

# The YOUNG CITIZEN

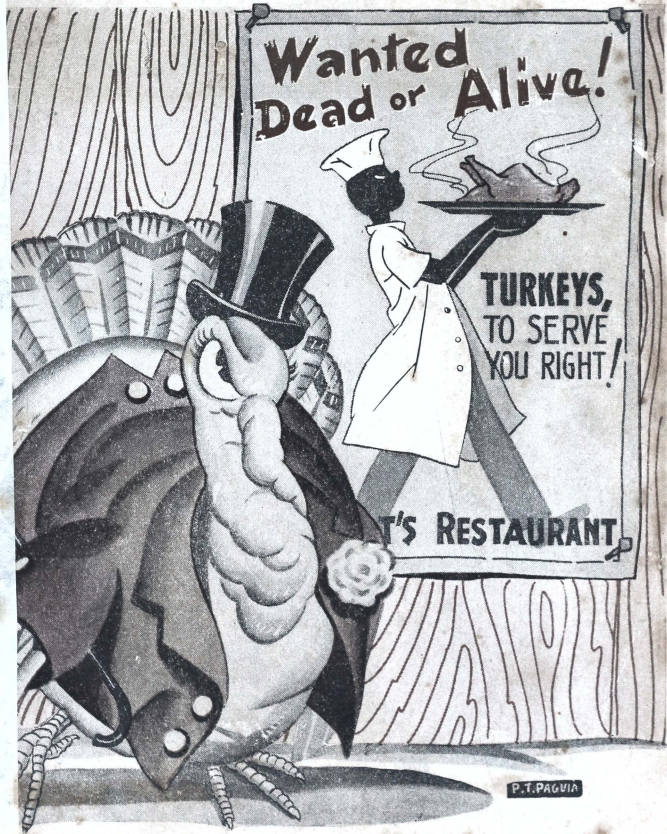
THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

SEPTEMBER, 1941

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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.

### Primary Teachers:

We especially desire various kinds of interesting material suitable for

**First, Second, and Third Grade Pupils.**

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:

The Managing Editor  
The YOUNG CITIZEN  
Care of COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.  
P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines.

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



## THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

### THANKSGIVING

This is November, the month of thanksgiving. All over the world Christian people observe thanksgiving.

Every religious person gives thanks to God.

We are thankful to God.

Why? For many reasons:

(1) Our country—the Philippines—is one of the most beautiful and most productive countries in the world.

(2) We have schools where we learn many things. We have good and kind teachers. We have plenty of books, magazines, and newspapers.

(3) We have a government that makes our people happy and prosperous. It builds roads. It provides schools for every child, poor or rich. It allows every one to go to the church of his own choice. It gives everybody an opportunity to work, to play, and to be happy.

Our leaders are good and kind to our people.

We are proud of our government and of our leaders. Because of them we offer our thanksgiving to Heaven.

(4) We have a country which at present is safe from the miseries and ruins of war.

We are still at peace with other nations. Our homes are still standing. Our fields are still green. Our flowers are still in bloom. Our streets and roads are still safe. Our birds are still singing. Our children are still happy in the playgrounds. Indeed, they are still in schools. They can still eat all what they want and plenty of it.

Yes, at present our country—our beloved Philippines—is the safest place to live in and the Filipinos are the happiest and the most peaceful people.

For our safety, our peace, and our happiness in the midst of dangers, storms, and sorrows, we give thanks to God.

This is November, the month of thanksgiving. But for all the goodness of God let us make every month a month of thanksgiving, every day a day of thanksgiving.

We offer our thanks to God.

