

# The YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

MARCH, 1940

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# Announcement to All Writers:

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## We Will Pay You

for writing articles of merit for publication in

### THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

We want interesting children's stories from 200 to 500 words in length; also games, reading devices, articles of historical interest, elementary science and health articles, puzzles, jokes, and playlets. We also wish to buy several good serial stories. Interesting stories less than 200 words in length are desired for Little People. You can add to your income by writing for us.

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We will pay teachers and others for material which we can use.

Each article should be written in clear, easy, correct English, on one side of the paper, typewritten if possible, or written by hand neatly and legibly.

The article should be submitted with a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise the publishers will not return it to the writer in case it cannot be used.

Address all communications to:

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The Young Citizen  
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P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

This Magazine Is Approved by the Bureau of Education

VOLUME 6

NUMBER 3

MARCH · 1940

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Gift. Dr. Panlasigui

## THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

## THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

### THE CLOSING OF SCHOOL

March is the last month of the school year. Our school days are over this month. Many of us are looking forward to the fun we will have during the summer vacation.

I, too, would like to have some vacation.

But let us talk about vacation later on. Let us not look forward just now. Let us look backward. Let us look at ourselves and examine what we have learned from the time we entered school last June, 1939, to the present when we are going out of school. Let us look back with the following questions in mind:

1. What have I learned from school? What have I learned from my teachers? from my books? What have I learned from my classmates? Do I know more things now than at the beginning of the school year?

2. What have I learned about myself? Do I know that I, too, sometimes was not on time in getting to my class? I know that Julio sometimes could not answer the questions of the teacher. Do I know that I, too, was like him?

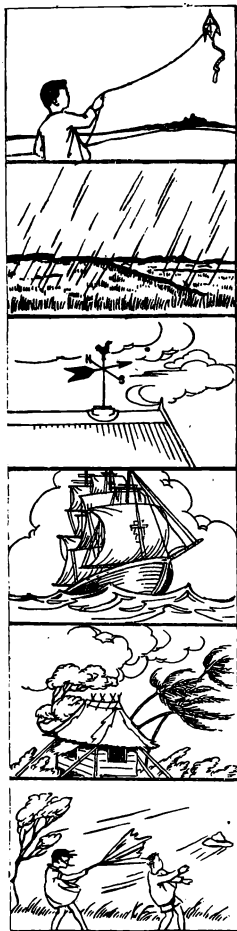
In other words, have I discovered my own faults, and not the fault of others? Have I learned to correct my own faults? Have I been conscious of my good qualities?

It would be great fun to list all the things that we have learned. How about listing our faults and also our good qualities?

As a matter of fact, learning to know ourselves is better than learning to know about other things and about other people.

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI



A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**THE WIND**

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY

The wind is a friend that children love  
Because he flies their kites high above.

He carries the clouds that bring the rain  
To water the plants that give the grain.

He turns the weathercock above the house  
To tell us all where'er the wind blows.

He fans you and me on a hot summer day  
And cools us down after work and play.

He gives the sailors abundant joy and ease  
By making them sail where'er they please.

The wind is a foe that comes tearing down  
The trees and houses of the town.

The umbrellas of the girls he destroys  
And blows far away the hats of the boys.

The wind is a friend as well as foe,  
For he causes ruin and helps us too.

FOR FIRST GRADERS**NAMES OF THINGS IN THE HOUSE**

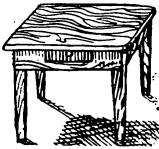
By PABLO M. CUASAY \*

Things in the house are shown in the pictures. Draw a line under the correct word in each group.



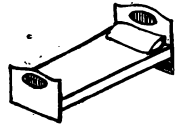
hat  
dress  
coat

cat  
dog  
kitten



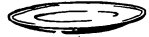
window  
table  
mat

picture  
bed  
stove



box  
bag  
basket

plate  
spoon  
cup



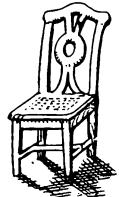
book  
paper  
pencil

ball  
bat  
doll



leaf  
flower  
plant

chair  
door  
floor



\* Principal, Elementary School, Cabugao, Ilocos Sur.

FOR FIRST GRADERS

**TWO LITTLE STORIES**

By MRS. CELIA LAZARO-LEGASPI \*

**I. My Baby Brother**

I have a baby brother.  
He is two years old.  
He can walk and run.  
He drinks much milk.  
He cannot talk very well yet.  
I love my baby brother.  
We play together.



**ANSWER THESE**

1. How old is baby brother?
2. What does he drink?
3. Can baby brother walk?
4. Can he talk well?

**II. My Pet Kitten**

This is my pet kitten.  
I call her Kitty.  
Kitty is very nice.  
She is gray and white.  
She keeps her coat clean.  
Kitty likes to lie down and sleep.  
She can catch a rat.



**ANSWER THESE**

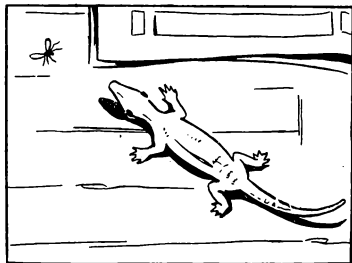
1. What is my pet's name?
2. What is her color?
3. What does she like to do?
4. What can she catch?

\* Teacher, Central School, Isabela, Zamboanga City.

FOR SECOND GRADERS**MY LITTLE LIZARD FRIEND**

By WENCESLAO OCHOCO \*

(12 year old)



THERE is a little lizard  
 Who goes running on my wall-  
 He's a fine little fellow  
 And does no harm at all;  
 He eats the mosquitoes  
 That bite me every day.  
 My little lizard friend,  
 Please don't run away.

**SOMETHING TO DO**

Learn to read the poem about the little lizard. Mother or Sister or Teacher will help you. Learn to say each word. Then memorize the poem. Say it to Father or Big Brother.

**SOME LIZARD QUESTIONS**

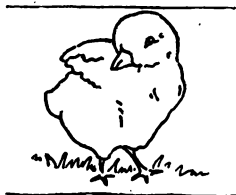
1. Have you seen a little lizard?
2. How many legs had he?
3. Could he run on the wall?
4. Could he run fast?
5. Did he have a tail?
6. What color did he have?
7. Have you seen a large lizard?
8. Where did he live?
9. What does a lizard eat?
10. How does he get food?
11. Is a lizard harmful?
12. Should you kill lizards?

\* Pupil, Grade VI, Elementary School, Pigcaoayan, Cotabato.

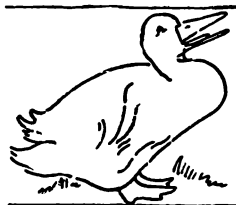
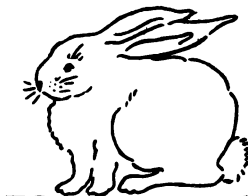
FOR SECOND GRADERS

**READING, WRITING, AND COLORING**

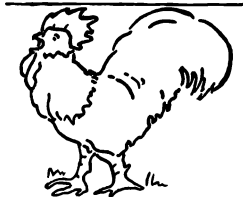
Find the right name.  
Write it below the  
picture.  
Color the picture.



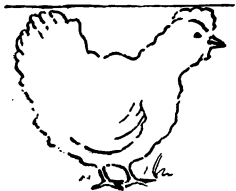
- A white rabbit
- A wooly lamb
- A baby chick



- A red rooster
- A mother duck
- A baby duck



- An old cat
- A little puppy
- A yellow kitten



- An old hen
- A white egg
- A pretty bird



FOR THIRD GRADERS**LUMING'S BIRTHDAY PARTY**

By GREGORIO BORLAZA



*The little hostess is the fourth girl from the left. She has two white X's on the vest of her blue dress. Can you point to her in the picture? The little guests are, from left to right, first row—Rosendo, Generoso, Pedro, and Emmanuel; second row—Veneracion, Conchita, Baby, (Luming, the hostess) Aurora, Evelina, and Salud. Aunt Asuncion is behind Evelina.*

It is Luming's birthday. This morning her mother got up early and made some cakes. Father prepared a low table. Aunt Asuncion prepared a nice tablecloth for the low table.

Luming got up early too. She washed her hands and face. She brushed her teeth and combed her hair. She dressed up in a nice blue dress with trimmings. She went to church with Aunt Asuncion.

On the way home Luming called her little neighbors and invited them to her birthday party. The little friends have

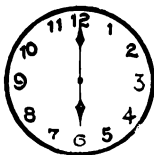
come. See them in the picture. They have brought flowers for Luming. Do you see the flowers on the table?

The children are ready to eat. Luming has some fruits, cakes, and chocolate for them. After eating they will play some games. They will play hide-and-seek, San Pedro, and other games. Some will sing. Others will recite poems. They will all be happy. Luming wants them to be happy on her birthday. They, too, like Luming to be happy on her birthday. They love one another. Good children like to make one another happy.

**FOR THIRD GRADERS**

**OFELIA'S STORY TOLD WITH CLOCKS**

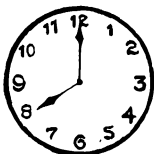
By CONCEPCION ZAFRA-GARCIA \*



1. Ofelia eats her supper at \_\_\_\_\_



2. She studies her lessons at \_\_\_\_\_



3. She goes to bed at \_\_\_\_\_



4. She gets up at \_\_\_\_\_



5. She eats her breakfast at \_\_\_\_\_



6. She starts for school at \_\_\_\_\_



7. She comes home at \_\_\_\_\_



8. She eats lunch at \_\_\_\_\_

\* San Juan Elementary School, Rizal.

## A MUSIC LESSON FOR FOURTH GRADERS

HAVE you ever seen anyone play a violin? What did the player have in his right hand when he played? He had a bow. He held the violin up to his chin and drew the bow across the four strings.

There is another instrument which looks like a violin. It is called a viola.\* It is a little larger than a violin. The player holds the viola up to his chin and draws the bow across the four strings just as the violin player does.

Another instrument with four strings is the 'cello.\* It is much larger than a violin. The player sits on a chair and places the 'cello on the floor between his knees. Then he draws the bow across the four strings.

The largest instrument of this family is double-bass. It is taller than a man. The player stands up beside the doublebass, and draws the bow across the four strings.

In the picture on this page you can see which is the smallest and which is the largest of these instruments.

These instruments are called string instruments, because all of them have strings on them. They are very important instruments, especially when they are used in the orchestra.

The most important one is the violin. It can play very beautiful music.

The 'cello is also a very good instrument. Sometimes it has a deep bass voice. It can play very beautiful music also.

The double-bass is the grandfather of them all. It cannot play a tune as easily as the violin, because it is so big and clumsy. It has a very deep bass voice.

Sometimes four musicians play at the same time on four string instruments. That is called a string quartet. In a string quartet there

are two violins, a viola, and a 'cello.

You will be interested in a few facts about these instruments. The older they are, the better tone they produce. They are among the most costly instruments in the world. For instance, the violin that Ernesto Vallejo, the foremost Filipino violinist, uses in concerts cost \$20,000.

