. There are two little claws in each foot of the fly and under them there are two tiny pads. Each pad is composed of small bristles. These bristles are really small tubes through which the fly can squeeze out a sticky fluid. Because of this sticky thing at its feet, the fly is able to walk down even on a very smooth surface like glass.

The discoverer of the mosquito which carries malaria germs is said to be Sir Ronald Ross, an English doctor. It was in 1897 that he made his great discovery. Ross died only in 1932.

Some germs which come out of a person's mouth or nose when

he coughs, or sneezes, or even talks may live in the air for 48 hours. A few, such as the germs of pneumonia, live for a longer time. Others die in less than an hour.

The perfect pieces of machinery are found in the human body. The human heart is the perfect pump. If a man is careful with his health, his heart may stay pumping blood for more than 600,000 hours, pumping 15 gallons of blood an hour. No camera is as efficient as the human eye, no radio as efficient as the human voice and ears.

The members of the House of Commons, the lower house of the legislature of England, must re-

PLEBISCITE

Remember the date of May 14th this year. It is significant, because for the first time in our history your father and mother will use their right to accept or reject the Philippine Constitution. This important law was written by our delegates to the Constitutional Convention, and then approved by the President of the United States. On that day you must remind father and mother to say "yes" or "no" on the Constitution. This event is called the plebiscite or election on the ratification of the Constitution.

move their hats when coming in, going out, or making a speech. In short, they are bareheaded when on their feet. But when seated, they have their hats on.

A Good Character

(Continued from page 83)

There are many things that we should do at home to develop in us desirable character. We should help our mother in her many kinds of housework—cooking, washing, cleaning, and the like. We should take care of our things—our books, clothing, shoes, toys, etc.—and put them in order. We should put these things in their proper place so that the house would be neat and tidy. We should help our father in his work, specially dur-

ing vacation. We should share some of the good things that we have, such as toys, candies, and the like with our brothers and sisters and friends. In other words, we should try to contribute something toward the happiness of our own home.

Let us also do the same thing toward our school. We should do whatever our teacher asks us to do in connection with our school life—study our lessons daily, take part in the school

programs, games, and other activities that would make our school life instructive, interesting, and happy.

If we have formed the habits of doing the right things in the right way at home and in school then we would have the foundation of good habits of doing things in our own community. Therefore, let us begin as early as possible to form good habits in order that we may develop in us good character.—I. Panlasigui

LITTLE JAIME'S LULLABY

Composed Exclusively for
THE YOUNG CITIZEN

Words and Music by
ANTONIO MUÑOZ
Tanjay, Oriental Negros

Andante

Sleep, Lit-tle Jai-me, Night has closed the day;

Sleep, sleep, sleep, Ja-ime, dear, Mo-ther is near so you need not fear.

Fath-er has gone a-hunt-ing, dear, It is time he was here.

Sleep, Jaime, dear; Mo-ther is near, Fa-ther will soon be here.

g.b.

The Brave Boy of Lemery

(Continued from page 96)

"What, Mother?" Jose cried, leaving his bed.

"Don't you hear that sound?"

"Yes, mother," Jose answered.

"The Americans are here now.

See Taal burning! Listen!"

The sound of fire continued. The flames towering into the sky advanced. The Americans had crossed the Pansipit River by the small iron bridge connecting the two towns of Lemery and Taal. They began setting fire to

the houses in the little old town. The terrific noise was now very close to them. My mother woke up her little daughters, and together they prayed. Her eldest son went downstairs and walked around the dear little home like a true soldier on guard. You could imagine his straight rebellious hair standing like a lion's mane on his large head. But what could a boy about thirteen years old do against the Ameri-

cans? These people, you must know, are as big as the giants that you often read about in your story-book.

Little Jose watched the house faithfully. The terrible sound did not scare him. In a moment he would be fighting like a soldier, and he would not live to see the home of his mother in ashes. The red glow of the advancing flames enabled him to observe

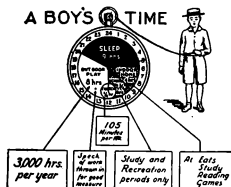
(Please turn to page 105)

What is A Boy Scout?

(Continued from page 95)

that of another who is in grave danger.

In the Philippines we have many Boy Scout Heroes, who have saved many lives from drowning, fire or electrical shock. Each time a Boy Scout saves a life of a human being, a medal for heroism is awarded in token of his good act and noble deed.



Not only do Boy Scouts save the lives of human beings who are in distress or in grave dangers, but also recognizes the right of an animal to happiness. He is kind to animals and does not harm them but always tries to help them whenever they are in trouble.

A Boy Scout has no time for idleness. He is always doing something, either playing a very interesting game, working at a hobby, reading an interesting book, studying his lessons or doing his home work. He is trained not to idle, because idleness wrecks the individual's usefulness to his Country.