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI



## A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

### BEAUTIFUL BIRDS

Birds! Birds! You beautiful things  
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-  
 cleaving wings;  
 Where shall man wander, and where shall he  
 dwell,  
 Beautiful birds; that you come not as well?  
 You have nests on the mountain all rugged  
 and stark,  
 You have nests in the forest all tangled  
 and dark.  
 You hide in the tall grass, you lurk in the  
 brake,  
 You dive in the rushes that shadow the lake;  
 You skim where the stream parts the forest-  
 decked land,  
 You dance where the foam sweeps the desolate  
 strand.  
 Beautiful birds! You come thickly around,  
 When the flow'r's on the branch or the  
 fruit's to be found;  
 You come when the torrents flush river  
 beds out,  
 You come when the grasses are dry all  
 about.  
 Beautiful birds! We enjoy the glad croon  
 Of the warblers that sing a sweet holiday tune;  
 We've memories fond of many a day  
 Made happy by hearing the singing bird's lay.

—Selected



**FOR FIRST GRADERS****EIGHT LITTLE STORIES****Cutting a Tree**

I cut down trees.  
They are made into houses.  
I have a sharp axe.  
My arm is strong.  
Find my picture.  
Then draw it.

---

**Working with Wood**

See my sharp saw.  
It cuts boards.  
I have a plane, too.  
It makes the boards smooth.  
My picture is on the next page.  
Draw it.

---

**In the Church**

You see me in the church.  
You see me at the altar.  
I am there during the mass.  
I wear a long robe.  
Find my picture.  
Can you draw it?

---

**The Happy Farmer**

I plough the field.  
My carabao draws the plough.  
Then I plant rice.  
I work very hard.  
Do you see my picture?  
Can you draw it?

---

**Catching Fish**

I have a large net.  
I catch fish with it.  
I sail my boat in the bay.  
Sometimes I catch many fish.  
Can you find my picture?  
Can you draw it?

---

**Selling in the Market**

I sit in the market.  
I sell cakes.  
I have a basketful.  
They will all be sold.  
Find my picture.  
Draw it, too.

---

**Who Makes Your Shoes?**

I make your shoes.  
Find my picture.  
Draw it.  
Draw my hammer.  
Draw my stool.  
Draw my box of tools.

**A Manila Fireman**

Did you ever see a large fire?  
I can put it out.  
I have a long hose.  
It shoots water on the fire.  
Where is my picture?  
Can you draw it?

FOR FIRST GRADERS

WHO AM I?

By CENON M. RIVERA



FILL THE BLANKS  
with the  
right word.

woodcutter  
priest  
fisherman  
shoemaker  
fireman  
carpenter  
farmer  
vendor



Gift. Dr. Panlasiquin &



FOR SECOND GRADERS**LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET**

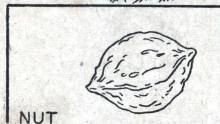
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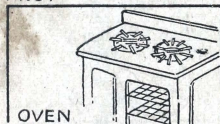
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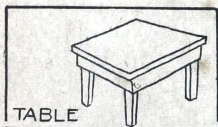
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FOR SECOND GRADERS

LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

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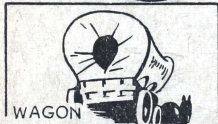
TABLE



UMBRELLA



VASE



WAGON



X'MAS



YOKE



ZEBRA

T

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TEA



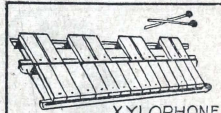
UNCLE



VIOLIN



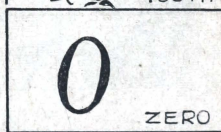
WORM



XYLOPHONE



YOUTH



ZERO

FOR THIRD GRADERS**WORDS THAT DESCRIBE \***

By GERARDO R. YSLA



THIS *carretela* driver is not kind to his horse. He does not give him enough grass to eat or enough water to drink. Neither does he give him enough rest.

He strikes his horse with a heavy whip if he does not move fast enough, or if he cannot pull a big load.

Sometimes his horse falls down in the street. Then the cruel driver beats him with the whip and tries to make him get up.

The poor horse always does his best, and tries to do what his master wishes. But he is weak from lack of good food and rest. So he cannot always work well.



RAMON likes to see his toy bank grow heavier and heavier. He is a thrifty boy. Every day he drops a coin in it.

