

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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NO. 5

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From Linoleum Cuts
by gilmo baldovino

[Handwritten signature]

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

The only magazine in the Philippines
published exclusively for boys and girls—

It is read in the best Filipino homes—

Among our subscribers are children of Senator Osmeña, Secretary Quirino, President Bocobo, Under-Secretary Vargas, Dean Francisco Benitez, Judge Manuel Camus, Director Arguelles, and other leading professionals, educators, and businessmen of this country.

Parents should give their children reading matter suitable to young minds—adult papers contain much that is undesirable for boys and girls.


The Young Citizen brings to your homes that which is Philippine for the children of the Philippines.

THE TRIBUNE

MAY 15, 1935

MAYBE

By FEDERICO
MANGAHAS



If you don't mind, we like to say welcome to "The Young Citizen," the latest entry into the field of Philippine journalism designed primarily for the boys and girls. The new young people's monthly carries a picture in color in the cover and has a format that is easy on the eye and even alluring to the growing intelligence. It is attractively illustrated in the manner of the modern civilized books for children. We think it is the first thing of the sort to be locally concocted for local consumption and as such deserves a word of notice from our direction for historical purposes.

From the looks of it, it is not anything hastily gotten up to provide willing space to advertisers who care to be bullied into providing cash for it in the interest of a good cause—in the first and until the second or third issue. A good many contemporary magazine, of justifiably short life are like that—born of the aspiration of some intrepid yearling who liked the looks of the word "editor" appended to his name socially or otherwise.

"The Young Citizen" appears competently edited; we have failed to notice, from first examination any horrifying infantalisms such as are frequently possible in literary efforts to improve infants. Its material is even healthy and edifying without degenerating into soppy pay; we have not detected—as yet—any note of special propaganda for any coterie educational, political, welfare or whatever you have. A surprising thing for a publication intended for people at their most susceptible period. Apparently none of our potential fascists have as yet taken hold of it for purposes of special indoctrination. But don't tell us we are giving some people ideas.

Anyway, we hope "The Young Citizen" will live on to see its readers become adults without being handicapped by arrested emotional development such as afflicts the advanced cases of youthful messiahship. Our ideal is that young citizens should grow up balanced and responsible and properly fortified and we submit that even a magazine if completely handled can help much to pliat the young through the tricky shoals of their most impressionable years with suitable literature of the moment.

Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

Subscribe Today!

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The Young Citizen

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
PUBLISHED MONTHLY • Volume 1 Number 5

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The Message This Month

THE ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER

We discussed the place of character in our community and in our own life career. We also discussed what is a good character. Our discussion to-day deals with the different specific things that make up character.

For example—we know that a house is made up of many things such as cement, wood, bamboo, nipa, iron, and the like. A house has many different rooms, doors, windows, walls, roof, floor, etc. A chair is also made up of different things such as wood, rattan, iron, etc. It has its back, arms, legs, and seat. So character is made up of many things such as honesty, sincerity, truthfulness, obedience, kindness, cooperativeness, fairness, loyalty, helpfulness, goodwill, and many other human characteristics that are acceptable by all peoples at all times.

In the following numbers of our magazine, *The Young Citizen*, we shall discuss one by one these different things that make up a character. For the time being, let us remember that people (Please turn to page 128)

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Every Month

In THE YOUNG CITIZEN you will always find:

Stories

Young people will read again and again—stories that build character, folklore, fanciful stories, and educational stories.

Poems

that the young people of the Philippines love.

Contests and Things-To-Do

Games, puzzles, things to make, cooking, drawing, etc.

Art, History, and Nature Study

Beautiful photographs and entertaining articles and stories which can really entertain and interest young people in these important subjects.

Interesting Features

The Pen and Pencil Circle, which stimulates creative expression; the Hobby Page, which opens the way to new interests and develops initiative; and the Citizenship Page, which instills practical ideals of good citizenship in the boys and girls who tomorrow will be the leaders of the world.

Book Chats

About books and authors young people will be interested in.

Science and Health

Talks on scientific subjects, special recipes and menus, articles on health and sanitation.

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SAYS PEDRING

by M. de G. C.

By my window
of bamboo

As I look out
To the world

I feel like a
Handsome king,

Says Pedring—

Because I see
Beyond the clouds

Way up on top
of Mt. Makiling

A fairy queen
In a palace of glass

By a running brook
on Mt. Makiling,

Says Pedring.

There are acres
Of flowers

By the sweep
Of the hand

To a distance
Your eyes couldn't see,

Says Pedring—

Right where the
Sun shines bright,

And I hear there

Some music you've
Never heard;

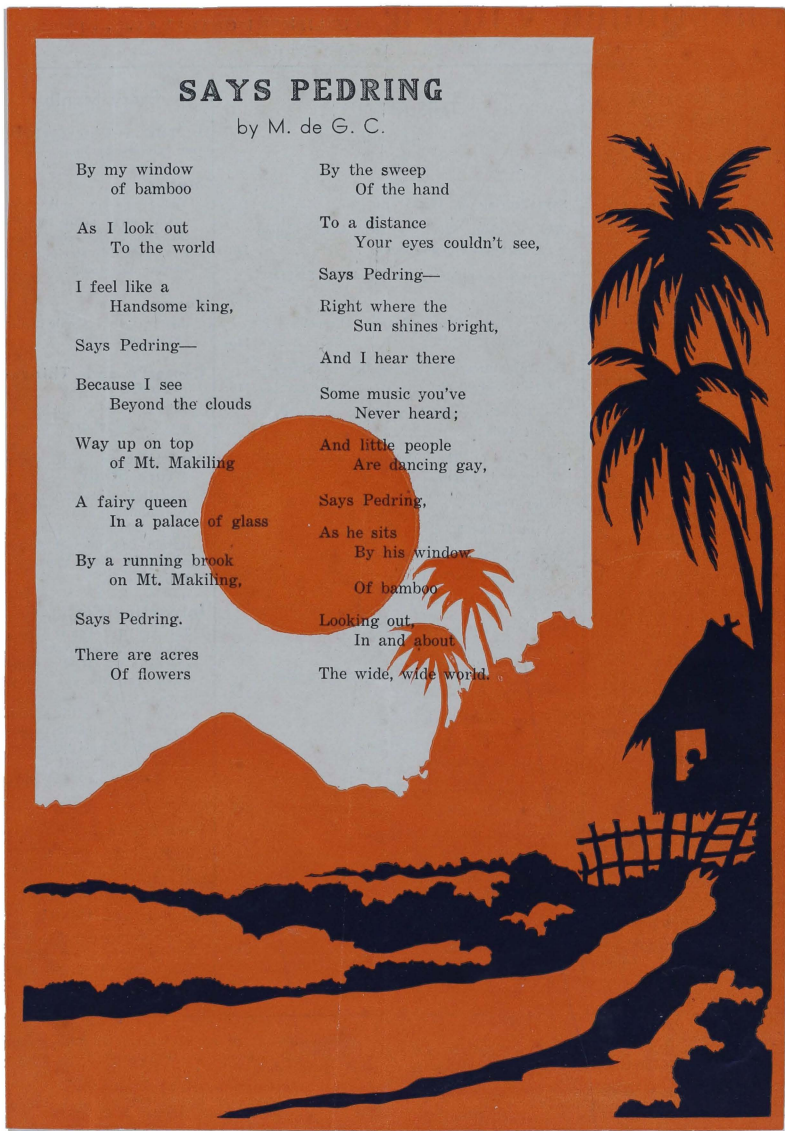
And little people
Are dancing gay,

Says Pedring,

As he sits
By his window
Of bamboo

Looking out,
In and about

The wide, wide world.