Violin

Viola

'Cello

Double-bass



*Which is the smallest and which is the largest?*

\* Viola is pronounced vee-o-la and 'cello is pronounced chel-o.



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**A RIDE TO THE DUCK HOUSE**

By LAURA ALFARO\*



ROSA and Anita are two little friends who live in a small town. Both of them are in the first grade, and they always go to school together. On Saturdays and on holidays they play various games, sometimes with other children in the neighborhood, under Anita's house. They always have a happy time.

One Saturday morning Anita found Rosa crying. Rosa's mother had gone to Manila and had not taken her along. Rosa would not want to play. She was feeling very sad and kept on crying.

Anita patted Rosa's shoulders. "Cheer up, Rosa. Your mother will come home soon. Run along with me to the river. Father is going to feed our ducks. Let us go with him."

The two friends scampered away to the boat. Mr. Santos, Anita's father, was very glad to take them along with him. The two girls sang many songs while Mr.

Santos rowed the boat down the river. After a while they heard a big noise. The noise was made by the ducks.

When the boat approached the duck house, Mr. Santos got out the cans of shells. When the ducks saw him, they hurriedly ran to their house. "Quack! Quack!" they cried, each little duck trying to run faster than the rest.

Rosa began to laugh at the funny ducks, clapping her little hands in joy. She forgot her having been left alone in the house.

Mr. Santos called Rosa and Anita. "Come here," he said, "Help me gather the eggs."

The two girls gladly help Mr. Santos gather the eggs, "Oh," cried Rosa excitedly, "there are very many eggs!" Then they counted the eggs. There were fifty-seven in all.

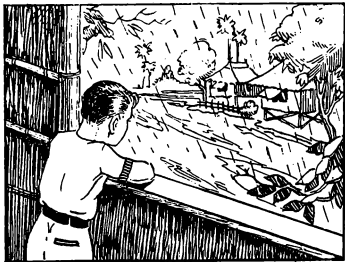
The ducks ate all the shells. Mr. Santos and the two girls watched the ducks return to the river when all the shells

(Please turn to page 128.)

\*Teacher, Elementary School, Baras, Rizal.

## THE STORY OF THE RAINDROPS

*A True and Imaginary Story*



WHEN Serafin got out of bed and went to the window to look out, he was very much disappointed. He and his friends had planned to go on a picnic, and here was the rain falling in torrents. Besides, it looked like it was going to keep it up all day. He dressed slowly and went to his breakfast.

After breakfast, he found his uncle, who had come a few days before for a visit, sitting by the window reading a book. Serafin went to the window and watched the big raindrops falling on the pavement.

"Would you like to hear the story of the journey those raindrops have taken?" asked his uncle, laying aside his book.

"Why, Uncle Vicente," said Serafin, looking surprised, "I didn't know that raindrops ever went anywhere. I thought they only come down to spoil our picnics."

"No, that is not all they do," laughed his uncle.

Serafin sat down on a footstool near his uncle's chair. "Please tell me all about the raindrops and the trips they take," he said to his Uncle Vicente, who seemed to know about everything.

"Well, here is the story: Not long ago these little raindrops were flowing down the river. They had gone along for days through the beautiful green country. Often they slipped between tall coconut trees that grew on the banks; sometimes they passed towns, where boats came to ride on the water.

"One day the air was unusually warm. The little drops began to feel strangely light. The first thing they knew, they were floating up into the air. They went higher and higher, until it began to feel cooler and cooler. There they found many of their friends from the river and from other places. They played together high up in the air for a long time.

"Finally, it grew still cooler. The little drops began to shiver and to huddle close together. People down below on the land called them a cloud. At last they decided that it was too cool to stay up there. One by one they began to fall toward the earth. Faster and faster they came. The wind blew them and scattered them everywhere.

"That is how it happened that these little drops came to pay us a visit today. Some of the drops fell into rivers to carry the boats. Others watered the gardens and the rice fields. Some will go into cisterns and wells for people to drink or to wash their bodies."

"Oh, Uncle Vicente," exclaimed Serafin, "see how happy the raindrops look as they dance out in the street. That is because they are such useful little fellows. There! They are running away along the side of the street. I think I like the raindrops after all, and, anyway, we can go

*(Please turn to page 128.)*

## AN ADVENTURE IN SHARK-FISHING

By KANA CHIN ONG \*



SHARK-FISHING is an important occupation of our Samal friends of the Moroland. Shark-fishing is a very exciting adventure.

One calm day, after having prepared several baskets of cassava for our provision, and having sharpened our harpoons, my father and I set out for the far horizon. My father steered the vinta while I served as cook. In the meantime I would bait the hook, and fish for our food during the trip. You see, a shark-fishing trip often takes several days. But we do not feel any fatigue. The cool sea breeze carried our vinta smoothly, and so we did not spend our energy in rowing the oars.

When we arrived at the place noted for its many schools of sharks, we set anchor and waited for our first victim. Our harpoon had been tied to a rope about two inches in circumference and set to a long pole which look like a javelin. The waiting is sometimes tiresome, but in this favorite habitat of the sharks, we didn't have to wait long.

I was looking at a sailboat about two miles away when I noticed a bubbling about three meters from our vinta. "There's one," my father said briefly as he kept ready his harpoon. It was a big shark. With the thrilling expectancy in my heart, I felt a little fear. Should our vinta capsize, my father and I would surely be a good meal for that man-eating fish. My father stood with his feet planted firmly on the little platform in the prow of the vinta. He aimed, and then there was a swift whizzing sound as the harpoon flew from his arm. I couldn't at once tell whether the shark was hit, but soon the rope which was tied to the harpoon began to tighten. My father loosened the rope so as to prevent our vinta from being brought down under the water with the shark which had dived into the depths. In a very short time about fifty meters of rope had been released, but we could still feel the strength of the shark. Pretty soon the end of the rope had gone, and our vinta was dragged along by the wounded shark. I was scared, but my father only laughed when he saw the frightened look in my

(Please turn to page 121.)

\* First Year Student, Zamboanga Normal School, Zamboanga City.

## BIRTHDAY GIFTS FOR MOTHER

*A New Idea for Boys and Girls*

"OH!" cried Dolores in a voice which sounded very much as if she were ashamed. "Tomorrow is Mother's birthday and we forgot all about it."

"I didn't forget," said Pedro. "I did know it was her birthday. We must do something for Mother. What can we do?"

"We could have a birthday cake. How many candles would there be on Mother's cake?" asked little Juanita.

"We couldn't make her a cake. Mother always makes the birthday cakes herself," Dolores replied.

"But can't we give her a gift of some kind?" asked little Juanita. Dolores and Pedro looked very thoughtfully.

"We haven't any money," said Dolores.

"I have five centavos," offered Pedro, but he knew that wouldn't buy a gift.

"There are some centavos in my coconut shell bank," said Juanita.

"We should have saved our money," commented Dolores regretfully.

"If I had any money," said Pedro, "I know what I'd give Mother. I saw the picture in the mail-order catalogue which we just received through the mail. It's a wrist watch with diamonds all around it. I'll show you."

He found the mail-order catalogue. "There!" he said, displaying the picture of a very beautiful watch. "Wouldn't that be grand for Mother?"

"Let's see what else we'd give her if we had the money," suggested Dolores. "Here's a lovely set of silver spoons."

"Yes, but, Dolores," objected Pedro, "if we bought her that present it would be for all of us, because we'd all eat with the spoons. My present would be just



for Mother."

"Well, then," said Dolores, "I'll hunt for something else. Here's a lovely handbag. I know Mother would like it."

"I want something for Mother, too," said little Juanita. "I will find something in this magazine."

"All right, little sister," Dolores said. "How would you like this necklace? It's a beautiful string of pearls."

"No," replied Juanita.

"Then here's a pretty basket of flowers," said Dolores. "Mother loves flowers."

"No," said Juanita. She turned some more pages of the magazine.

"Here's what I'm going to give her," she decided. "This beautiful white satin dress with a long train and flowers and a veil."

"But Juanita, dear," laughed Dolores, "this is a dress for a bride. It wouldn't do for Mother."

*(Please turn to page 121.)*

## A LEGEND OF MOUNT ARAYAT

By ROMAN C. TUAZON \*

RISING abruptly from the plains of Central Luzon is a mountain which has long been famous among the inhabitants of that part of the Philippines. This mountain is known as Mount Arayat. It is the highest mountain in the central plain of Luzon.

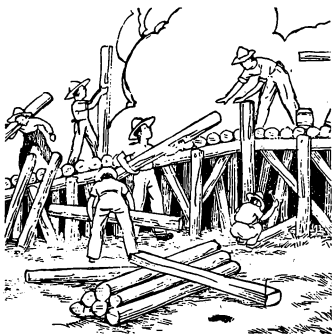
People who live near Mount Arayat tell a legend—a story which is not true, at least, not entirely true, and which has been told from one generation to another—about this famous mountain.

According to this legend, Mount Arayat was not always located where it is now, near the town of Arayat, but at one time it rose near the town of Candaba. Furthermore, according to this legend, the mountain was taken to its present location by means of powerful magic. This is the story which some of the old inhabitants living near Mount Arayat tell:

Close by the town of Candaba, on the slope of Mount Arayat (which long ago rose near Candaba), there once lived a man named Pinatubo and his daughter Sinukuan. This man understood magic, but nevertheless, he was a good, kind man who never used his magical powers for any evil purpose.

Pinatubo loved his daughter Sinukuan very much. "I must do everything in my power to see that no harm ever befalls my lovely daughter," said he. "It would break my heart if any misfortune ever overtook her."

Sinukuan, the daughter of Pinatubo, was both beautiful and good, and loved her father dearly. As Sinukuan developed into womanhood, the fame of her beauty and charm spread far and wide.



Many suitors came to woo her, but all were dismissed by her father because he thought they were not good enough for his beautiful daughter.

Now it happened that in the town of Candaba lived a man named Mayumo. He had heard of the beautiful Sinukuan, and decided to see if he could get her for his wife.

Accordingly, as was the custom in those times, Mayumo sent his best friend to talk with Pinatubo, the father of Sinukuan, to ask for the hand of this desirable young woman in marriage.

Mayumo's friend went to Pinatubo. He said, "Mayumo wishes to marry your daughter, and I have come to ask for her hand in marriage for my friend. Mayumo, as you know, is rich. He owns much fertile land in the plains of Luzon. He has many carabaos, and flocks of goats, and herds of swine. He owns groves of coconut trees, and fields of sugar-cane. He has gold, too. He will

(Please turn to page 119.)

\* Student, Philippine Normal School, Manila.

## WHY THE SALING HAS A BALD HEAD

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY \*



THE *saling*, as you perhaps know, is a handsome black bird smaller than the crow. It builds its nest on the top of trees, especially coconut and buri palms. A curious fact about this bird is that it is capable of learning human speech. In that respect it is like the parrot. Another interesting thing is that it is one of the few birds with a bald head. Perhaps you would like to hear why the *saling* has a bald head.

A long time ago the *saling* had a tuft of beautiful white feather on its head. This was a very attractive white crest, and the *saling* was quite proud of the headpiece.