Whenever he receives some money from his father or mother, he does not spend it all. He puts a part of it into his bank.

He is learning to save his money. This is a good habit for a boy to learn.

When Ramon becomes a man he will not spend his money foolishly. Perhaps he will be a rich man.

\* Read each story; then make a list of the words which describe.



FOR THIRD GRADERS**WORDS THAT DESCRIBE**

By GERARDO R. YSLA \*



ONE day two small boys, Juan and Pedro, were playing in their yard. Pedro picked up a stone and threw it at Juan.

The stone missed Juan and struck the window glass of their neighbor's house. The glass was broken.

Pedro was an honest boy. At once he went to their neighbor's house and told what he had done.

"You are a good boy," said the owner of the house. "You need not pay for the window. It was an old window which I was going to replace."



MARIA is a helpful girl. She always sweeps the floor of her home. That helps her busy mother.

She takes care of her baby sister, too. Little sister likes Maria.

Maria has learned to do other useful things. She often washes the dirty dishes for her mother. She can cook a few simple dishes, and sometimes she prepares a meal.

She has learned to sew and to mend torn clothing. She often does the mending for her tired mother.

Maria is only ten years old. Her mother is proud of her, for she is learning to become a useful girl.

"Mother's helper" is what her father and mother call her.

\* Teacher, Uson Elementary School, Dimaslang, Masbate.

## MOTHER BEAR AND HER BABIES



OF ALL the animals of the forest there is none that is more interesting or better liked than Mother Bear and her babies.

Baby bears are called cubs. When cubs are born they are about as long as a man's hand. Usually two baby bears are born at a time. They have no fur then. They sleep close to their mother and drink her warm milk. After while their fur grows, and Mother Bear takes them out of the den so they can walk and play; they become plump and fat.

Young bears like to play and romp just like school boys. They box each other, and wrestle with one another.

In appearance Mother Bear is a clumsy creature. She is naturally timid, good-natured, and inoffensive. But she is not a coward, and when it is necessary she will defend herself and her babies.

She has a short neck, round head, pointed nose, and small eyes.

Mother Bear and her babies have strong legs and walk flat-footed like a man. The soles of the feet are bare. Each foot has five toes which are armed with strong claws.

When bears walk they lift both feet on one side of the body at the same time. In fighting they frequently stand erect and use the forepaws as well as the teeth. Bears are good swimmers, and most kinds climb trees.

They eat berries, grubs, insects, roots, fish, mice, eggs, birds, and grain. They are very fond of honey, too, and will travel many miles to get it.

A bear can be tamed and taught to do tricks.

Did you ever see a tame bear?

## LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

### HENNY-PENNY GOES TO TELL THE KING

ONE FINE DAY Henny-Penny was picking up corn in the old farmyard, when all at once something fell plop! on her head.

It was only a grain of corn, as Henny-Penny would have seen if she had stopped to look. But she didn't.

"Mercy on me!" cried Henny-Penny. "The sky's a-falling! I must go and tell the king."

And off she started that very minute. She went on and on, and on and on, till she met Cocky-Locky.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny?" asked Cocky-Locky, speaking very politely and making her a fine bow.

"I'm going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny.

"May I go with you, Henny-Penny?" asked Cocky-Locky.

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Henny-Penny.

And on they went, and on and on, till they met Ducky-Wucky.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky?" asked Ducky-Wucky.

"We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky.

"May I go with you, Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky?" asked Ducky-Wucky.

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky.

And on they went, and on and on, till they met Goosey-Poosey.

"Where are you going to, Henny-

Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Wucky?" asked Goosey-Poosey.

"We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Wucky.

"May I go with you, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Wucky?" said Goosey-Poosey.

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Wucky.

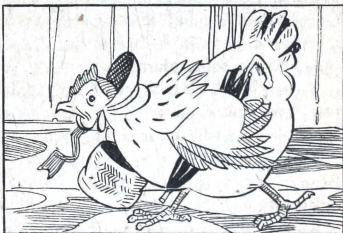
And on they went, and on and on, till they met Turkey-Lurkey.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, and Goosey-Poosey?" asked Turkey-Lurkey.