How A Class Won The Attendance Banner

(A Story)

by Antonio Muñoz

It was Thursday afternoon when two sixth grade boys, Pedro and Juan were on their way home. They were downhearted for one of their classmates was absent that afternoon. A weekly attendance contest was going on in their school. Every day from Monday of that week to that unlucky Thursday afternoon, their class had one hundred per cent attendance. Their closest rival was the fourth-grade-A class. Martin, a member of the rival class, was their pal. He was obedient and truthful and was honest in all his dealings. The only trouble with him was that he would rather suffer than disappoint a friend. For this weakness, he became the victim of his two good friends.

"What shall we do, Juan?" asked Pedro as they trudged along. "Martin's class will surely get the banner for they will again have a hundred per cent attendance tomorrow."

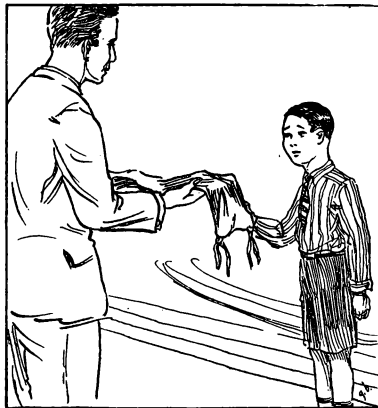
"You need not worry, Pedro," answered Juan, "for I have just thought of a plan which will make our class win the banner in spite of Jose's absence this afternoon."

"What is it? What is your plan?" eagerly asked Pedro.

Juan looked around, and, finding nobody near, said in a low voice, "You know that Martin has a weak stomach. That is why his mother has forbidden him to eat 'pansit'. Martin obeys his mother and the poor fellow has never had a taste of that fine Chinese food although he has heard much about it. As to winning the attendance banner, please give me your ear and I'll whisper the secret to you."

There in the middle of the street, Juan poured into Pedro's ear his plans.

That evening at six o'clock, three boys were eating 'pansit' in Tan Lo's "Pansiteria."



"How do you like it, Martin?" asked one.

"Oh, Juan, it's the best food I have ever eaten!" exclaimed Martin.

"You see, Martin," said the third boy, "it's really nice. Take advantage of this opportunity. This is your first but it may be your last 'pansit' meal. If your mother hears of this, it will be a farewell to dear old 'pansit'. So let us eat as much as we can."

"I think you are right, Pedro," agreed Martin. "Please make another order."

As they went out of the Pansiteria, Martin said, "It seems to me I have a little pain in the stomach and I feel like vomiting."

"You seem to feel that way, for this is the first time you have eaten 'pansit'. Just go to bed and all will be well," Juan advised him.

On Friday afternoon on the front lawn of the school and immediately after the flag ceremony, the principal teacher made the following remarks:

"We have had a hot contest this week. The fourth grade-A class and the sixth grade class were running neck to neck until yesterday afternoon when the latter fell

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Ernesto's Excursion To The Woods

Aunt Julia's True Stories

(Continued)



ERNESTO was eating his breakfast hurriedly. He was taking his milk in big gulps. His father said,

"There is no hurry, son. We have plenty of time. The sun is just rising."

"Yes, Father, but I should like to see the nests of different birds and I want to see little ones. There is that beautiful yellow bird again!" Ernesto exclaimed.

"As I told you" the father began, "that black and yellow bird is called the kuliawan or oriole. It is a favorite pet and is kept in a pretty cage in many a home. Why, do you think, is it much liked?"

"Because of its beautiful colors," Ernesto answered quickly, "and its sweet voice," he added.

"And it sings continuously. It is happiest when it is a father or about to be. We shall try to locate its nest."

Father and son walked toward the big mango tree where the kuliawan disappeared. After straining their eyes for a while, Ernesto exclaimed:

"There, there is the kuliawan perched on that branch."

"Not far from him we shall find the nest," his father said.

Sure enough. Hanging from a small twig was a pocket-like nest of grass. On it was seated Mrs. Kuliawan, her black head and black tail and golden back visible between the branches. As the nest swayed in the breeze, Ernesto asked,

"Don't you think it will fall, Father?"

"No, the nest is tied to the twig with strong blades of grass that are woven into the nest. It is built far out at the end of a small twig so that it cannot be reached by cats, owls, and snakes which eat baby orioles."

"What do the baby orioles eat? My classmate who has a pet bird feeds it with bananas."

"The baby orioles eat worms and flies. They have a strong appetite. They continuously scream and clamor for food. So the father and mother orioles have to work hard all day hunting for worms and flies."



Ernesto's father stopped and motioned to Ernesto to keep quiet. Mr. Oriole's song filled the woods.

When the last notes of Mr. Kuliawan's song died out, Ernesto said,

"Birds are wonderful animals, aren't they, Father?"

(Please turn to page 133)

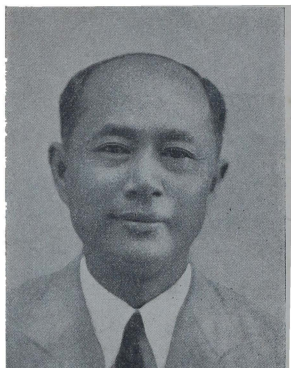
When They Were Young--

LEOPOLDO R. AGUINALDO

OF course you must know who is our great Merchant Prince whose department store is one great big festive display. In his Merchant Palace mother and father purchase all those attractive articles for their boys and girls and for other members of their family. And yet, our great merchant prince, Leopoldo R. Aguinaldo was once a poor boy like a good many of us. He was born in Sta. Cruz, Manila, on November 15, 1885. There were eleven children in the family. During little Leopoldo's boyhood days he never knew what it felt like to wear shoes. Why, shoes would have been a luxury for such a large family!

He attended the Colegio de la Convencion de la Cruz. But there were also days when the boy found it necessary to earn some money. He was always extremely eager to be out and doing something; and he liked to be wherever something was going on. He says that on *Occupation Day* he found himself right in the middle of the street where a large number of Americans were. Although in the very midst of it all, he thought he was missing far too much. He quickly ran into the nearest church, climbed the tower and there he saw the whole event from a "gallery seat". It sounds just like a motion picture story to hear Mr. L. R. Aguinaldo tell about it today.

When not attending school he managed to earn money by peddling rice sweets and other things. He also sold the newspaper, *Cable-News American*, on the streets of Manila. Wherever Americans could be found, homes, offices, barracks, there is where Leopoldo would be hustling around—selling, selling, selling—never missing a chance. But Leopoldo's father wanted his son to return to school. Father Aguinaldo was of a very serious and very strict nature. Sometimes it seemed to Leopoldo



that "father" entirely forgot that his boy might like to take a swim in the Pasig. Didn't the Americans' often quote an old proverb "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?" Surely no one worked harder than the Americans but certainly they played when it was time to play. Thus Leopoldo was placed in the *Liceo de Manila* as a working student. He lived through many full days of doing household work in the school and attending classes—from five o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. And somewhere before or after these hours he had to find time to study his lessons. No, it was not such a happy life. He would rather sell all kinds of things and with it have the pleasure of meeting all kinds of people.

Upon reaching young manhood his father sent him to Japan to be educated in civil engineering. But as soon as Leopoldo had mastered the Japanese language he chose to study textile engineering, which interested him much more. Then when young Leopoldo Aguinaldo returned to the Philippines he allowed nothing to stand in his way in his business plans. Throughout the first years he went into a variety of business ventures. All of them brought a certain number of discouraging experiences. And yet L. R. (that is what everybody began calling him) never gave up.