One day the eagle, king of the birds, called all the fowls together.

"My friends," said the eagle in bird language, "next week I shall hold a flying contest, and I have called you together to invite each of you to enter the contest. To the winner I shall give a wonderful prize. It will be the ability to learn human speech."

"Splendid!" the birds cried. "We will all enter the contest and do our best."

Then they all flew away and began to practise flying in order to get ready for the contest. Each of the birds wanted to win the wonderful prize—the ability to learn human speech.

The day of the great contest arrived. The sky was darkened by the great cloud of birds which came, either to watch or to take part in the contest. The forest was noisy with bird-calls and the flutter of wings. Almost every fowl was there.

When it was time for the contest to begin, the contestants perched themselves on trees and rocks, waiting for the signal to start the great flying event.

Among those who had entered the contest were the parrot and the *saling*, each of whom had made up his mind to try to win the contest. Of course these two were not the only contestants. The crow, the hawk, the swallow, the heron, the *maya*, and many other birds were there, also, to take part in friendly rivalry in the flying contest.

Finally the signal was given for the contest to begin. This was given by the *calao*, who, as everyone knows, has a most raucous cry which was easily heard by all the contestants.

The fliers rose in the air. They flew fast and high. Soon they were lost to view. It was not long, however, until most of the birds got tired of flying and came down. But the parrot and the *saling* flew on. They flew and flew for miles and miles.

Finally they neared a volcano which was sending forth smoke and flames high into the air. The parrot made a

(Please turn to page 130.)

\* Formerly Head Teacher, Maslog Primary School, Sibulan, Oriental Negros.

**LITTLE RITA**

By VICENTE B. CONDEVILLAMAR

To greet the coming of the  
morn,  
The cocks, perched on the tree-  
tops, crowded,  
But little Rita dreaming pleasant  
dreams  
Lay fast asleep and loudly  
snored.

"It's now late," her mother said,  
as straight  
To Rita's room she hurried  
from the sala;  
But cosy in her bed Rita only  
blinked  
At her, and said, "I'll be up soon,  
Mama."

The sun went up, a fiery ball  
in the sky,  
Warmed, she awoke and heaved  
a sigh or two;

She sat up on bed, stretched  
her legs, murmuring,  
"Perhaps it's too early for me  
to go."

Just then she saw her classmates  
on their way  
To school, and so she hurriedly  
broke her fast.

"Am I late?" she asked herself  
and looked  
At the clock; its hands pointed  
seven past.

Books in one arm, she took  
the road to school,  
And on the way she gaily  
hopped and sang;  
On and on she went, and across  
a field

**THE BUTTERFLY**

By LILIA VIZCARRA



The butterfly, the butterfly,  
So fairy-like and bright;  
It lives among lovely flowers,  
A creature of delight.

My heart goes out to you,  
O butterfly, O butterfly,  
For like the rose on which you're  
poised,  
You, too, will soon die.

**KINDNESS**

By HERMINIA ANCHETA

Kindness sparkles from the eye,  
It is felt in every word,  
It is caught from every deed,  
And grows in the heart.

---

She suddenly stopped—  
the school bell rang!

And now, wearily, nervously,  
retracing her steps,  
She appeared and lingered  
by the garden gate.  
Her mother asked what the matter  
was and,  
Breaking in tears, cried,  
"O Mama, I was late!"

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION**THE GRADUATE FACES THE WORLD.***A Playlet in One Act*

By PABLO M. CUASAY

**Characters:**

## GRADUATE

*Death**Inaction**Immorality**Deceit**Vice**Life**Ambition**Character**Discipline**Faith**Service*

SCENE: The graduate, dressed in cap and gown, with a diploma tucked under her arm, stands facing, undecided, the road leading to a city in the far background. As she stands, a voice from an unseen person speaks.

*The Voice*—You have just graduated from school, and now you stand on the road leading to a bigger, wider world. You have traveled a long, wearisome way. You were still a small girl in pig-tails when you started the trek toward your goal. You have spent many sleepless nights in your studies, your parents have spent an enormous amount with which to provide you for your journey. Many times you have been discouraged on the way, but you have not let discouragements stopped you. You have met troubles and disappointments and difficulties, but you have always overcome them. You have been courageous and strong. You have always heard the small, still voice that spoke to you during the times of trial. You have finished your course. But that is not the end of the road. Graduation is not the end of your endeavors. It is but a big signpost leading to a world, much bigger than your school, a world with more vexing problems, more res-

ponsible tasks, more temptations, larger opportunities. You are now going to face them all, alone, without the guide of teachers. But your school has given you, or supposed to have given you, the necessary equipment with which to face the world outside of your school.

I see that you are tired. You may rest a little while before you proceed in your journey.

(The graduate lies down under the shade of a tree while a soft music is played. "Nocturne" by Chopin, "Angel's Serenade" by Braga, or "Serenade" by Schubert will do.)

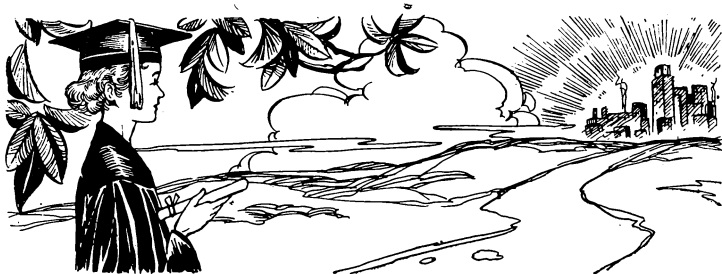
When the Graduate falls asleep, Death appears.

*Death*—I have traveled over land and sea and air, and everywhere I bring death and sorrow. (Sees the Graduate sleeping.) Here is another victim of mine. Ah, this time I have an easy task, for she is helpless.

(As Death is about to use his scythe, Life springs from behind, among the bushes.)

*Life*—She is not helpless because I am here. She is a girl of great promise. Before she fulfills her mission in the world, you have no right to claim her.





*Death*—Let us fight it out and see who will win her.

(Life and Death struggle. Life wins. Death flees.)

*Inaction* enters.

*Inaction*—I see a beautiful damsel. She appears to be a lazy girl. I shall take her to my dwelling. There she can do whatever she likes. Pretty soon she will get used to my ways.

(*Inaction* goes to the Graduate and whispers in her ear.)

*Ambition* comes in time to drive *Inaction* away.

*Ambition*—She is not of your kind. She needs sleep and rest after a long and wearisome journey. She does not belong to your lazy, complacent company. She has a goal to reach. She is going to hitch her wagon to a star. Begone, before I give you a good thrashing.

(*Inaction* leaves in haste.)

*Immorality* enters and sees the Graduate.

*Immorality*—My keen eyes and my sense of smell do not betray me. Aha, she's a young pretty girl. With her education, it may be a bit difficult to deceive her, but I'll succeed in leading her to the trap in the end as usual. (He bends and is about to kiss the Graduate when *Character* comes.)

*Character*—Ah, the devil himself. On your old tricks again?

(He brandishes his sword and *Immorality* scampers away.)

*Deceit* and *Vice* enter.

*Vice*—Look at that sleeping beauty. We shall have another victim. We shall drag her away to shame and disgrace. We shall tempt her with easy money and beautiful dresses and precious stones. She will surely be dazzled by their glitter, as many have been before her.

*Deceit*—That's a bright idea. She will be an easy prey. A girl of her kind, with her training and education, once she falls into our hands, can easily deceive people and make believe that she has a beautiful soul when she reeking with filth and sin.

(*Truth* and *Discipline* come in.)

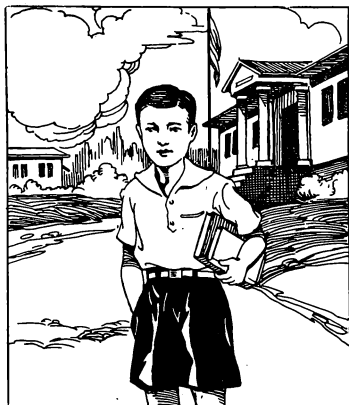
*Truth*—I know your dirty designs, you filthy, stinking traders!

*Discipline*—And you think you could lure her away from the clean, honest path with your cheap, dirty money. No, you can't.

(The four grapple, *Deceit* against *Discipline*, *Vice* against *Character*. After a while *Deceit* and *Vice* take leave, while *Faith* and *Service* enters. The Graduate wakes up, and sees all her benefactors.) (Please turn to page 127.)

## A GOOD SCHOOLBOY

By C. MANDORIAO ROXAS \*



JOSE is a little boy. He is nine years old. His parents are poor, but they are very good parents. Although they are poor, they send Jose to school.

Jose is in the third grade. He has learned many things in school. Mr. Tuazon, his teacher, is very fond of the little boy.

Jose is obedient, honest, and industrious. That is why his teacher likes him.

Every morning and afternoon when Jose arrives at school he greets his teacher and classmates with a pleasant "good morning" or "good afternoon." He is a polite boy, and is a favorite among his classmates.

Jose goes to bed early and wakes up early. He remembers the poem he learned in school:

*Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and  
wise.*

As soon as Jose is out of bed in the morning, he goes to the kitchen. There he gets a basin and fills it with warm water. He gets a towel and soap from his room, and washes himself clean. He remembers to brush his teeth.

Then he dresses for the day. When he is dressed, he goes to the mirror and combs his hair.

He does things orderly. He does not need to be told by his mother to do these things. They have all become his habits.

Jose helps his mother in the kitchen after getting himself ready for school. If the table is not yet ready for breakfast, he gets it ready. He spreads the tablecloth, places the plates, the cups and saucers, and the silverware. He fills the glasses with water. He calls his father when the breakfast is ready. Jose and his mother and father eat breakfast together happily.

Before going to school, he kisses his parents goodbye.

Then away to school, to work and to play like the good schoolboy that he is.

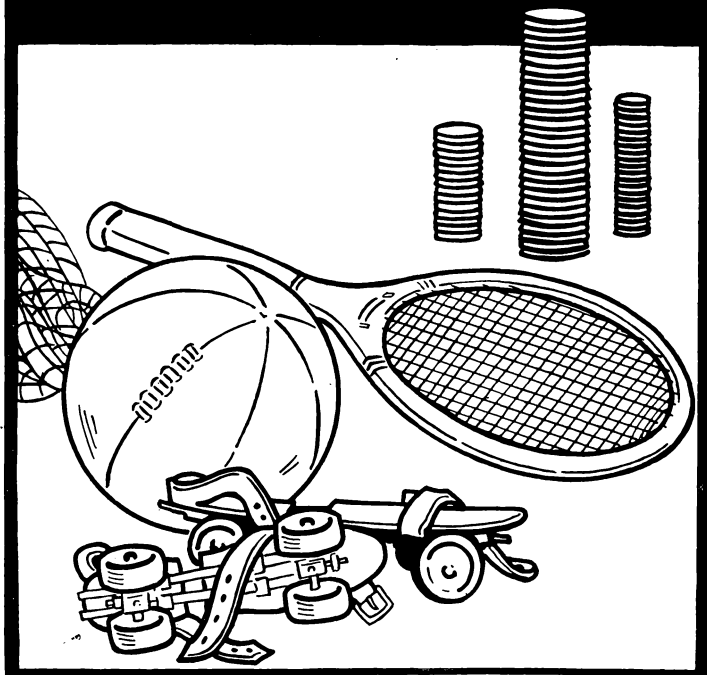
Do you want to be that kind of a schoolboy?