"We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, and Goosey-Poosey.

"May I go with you, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, and Goosey-Poosey?" asked Turkey-Lurkey.

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Henny-



*I must go and tell the king*



Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, and Goosey-Poosey.

And on they went, and on and on, till they met Foxy-Woxy.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey?" said Foxy-Woxy.

"We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

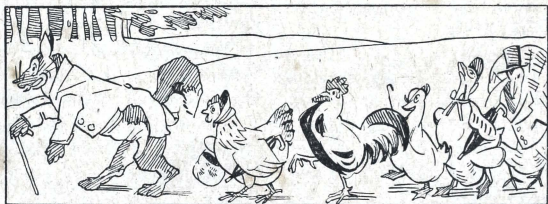
"May I go with you, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, Goosey-

the side of a tree. Foxy-Woxy ran inside. No wonder he knew the way, for the passage led to his cave!

"Come along! Come along!" he cried. "Follow me! One at a time, if you please. The path is very narrow."

Turkey-Lurkey bent his proud head, and in he went. Snap! Off went his head, and plop! went his body on the floor of the cave.

The next minute in went Goosey-Poosey. Snap! Off went her head, and plop! went her body on the floor of the cave.



*And on they went, and on and on, till they came to a narrow passage.*

Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey?" asked Foxy-Woxy.

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

"You are going a very long way round," said Foxy-Woxy. He was very sly, was that Foxy-Woxy. "I will show you a near way to the Palace—a very near way—if you will allow me," he said.

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

And on they went, and on and on, till they came to a narrow passage by

The next minute in went Ducky-Wucky. Snap! Off went his head, and plop! went his body on the floor of the cave.

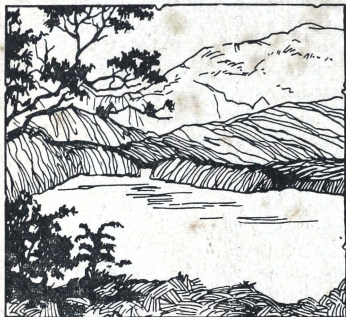
The next minute in went Cocky-Locky. Snap! Off went his head, and plop! went his body on the floor of the cave.

"Henny-Penny! Come along, Henny-Penny!" cried Foxy-Woxy.

But Henny-Penny had peeped over his shoulder, and saw—all that was left of poor Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Wucky, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

"You cruel monster!" she cried. And,

*(Please turn to page 406.)*

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS**THE PRINCE'S HEIR***A Scientific Story**Earth, Sea, and Sky*

SOME HUNDREDS of years ago there lived a Prince, and, as many of the princes were at that time, he was very powerful; though he loved his people well, his word was law and his will absolute.

It happened that the Prince had no children, so there was no heir to the throne. This caused the Prince a good deal of anxiety, for he was fearful of what might become of his country after his death. He could not choose from among his wise counsellors for fear of giving offence, so he resolved to make a great test.

At the yearly meeting of the wise council the Prince sat on his throne, and all the people flocked into the Court, for at this annual festival all came to hear the great Prince dispense judgment.

When the Prince had finished the business with his wise advisers he rose.

"People of my country," he said, "I have tried to rule you wisely and well, and have given you all the gifts in my power, but yet have failed to fulfil a great need by presenting to you a Prince to reign in my place when I am gone. Now, I have decided to choose for you the wisest man in the land as my heir, and it will be he who excels at the great test which I am going to make, and which is open to you all. Will you have the wisest man in the land to be your Prince?"

And all the people shouted "Yes."

"The three great features of our country, as of any other," the Prince went on, "are these: the earth, the sea, the sky. Three men among you shall offer for this test, one choosing the earth, one choosing the sea, and the other the sky, and from his own choice that man must bring me the most lasting and beautiful gift his element can supply. To him who brings the eternally beautiful I shall leave the crown after my death."