(Please turn to page 126)



Chapter three

PLEASANT DREAMS

THAT night of Good Friday, Tonio slept little. His light slumber was nothing but a series of dreams. He dreamed of strange beings that lived in mountain caves, in hollows of trees, and in great mounds which people of book-learning called ant hills. He dreamed of being befriended by a tiny man who talked and behaved like an adult but who looked like a chubby and dimpled newly-born baby. He recalled the stories his *Lolo* had told him about the *tianak*, a mischievous creature of the woods whose amusement was to waylay people. The *tianak* would lead a person to take a long roundabout path which led him nowhere. At sundown, he would find himself at the place where he started, hungry and worn-out. It was only then that he would realize his having been the victim of a *tianak's* trick. As a climax to his exasperation, he would hear the loud burst of laughter of the highly-amused *tianak*. If he was wise, he would remove his clothes and put them on again wrong side out. He would then easily find the right path homeward.

But in Tonio's dream, the *tianak* played him no tricks. On the contrary, it led him through the shady woods, along a laughing brook on both sides of which bloomed lovely flowers, and on into a long underground road which opened into a

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Peña
•

large orchard of different kinds of fruit trees. At the middle of the orchard rose a stately mansion like one of those he saw not far from the Philippine General Hospital. While the ones he saw in his waking hours looked forbidding, so much so that he never dared knock at their gates for alms, the one he saw in his dreams appeared inviting. There were no "Beware of the Dog" signs to drive him away. On the porch stood a beautiful woman with outstretched arms as if ready to embrace him. He, who had never tasted a mother's love and care, suddenly felt a great longing to throw himself into the woman's bosom. Just as he was about to rush toward the woman, he felt being held back and pulled away. He heard his name called and, opening eyes, he saw his *Lolo* seated beside him.

"O *Lolo*," he exclaimed in a reproachful tone, "why did you awaken me? I wanted to know her."

"What are you talking about? Have you been dreaming, my boy?"

"Yes, *Lolo*, it was a dream. But she cannot be a dream, so beautiful and good. Love and kindness shone on her face. And she seemed to want me so much."

Tonio related to the bewildered old man his long and pleasant dream. He sighed sadly as he ended it with a description of the woman of the mansion.

The old man remained silent for a while. Then he said slowly and reverently,

"God will perhaps lead you to your mother before long."

"Isn't my mother dead?" Tonio gasped.

"I don't believe so. Do not ask any more questions, my boy. When you are older, I'll tell you the story of your life. Meanwhile, we shall await the will of heaven. Run to the bakery now and get some hot rolls."

Always quick to obey, Tonio got up and ran all the way to the bakery. But the picture of the woman he had seen in his dream seemed to be always before him. He felt sure he would recognize her if he met her in life.

At breakfast the old man announced his plan of staying at home, that day being Saturday before Easter.

"We must rest today," Lolo said. "God is still dead."

"Do you mean He is really dead today, Lolo?"

Before the old man could answer, they heard the peals of the distant bells. The old man stood up, held Tonio under the chin and on the nape of the neck, and lifted him from the floor.

The astonished boy blurted, "Why, why, Lolo."

"Never mind now. I'll tell you by and by. Run to the yard and shake the coconut palm."

Tonio rushed to the ground and shook the palm with all his might. When the sounds of the bells died out, the old man called out for Tonio to stop and come up.

"Now, Lolo," Tonio begged breathlessly.

The old man spoke in a solemn voice,

"Lifting a child at the ringing of the bells on *Sabado de Gloria* will hasten his growth. Shaking a tree will cause it to bear fruit plentifully."

Tonio listened with awe. His *Lolo's* stories and teachings would seem queer to others, but to him they were wise. He, therefore, not only loved the old man, but respected and revered him.

After mopping the bamboo floor of their *kubo*, Tonio got the fishing basket from the hook on the bamboo beam and asked his *Lolo* to let him go to the beach for mussels.

"We can have boiled *paros* for lunch. The rest can be salted and sold." Tonio said as he prepared to go.



"Be careful, *hijo*, not to go to the deep water. And do not get yourself into trouble with the beach ragamuffins."

Tonio slung the basket on his waist and left.

(What was the story of Tonio's life? Would he ever find his mother? Do you know what exciting lives children of the sea have? Read the succeeding chapters of "The Adventures of a Beggar Boy" in the coming numbers of *The Young Citizen*.)

THE BOY WHO WOULD BE A HERO

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

by Aunt Julia

LITTLE Ikeng had been listening to stories about heroes. His mother had been telling him stories about brave boys. As he lay on bed one night, he thought of boys like Peter, who stopped the leak on the dyke and Nahum, who served his country by shoeing horses. Ikeng wanted to be a hero too. He wanted a chance to show his bravery.

At midnight he was awakened by the sound of creaking hinges. It came from the direction of his kitchen.

"A burglar!" Ikeng said to himself.

He wanted to call out for his father, who was in the next room, but.....

"Ah, I must show my mother that I am just as brave as the boys she tells me about." He thought.

Ikeng sat up. He heard a sound as of a door being pushed. Then the click of silver.

"Oh! the robber wants to get our silver ware in the cupboard. What must I do?"

Then he thought of his father's cane. If he could get it, he would crawl to the kitchen. He would strike the burglar on the leg. The bad man would perhaps fall and

then the other people in the house would awake. But the cane was in his father's room.

The burglar would have time to get away. A happy thought flashed in his mind. He remembered having set the rat trap in the cupboard. If the burglar would put his arm in the cupboard to get the spoons, he might get himself caught.

"Snap!" came the startling sound from the kitchen.

Ikeng jumped out of bed and rushed out of the room.

"Father, Mother!" he cried. "I caught a burglar."

Everybody ran to the kitchen. His father

turned on the lights. Ikeng was standing near the cupboard. There was nobody else in the place. With a baffled look, Ikeng exclaimed.

"He was here. I heard him open the door. I heard him feel for the spoons."

His father opened the cupboard. He got the trap and held it up. A big rat was hanging from it.

"A rat!" Ikeng sobbed and ran to his mother.

"Never mind, my boy," she said stroking his hair. "I understand. Just the same, you are Mother's little hero."





THE CARABAO~THE FARMER'S FRIEND AND HELPER

by A. Litonjua

WHEN you see a carabao bathing in a muddy hole in the countryside, think of the many years it took its ancestors to travel from their earliest home in north-eastern India to the Philippines. From India they journeyed first through south-western and southern China. Then they went on Chinese boats called junks to the southern and southeastern countries of Asia. They made their homes in Siam, the Malay States, Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines. Others went westward from India. They made their way to swampy lands of southern Europe.

Some writers tell us that the carabao was introduced as early as the year 600 into Italy. Today carabaos plow the small fields of the farmers outside Naples, a big city in Italy. From Hawaii the ancestors of our carabaos went to Brazil and other countries of South America. In these tropical countries as elsewhere, they give milk to the people and they pull their heavy loads.

It is interesting to know the different names other countries give to this animal. The English name for the carabao is water buffalo. In Malaysia the people call it *kerbau*; in China, *niu*; and in India, *arnee*.

The carabao lives best in hot places with much rain. In fact, it loves to stay in the rain for hours. You and I cannot stay in the river four or five hours everyday without getting sick. The carabao can. You have heard that a duck likes to swim and

dive in pools and streams. But a duck cannot beat the carabao when it comes to bathing. The longer a carabao wallows in the water, the better he feels. It never gets sick from long and frequent baths because it has a very thick skin with very little hair on.

The carabao's skin has very few sweat glands. This means that a carabao sweats very little. After staying three or four hours in the sun, the carabao has to drench itself in some water hole. If it stays longer in the heat, it becomes restless and easily angered. It may even go mad. We sometimes read in the newspapers of crazed carabaos who run wildly along the fields and kill people. The heat makes them that way.