### SOME QUESTIONS

1. Why does Jose's teacher like him?
2. Are you always obedient?
3. Are you always honest?
4. Are you always industrious?
5. Are you always polite?
6. Can you say from memory the little poem which Jose learned?

\* Baguio City High School, Baguio, Mountain Province.

# SAVE WITH A PURPOSE



## ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

### PHILIPPINE LIGHTING IN FORMER DAYS

By FRANCISCO CARBALLO

(With Illustrations by the Author)

IN former days in the Philippines the methods of lighting were quite crude compared with the modern means of securing light. Of course there were no electric lights or gas lights. During the Spanish regime most of the people in the Philippines used coconut oil, *lumbang* oil, or wax as fuel for lighting.

The oil lamp was in common use. In the olden days this consisted of a metal bowl (*tinghoy*) on the edge of which rested a wick (*tinsin*) made from the absorbent pith of a certain plant. This wick was sold by Chinese shop keepers. In the absence of the usual *tinsin*, cotton fiber was used. The lower end of the wick rested in the oil which had been poured into the bowl of the lamp. When lighted, this lamp produced a dim, mellow flame. It served as a light in the more humble homes. (See illustration No. 1.)

As an improvement over the *tinghoy*, a glass oil receptacle with a tin wick-holder was used. (See illustration No. 2.)

In the homes of the well-to-do the glass oil lamp was placed in a glass *globo* which was hung in the main room. *Globos* were used very much during fiestas and other special occasions. (See illustration No. 4.)

For outdoor use the glass lantern or *parol* was used as a protection of the oil lamp from wind. (See illustration No. 5.) A great many of these glass lanterns were needed to light *facades* of churches,

open air shows, towers, arches, etc.

During fiestas and other important celebrations paper lanterns of various colors and designs were also used, and the townfolk vied with one another in the brightness and beauty of their designs.

Chinese candles of the soft variety were used for altars, shrines, and religious processions. They are still in demand for church fiestas, and are used particularly for lighting graves in cemeteries during the celebration of All Saints Day. The hard variety of candles (*ballena*) was used on religious floats, on dining tables, in costly chandeliers and candlesticks, and in lamps on vehicles. The Chinese in Manila still carry on a profitable business in the manufacture of candles for church, home, and various uses.

In the barrios the market people used the *huepe* to light their displays of merchandise as well as to light the way when walking in the road. The *huepe* was a torch consisting of a piece of wax (*sahing*) stuck in a cylindrical *nipa*, covering which, when used, was placed on a tripod or on the end of a bamboo pole. (See illustration No. 3) The name implies that the *huepe* was of Chinese origin.

When kerosene or petroleum oil was introduced into the Islands not long before the advent of the Americans, oil lamps and lanterns came into use, but it was expensive, and so coconut and *lumbang* oil remained in use in country houses for many years.

In Manila important streets were lighted with oil lamps and lanterns placed on posts, or on brackets on walls facing the streets. A certain number of these lamps were in charge of a lamp-lighter (*parolero*) who made his daily rounds, carrying a short ladder and oil. In the morning he filled the lamps with oil, adjusted the wicks, and cleaned the chimneys. At sunset he lighted the lamps, and at dawn extinguished them.

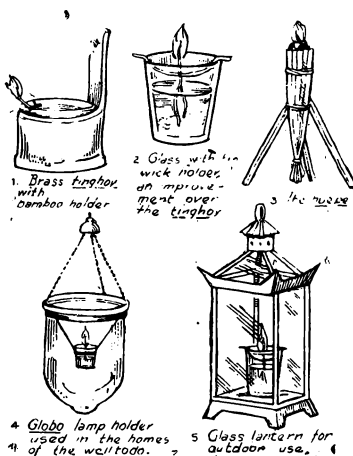
The lamp-lighter's job was not an easy one. If the street lights failed, he was blamed by those who had to grope their way in the dark.

Many streets, particularly those in outlying districts, had no lights at all, and the people there had to do the best they could without them. People traveling at night were required to carry torches or lanterns. If anyone failed to do so, the police (*guardia civil*) would consider such a person as a suspicious character, especially if he did not have his *cedula* with him.

On account of inadequate lighting facilities in the olden days, there were not many public entertainments or social gatherings. Usually people went to bed early in the evening after supper and the customary evening prayer.

When electricity was introduced into the Philippines, methods of lighting

were greatly improved. Homes, public places, and streets have become brighter, thanks to improved lighting facilities. As a result of the improved lighting systems, the country has progressed, and homes are more comfortable. In places without electric service, kerosene is still the chief fuel for lighting, but the Philippine government is planning to develop the water power in the Islands to enable the rural communities to have cheap electricity for light and power. When this plan is fully developed, still further progress will be made by our people.



Lamps and Torches of Former Days in the Philippines

A REVIEW

1. What can you say of former methods of lighting in the Philippines compared with the present methods?

2. What fuels were used for lighting in former days.

3. Describe the oil lamp of the olden days.

4. What improvement was made on the oil lamp?

5. In what were oil lamps placed in the homes of wealthy people?

6. For outdoor use how was the oil lamp protected?

7. For what purpose were paper lanterns used in the Philippines.

8. Are they still used?

9. Tell of the use of candles in the Philippines.

10. Tell of the use of the *huepe*.

## EVENTS IN PHILIPPINE HISTORY FOR MARCH

By TIMOTEO S. ORACION \*

**March 2, 1847.** Birth of Cayetano Arellano in Orion, Bataan. Arellano was the first Filipino chief justice of the supreme court and is regarded as the greatest Filipino jurist.

When the Philippine Republic was established, General Aguinaldo offered Arellano a position in his cabinet. When the Americans came, Arellano was asked to help organize the civil government in the Philippines. Because of his wisdom, he was appointed the first Filipino chief justice of the supreme court. He occupied this post from 1901 to the time of his death in 1920. His ability as a jurist was recognized even abroad. Yale University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Yet, in spite of the honors that he had won, Arellano was very modest. When he was dying, he was asked if he had any wishes regarding his funeral. The great jurist answered, "After I am dead, wrap me up in a mat and take me to the cemetery."

**March 16, 1521.** Magellan discovered the Philippines.

From the Ladrões Ferdinand Magellan sailed westward, still looking for the Spice Islands. On March 16, 1521, he sighted an island which he learned afterwards was called Zamal, now called Samar. On the following day Magellan landed his worn-out sailors on a small island named Humunu, now Homonhon, and had two huts built for the sick. This island was uninhabited, but some natives came from the island of Suluan, in a native prau. These were the first Fili-

pinos seen by the Spaniards. Because of the difficulty in getting food, Magellan left the place eight days later, and sailed to Limasawa, a small island south of Leyte. Here he found a prosperous Filipino village. The inhabitants were cultivating rice and breadfruit. They had coconuts, oranges, bananas, citron, and ginger. In Limasawa Magellan held the first mass in the Philippines. He erected a cross and took possession of the Islands in the name of the king of Spain. Magellan called the Islands the Archipelago of Saint Lazarus because it was on the day of this saint that he reached the Philippines.

**March 24, 1934.** The passage of the Tydings-McDuffie Law in the United States Congress.

The Tydings-McDuffie Law is sometimes known as the Philippine Independence Act because its purpose is to give the Philippines her independence after a transition period of ten years. The government during this period of trial and preparation is known as the Commonwealth of the Philippines. The Filipinos are given the right to run all its departments—executive, legislative, and judicial. The United States exercises control only in the relations between the Philippines and foreign countries. The United States is represented in the Philippines by an American official called the High Commissioner. He takes no direct part in the government of the country and acts as a mere watcher in the way the government is being run, and reports his observations to the President and the Congress of the United States.

\* Social Science Teacher, Sibulan Elementary School, Negros Oriental.

THE FUNNY PAGE

# KIKO

OH BOY, 89% / AT LAST I'LL HAVE THAT BICYCLE MA AND PA PROMISED ME IF I GET A GENERAL AVERAGE OF NOT LESS THAN 85%.



I'VE GOT ONLY 75%, BUT I'VE TRIED MY BEST



KIKO, MAY I RIDE ON YOUR BICYCLE AFTERWARDS?

LOOK, BOYS / MY AVERAGE IS 89% / THAT MEANS A NEW BICYCLE FOR ME. IT WILL BE A NICE ONE, TOO. PIPO, HAVE YOU PASSED? YOU SHOULD STUDY HARDER, YOU KNOW—ESPECIALLY IN ARITHMETIC.



YOU? NOTHING DOING DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN YOU TOLD MR. SANTOS ABOUT MY DRAWING, HIS PICTURE ON THE BOARD? NO, I WON'T LEND YOU MY BIKE. I'LL ASK PA TO BUY ME A TRAILER, TOO.



MA PA, LOOK, 89% / NOW I'D LIKE TO HAVE THE BICYCLE YOU PROMISED ME.



SO YOU'VE MISBEHAVED IN SCHOOL HUH? NO, BICYCLE FOR YOU. I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER PRIZE—WORK FOR TWO WEEKS, IN THE GARDEN.

BUT, KIKO, YOUR GRADE IN CHARACTER AND CONDUCT IS ONLY 72%!

KIKO, O'MON, GET YOUR BIKE. LET'S GO OUT RIDING. PA BOUGHT ME A BIKE FOR GETTING 75%



KIKO'S GOT NO BIKE / HE GOT ONLY 72% IN CHARACTER AND CONDUCT / NOW HE'S WORKING IN ALCATRAZ / HA, HA, HA

## MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION

### GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC

By BERT PAUL OSBORN \*

#### III. HAYDN, THE FATHER OF THE SYMPHONY.

IN 1732 in the little village of Rohrau, not far from Vienna in Austria, there was born a baby whose parents named him Joseph.



Joseph Haydn .

Fortunately for baby Joseph, his mother and father, though very poor, loved music, and songs and sweet harp tones cheered many a simple meal, for father Haydn (pronounced high-dn) could both sing and accompany himself on his harp.

Joseph's father and mother were simple peasant people, industrious, upright, devout Catholics, and a little more educated than was usually with their class. Although the father had a talent for harp playing, he could not read music. He knew too little to be able to teach music to his small son. This father was by trade a wagon-maker.

Now it happened that the village school-teacher was also a musician, and when Joseph was a very small boy he used to watch the school master with wondering eyes when the teacher played the violin; Joseph wished that he could

play too. The little boy would take two pieces of wood and pretend that he was playing the violin. When his parents sang their evening songs, Joseph would keep exact time to the music by beating with a stick.

In spite of the boy's rather commonplace parentage and the heavy burden of poverty, he developed into a remarkable musical genius. The people with whom he was associated as a boy all liked music, and many of them could play, or sing, or "make up" music. In fact, the boy was surrounded by a race of natural musicians who liked dance and song.