When the acclamation which greeted this speech had died down, there was a long silence as each man looked at his neighbor and wondered who would volunteer.

After a time an old man with a white beard arose, and he was recognized by the people as the wisest and most clever of all the Prince's counsellors.

"I accept your test, O Prince," he cried, "and take for my choice the all-fertile earth, the life-giving mother of us all."

For he had thought of all the wonderful flowers that the earth produces, of the

gorgeous precious stones, of the brightly colored plumage of birds who live in the trees, of the variety and splendor of the butterflies, and the grace and beauty of the wild animals. "Neither in sea nor sky," he thought to himself, "can one find anything to equal these things."

But among the counsellors there was another very learned man who knew all about the sea and its marvels, so he rose to his feet soon after his brother counsellor had finished speaking.

"I will bring you what you desire from the great blue sea, O Prince," he said, "and you shall judge whether the mighty waters do not excel everything on earth or in the sky."

Then again there was a long pause—longer than before—for everyone felt that the best had been chosen, and a murmur of scornful mirth was heard as the futility of the last choice dawned on the multitude. It was checked by the rising of a tall, dark-haired youth from among the mass of people, and there was instant silence to hear his words.

"There is no choice left for me, O Prince," he said; "but as those who extract the oyster ever cast away the shell containing the pearl, I accept the despised treasure. From the great white light of heaven I shall bring you the secret of both sea and land."

Surprise at the daring of this youth, called by his companions Anak, whom everyone knew to be the son of a peasant, nearly took away the breath of the court. It had never occurred to them that an offer would come from anywhere but the council, and they gasped and then laughed as Anak made his way through the seething mass.

"He is going to look for a ladder long enough to reach the sun," jeered one.

"Mind you don't burn your fingers, Anak," laughed another.

"Or knock your head against a cloud," added a third.

But the Prince called for silence; and the people dispersed quietly, talking among themselves of nothing but the strange test, and surmising as to the result.

A whole year passed away before the judging day of the test came, for the two counsellors had demanded that time should be allowed them to collect the wonders they were to offer the Prince. On the judgment day every man, woman, and child in the land was there, eager to see the new heir.

In the order in which they had offered the Prince received the gifts. First came the old white-haired counsellor, who had declared the earth to be the ruling element. He had behind him a whole retinue of servants bringing the treasures of the earth. Caged animals of wild beauty and wonderful color he showed first. Then birds of every hue, butterflies and insects, exquisite flowers of every shade and variety, and precious stones.

The people gasped at the marvels he produced, and the Prince's pleasure in their wonder and beauty was seen by everyone.

After this exhibition came the man who had chosen the sea, and he was accompanied by a crowd of retainers and horses pulling great cases of fish and marvellous sea animals. The colors of these amazed the people, who knew only the dull colors of their inland fish. Wonderful shell formations followed, built by marvellous animals too small to be visible to human eyes. Then he showed interesting sea-plants, the like of which no one had ever

*(Please turn to page 406.)*



## AMONG THE WILD ANIMALS OF EAST AFRICA

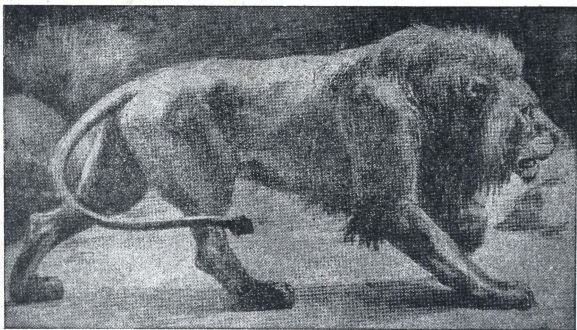
*True Stories Related by a Young Traveler*

### XI. CHASED BY A LION

MY YOUNG FRIEND was spending a vacation on the farm of his father. The school in Nairobi which he attended had closed for the summer vacation, and all the boys had gone to their homes. The father of the young man had gone to Nairobi to get the boy and he was now at home on his father's coffee plantation near Thika. The boy was sixteen years old and quite accustomed to the life on

then would become alive with wild animals. The young man knew that his father's warning was quite true; many times he had seen leopards and lions in the early African twilight hours. But on such occasions he had always been in his father's car safe from an attack by wild beasts.