He is also trained to be clean and neat in every respect.



The life of a Boy Scout reminds us of the life of Dr. Jose Rizal when he was a boy. Dr. Rizal, during his boyhood, his

only ambition was to develop his own character and citizenship so that when he became a man he could be of much service to his country. He also liked to plan when he had time to do so and knew many kinds of games. He was very industrious. Rizal loved his country dearly and died for her. He is a hero and every boy should do his best to follow his example of industry and patriotism.

President Manuel L. Quezon, Speaker Paredes, Senator Osmeña and Representative Roxas (and many others), have given their support to the Boy Scout Movement because according to them it has the ideals of the Filipino Patriots and Heroes, and its aims and ideals should be given to our Filipino Youth.

In the Boy Scouts Organization we have several type of Boy Scouts. We have Cub Scouts, boys from 9 to 11 years of age; Boy Scouts, boys from 12 to 15 years of age; Sea Scouts, boys who have reached their fifteenth birthday and who are First Class Scouts; and Rover



Scouts, young men over 18 years of age. All of these types have practically the same ideals and principles, that is to develop their character and to train themselves for future citizenship. Their activities are different however, because older boys require a more strenuous out-of-door program.

There are also Lone Cubs and Lone Scouts, who live in isolated places where no Cub Pack or Boy Scout Troop may be found. These Lone Scouts have the same aims and activities as Boy Scouts, but the only difference

Nené and the White Kitten

(Continued from page 87)

"Yes" the sister said, "I shall write your name on a tag. We shall tie a golden ribbon around its neck and hang the tag from it."

Nené clapped her hands happily. She took Maganda in her arms and skipped around.

In the morning of Christmas Eve, the town people went to the schoolhouse. There was a program. There were singing and dancing. The children were very happy. Nené and her sister were there too. They went around to see the pets brought by the children. They heard the happy "meow, meow" of a cat.

Nené ran to the cage where the call came. Yes, it was Maganda.

"Sister, Sister! Come. What does this paper say?" Nené shouted.

Her sister read this:

"First Prize.

Most beautiful pet.

Won by Nené Cruz."

That evening everybody in Nené's home was happy. Maganda was very happy too. Nené gave her mother a bill for ten pesos.

Maganda jumped about saying, "Meow, meow, meow."

She wanted to say, "Look at me. I was the most beautiful cat at the fair. I won ten pesos."

lies in the fact that they are alone, instead of in a troop.

If you wish to be a member of the Boy Scout Organization and learn how to develop a good strong character as well as citizenship, by means of its aims and ideals and out-of-door life, you may write to Insular Headquarters, P. O. Box 878, Manila, P. I., and the Scout officials will be very glad to send you any information or particulars which you may wish.

The Brave Boy of Lemery*(Continued from page 103)*

what was happening in the distance.

At last the Americans were close by. They had fire-brands in their hands. What the flying sparks of the burning houses could not reach, they burned with the torches in their hands. Jose could hear his small sisters crying. They wanted to go out and run away from those Americans; but he begged them to wait. Their pitiful cries mingled with their prayers. At a distance of more than a hundred meters stood a house belonging to an old relative, who also had the courage to remain on the bare chance of saving his old home. Two gigantic Americans approached the house with a flaming brand to set fire to it. The old man, approaching the age of sixty, begged and prayed on his trembling knees to have his home spared, but in vain. In a moment his nipa and cogon house was gone.

The Americans then turned towards Jose. The little boy broke off a big leafy branch of a *tuba* tree and stood in readiness near the house. Each one approached

with a flaming brand in his hand. One of them began to burn the nipa wall of the house, and the fire was no sooner started than Jose put it out with all his might with the *tuba* branch in his hands. The flame of the fire-brand were also put out. The Americans tried again; but again little Jose put out the fire with his *tuba* branch.

Now, my dear young friends, I guess you have been thinking that these Americans were very bad. What do you think they did to the brave little boy? Did they kick and box Jose? They did not. If they had harmed little Jose, you yourselves would consider them bad and cruel. They were angry indeed. But when they saw Jose's courage, they helped him put out the fire which they had started.

So, while all the houses in the neighborhood were cracking in flames, the house of Jose's mother was left untouched. Inside the family assembled, praying to God and thanking Him for giving Jose the courage that meant peace and safety to them all.

Ibong Adarna*(Continued from page 93)*

things which he was carrying with him. For all those things, the beggar thanked Juan and gave him a knife and a bottle of water. "When you see the *Adarna*," the beggar told him, "you will feel tired and sleepy. Do not fall asleep. With this knife cut small wounds on your arms, and then you can keep yourself awake. Thus you will be able to catch the *Adarna*."