A relative offered to take Joseph to the city of Hamburg so he could be taught music. So when he was six years old, the little boy left his quiet village home and went to the big, noisy city. There he began the study of singing, and playing the violin and the harpsichord. The harpsichord was the forerunner of the piano. (See the *Music Appreciation Section* of the October, 1939, issue of *The Young Citizen*.)

Joseph's teacher was a very stern task-master, and made his little pupil work very hard indeed, even for a boy who loved music with his whole soul and who was eager to learn all he possibly could.

The boy worked very hard with his music, so when he was eight years old he was chosen to sing in the emperor's choir in the great cathedral in Vienna. During the next nine years he lived in a

\* Formerly Supervisor of Public School Music, Mount Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.



house close to the cathedral.

He had constant practice in singing, both at the cathedral and often at the emperor's court, with free support and poor instruction at the choir school. He stayed at this school until he was seventeen, although he was half-starved, insufficiently clothed, and carelessly taught. Only his own great energy enabled him to learn anything at all. He practiced very hard on his music, and supplemented his poor school training with much study by himself.

When Joseph was seventeen he was dismissed from the choir school on account of a schoolboy prank, and was turned into the street. He had a very hard time after that. He played his violin at weddings and dances, he wrote music for people who would buy it, he taught a few music pupils, and did any drudgery that anyone would pay for. In that way he kept himself from starving. Through it all, in his dimly-lighted, unheated attic, in which snow and rain fell on his bed, he continued, as best he could, his own studies in composing. But gradually his condition was improved by some wealthy patrons who recognized his ability as a composer.

In 1760 a nobleman, Prince Esterhazy, appointed Haydn, by that time a young man of twenty-eight, leader of his

private orchestra. This important position he held for thirty years. Prince Esterhazy was the head of a family long famous for wealth, culture, and the development of good music, so Haydn lived during these years amid pleasant surroundings which were favorable for his musical labors. During this period of thirty years he experimented and developed the symphony and the symphony orchestra.

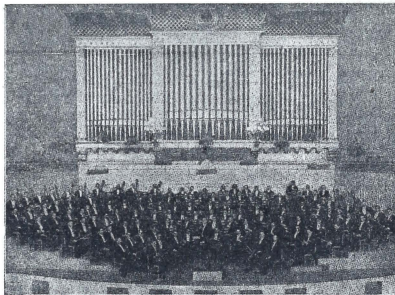
Haydn did not develop anything absolutely new in music, but to him belongs the honor of collecting and combining various points in music. This is shown in the excellent musical compositions as being superior.

Haydn developed the form of music known as the symphony; he also developed the orchestra by selecting

and using most of the instruments of the present time, and arranging them in groups as we now have them. For these reasons Haydn is called the "Father of the Symphony."

During the thirty years that Haydn was musical director for Prince Esterhazy, he wrote many compositions for the orchestra, as well as church music and other compositions. He had an excellent orchestra and a group of good singers, and it was for these organizations that he wrote his music. His fame as

(Please turn to page 127.)



*A Symphony Orchestra*

## THE TYRANT OF THE ASIATIC JUNGLE



UPON the African continent the lion reigns supreme, sole monarch at least over his own feline race. (Read *The Monarch of the Jungle* in the February, 1940, issue of *The Young Citizen*.) But in Asia the lion's sovereignty is disputed by his gaudily dressed cousin, the tiger, the most formidable member of the cat tribe. Majestic as the lion appears when viewed full face with his great bushy mane, he lacks the agile strength of his near relative, the tiger.

The tiger is larger, stronger, quicker, more graceful, and has greater cunning than the lion. He is also considered the most nearly perfect and most beautiful of his race because of the bright coloring of his coat, his litheness, and graceful proportions. The stories of hunters conquering lions, single-handed, have no parallel in the history of the tiger, for no man, however well trained, is a match for the tiger on foot.

Asia is the home of the tiger. This animal is not found on any other continent. Strange to say, the tiger ranges far to the northward of his proper home in Hindustan, even to Korea, Manchuria, and Russian Siberia. In those cold regions the tiger grows to his greatest size, and is clothed with a dense coat of long and shaggy hair which is a much heavier and warmer coat of fur than that of his southern relative. Although larger, the Siberian species is less fierce than the royal Bengal tiger of India which is best known.

The coat of the Bengal tiger has a grand color of tawny yellow with black stripes on the body and limbs, the tail also being ringed with black. This coloring makes it very difficult to see a tiger in a thicket of reeds or dried grass. The largest tigers are about eleven feet in length from the nose to the tip of the

(Please turn to page 125.)

## THE BAROMETER

ONE day near the middle of the 17th century a German scientist, who was always trying new and strange experiments, astonished his neighbors by erecting on the wall of his house a strange looking tube. The tube was something more than 34 feet long, and was made of brass except the top section, which was made of glass. It was closed at the top. The lower end of the tube was dipped in a basin of water. The water was seen to rise in the tube to a height of about 30 feet.

The top of this column of water was seen through the glass, and on it floated the figure of a little wooden man. "The little weather man" the people called it, for they saw that it rose higher in fair weather, and went down in stormy weather. The neighbors thought it was a work of magic, but it was really a water barometer, and was made on scientific principles. There was no magic about it.

Only a few years before this German scientist was trying this interesting experiment, an Italian scholar, who was a pupil of the famous scientist Galileo, invented the mercury barometer, the form of the instrument now in common use.

The barometer is an instrument for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere. Mercury is used in the tube instead of water, because the greater weight of the mercury reduces the length of the required tube to 36 inches instead of 34

feet. Mercury is a well-known heavy silver-white liquid metal. It is frequently called quicksilver.

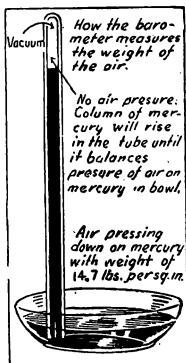
To make a simple barometer you take a glass tube 36 inches long which is closed at one end. Fill it with mercury. You then turn the tube upside down, keeping your finger over the open end. Place the open end in a vessel of mercury.

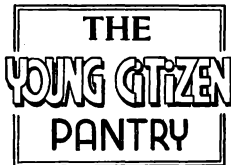
When your finger is removed, only a little of the mercury will run out of the tube into the vessel, for the pressure of the air upon the surface of the mercury in the vessel supports the weight of the column of mercury. The space in the tube above the column of mercury is nearly a perfect vacuum as indicated in the diagram, so there is no pressure on the top of the column. (A vacuum is a space from which the air and any other material has been taken.)

The mercury column in the tube remains about 30 inches high, and this means an air pressure of 14.7 pounds to the square inch. By a scale attached to the glass tube we can measure the changes in the height of the mercury resulting from the changes in air pressure.

When the conditions of the weather changes, the air pressure changes, and so the tube of mercury rises or falls. This makes the barometer an instrument of great importance in telling what the weather will be. When the mercury in

(Please turn to page 128)





## PRESERVES AND MARMALADES

THE usual utensils in almost daily use in every kitchen are all that are needed in making the following recipes in small quantities for home use. It is desirable, but, not absolutely necessary, to have an enameled, tinned, aluminum, or other good preserving kettle, such as is kept for fruit-cooking purposes only. Other things needed are a colander, a wire sieve, a grater, a measuring cup, small jars or glasses, and paraffine.

An effective way to seal jars or glasses is to cut from good grade paper a circular piece about one-half inch larger than the jar or glass top. Smear the inside with the unbeaten white of an egg and tie tightly over the preserves or marmalade with a cord or wrap with a strong elastic. The white of an egg will dry quickly and be absolutely preservative.

When making marmalades or preserves and there is some fruit juice left

over, it may be canned while boiling hot, and be used in making sauces for desserts such as gelatin and ice cream, or in making fruit-juice drinks.

All utensils should be thoroughly cleaned and scalded before using.

The recipes for preserves and marmalades in this and the next issue of *The Young Citizen* call for fruits common to the Philippines, such as pineapples, oranges, and lemons, as well as rhubarb and tomatoes which are also grown in the Islands.

### *Pineapple Preserves*

Pare the pineapples, weigh them, and cut them in slices or small squares. To each pound of fruit, add a teacupful of water. Put this in a preserving kettle, cover it, and set it over the fire. Let it boil until the pieces are tender and clear. Then take the pieces from the water by sticking a fork into the center of each piece. Add to the water white sugar—

a pound for each pound of fruit—and stir it until all the sugar is dissolved. Then put in the pineapple, cover the kettle, and boil it gently until it is transparent throughout. When it is so, take it out, let it cool, and put it in glass jars. Let the syrup boil or simmer gently until it is thick and rich, and when nearly cool, pour it over the fruit. The next day seal the jars.

### *Lemon Marmalade*

Allow one and one-fourth pounds of sugar to every pound of lemons. Wash and weigh the lemons. Grate the rind from half of them and peel the others. Chop the fruit, removing the seeds as you do so. Press all the juice that you can upon the sugar, add a little water to this, and put it on the stove. Stir this until the sugar is dissolved. Then boil it for five minutes, skimming off the scum. Stir in the chopped lemons and the

(Please turn to page 130.)

## A LEGEND OF MOUNT . . .

*(Continued from page 103)*

give your daughter a very handsome dowry if you will give her to him in marriage."

Pinatubo did not answer at once. He realized that Mayumo could bestow riches upon his beautiful daughter, and yet he was not entirely satisfied with him. But he was not entirely satisfied with him. But he was afraid to refuse the offer of Mayumo. So he said, "Tell your friend that I will speak to Sinukuan about this matter. She and I will make a decision. Return in three days and you shall have the answer to take to Mayumo."

After talking to Sinukuan, Pinatubo decided that Mayumo was not the man to be his son-in-law. And yet he was afraid to refuse the rich and powerful Mayumo. He thought and thought, and finally decided upon a plan whereby his daughter would be saved from marrying Mayumo.

When Mayumo's friend returned after three days, Pinatubo said, "Tell Mayumo that if he wishes to marry my daughter, he must do one thing. If he cannot do it, he cannot marry her."

"What is it that you would have Mayumo do?" asked Mayumo's friend.

"Pray tell it. Mayumo will do anything for your daughter Sinukuan. He is a rich man."

"Tell Mayumo," said Pinatubo, "that if he can make a wooden bridge on which Sinukuan can walk from her home on Mount Arayat to the home of Mayumo, he shall have my daughter for his wife."

"Oh, that is very easy!" said Mayumo's friend. "I am sure Mayumo can do it."

"But I have not told you all of the requirement," said Pinatubo. "Mayumo must have the bridge finished within one year from today. One year, mind you. No more, no less. If it is not finished, he cannot have her."

Mayumo's friend left the home of Pinatubo and Sinukuan on Mount Arayat, and hurried to the home of Mayumo, where he found his friend waiting.

"What is Pinatubo's answer?" asked Mayumo.

"You must build a wooden bridge from your home to the home of Sinukuan and have the bridge finished within a year."