But when the carabao is well-cared for and treated right, it is a very friendly and useful animal. It plows the fields before rice planting. After the rice harvest it helps in the threshing.

The female carabaos are kept for the milk it gives and for breeding. The male carabaos or bulls are used for pulling sleds and carts and for plowing and harrowing.

The milk of the carabao is said to be richer in body-building contents than the ordinary cow's milk.

The carabao then is one of our best animal friends. It is one of the most useful helpers of a farmer. That is why we should be kind to it.

Shirley Temple

Scrapbook Contest

THE Lyric Theatre takes great pleasure in announcing to the public that it will hold a Shirley Temple Scrapbook contest during its exhibition of the "Little Colonel".

Now is your chance to win a prize for collecting Shirley Temple pictures and pasting them in a scrapbook. It is easy. All that you have to do is follow these simple rules:

Gather as many pictures of Shirley Temple as you can from magazines, newspapers, programs, etc.

Paste them nicely in a scrapbook.

Write a short remark of not more than 100 words on "HOW AND WHY I LIKE SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN THE LITTLE COLONEL."

Paste this write-up or write it on the two center pages of your scrapbook.

Send your scrapbook to the Contest Editor, Lyric Theatre, Escolta, Manila, not later than the last day of the exhibition of the "Little Colonel." (Watch the newspapers for the date.)

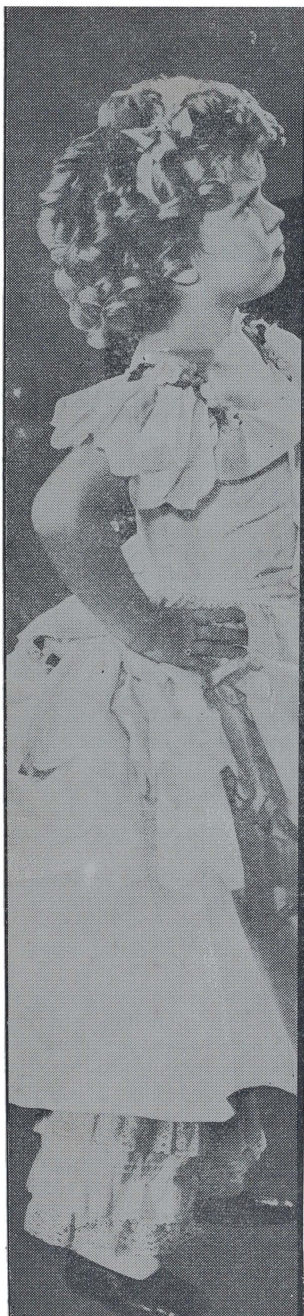
Prize winners will be announced on all newspapers and on the bulletin boards at the lobby of the Lyric Theatre on the next day following the last day of exhibition of "Little Colonel".

The prizes to be given are as follows: First prize, P15; second, P10.00; third, P5.00; and one free ticket, good for two persons each, will be given to each of the next 7 best scrapbooks. These tickets are good for admission for the next Fox Picture to be shown at the Lyric Theatre.

The neatest scrapbook of all wins a Shirley Temple Doll.

Get busy NOW. START your collection TODAY. Don't forget! The best and neatest scrapbook containing the most complete collection of pictures and different

(Please turn to page 126)



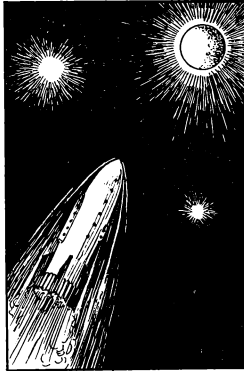
A VISIT TO THE MOON

YOU have heard about voyages to the bottom of the sea. You have read about voyages to the poles and journeys to mountain peaks, through dense tropical forests, and across pathless deserts. How would you like to think of a visit to the moon?

If we were to go to the moon, we would have to make the trip in a rocket. It would have to run about seven miles per second at the beginning to overcome the pulling force of the earth. This means that at the twinkling of an eye we must cover a distance of about eleven kilometers. Going at the rate of a mile per second or almost a hundred kilometers per hour afterward, we should reach the moon in two days.

Our earth is so beautiful because of the colors produced by the atmosphere such as the oranges and reds of sunrise and sunset, the purple and gray of twilight, the blue sky of full day. Our rocket would carry us in a few seconds beyond the atmosphere, the air and dust and clouds that surround the earth. We would then find the sky above us suddenly turn black while the moon before us perfectly clear. Because there is no atmosphere on the moon, there are only two colors—sunshine and shadow, white and black; everything in the sunshine is white, everything else black.

The moon is much smaller than the earth and, therefore, exerts a much smaller gravitational pull. Because of this condition, we can carry big loads which we cannot carry while on earth. As our bodies weigh almost nothing, we can jump to great



heights, as high as 36 feet. A broad jumper can cover a distance of 120 feet.

For lack of an atmosphere, there is no air pressure at all on the moon. Hence, water boils at a very low temperature and water evaporates very quickly. We must, therefore, guard our drinking-water from evaporation. Otherwise, we have to go without it.

Would you enjoy a walk in a place where there are no plants, animals, or men?

The moon is such a dead world, just a great mirror reflecting the sun's beams down to us. I could hear your sigh of disappointment as you say, "Then it is not worth all the trouble."

There is another reason why you would not find your journey on the surface of the moon enjoyable. You have seen hard pieces of rocky or metallic substance fall on our earth. They are commonly called shooting-stars. They rarely cause damage on earth because their fall is checked by the atmosphere. In the absence of atmosphere on the moon, the explorers on it would be under a continuous hail of fire from the meteors from the outer space.

Changes of temperature on the moon are violent. In case of an eclipse to shut off the sun from the moon, its heat which is greater than that on the equator will suddenly give place to a cold more intense than anything known on earth. This condition is again due to lack of an atmosphere that can store up warmth and to the volcanic ash on its surface which is a very poor conductor of heat.

Note. This article is based on a work of Sir James H. Jeans, one of the foremost living astronomers.

WHY THE NEGRITOS HAVE FLAT NOSES

A LEGEND—By Antonio C. Muñoz

ONCE upon a time all the people in the world had no noses. Everyone had only two small holes in his face where the air passed through when he breathed. Of course the people did not care whether they had noses or not. There was no one among them who possessed or had ever possessed such a thing.

One night, one of them dreamed that he saw a man. The man in his dream looked so different from himself and from all the men in the neighborhood that he studied the vision very carefully. At last he found out that it was the nose that made the great difference. In his dream, he asked the man where he got the projecting part of his face. The man told him that he prayed to the Spirit for a gift, and that was the gift he got. "It is called a nose," the man said.

"That surely looks good!" the dreamer exclaimed. "I am going to pray too so that the Spirit will send me a gift."

But he woke up before he could begin to pray. He touched his face. It was smooth and bare. There was no nose there.

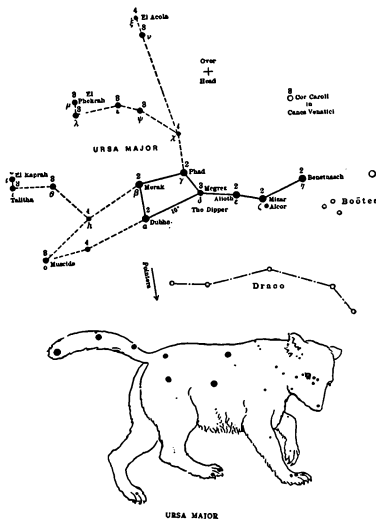
In the morning, he told all that he met about the man in his dream and how the latter got his nose. A week later, everybody was informed of the man's dream. They decided to pray together so that they would also have noses.

