

HE LEARNED A LESSON

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ

"Who did that?" asked Mr. Santos of his seventh grade pupils.

There was complete silence in the room. A few moments before, someone at the end of the third row made a funny sound. Mr. Santos, who was explaining and writing something on the board, quickly turned around and with his searching eyes, saw the guilty person. He was very sure it was Jose who did it, but in order to find out whether Jose would tell the truth or not, he asked, "Did you do it, Jose?"

"No - - no, S - - Sir," stammered Jose.

"Don't you know who did it?"

"No, sir," lied Jose for a second time.

Mr. Santos proceeded with the lesson. When the previous incident was almost forgotten by the class, Mr. Santos asked someone to get a few pieces of chalk. Jose, who always wanted to be out of the room, volunteered to do this work. While he was on his errand, Mr. Santos called Juanito, the seatmate and best friend of Jose.

"You know who made that sound don't you? You do not want to tell us who, because you are afraid of him—true?"

"Yes, Mr. Santos," replied Juanito. "Jose said he would box me if I told on him," he added in a low voice.

"He said that, . . . really?" asked Mr. Santos.

"Yes, sir. Pedro heard it, too."

"It is true. I heard him," testified Pedro.

"Well, class! You don't want Jose to get away with that. You would surely

like him to become a truthful boy. We need to punish him. Can you suggest a good punishment that will teach him a lesson?"

"Let us send for his parents," Angel suggested.

"I believe that will not help," protested Juanito. "He is not afraid of his parents. He is my neighbor and I know how his parents punish him. They beat him in the same way as a cruel driver beats his horse; yet, he does not improve," he added very seriously.

"Let us not play with nor talk to him until he learns to tell the truth," suggested a bright little boy.

"Yes, yes! That is a good idea," agreed the others.

"All right, we will do that then." agreed Mr. Santos.

Soon after this brief exchange of opinions in the class, Jose came in with some chalk. Mr. Santos thanked him and continued discussing the lesson with the class.

During the week that followed Jose noticed a great change in the attitude of his classmates toward him. Nobody would lend him a pencil or a book. None would talk with him. Even Juanito, his best friend, tried to avoid him and played with other boys. He at once guessed the cause of the sudden change.

One Monday morning, during the opening exercises, while the class was dramatizing "Coralie's Necklace," Jose was restless and feeling very unhappy. He thought the program was being

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shown just to torture him. Immediately after the opening exercises were over, Jose went up to his teacher and said.

"Mr. Santos, I am very sorry I lied to you. I was the one who made the funny sound. I hope you will forgive me." Then, turning to his classmates, he said, "My classmates, I am very sorry for what I have done. You have punished me very severely. I deserve that punishment. I promise you I'll be truthful from now on."

Tears gathered in his eyes. With bent head, he went quietly to his seat. The class was very quiet. In every heart there was a feeling of triumph mixed with a feeling of sympathy. One cannot really help sympathizing with Jose. In his face could be seen an expression of a heart-felt repentance.

FLOWERS ARE NOT GREEN

By TRANQUILINO SITOY

Malaybalay, Bukidnon

O pretty butterfly,
You have been flying high.
Tell me if you have seen
A flower colored green.
Little girl, I fly high,
And open every eye,
But I have never seen
A flower colored green.
Flowers are very bright.
Some are red, others white.
No eye has ever seen
A flower colored green.



TO MY FRIENDS

Tonight I'll gather moonbeams
When all the stars are bright,
When children all are sleeping
In the quiet of the night.

Sweet camias I shall pluck them,
And thread some roses white,
And scented ylang-ylang flowers
Which are our own delight.

Tonight, my friends, I'll lay
them
On the "papag" where you
sleep;
My flowers you'll offer
And too, this love I keep.

By A. C. CANCELLER
Ligao, Albay

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

THE YOUNG CITIZEN has adopted this new size in order to enable children to handle the magazine more conveniently in the home or in the classrooms. To offset any decrease in the amount of reading matter arising from the reduction of the size, we have decided to increase the number of pages of each regular issue, excepting those for April and May.