"That is very easy," said Mayumo. "Very, very easy! I shall immediately set all of my laborers and many more to build the wooden bridge."

Mayumo called together all his laborers and many more men which he had hired. He said to them, "I want to marry Sinukuan, the most beautiful girl in the world. But her father wants me to build a wooden bridge from her home on Mount Arayat to mine, and have the bridge completed within a year. If I do not get the bridge completed by that time, I cannot marry Sinukuan. Come, let us get to work, and build the bridge."

So they all went to the forest with axes and *bolos* and saws. They cut a great amount of timber. They cut all the timber they could find. Then they began building the wooden bridge from the home of Mayumo to the home of Pinatubo and Sinukuan on Mount Arayat.

Now Pinatubo had resolved in his mind that he would prevent Mayumo from completing the bridge. He would use his magical powers in order that Mayumo would be prevented from finishing the work.

Mayumo and his men toiled day after day in building the wooden bridge. Day after day the bridge became longer than before. Gradually it ex-

*(Please turn to page 126.)*

HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION**EAT FRUITS EVERY DAY***(A Playlet for Health)*

By LOURDES L. GALENO \*

**PLAYERS**

*Children*—Boys and girls numbering from six to ten; *Fruit Seller*.

SCENE: Street

The play opens with the children forming a group.

*A Child* (Addressing the group): I wish we had something to eat! How would you like to go with me and buy some fruits?

*All the Other Children* (together): Oh, yes! Let's go! (All the children go merrily along, singing and dancing.)

*Children*—

Come, let's hurry, 'tis market day,  
See what we can buy with Father's pay:  
Yellow mangoes sweet, papayas green,  
Chinese apples, tart, and mangosteen.  
Aroray, aroraray, let's see what we can  
buy today,  
Aroray, aroraray, come let us go, 'tis  
market day.\*\*

\* Camp Overton, Iligan, Lanao.

\*\* "Fresh Fruits Today", *Progressive Music, Book I*, page 33.

(Just as they finish singing, they see a fruit seller coming along.)

*Second Child*—A fruit seller is coming. Let's see what he has to sell.

*Fruit Seller* (shouting) — Fruits! Fruits! Come and buy my fruits!

*Children* (Running to the fruit seller and singing)—

Dear fruit seller, tell us pray,  
What do you carry around in your  
basket?\*\*\*

*Fruit Seller*—

Good, fresh fruits to sell today:  
Apples, grapes, mangoes, and pa-  
payas gay.\*\*\*\*

*Children*—We will buy some of your  
fruits!

*Fruit Seller* (Putting down his basket of fruits)—Here they are. Choose the ones you like best.

(The children pick out fruits and eat them.)

\*\*\* Tune: "Gypsy Peddler", *Progressive Music, Book I*, page 20.

\*\*\*\* Tune: "Gypsy Peddler", *Progressive Music, Book I*, page 20.

## BIRTHDAY GIFTS FOR . . .

*(Continued from page 102)*

"Well, anyway it's just what I'm going to give her," insisted Juanita with determination.

"That's all right, Juanita," said Pedro. "We are just pretending. We don't have any money to buy things. It would take lots of money to buy this dress."

All the children looked very sad. It was too bad for Mother to have a birthday and not get any gifts."

Suddenly Pedro's face lighted up with a smile.

"Dolores," he cried. "Let's cut out these pictures and give them to Mother and tell her they are what we'd give her if we had the money. Then she'd know we didn't forget her birthday."

"Oh, yes, Pedro," said Dolores. "We could paste them on cardboard and put them on the breakfast table. It is a splendid new idea."

The children went right to work. Very carefully they cut out the wrist watch and the handbag and pasted them neatly on white cardboard.

"Juanita," coaxed Dolores, "won't you choose something else for Mother instead of a wedding dress?"

"No," said Juanita firmly. "This is a beautiful

dress—just the kind I want to give her. I'm going to give Mother the bride's dress."

So the picture of the bride in her white satin gown with the train and the veil and the flowers had to be cut out.

"We could have a birthday cake, too," said Dolores. "Here's a picture of one covered with candles in this housekeeping magazine."

"We don't know whether or not it has the right number of candles," objected Pedro.

"That doesn't matter, Pedro," said Dolores. "There are just enough candles to make it look pretty."

The children got up early the next morning, slipped into the dining room, and arranged the pictures around Mother's plate. They put the picture of the birthday cake in the middle of the table.

How surprised Mother was when she came to the table!

"These are the gifts we wanted to give you if we'd had the money to buy them," explained Pedro.

"What a beautiful watch!" said Mother. "And such a lovely handbag!"

She laughed when she saw the wedding dress. "This is the most beautiful dress that I have ever had,"

she exclaimed.

"We're sorry we didn't have the money to buy real gifts," said Dolores.

"Why, these are lovely," insisted Mother. "It isn't the gift itself that counts, but the loving thoughts that make us want to give gifts."

"You didn't see your birthday cake," said Dolores.

"That's a very beautiful cake," exclaimed Mother. "I'm going to make one exactly like it today and we'll each have a piece for supper."

## AN ADVENTURE IN . . .

*(Continued from page 101)*

face. When I heard his laughter, I laughed also, and began to enjoy the free ride which the shark was giving us. For about three-fourths of a mile the shark pulled our vinta with unabated speed. My only fear was the possibility of the rope breaking. "Don't fear, son, our rope is very strong," my father said. "It is strong enough to send us to Borneo," he added, laughing merrily.

After almost two hours, the rope began to loosen, and our boat began to lessen its speed. We knew that the shark was losing strength. Shortly after, our vinta stopped moving. My

*(Please turn to page 125.)*

## WORK AND PLAY SECTION

### SUGGESTIONS ON FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

By RUPERTO SARMIENTO \*

HAVE you ever picked a beautiful bunch of flowers and put them into a vase? Of course you have. How did you arrange them? Do you think you arranged them in the best possible manner?

What is the best possible manner? Well, let us see. Here are some simple rules to follow when arranging flowers; read them—study them—carefully, and if you follow them, you will arrange your flowers artistically.

In securing artistic flower arrangement, two things need to be considered: (1) the flowers and (2) the vase or container. First, let us consider the container.

In selecting the container, be sure it suits the flowers. Remember, you should choose a vase to suit the flowers; you should not choose flowers to suit a vase. To be able to do this one must have containers of different kinds, so that there is a suitable vase for whatever flowers are at hand.

Memorize the following suggestions for selecting a vase to match certain types of flowers:

(1) Cheap, dull-colored containers

\* Head Teacher, Barrio School, Tonsuya, Malabon, Rizal.

are more attractive than bright-colored ones.

(2) Vases should be deep enough to hold sufficient water.

(3) Tall, straight vases like bamboo tubes are suited to flowers on tall, stiff stems, such as the flowers of the canna (Spanish flag) or the gladiolus.

(4) High stands or hanging baskets are best for flowers with bending or drooping stems.

(5) Bowls or low containers are suitable for flowers of water plants such as the water lily.

(6) Vases for the dining table must be low in order to enable the guests to see each other while talking.

(7) Wall vases are pretty containers for vines.

(8) Vases may be of the same or of the opposite color of the flowers. For example, white flowers may be placed in

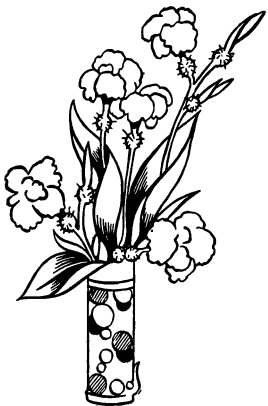
a white vase or a black vase.

(9) Blue vases are suitable for pink roses.

(10) Blue bowls are attractive vases for violets.

(11) Tall glass vases are good for *azucena* and for *cadena-de-amor*.

After a suitable container has been chosen, arranging the flowers comes



Use plenty of leaves.



next. The following are some simple rules to follow when doing this delightful task.

(1) Imitate the way the flowers grow. Look in the garden and notice how flowers grow on plants. Some of them are on long stems or branches, others on short stems or branches, while still others are on branches or stems which are not very long nor very short—just of medium length. Another thing to notice is that flowers are surrounded only by their own leaves. The flower of a canna (Spanish flag) is not surrounded by the leaves of a hibiscus (*gumamela*). Therefore, to arrange flowers properly, see that they are set among their own leaves and that there are plenty of leaves—some short, some long, and some of medium length. (See the illustration on page 122.

(2) Long-stemmed, erect flowers in tall vases are attractive at eye-level.

(3) Water plants in low containers should be placed below eye-level.

(4) Bright colored flowers are suited to the *sala* of one's home, for they add cheerfulness to the room.

(5) Large and bright flowers which are not too fragrant, and flowers not too small and delicate, are suitable for the bedroom or for a patient's room in a hospital.

(6) The three-line arrangement may be used. This is the Japanese style of arranging flowers. In this arrangement

flowers are placed in three heights. The tallest ones are called "heaven"; the lower ones "man"; the lowest are called "earth." When arranging flowers thus, the stems should be cut so they are of varying lengths. A few should be short, some long, and others longer. (See the illustration on this page.

(7) There should be color harmony in arranging flowers. Often people prefer to have flowers of different colors arranged together in a vase. When arranging flowers of different colors together be careful that the flowers chosen are of *related* colors. By related colors is meant colors which harmonize so that they look attractive when put together. To know whether certain colors are related or not, a color chart should be consulted.

Now you know something about the proper container to be chosen, and something about the best way of arranging the flowers. You should next learn about making color combinations. Under the suggestions about color combinations, you read that *related* colors should be used in arranging flowers. Related colors may be grouped as (1) "neighbor" colors, (2) "brother" colors, (3) "friend" colors, and (4) "cousin-friend" colors. Let us explain further:

(1) "Neighbor" colors are the ones near each other, just like you and your neighbors. For example, yellow-green, and blue-green are "neighbor" hues be-

(Please turn to page 132.)



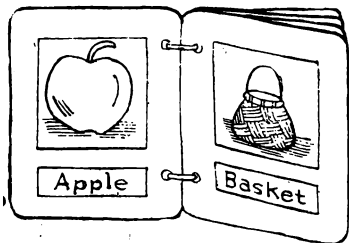
The Three-line Arrangement

## LANGUAGE AND READING

By A. NEBRIAGA\*

## Making Word-Picture Books

Grades I to III



## DIRECTIONS:

PUPILS make booklets by folding together sheets of drawing paper and tying them together.

The teacher prints on the board a list of nouns which have occurred in past lessons, such as dolls, boy, basket, shoes, apple, etc. The pupils then look for word cards which correspond to the words in the teacher's list and paste the cards in their booklets, leaving a space enough for pictures they will cut from magazines with which to match the words. If there are no word cards, the pupils may print the words.

To make the activity more purposeful and instructive the pictures may be arranged alphabetically.

The pupils should be encouraged to cut the spaces uniformly and paste and print neatly. Any one would be proud to keep a neat booklet, especially if it is the product of one's effort.

The one making the best book should be graded and the teacher should tell the child to take his book and show it to his mother and father.