Their prayer was heard, for on the next day, a big boat came loaded with noses. When everybody had one, the ship sailed away to distribute the rest to the people in the other parts of the world.

As the first distribution was made in Europe and Western Asia, the people there got those on top. Consequently they were well-shaped. The last distribution was made in the Philippines. Most of the noses were flat due to the pressure of the weight of the other noses in the upper layers be-

THE SKY AND THE STARS

Ursa Major, the Greater Bear



URSA Major, or the Greater Bear, is the most easily recognized and the most widely known of all the constellations. It can be seen in the northern sky the greater part of the year. Seven stars of this group form the Big Dipper. Two stars called the Pointers point to the north star.

People in different parts of the world tell different stories about this constellation, but most of them refer to it as the Bear. The people of ancient Greece had several legends about it. One legend tells us that this constellation was once a beautiful nymph named Callisto. Because of her great beauty, Juno, the queen of the goddesses, became jealous of her. Fearing that Callisto might be hurt by Juno, Jupiter, the

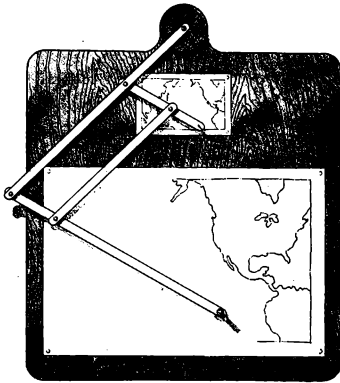
(Please turn to page 129)

fore the first distribution was made. Some of the Filipinos who lived on the lowlands got well-shaped noses but the Negritos who came last received those at the bottom. That is why the Negritos have flat noses.

HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by

GILMO BALDOVINO



The arms of the pantograph should be made of straight-grained hardwood such as narra or ipil. In making the arms, you must follow the sizes and distances of the rivets or screws as indicated so as to make the pantograph exact. The point A is made of a 1 inch brad or nail, rounded off so that it will not scratch the original drawing. The pencil holder is held by a metal eraser-tip. Its attachment is shown in the plan.

The operation of a pantograph is very simple. Guide point A over the lines of the original drawing and the pencil will mark out the enlarged picture by its own weight.

Children, you will find it a great fun to enlarge maps and comics with this device, especially when you color the enlarged copy afterwards.

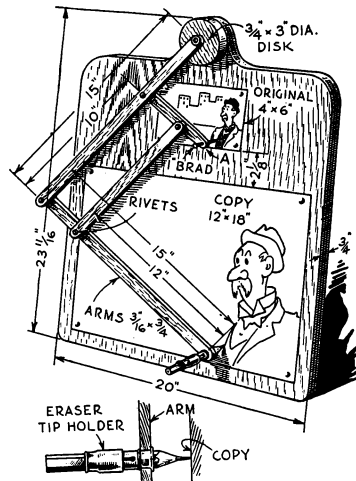
Children's Pantograph

For Copying Maps and Comics

CHILDREN, have you ever seen a pantograph before? And do you know the use of it?

The picture above is an illustration of a simple pantograph. Its use is to enlarge maps and comic drawings. It can enlarge a 4 by 6 inches picture to 12 by 18 inches.

To construct this pantograph, the first thing to do is to cut the base (preferably of plywood or any soft wood as Red pine) to the size as indicated in the plan. Then smooth it with sandpaper. Make a hub of 3 inches in diameter by $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick and fasten it at the top of the base.



Our National Flag: Its History And Meaning

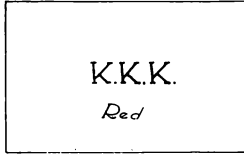


Fig. 1. The Katipunan War Standard
History of the Flag

DURING the rule of Spain, our forefathers had many troubles with the government. They were forced to work for Spanish officials. They were made to pay tribute. They were given very little freedom. These troubles caused them to fight against the Spanish government. In these contests against the government, our forefathers used several flags to represent different parts of the country. But none of these flags stood for the Philippines as a nation.

The first flag intended to represent the whole nation was called the Katipunan War Standard. It consisted of a red rectangular field with three K's arranged in a row at the center. These letters stood for the "Kataastaasa't Kagalangalang na Katipunan ng Mga Anak ng Bayan" (Highest and Most Venerable Association of the Sons of the Country). See Figure 1. This flag was used by the members of the *Katipunan* in its secret meetings. It was also the flag that was used in the first general uprising against the Spanish government.

The first official change to this flag was made shortly after the Philippine revolution broke out. In place of the three K's in the middle of the red rectangular field, a sun with eight rays was substituted. In the center of the sun was placed the letter **I** (K in Tagalog script). See Figure 2. The sun stood for the "rising liberty" of the nation. The K in

by Exequiel Villacorta
Tagalog script stood for Katipunan, and the eight rays stood for the eight provinces that first fought against Spain.

During the revolution, General Gregorio del Pilar, the hero of Tila Pass, made a flag for his battalion. The general outline of this flag was similar to that of the flag of Cuba which was at that time also trying to free itself from Spanish rule. It consisted

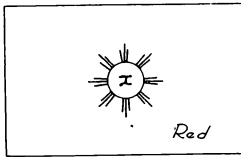


Fig. 2. The First Philippine Flag

of a rectangular field with a blue triangle close to the staff. The upper part was red, while the lower part was black. See Figure 3. Blue stood for justice, red for war, and black for death.

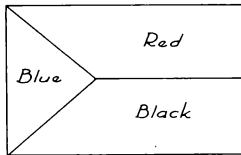


Fig. 3. Del Pilar's Tri-color Flag

Our first official flag (Fig. 2) was hauled down after the Pact of Biak-na-bato was signed. According to this pact, the Filipino revolutionary leaders were to live outside the country.

But it became clear that the Spanish government did not mean to live up to its promises. So, the Filipino revolutionary leaders returned to the Philippines to continue the fight. They brought with them a new flag, the

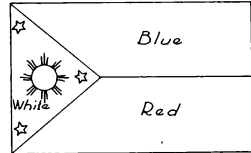


Fig. 4. The Present Philippine Flag

present National flag. It consisted of a white triangle, an upper red stripe, and a lower blue stripe. In the triangle is a gold sun with eight rays. In each corner of the triangle is a five-pointed star. See Figure 4.

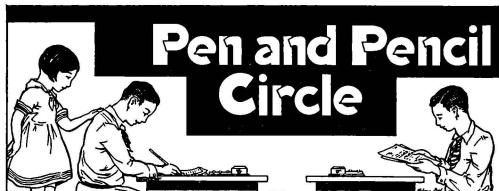
The different colors and designs in our flag have different meanings. The red stands for Filipino courage that is second to none; it also stands for our blood which we are willing to shed in defense of our country. The blue stands for justice which we promise to uphold. The white stands for peace and the purity and sincerity of our actions. The three five-pointed stars stand for the three great divisions of the Philippine Islands, Luzon, Visayas, and Mindanao. The sun stands for liberty, and the eight rays represent the eight provinces that first revolted against Spain.

Significance of the Flag

Why is it that as soon as we see our flag floating in the air, we feel a thrill running through our veins? why does the mere sight of it make us forget our failures and we begin to put on more courage? Why do we lift our hats to it when it is carried in a parade? Why do we salute it when it is raised to, or lowered from, a staff? Why do we select the highest pedestal for our flag?