The boy and his friend had an interesting day. They went out on their ponies,



*A lion will attack in defense of his mate.*

the plantation. He had his own pony; his father had given him a rifle and had taught him to use the weapon in case of an emergency.

One morning the lad went to visit one of his school friends who lived on a neighboring farm only a few miles away. He rode his pony and had his rifle with him. The father had warned the boy not to be too late in returning at night, as the jungle

riding about in the wild country. The morning had not been without adventure, for in East Africa a thrilling adventure may occur at any moment. As the boys were riding along the trail, suddenly a pack of wild dogs appeared. Such packs often attack cattle; they seize some of the calves and disappear before the herdsman has become aware of their presence. The two boys saw the pack of wild dogs

speeding over the plain toward a lonely cow. They spurred their ponies and rode after the dogs, hoping to save the cow from their savage attack. They were able to cut off the dogs, but were careful not to get into the path of the ugly and hungry animals. One of the boys shot at one of them and wounded it. The other dogs in the pack attacked their wounded companion at once, and tore the animal to pieces within a few seconds. This short interruption was sufficient to change the course of the herd of cattle from which the cow had strayed, so that the lone animal was able to rejoin the herd. The hungry dogs ran away without having attacked the cow.

The boys were glad to see the pack go away, for they are dangerous brutes. Sometimes they are driven by hunger to attack a native village and kill children and helpless old men who are unable to run with the women to safety. I once saw a pack of these dogs attack a leopard. The leopard was unable to defend himself with his strong and sharp claws against so many foes, and within a few moments the great cat was torn to pieces.

Late in the afternoon of the day of my young friend's visit to his schoolmate, he prepared to start home. He and his companion saddled their ponies, and the boy's friend rode part of the way with his classmate. The ponies galloped smoothly over the sandy ground, and did not seem tired on account of the long day's outing. Then my friend's companion turned back, and the boy rode on alone toward his home. Of course he had his rifle on his back, and it was loaded and ready for immediate firing. One never knows what enemy may be encountered in this wild country.

Suddenly the boy saw a lioness with

three cubs. The large cat was close to the jungle and the young man thought she would not attack him. Lions seldom attack a man; usually they run from a person. The boy was not afraid, therefore, when he saw this lioness with her cubs about her. But he knew that male lions often keep within the vicinity of females, so he kept a sharp lookout.

After a few moments the lioness disappeared in the dense jungle. Probably she had scented the boy and his horse, and so had taken her three cubs to safety. The boy rode on, and soon forgot about the lioness.

Suddenly he heard something behind him. He turned around. Less than a hundred yards away, the boy saw a large male lion sniffing the air. The wind was blowing the scent of the boy and pony directly toward the lion. The boy realized his danger. The lion must have been the mate of the lioness which he had seen, and would not hesitate to attack in order to protect the female from danger.

Quickly the young man bent over his pony's head and said strange words in the native dialect. The pony understood, and started to run as fast as he could. A glance backward showed that the lion was in pursuit. If the lion could catch up with the pony, he would attack.

The lion followed faster and faster. He was gaining upon the pony which was now straining himself to the utmost. The boy bent low over the neck of his pony, and urged him on. Still the lion was gaining. Only a miracle could save the young man and the horse from an attack of this savage enemy.

Suddenly the boy saw a corral fence. The pony tore along the narrow tail. He knew that death was behind him, and he

*(Please turn to page 406.)*

## THE SHOEMAKER

*A Story with a Moral*



*The Happy Shoemaker*

THERE ONCE lived a happy shoemaker who sang from morning till night. He was perfectly happy. He worked hard, earned an honest living, and enjoyed excellent health. What more does anyone want to be happy?

