

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

LITTLE FINGERS

“I shall help you wash, Mother,”
four-year-old Lita offered.

“Your fingers are too small. When you are bigger, you may help me. Run out and play in the sunshine.”

“I am tired of playing, Mother. I want to work,” Lita insisted.

She dipped her hands in the suds and tried to blow bubbles. Then she shook her hands and watched the flying foam.

“The little fingers must be given some work to do,” Mother thought.

“Lita, dear, I think you can help

Mother.”

“Yes, I can Mother. What shall I do?”

Mother gave Lita a handkerchief.

“This is my handkerchief, Mother!” Lita exclaimed.

“Yes. See that dirty spot? Dip it in the suds and rub this way.”

“I can do it, Mother.”

Soon the little fingers had removed the dirty spot.

“Look, Mother, my handkerchief is white!”

“Yes, I see that little fingers can be useful.” Mother smiled sweetly.



A FOREST DANCE

By RAMON DE JESUS

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The leaves were silver castanets
Beneath the round full moon
Which Night Breeze clicked so lightly-
sweet

In rhythm to his croon.

The nymphs with scented chalices,
Buds blossoming to flow'rs,
Danced while they raised to thirsty lips
The vintage from the bow'rs.

So gay and lithe in gown of green,
With diamonds in her hair,
The swaying woodland violet
Was the fairest of the fair.

A maya drowsing in her nest
And hark'ning to a dream,
Was once in a while startled by
The cadence of the stream.