No man, either living or dead, has received such an honor. Is it because it has beautiful designs and attractive colors? Men may

(Please turn to page 133)



16 Arqueros
Tondo, Manila
May 7, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am Nora Cruz. I am in grade four. I am fond of reading magazines including "The Young Citizen".

I should like to make friends with another girl in grade four.

Your little friend,
Nora Cruz

Who wants to exchange letters with Nora Cruz? Send your letter to Nora or to Aunt Alma.

May 16, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma,

I am six years old. I am in the second grade. My name is Florida Pineda.

I read the *Young Citizen*. The best story I have read is the Adventures of a Beggar Boy.

Your friend,
Florida

Dear Florida,

You must be a bright girl if you can read magazines at your age. You will always find some easy stories in "The Young Citizen" for children of your age.

Aunt Alma

16 Arqueros
Tondo, Manila
May 17, 1935

Dear Aunt Alma,

I took my March copy of "The Young Citizen" to school. The VI A-1 pupils solved the crossword puzzle. They enjoyed it very much. So, many sent their letters of subscription to the editor at once.

Your friend,
Irma Pineda

Dear Irma:

Thank you for helping us obtain subscriptions. Tell me more about what your classmates say about "The Young Citizen." If your classmates have interesting stories, ask them to send the stories to me that other children can read them.

Aunt Alma



Passay, Rizal
May 5, 1935

My dear Aunt Alma:

I am Pilaring, a little more than eight years old. I have three other sisters and I am the oldest of all. I had a brother but died when he was four months old.

I am studying in the Pasay Central School and when school opens in June I will be third grade. I always study my lessons so my teacher likes me very much.

When I come home from school I help my mother in her work and after that I play a little. I like very much to play with my smallest sister who is about eleven months old.

My father subscribed for me for this magazine and when school opens next June, I will show it to my classmates and tell them to ask their fathers to send you their subscriptions. Maybe they like it because there are so many things to learn in this magazine that will help us in our lessons.

I am sending you a snapshot of myself with my sister. I am the one on the left.

This is all and I hope you are not getting tired of reading this long letter.

Your friend,
Pilar P. Gallardo
Grade III, Pasay
Central School, Pasay.

Dear Pilaring,

Thank you for the letter and the snapshot. I am sure you will grow up to be a fine young woman if you are such a helpful girl.

Ask your teacher to let you read some stories from "The Young Citizen". Let me know what your classmates say about them.

Aunt Alma

Children:

Have you had a trip on a big boat? Betty Albear gives an interesting account of her trip to Zamboanga. Read her letter.

Aunt Alma

Dear Aunt Alma:

I want to tell you of my round trip on the Mayon. Last Tuesday afternoon my Mamma, my daddy, my sister, my brother and myself left Manila at 2 o'clock. whom do you suppose I met on board the ship? Tomy Quirino and his mother. They also took a round trip. We arrived at Iloilo before noon the next day. We took a car and went around at

Iloilo. And at 12:30 we took our lunch at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Lopez. After lunch Mrs. Lopez took us to the show. We left Iloilo at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning we arrived at Zamboanga at 7: o'clock. The moro boys met the boat in their Vintas. They were naked. They asked for some money and we threw pennies to the water and they dived for them. My Aunt met us and she took us around. We went to San Ramon Penal Colony and also to the Pasonanca. We went also to the Moro Village and to the coconut factory.

We sailed at 5 o'clock for Cebu. We arrived at Cebu at 8 o'clock the following morning. My daddy's friend met us, and took us around Cebu. Then we left Cebu at 10: o'clock at night. Next morning we arrived again at Iloilo. Then we sailed at 2:00 o'clock for Manila. We arrived this morning. We enjoyed our trip. I like Zamboanga better. Then Cebu and Iloilo because it is cooler. Besides an orchestra met our boat.

Your friend,

Betty Alvear
Grade V, St. Joseph's
Academy

Dear Betty:

Thank you for the interesting story of your trip to Iloilo, Zamboanga, and Cebu. I am sure the readers enjoy it. Very few children are as fortunate as you are. They will surely want to hear more about your trip. Did you not get seasick? Don't you have some pictures?

Aunt Alma

THE STORY OF A DISOBEDIENT BOY

Once there was a boy whose name was Gildo. He was disobedient and disrespectful to his mother and his elders.

One day Aling Mameng, his mother, said,

"Gildo, you are old enough to work. Go out and harrow the field."

With a frowning face, Gildo went out. His mother prepared special dishes for Gildo. At noon she took lunch to the field. Gildo was nowhere to be seen. The ground had not been touched at all. The carabao was wandering in the field. Gildo was sleeping under a tree.

Aling Mameng was so angry that she cursed Gildo. "Since you do not like to work, you shall be a cripple," she said, making the sign of the cross.

Gildo became a useless cripple. His whole body trembled and twisted when he walked. After taking a few steps, he would look up, open his mouth in an ugly grin, and produce sounds like those of a monkey.

By Estrella Reyes, VI-B
Zurbaran Elementary School,
Manila

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A VALEDICTORIAN

I was embroidering a tablecloth when a boy entered the sewing room. He told the sewing teacher that I was wanted by our teacher in charge. He told me that I was the valedictorian of the class 1935. My heart was so full of joy that my feet seemed to be very light. As I worked on the tablecloth that I was making, I smiled once in a while. My classmates asked me why I was smiling to myself, but I could not talk.

When we were dismissed, I wanted to reach my home in two steps. My parents were very nappy when they learned that I was the valedictorian.

Before class the next morning, the children gathered around me to congratulate me. When we went to the room, the teachers congratulated me, too. I was very, very happy.

My relatives were proud of me. My aunt who is a school principal sent me a bracelet as a gift. She told me that I must try to graduate from the high school with honors. I will try to work very hard in order not to disappoint my parents, my teachers, and my relatives. I am thankful to God for the reward of all my struggles.

Juliana Enriquez
Rizal Elementary School,
Manila

When They Were Young

(Continued from page 115)

He kept venturing forth. Surely, because of this perseverance, the boy who once peddled rice sweets and newspapers now sells ₱2,000,000 worth of goods a year! And he says he would be willing to start all over again right now if anything happened. "I don't forget," he says, "that there are still typhoons and earthquakes and other unexpected events."

In spite of his money and his large enterprises he does not sit around doing nothing. He keeps himself busy every minute while in his store. But here is a secret—he still loves to swim. Sometimes he does stop for just a minute at his office window to recall the days when he used to sell newspapers on the streets below or when he used to run off for a good swim in the Pasig.

Shirley Temple

(Continued from page 120)

poses of Shirley Temple, and with the best write-up on the "Little Colonel", WINS.

The judges to this contest are the following: Mrs. I. S. Reyes of the Herald; Mr. D. L. Brodt of the Tribune; Mr. Hal Lynn of the Bulletin; Mrs. Sofa de Veyra; Miss Elisabeth Latsch, Business Manager of *The Young Citizen*; and Mr. H. J. Sarzin, General Manager of the Lyric Theatre.



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS— OVERNIGHT CAMPING IN ANTIPOLO

by Fernando Pimentel



AM going to relate to you the story of my experience which I have just had in an overnight camping with Troop 64, Sta. Ana Catholic School, in Antipolo. To tell you the truth, there is nothing so thrilling and exciting, as well as interesting than enjoying life, even for just one whole day and night like we did, in the mountains.

On May 24, Friday, after providing ourselves with food and camping equipment, (consisting only of 5 tents, 16 blankets, a First Aid Kit, used in case of emergency, and a hatchet, for cutting wood), we started by taking a bus to Antipolo where we planned our overnight camping somewhere around the mountains surrounding the *Hinulugan Tak-Tak*. Everybody was in full uniform and each of my scouts carried his staff to use in climbing the mountains. We enjoyed the trip to Antipolo more than we expected. During the whole trip we sang and cheered to the extent of losing our voices.