## Picture-Riddle Match

Grades II to IV

THE guessing instinct which the children delight in can be utilized for silent reading by matching riddles and pictures. Each child cuts out five or more pictures which interest him and place them in an envelope. The teacher collects the envelopes and write a simple riddle about one of the five pictures. She then puts the riddle and pictures together.

For example, in one envelope she finds pictures of a boy, basket, flowers, bird, apple. She may choose *bird* and prepare a riddle thus:

I have two wings.

I can fly.

I build a nest on trees.

I can sing.

Children often stone me.

The envelopes should be numbered so that the children will know which one they have already finished.

## Variations:

(a) Two teachers may work together. Children in Grade III or IV may prepare riddles for pictures cut out and collected by children in Grade II. Preparing the riddles is a productive language activity.

(b) All pictures may be provided with riddles, giving the child an opportunity to match five or more riddles in one picture instead of only one.

(c) Riddles may be placed on the board and children draw the answer, or vice versa.

\* Elementary School, Bauang, La Union.

## SHARK FISHING . . .

*(Continued from page 121)*

father then began to pull the rope. In a considerably short time the dead shark which was bigger than our vinta was brought to the side of our boat. "This is the biggest shark I have so far caught," said my father.

I noticed that the shark was hit on its side about three feet from its tail, and about one-fourth of the harpoon was buried into the flesh of the fish.

Sailing homeward was quite slow because besides the fact that we were dragging along a very heavy weight, there was no favorable wind. I had to help my father row the boat. "Father," I said, "I wish that the shark swam homeward. He would have saved us a lot of time."

My father chuckled because he thought that my remark was clever.

Even if I had to help him row, I didn't feel so weary because I knew that the shark would give us some money, and my father would buy me a new pair of trousers and a shirt, as he had promised. "This is my first trip with him, and I have brought him good luck," I said to myself. "And so I can also ask him for a pair of shoes."

We arrived home two days later. My mother

## THE TYRANT . . .

*(Continued from page 116)*

tail, and weigh about 500 pounds.

The chief difference between the tiger and the lion is in the coloring of their skin and the fact that the tiger has no mane. The skeletons of the two animals are almost exactly alike.

In habits, also, the two animals are much alike, except that tigers, unlike lions, hardly ever hunt in pairs. Tigers are also good swimmers, which is unusual with the cat family. If a tiger is hard pressed by a hunter, the animal will sometimes climb a tree.

Tigers prefer to hunt at night by stalking their prey, but they also prowl about in the daylight. They prey upon all kinds of wild animals, and destroy a large number of cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and other domestic animals. A cattle-eating tiger will kill an ox or a cow about every five days, or from 60 to 70 a year.

Unless he is cornered or greatly provoked, the tiger avoids the elephant, and seldom attacks a large buffalo or a bear. In fights with a bear or a buffalo he is frequently killed. In

beamed with pride and joy when I told him about the exciting trip.

some respects the tiger is cowardly. He will eat decaying flesh rather than attack an enemy that is capable of making a successful defense. In the search for prey and in efforts to avoid hunters, the tiger is cunning and bold. In his native wild state he is the most blood-thirsty of beasts, and in captivity is treacherous.

It is said that when a tiger once tastes human blood, the animal becomes a confirmed man-eater, preferring human flesh to all others. Man-eating tigers are greatly feared by the natives of India.

A case is recorded in which a single tiger killed 127 persons in a single year. On an average 1,000 people are killed each year by tigers, mostly in India. The young tigers are far more destructive than the old ones.

Tiger cubs number from two to five in a litter, but more than two are seldom reared to maturity. The cubs remain with the mother until the third year while she teaches them to hunt.

The tiger will be found upon the earth long after the lion has disappeared. He is far more clever at hiding, he is a more skillful hunter, he is less given to taking foolish risks, and

*(Please turn to page 126.)*

## THE LEGEND OF . . .

*(Continued from page 119)*

tended nearer to the home of Pinatubo and Sinukuan. Day after day more trees were cut, and more timber was put into the bridge.

Then a strange thing happened. The greater part of that portion of the bridge already constructed disappeared! When and where it went nobody knew. It just disappeared. You see, Pinatubo was using his magical powers, and by means of magic had caused a part of the bridge already constructed to disappear. Nobody except Pinatubo knew why a part of the bridge had disappeared.

When Mayumo saw that a part of the bridge had disappeared, he could scarcely believe his eyes. But he was not daunted. All the trees nearby had been cut, so he hired twice as many laborers as before and sent them to the distant Caraballo Mountains for more timber. They cut and cut day and night.

Finally the laborers had enough timber collected to complete the bridge. But it had taken them a long time to cut and to carry the logs from the distant Caraballo Mountains to the site of the bridge. The workmen labored day and night and worked as hard as they

could, but the bridge was not completed within the specified time.

Mayumo had failed! He had not been able within a year's time to build the bridge which Pinatubo required! He couldn't marry the beautiful Sinukuan!

"I will steal her at night from her father's home on Mount Arayat," thought Mayumo.

Pinatubo, by means of his magic, discovered the plot which Mayumo had in mind. "I can easily prevent that," said Pinatubo to himself.

Accordingly, by means of his magical powers, Pinatubo moved Mount Arayat from the town of Candaba to its present location near the present town of Arayat. That is why the town is called Arayat. Pinatubo moved the mountain so that Sinukuan would be farther from Mayumo. "I can be more watchful of my lovely daughter," said Pinatubo to himself, "if her home on Mount Arayat is far away from the home of Mayumo. Besides, it will then be more difficult for him to try to steal her at night."

And so Mount Arayat was placed in its present location. If you go to Candaba, you can still see the

where Mount Arayat once stood; at least, that is what some of the old folk will tell you. Where Mount Arayat once stood near Candaba is now a low place filled with water, some will point out. People call the place Candaba swamp.

Near Arayat today we can find a large footprint on a rock. It is said to be one of the footprints of Pinatubo.

As for the beautiful Sinukuan, the legend says that she did not marry Mayumo—thanks to the magical powers of her father Pinatubo—but instead married a more desirable young man, and for many years the happy couple lived peacefully in their home on Mount Arayat.

## THE TYRANT . . .

*(Continued from page 125)*

he does not advertise his presence and invite his enemies by the bombastic roaring in which the lion delights to indulge.

The tiger is an animal of serious mind, and he attends strictly to business. A lion will stalk out in the open, in broad daylight, but the tiger sticks closely to cover until the friendly darkness renders it safe to roam abroad. Then he is, indeed, "the tyrant of the Asiatic jungle."

## THE GRADUATE . . .

*(Continued from page 107)*

*Life*—Young Graduate, you have a long way to go, and a difficult one, too. Without a good, healthy body, you can not go far. Remember this: Health is wealth. You can never be truly happy if you are ill or are suffering from a disease. And so keep yourself healthy and physically strong so that you will be fit to meet all the hardships that you will meet on your long journey.

*Ambition*—Young Graduate, keep your ambition ever on fire. When you become easily satisfied with things, when you have become complacent, you have stopped growing. Ever keep before you high ideals. Remember what Brown- ing said: "A man's reach should be farther than his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

*Character*—Character is what you are in the dark. Whether you are seen by people or not, you must think and say and do only the best. When money is lost, nothing is lost; when health is lost, something is lost; but when character is lost, *everything* is lost. I offer you this sword with which to fight anything that's wrong and mean.

*Discipline*—Young Graduate, your greatest enemy is not disease; it is not the thief, the murderer, or the gangster. Your greatest enemy is *yourself*, the self in you that possesses unclean desires, unholy thoughts, a sharp temper, a loose tongue. Unless you are a master of yourself, unless you have self-control, you can not expect to lead people.

*Truth*—Truth will make you free. Truth will break the chains of doubts and skepticisms. If you do not know the truth, you are like a person groping his way in the dark. I give you the Bible, the word of God, as a lamp unto your feet and a guide unto your path.

*Faith*—Young Graduate, you must have faith in yourself, faith in your fellowmen, faith in God's eternal goodness, faith in the final triumph of right over wrong, of life over death. I give you this necklace, a symbol, of the faith that spans the gap between man's belief in the visible and the invisible, the faith that bridges the distance between you and God.

*Service*—Young Graduate, your mission in life should not be only to take in but also to give out. Give

the best that you have, to the highest that you know, without counting the cost. Let Jesus Christ be your supreme ideal of service, whose shameful death on the cross was the substantiation of his words: "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

*All the benefactors* (together)—Young Graduate, we wish you success.

*Graduate*—Thank you, every one. With the help of all of you, I shall not fail.

(The Graduate looks at the road ahead of him. Martial music may be played. As the Graduate begins to walk, the benefactors watching him, the curtain slowly falls.)

## HAYDN, THE . . .

*(Continued from page 115)*

a composer of music spread far and wide. Numerous musicians sought him out. He enjoyed very friendly relations with Mozart (pronounced *mot-sart*), who later became a great composer.

When Haydn was nearly 60 years old, he went to England, where he wrote more symphonies. The English people received him very enthusiastically, and Oxford University gave

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## HAYDN . . .

*(Continued from page 127)*

him the degree of Doctor of Music (Mus. D.).

In London he was deeply impressed by hearing much of Handel's oratorio music (see the *Music Appreciation Section* of the February, 1940, issue of *The Young Citizen*), so he finally wrote an oratorio which has become very famous. This oratorio is called *The Creation* and tells the Bible story of the creation of the world.

The last ten years of Haydn's life were uneventful, and as his strength failed, he almost stopped writing music. He died in 1809.

Haydn had a very bright, sunny, lovable nature. He was simple-hearted, hard-working, religious, honorable, and manly. His music is as happy as was his life. It is pleasant to remember that children were always attracted by his gentle, cheerful nature, and that they liked to call him, as did grownups, too, their beloved "Papa Haydn."

## TEST QUESTIONS

1. In what country was Joseph Hayden born? When?
2. Can you tell of Joseph's parents?
3. What early evidence

## THE DUCK HOUSE

*(Continued from page 99)*

had been eaten. The ducks splashed here and there, every now and then uttering their funny language.

Rosa and Anita waved their hands to the ducks as the two girls and Mr. Santos rowed away.

Mr. Santos gave Rosa six eggs. She ran home and sat on the steps. She counted the eggs and murmured, "I will cook these eggs for Ma when she comes home."

did Joseph show of musical ability?

4. With what kind of people was the boy Joseph surrounded?

5. What did a relative offer to do?

## RAINDROPS

*(Continued from page 100)*

on our picnic another day."  
—*Adopted.*

## SOMETHING TO FIND OUT

1. What causes the drops of water to leave the river and go up above the earth? (Ask your teacher.)
2. In what form do the water drops go up above the earth? (Vapor)
3. What is vapor? (Ask your teacher.)
4. What is a raincloud?

## THE BAROMETER

*(Continued from page 117)*

the barometer falls, the air pressure has been lessened, because a storm is approaching. Increasing pressure, which causes a rising barometer, is a sign of fair weather.