Juan followed the instructions of the old man. When he reached the tree, he waited for the bird to settle on one of its branches. Then he climbed the tree and caught the *Adarna*. At the foot of the tree, Juan saw two big pieces of stones having the appearance of men. Juan knew that they were his brothers changed into stone. He took his bottle and poured its contents on the stones. Immediately his brothers recovered their human form. Instead of thanking Juan for saving them, they became jealous of him. They wanted to kill him.

When they reached the palace, the king became well at the sight of the bird. The evil plan of the two brothers was discovered by the king. He had them punished for it. When years afterwards his father died, Juan took his place. He became a good and wise king.

one today. Some birds build their nests on the ground among tall grass. A nest is usually about as big as this," Ernesto's father said, forming a bowl with the palm of his hand. "It is made of grass, leaves, a few fine sticks, and some feathers. Some nests are very neatly made."

"Father, look at that beautiful yellow bird. What is it?" Ernesto interrupted.

"That is the kuliawan. I'll tell you about it while we eat our breakfast."

They sat down on the grass and opened their lunch basket.

Ernesto's Excursion . . .*(Continued from page 88)*

there is no house besides yours, or where there are many houses?"

"I know. Perhaps because there are many playmates and a large place to play in."

"That's a fine guess. The martines and other birds like to go in flocks or groups. Now can you think of other reasons? What do city boys do with birds?"

"They shoot them or throw stones at them. In the woods, there are no cruel boys."

"Your answers are very good. I can think now of just one other reason. Since most birds eat insects, they live in the woods and fields where there are many insects."

"Does the martines eat insects, Father?"

"Yes, dear. It lives mostly on

insects that destroy fruit. So you see that the martines, just like many other birds, is a friend of ours."

"Is it wrong, Father, to catch birds and eat them?"

"No, if they are used for food. But the martines is not commonly used for food. However, it is caught and kept in a cage because it can be taught to talk."

"Oh, wonderful!" cried Ernesto clapping his hands."

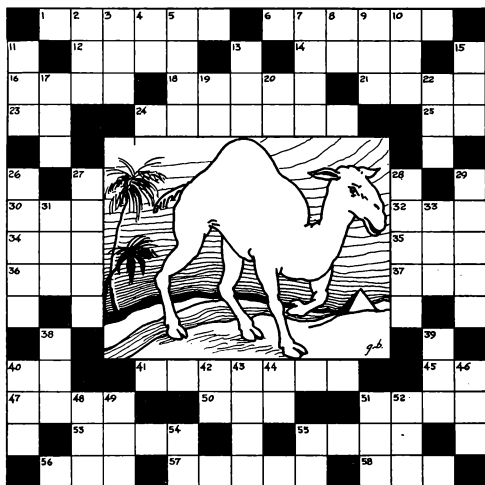
"Do you know, son, of another bird that can talk?"

"Yes, the parrot. I saw one in the movies. It could talk very clearly."

"I wish I could see a bird's nest," Ernesto thought aloud after a pause.

"Well, we might be able to see

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. One who rules or commands others.
6. The handsome god of the Sun (mythical)
12. Past perfect tense of a verb meaning resting.
14. One of the Great Lakes (U. S. A.)
16. Brother of Cain (one of the sons of Adam and Eve.)
18. Entrance of houses
21. Usually eaten at breakfast.
23. Negative answer.
24. Native of cold countries.
25. Apostle (abbreviation)
30. The largest number
32. Short rest
34. Out of one's right mind
35. By way of
36. You cannot see without it.
37. Not young
40. Short for the word mother.
41. Carrier of letters
45. Preposition
47. In the middle of

DOWN

2. A strong drink
 3. Salt in Spanish
 4. Note of scale (7th—sharp)
 5. Another way of saying your purposes
 7. Philippine money
 8. Correlative of either
 9. False answer
 10. Part of the body
 11. Cooking utensil
 13. King (in French)
 15. Poisonous serpent
 17. Young male
 19. Alright (slang)
 20. Room (abbreviation)
 22. An opening
-
50. A thing you put around a certain part of your body.
 51. Zero
 53. Small beds
 55. Soon
 56. Not dry
 57. Something to hold water in.
 58. The home of a wild animal.

Only One Trick

(Continued from page 100)

of him again. They grabbed him by the ears. They grabbed him by the tail. They would not let him loose anymore. They held him fast until the hunters came.

"Open your sack Master Fox and get out your tricks," the cat advised. She shook her head, "Poor Master Fox not one of your many tricks was sound and good enough to save your life."

26. A big animal used in the desert
27. One who has a higher age than you
28. A messenger
29. A garden tool.
31. To place
33. To be ill.
38. A place to prevent water from flowing out.
39. Human being.
40. A picture showing where you find a country
42. Abbreviation of road.
43. The end of some things as your fingers.
46. Sum of 5 and 5
48. Something to make water cool
49. A small point
51. To move the head forward.
52. The first of the number
54. Bachelor of Science (abbreviation)
55. Indefinite article

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