We reached Antipolo forty-five minutes later, and immediately upon arriving, proceeded to the Church to hear Mass. After Mass was over, we decided to walk around the streets of the town, which were full of pedestrians. We observed many "tiendas", such as fruits, clothes, and others around the church.

After walking for two hours around the town, we decided that it was time for us to hike to our camping place, the *Hinulugan Tak-Tak*, which, according to William, my assistant, was twenty minutes walk from Antipolo. We, however, took more time than William had estimated, on account of the interesting sights and because of the stop-overs we made during

the hike, studying different plants and trees.

We carefully searched for a suitable camping place and I received several opinions and suggestions from my scouts as to the kind of place we were to select. I finally suggested a spot a few yards from where we stood. My suggestion was accepted.

It took us more than ten minutes to climb the mountain, due to the muddy road. We then got busy pitching our tents and clearing out some bushes so as to have more room for our gathering place. When we had finished the work, I requested five scouts to get some dry wood for building a fire for cooking. While these scouts were busy cutting dry wood, William, two patrol leaders and I, were also busy preparing the food. The rest of my scouts were told to build an additional tent with one of our blankets, as we had only five tents pitched and we lacked one more to accommodate all of us.

Lunch was prepared and served at about 12:15 o'clock, to the satisfaction of all my scouts. They all praised our ability to cook such food as we had prepared that noon. The food consisted of rice, fried fish—bought in Antipolo—beef steak with onions, and mangoes.

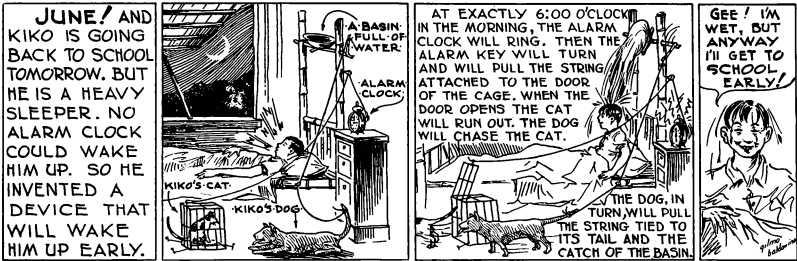
After lunch was over, games were played. The most interesting game played that noon was "In the Pond". This game is very popular among scouts.

After playing two games, we then went around the mountain exploring and picking fruits to eat. We had already gathered many different kinds of fruits, when we went down the mountain to the falls to

(Please turn to page 133)

KIKO'S ADVENTURES—Funny Invention

by Gilmo Baldovino



LEARNING TO USE NEW EXPRESSIONS

(look for, lost, found)

Read the dialog. Remember the use of the words printed in *italics*.

Ana.—What are you *looking for*, Maria? Have you *lost* anything?

Maria.—I have *misplaced* my fountain pen. I wonder if somebody has taken it *by mistake*.

Ana.—What kind is it? I shall help you *look for* it.

Maria.—It is jade green. I have my name engraved on it.

Jose (approaching the girls).—You look worried, girls. Can I be of help?

Maria.—I *lost* my fountain pen. I must have *dropped* it on the ground. It is not anywhere in the room.

Jose.—Is this it? (holding up a fountain pen.)

Maria.—That is it. Where did you *find* it?

Jose.—I *found* it at the foot of the stairs.

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS IN COMPLETE SENTENCES.

What did Maria lose?

Who helped her look for it?

Did they find it in the room?

Who found it?

Where did he find it?

Fill the blanks with the correct expressions. (find, found, lost, looked for, dropped, look for.)

One day I _____ my arithmetic book.

I _____ it in the drawers and desks.

I could not _____ it. My sister helped me

_____ it, but she could not _____ it.

My brother came in with the book.

He _____ it on the ground beneath the

window. The baby must have played with it and _____ it.

(See answers on page 132)

The Elements of Character

(Continued from page 111)

consider us good men and women if we are honest, sincere, kind, obedient, truthful, cooperative, and the like. However, our being good or being bad does not depend upon what people think about us but rather, upon what we really are. If we try to be honest, let us be honest not because we want the people to think we are honest, but because we really want to be honest. Thus we see that good character has its roots not from the surface—our actions that people can see and our words that people can hear; but from within—our thoughts, ideals, and motives in life. Good character grows and bears fruit not from the outward activities; but from the inner and spiritual urge and yearnings of life.

—I. Panlasigui

MISSING PAGE/PAGES



BOYS and GIRLS

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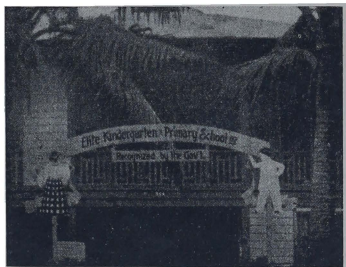
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LETTER FROM SON OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Imagine here is a letter written by a little boy in 1859! Abraham Lincoln's little son Willie who was then eight years old wrote to his friend all about the things he found in the big city of Chicago. The letter is addressed to Henry Remann at Springfield. It runs:

"Dear Henry,

"This town is a very beautiful place. Me and father went to two theatres the other night. Me and father have a nice little room to ourselves. We have two little pitchers on a wash-stand. The smallest one for me, the largest one for father. We have two little towels on top of both pitchers. The smallest one for me, the largest one for father.

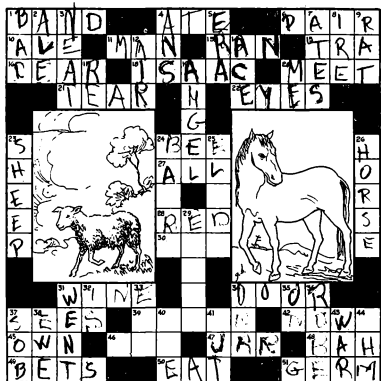
"We have two little beds in the room. The smallest one for me the largest one for father.

"We have two little washbasins. The smallest one for me, the largest one for father. The weather is very fine here in this town...."

Yours truly,

Willie Lincoln."

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Group of Musician
4. Took food
6. A couple
10. Beverage
11. Not a woman
13. Hastened
15. Singing Syllable preceding La-la
16. Most Loved.
18. Man's Name
20. To come Together
21. Present tense of Tore
22. Organ of Vision
24. An Insect
27. Entire
28. A Color
30. Santa (abbrev.)
31. The Frenchman's favorite alcoholic drink
34. Entrance
37. Views
39. To Take oath
42. Paddles
45. Has
46. An Exclamation

DOWN

1. Not Good.
2. A Drink
3. Clean
4. Answer (abbrev.)
5. Period of Time
7. A Delicious Philippine Fruit.
8. Anger
9. House Pest.
12. Atmosphere
14. One in Cards.
17. Note of the Scale
19. Winged-human being.
20. Pronoun
23. An Animal
24. Food for Traps
25. Girl's Name
26. Another Animal
29. Repent
47. A Container
48. Cry of Animal in the Picture
49. Wagers
50. Devour
51. This causes Diseases.

31. Past Tense of Go
32. Part of Verb "to be"
33. Point of Compass
34. Female Doctor (abbrev.)
35. Preposition
36. Garment
37. To Cry
38. Female Sheep
40. Very Small
43. Conflict Between Nations.
44. This stands for "S" in "U.S."

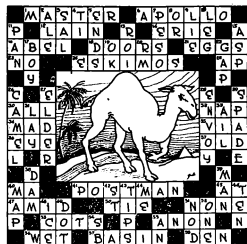
Learning to Use . . .