The height of the column of mercury in the barometer varies with the attitude. Thus when a barometer is carried to the top of a high tower or up a mountain, the mercury falls lower and lower, because the air pressure decreases with the altitude. By comparing the reading at sea-level with readings at other levels, the altitude of any place can be readily calculated.

## REVIEW

1. Tell of the German scientist's early experiment with a barometer.
2. What is a barometer? Describe it.
3. Why does the barometer indicate weather conditions?
4. How does the barometer measure altitudes?
5. Have you studied the diagram on page 117?
5. Why do the raindrops fall from the cloud?
6. Into what places do the raindrops fall?



### A Fishing Trip in Manila Bay

By ZOSIMO PIZARRO

(13 years old)

DID you know that Manila Bay abounds in various kinds of fish? I did not know this until recently, when I was invited by my brother to go on a fishing trip in Manila Bay with some fishermen.

One Saturday night about midnight we started on our fishing trip in a sailing boat. We glided very rapidly over the waters of Manila Bay. I felt a little sea-sick, but soon forgot it while listening to the songs of the fishermen in the boat.

When we arrived near the fish traps, the water was dark. This predicted a good catch of fish. Our net was lowered on the western side of the traps and then pulled to the eastern side. Then the net was raised.

I was very much surprised at the large number of fish we had caught when the net was taken up. The

(Please turn to page 130)

### Making a Health Scrapbook

By BENITO RAMIREZ

(12 years old)

THE pupils in my grade enjoyed making a scrapbook of pictures cut from magazines to illustrate things studied in health.

We divided our scrapbook into sections—Food, Water, Fresh Air and Sunshine, Sleep, Exercise, Cleanliness, Teeth, and Habits of Safety. Then each pupil in the class found in magazines as many pictures as possible which referred to any of these sections. These pictures were cut out of the magazines, brought to school, and pasted in appropriate sections.

We copied sentences from health books and wrote them under the pictures to illustrate them. A few pupils in our class made original rhymes which our teacher thought were good enough to write under some of the pictures.

We talked about the pictures in class. Then we made a set of health rules

### How I Help Mother At Home

By FLORA PONCE

(14 years old)

Do you help your mother when you are at home?

I help my mother every day when I am not in school. When I arrive home from school in the afternoon, I see to it that all our things are in order. I mop the floor, after which I clean the dirty dishes and other kitchen utensils, and then put them in order in the cupboard. After this I help my mother cook our supper. I set the table shortly before suppertime. After doing the dishes that we have used, I study my lessons for the following day.

In the morning I wake up before anybody at home does. I cook our breakfast and set the table while

(Please turn to page 130.)

which we learned from our pictures and our talks in class.

We all enjoyed very much making our health scrapbook.

## FISHING TRIP

*(Continued from page 129)*

fishermen were very happy over this. They said I had brought good luck to them, and they told me they would like to have me go with them always. I thanked them and replied that I would be happy to go with them whenever I could do so.

We hauled in many fish on that trip. They were of different sizes—some were quite large—and most of them we kept. We caught such a large number of fish that we took many of them to the market in Manila, and had a large number besides to take home.

That fishing trip in Manila Bay was very interesting to me. It was educational as well, for I learned the names of different kinds of fishes and learned to recognize them when I saw them.

## HOW I HELP MOTHER

*(Continued from page 129)*

tending the stove. After eating our breakfast, I wash the dishes, and then prepare for school.

At noon I am not of very much help to my mother because I also help my teacher in school after class hours. I can only set the table. After lunch I study my lessons. I clean the

dishes when I arrive home from school in the afternoon.

We are not a well-to-do family, and so on Saturdays I stay at home the whole day washing and starching our clothes, while my mother goes to the Associated Charities for some help. On Sundays I wake up early to attend church services. Upon arriving home from church I clean our house and put things in order. Then I iron the clothes I have washed the day before, while my mother does the cooking and washing of the dishes. In the afternoon when I finish my work early enough, I either go to my teacher's home for a visit or see my friends and play with them. I don't play very much, however, because as we are poor, I have to work more than I have to play. I play only in school.

I am happy this way because I am helping my dear widowed mother, a sick elder brother, and two young sisters and a brother.

## PANTRY

*(Continued from page 118)*

grated rind, and boil it for one-half hour. Pour into glasses or jars, and seal. Lemon marmalade is delicious if served with toast or pancakes.

*(To be continued)*

## WHY THE SALING . . .

*(Continued from page 104)*

detour and flew around the volcano, but the *saling* started across the volcano above the smoke and flame.

But alas! He had misjudged his distance and got so near the volcanic flame that the beautiful tuft of white feathers on his head caught fire and was burned. When he was past the volcano his lovely white crest was gone and his head was bare.

At last the eagle spoke. "My friends," he said, "you have all made a good showing. The parrot and the *saling* have done especially well. Therefore I shall award the prize to both of them."

Many bird-calls were heard in approval of the eagle's decision. The parrot and the *saling*, in the presence of their feathered friends, stood before the eagle, mighty king of all the fowls.

"To you two," said the eagle, "I give the prize of this contest. From this time on, each of you will have the power to learn human speech."

That is why, today, the parrot and the *saling* have learned to imitate the human voice and can be trained to talk.

*(Please turn to page 132.)*



## CHATS with the EDITOR

EVERYBODY likes to receive complimentary letters. The Editor likes to get them, too—when they are letters from our readers telling how they like *The Young Citizen*. If you find something in *The Young Citizen* which you like especially well, or if you like the magazine as a whole, or if you have a suggestion for improvement, why not write the Editor about it?

Of course, suggestions cannot always be put into effect, because there may be reasons which only the Editor knows as to why they cannot be used. But anyway, we appreciate suggestions, or letters telling how you like *The Young Citizen*.

And we do get commendatory—yes, very commendatory—letters from time to time. Here is one which came to me just a few days ago; I shall quote it in part. The correspondent wrote as follows:

"Congratulations for the splendid growth and progress that *The Young Citizen* has made . . . It is the most interesting magazine published for the young citizens of the Philippines, and is just as good as *Child*

*Life*, one of America's foremost magazines for children. I hope that I shall be able to contribute more articles that will be worthy of the high standard of your interesting magazine."

The Editor thanks you, Mr. Campoy, for your letter of appreciation.

Here's another letter—it's a long one. This correspondent wrote: "The Christmas number of *The Young Citizen* is just splendid. I like the picture on the cover. It is typical of the Philippines and of a 'young citizen' of the Philippines.

"And such interesting, and up-lifting, and Christmas-like poems, stories, and articles. Your two pages of material for third grade pupils are especially good. The Christmas poems on page 434 are exceedingly *apropos*, for boys and girls. We received our copies of *The Young Citizen* too late to use them this year, but we are saving our copies on purpose to memorize those poems in December, 1940.

"The story by Mrs. Cruz—'It Is More Blessed to Give than to Receive'—is exactly the right kind of a Christmas story for our

young citizens to read. So are all the other Christmas stories. I like very much the beautiful Christmas song on page 444. We will use that next Christmas also.

"I found *The History of Christmas Day* quite interesting . . . Just one thing more:—your magazine, *The Young Citizen*, has become very outstanding, especially during the year 1939, and I cannot begin to pupils—and our teachers, as well—enjoy this delightful children's magazine."

Well, Mr. Reyes, that is indeed, a complimentary letter, and the Editor appreciates your words of praise. Thank you very much.

We would like to quote from other letters, but space does not permit. We thank the writers for their kind letters, and will be glad to hear from others.

But to change the subject: Just a few more days and the school vacation will be here. Needless to say, the Editor and the Publishers of *The Young Citizen* wish each and all of you a very pleasant and profitable vacation.

—The Editor.

## SUGGESTIONS ON . . .

*(Continued from page 123)*

cause they live near each other in harmony—they do not clash with each other. Blue, blue-violet, and violet and many other combinations are “neighbor” colors.

(2) By “brother” colors we mean those colors which have the same name but are of different shades, as light red, bright red, and very bright red. They are just like brothers—big brother, little brother, and smallest brother. Have you

seen a light-red hibiscus (*yumamela*), a pink one, and a bright-red one? They are examples of “brother” colors.

(3) Colors which stay on opposite sides of the color, like your friend who lives on the opposite side of the river, are “friend” colors. Yellow and blue-violet, for example, are opposite or “friend” colors.

(4) A color may be grouped with the “cousins” of its “friend” color or opposite color. Blue is the friend of orange, while

## WHY THE SALING . . .

*(Continued from page 130)*

But in winning the contest the *saling* unluckily had lost his white crest of feathers. And so from that time his head has been bare.

blue-green and blue-violet are the “cousins” of blue. Therefore, orange may be grouped with blue-green and blue-violet. Other groups of this combination are (a) yellow-green, blue-violet, and red-violet; (b) blue-green, orange, and red-violet; *et cetera*.



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Did you ever do something interesting and worth while? Have you had any experience in doing any of the following: (1) Collecting Philippine Shells, (2) Hunting Turtles, (3) Exploring a Volcano, (4) Catching Sharks, (5) Making an Aquarium, (6) Collecting Postage Stamps, (7) Visiting Famous Churches of the Philippines, (8) Making a Garden, (9) Raising Flowers, (10) Making Candies, (11) Building a Sail Boat, (12) Hunting for Wild Animals, (13) Baking Bread or Cakes, (14) Making Articles of Clothing, (15) Making Articles of Furniture, (16) Visiting the Aquarium in Manila, (17) Collecting Moths and Butterflies, (18) Collecting Interesting Botanical Specimens, (19) Raising Orchids, (20) Visiting Primitive Peoples in the Philippines, or doing many other interesting things.

## WRITE ABOUT IT IN A SHORT COMPOSITION.

Send your composition to *The Young Citizen*.

Each month the Editor of *The Young Citizen* will publish as many of the best compositions as space will permit.

If your composition is accepted for publication, you will become a member of

## **The What-Are-You-Doing? Club.**

The rules for securing membership are simple.

## OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. Write about something interesting which you have done, such as the above titles suggest. Do not write a story which is not true. If your story is accepted, you are a member of the Club.
2. On your composition write your name and address **VERY PLAINLY**.
3. State your age.
4. Tell what you liked best in recent issues of *The Young Citizen*.

Address all letters to:

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**The Uses of**  
**THE YOUNG CITIZEN**

*Approved in Acad. Bull. No. 11, series 1935*

The Director of Education, in his letters of Nov. 4, 1937 and Jan. 14, 1939, indicated the following points:

1. The **YOUNG CITIZEN** is ideal for audience reading, group projects, and the like.
2. The **YOUNG CITIZEN** can be of much help in encouraging reading habits on a voluntary basis.
3. Authority is given for the placing of one or more subscriptions for *every classroom* (including barrio schools) of Grade II and above.
4. In addition to subscriptions for classrooms, several subscriptions may be placed for the library, and one for the Home Economics Building and one for the shop building.
5. The **YOUNG CITIZEN** being the only magazine ever published in the Philippines for children, the Bureau of Education has taken much interest in its development.
6. Subscriptions to magazine intended for pupils should be on full year basis.

*This magazine is published 12 times a year*

**COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.**  
**MANILA**