In the same village there lived a very rich man. Every time he passed in front of the shoemaker's shop, he sighed and thought, "How is it that this shoemaker, who is so poor, can sing all day? I am rich, I can buy anything I want, and yet I have no wish to sing."

One day he decided to talk to the shoemaker.

"Let's see," he said. "My friend, how much do you earn in a year?"

"Oh, my!" said the shoemaker. "I have never counted it up. I always have plenty of work, and there is always enough food at my house."

"Well, how much do you make a day?"

"Sometimes more, sometimes less."

The rich man, laughing at his simplicity, said to him, "Take these hundred gold coins, my friend. Some day they may be very useful."

The blacksmith, very happy, carried away the bag of money and buried it in his cellar. He had never seen so much money before in all his life.

But he began to be worried. In the daytime all went well. But at night! He dare not sleep for fear of thieves, and if he heard a cat in the yard, he felt sure the cat was someone who was after his money.

At last the poor man could stand it no longer. He ran to the rich man and said to him:

"Give me back my songs and my sleep, and take back your hundred gold coins."

### ANSWER THESE

1. What moral do you learn from this story?
2. Why did the shoemaker sing?
3. Why did the shoemaker become worried?
4. Can money always buy happiness?
5. Which would you prefer—poverty and happiness, or riches and worry?
6. What is the secret of happiness? (Think much about this. Talk to your parents, and teachers, and older persons about it.)
7. Do you know a poor, honest, hard-working man? Is he happy?
8. Do you know a very rich man? Is he always happy?



## THE OLD CLOCK

ADAPTED BY PANCITA FLORES

"I KNOW—I KNOW!" said the old clock. At least that was what Isidro thought it said. It stood very tall and straight in the *sala* outside Uncle Juan's bedroom door. Isidro had come to visit his Uncle Juan and cousins who lived in the great city of Manila. The boy lived in one of the provincial towns some distance from Manila. He could hear the big old clock as he lay trying to go sleep in his room on the other side of the *sala*. "I know—I know—I know!" it said.

"I wonder what the old clock *does* know?" Isidro said to himself. "And I'm lonely when it ticks like that. We've got to get a big clock at home."

He pulled the sheet over his head, and went down to the bottom of the bed, so he didn't hear Uncle Juan's voice when he came in to say goodnight, at least not until he had called to him three times.

"Why, Isidro," he said, when at last his flushed face peeped up, "what are you doing?"

"Hiding from the old clock," said Isidro; and he told Uncle Juan all about it.

"Well, I will go and stop it so you will not hear its ticking if you like," said Uncle Juan. "But my old father loved that old clock, Isidro. It used to stand in the *sala* of his home when he was little."

"Is it as old as *that*?" asked Isidro.

"Yes, it is quite that old. And I remember it myself when I was a little boy," said Uncle Juan. "And I loved it, too."

"Then I'll love it as well," said Isidro. "And I don't care if it *does* say 'I know!' because it must know a lot if it has lived

all that time. I suppose it has ticked away for a hundred years, Uncle Juan."

"Oh, no! It is not that old," said Uncle Juan. "But it's more than fifty years old. Father thought a great deal of this clock." And Uncle Juan gave a sigh.

"Why?" said Isidro. He was wondering about that sigh.

"I was thinking about the old house that used to be my home," explained Uncle Juan, "and where your father lived when he was small. We should all be there living there now in the great mansion—you and I and your father—but for—"and Uncle Juan stopped. "But you wouldn't understand," he said.

"I would," said Isidro emphatically. "I understand a great deal."

"It was an important paper showing father's right to the property that was lost," said Uncle Juan. "Your great uncle, Isidro. He left the great old mansion that we loved to your father and me, you know. But we lost the paper telling about our right to the property. So the house went to other people, and your father and I were put out."

Uncle Juan kissed Isidro good night, and the boy fell asleep to the sound of the old clock's song: "I know—I know!"