(Continued from page 128)

- Answers: 1. lost. 2. looked for.
3. find. 4. look for. 5. find.
6. found. 7. dropped.

Read the dialog aloud several times. Note how these expressions are used: lost, looked for, misplaced, taken by mistake, dropped. With two or three classmates of yours, present a similar dialog. Use the expressions you have learned.

JULIANA C. PINEDA.

SOLUTION TO
CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
OF MAY ISSUE

Overnight Camping . . .*(Continued from page 127)*

have a swim. We spent the rest of the time until six o'clock, swimming and eating the fruits we had picked during our interesting exploration. I passed two scouts who took the test in swimming and life saving.

Up again in our camping place, we again started to get busy preparing our supper and also cutting dry wood for the camp fire. When supper was over a camp fire was built. Everybody gathered around the fire and a program previously planned was given. The program was well prepared and consisted of story telling by several of my scouts, declamations by two and singing and cheering. The Camp Fire Program ended at about 8:15 P.M., after which we all went to bed—that is after bidding each other good night.

Early the next morning, William and I, prepared the breakfast. The rest of the group were busy breaking up camp, for we were to go home after breakfast. We then hiked back to Antipolo along the same road we passed going to camp, and from Antipolo, we took the bus to Manila.

We certainly enjoyed the overnight camp in Antipolo. We are again planning to go camping to some other place. During our previous camping, many of my scouts passed their tests and also learned many new things about the out-of-doors. It was really a glorious change from city life and city pleasures.

Our National Flag . . .*(Continued from page 124)*

wear clothes of more brilliant colors and of more costly materials, but they will never receive so much honor and respect as is given to the flag.

It is what the flag stands for—not what it is—that makes it worthy of the greatest respect that we can give. It stands for

Ernesto's Excursion . . .*(Continued from page 114)*

"Yes, son, birds can perform difficult acts and make things without having to learn how. The young birds can fly without being taught."

"Why do I often hear people say that birds teach their young to fly?" asked the boy.

"The father and mother bird lead the little birds away from the nest when their wings are strong enough. This is necessary sometimes because little birds are afraid or are unwilling to leave the nest. When the parents believe that they are old enough to take care of themselves, they even push the young out of the nest. The little ones flap their wings and just fly. They are not given lessons in the actual use of the wings."

"Father, can't I see some birds' nests?" Ernesto asked eagerly.

"We shall look for some empty ones that have been deserted."

the ideals for which our forefathers fought and died—it stands for liberty, honor, equality, and fraternity. It stands for the Government that maintains schools for us, protects our property, and promotes our happiness. It stands for every town and province in our country. It stands for Lapulapu and Soliman who fought the first European invaders. It stands for Rizal, who risked his life in order that his countrymen might see how they were oppressed. It stands for Bonifacio who started the first general uprising to overthrow the ruling power. It stands for the countless men and women who fell in the battlefields in order that our country might be free. It stands for the courageous Filipino soldier who died in Europe to help "keep this world safe for democracy." It stands for the uncomplaining fathers who work day and night to support their families. It stands for the self-sacrificing mothers who give their all in

"Among the thick, tall grass, they found a small nest as large as the hollow of a man's hand. As Ernesto gazed at the nest with wondering eyes, his father said,

"Nest weaving is another wonderful work that birds can do without being taught. Young birds, mating for the first time can make perfectly good nests of the usual type found among their kind. Even young birds reared by hand in artificial nests will later build the proper kind of nest for their species. The tailor-bird takes leaves and sews them together. The house-martin collects mud or clay and constructs a cup against the side of a cliff or a house."

"How interesting! Tell me more about birds, Father."

"Yes, son, let us walk on. Use your eyes well and I shall tell you about the feelings of birds."

order to make of their children true and patriotic Filipinos. It stands for the brave Filipino boy scout who, at the risk of his own life, saved a child from being run over by a train. It stands for all true men and women, boys and girls, who now live or have ever lived in our dear Philippines.

Books! Books! Books!*(Continued from page 130)***THEAS AND HIS TOWN**

This book is a story of a little seven year old boy from Athens. It tells all about his everyday life and his school days. Boys and girls from seven to ten years old will find this little Grecian story quite entertaining.

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY

This is a breezy story of Quaker life on Nantucket—about a lively young girl, Downright Dencey, herself. For girls from eleven on up to fifteen.

E.M.L.

RIZAL IN LIFE ☆

THE more you know about Jose Rizal the more you love him.

Contact with his life does something for your own. It grips you and stirs you with a desire to be noble like he was. He was the embodiment of an ideal, like Sun Yat Sen or Mahatma Gandhi—how like them both!

But Rizal is in danger—in danger of being turned into a cold statue on top of a monument, in danger of being honored or sainted or even worshipped by some, while the people who do him honor are not informed—or misinformed!—as to what he did and why he died. Even today he is lost to millions. His portrait is on their walls, they may have read his "Noli Me Tangere", they may even have memorized his "Ultimo Adios"; but when one relates some of the most important incidents of his life, nearly everybody, even among educated Filipinos, says: "I never knew that!"

Yet the *life* Rizal lived is a more abiding gift than the books he wrote. The conditions he fought against have largely been remedied, or will be remedied, and are becoming merely history, but the life he lived is of endless importance. Every Filipino youth needs

to be saturated with the purity, sincerity, and devotion of that lovely spirit. In public and private schools as well as in homes he must be studied. Now that the Commonwealth has come with all its hopes and perils, EVERYTHING will depend upon whether the Filipino people possess the ruling passion of Rizal's life: Progress for his country through character and education.

"So he who takes wise Education by the hand

Invincible shall guide the reigns of motherland."

Rizal was not perfect, yet a complete list of his "sins" could probably be written in one short paragraph. Rare are the men whose life story you dare begin by enumerating their weakness!

1. As a youth he played some jokes on his friends that made them angry.
2. For a time he chewed tobacco. (How has this escaped advertisers).
3. Occasionally he lost his temper:

He once fought a cab driver; he was heard to swear when he learned of some atrocities in the Philippines; he twice challenged men to duels.

One of these men, Antonio Luna, said something insulting about a woman of Rizal's acquaintance. In our day duels are outlawed, but in Rizal's day in Europe, his championing of the reputation of a woman was the highest proof of honor. Antonio Luna apologized and became Rizal's warm friend.

The other man, W. E. Retana, was chief editor of a paper controlled by friars in Spain. He made a bitter attack on Rizal, but when he received the challenge, he published a retraction and an apology. Retana later became Rizal's warm friend, ardent admirer, and greatest biographer.

These challenges were inconsistent with Rizal's philosophy of pacifism; and we must place them in the brief list of his weaknesses, though to the men of his own day they were an evidence of his moral strength and courage.

This seems to complete the list of his "sins"!

When we turn to study his virtues, Rizal shines like a diamond on every facet.

* This article is a portion of a book written by a known American author. The Community Publishers, Inc. is at present making the necessary preparations for the publication of this book.

A Class Who Won . . . (Continued from page 113)

back a little due to Jose's absence. Then today a strange thing happened. Martin of the fourth grade-A class, who has never been absent since the opening of the school year, is sick. His mother came this morning and told me that Martin was

given purgative this morning because he had a very bad stomach ache last night. His whole day's absence gives the sixth grade class the lead in the race.

Juan had been chosen class representative to get the banner. To the surprise of everybody, he came forward, his face a picture

of sorrow and regret. Instead of taking the banner from the principal's extended hand, he faced the audience and said in a low but firm voice:

"My class does not deserve the banner. The Four-A class should have it. I played a dirty trick on Martin. I am sorry."

AN ANSWER ON

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