In the middle of the night Isidro woke. The old clock had stopped ticking, and the house sounded quiet and strange without its song, which the little boy had grown accustomed to hearing.

"I'd like to hear it again," said Isidro to himself. "I wouldn't mind the dark then." He crept outside. "I saw Uncle Juan start the pendulum yesterday," he

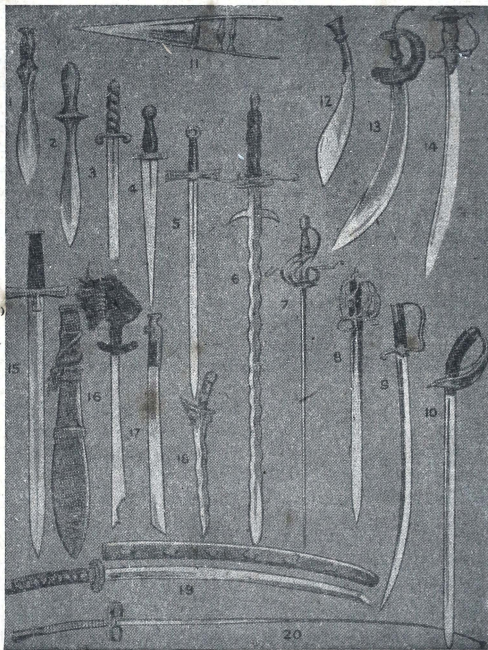
(Please turn to page 408.)

## HISTORY SECTION

### THE MOST ROMANTIC OF WEAPONS

A SWORD, that most romantic of weapons, has been the symbol of war and the badge of honor and courage among fighting men since the days when iron and bronze were first hammered into blades. The right to carry a sword has almost always been a mark of rank; and today, when most of its usefulness has departed, it remains part of the dress uniform of an army and navy officers the world over.

In the days of chivalry knighthood was conferred by the flat of the sword laid on the young warrior's shoulder. In



#### DEVELOPMENT OF THE SWORD

1. *Sword of Bronze Age*
2. *Greek*
3. *Roman*
4. *Norman (1066)*
5. *Crusader's Sword*
6. *Two-handed, 15th Century*
7. *Rapier, 16th Century*
8. *Ferrara, 17th Century*
9. *French, 1800*
10. *English, 1914*
11. *Dagger, India*
12. *Russian*
13. *Indian Talwar*
14. *Scimitar*
15. *Sudanese*
16. *Malay*
17. *Machete*
18. *Kris*
19. *Japanese*
20. *Fencing Sword*

many lands kissing the ruler's sword was a token of homage. Oaths taken by a soldier on his sword were rigidly binding. When a general surrendered his sword, he admitted defeat. To have his sword broken by his superior officer was the greatest disgrace that could come to the disloyal or cowardly soldier. These and many other sword ceremonies reappear constantly in history, and many stories—folk tales and mythological stories—contain accounts of magic swords.

In modern warfare, the work of the

sword, and of its smaller brother, the dagger, and of its cousin, the spear or lance, is mostly done by the bayonet fastened to the rifle, or carried in a scabbard at the belt. But for many centuries before the invention of firearms, the sword in one or another of its many forms was the principal weapon of the fighting man.

The ancestor of the sword was probably the stone dagger of the fighting cave man. Among the earliest historical blades are the leaf-shaped arm of the Greeks and the long, thin Assyrian sword. As nations progressed in the military arts, they usually shifted from the chopping swords to the sharp-pointed thrusting weapons. Thus the short sword of the Roman legionary defeated the heavy blunt-edged sword of the northern barbarians, and it was literally "at the point of the sword" that the Saracens, who carried curving scimitars and blades which could be used only for slashing, were kept from taking all of Europe.

The heavy two-handed sword of the Middle Ages was abandoned as soon as the invention of firearms destroyed the usefulness of shields and armor. In its place grew up the saber, the rapier, and the smallsword, and with these lighter blades swordsmanship became a fine art. During the 17th and 18th centuries in Europe it became the custom for all men, even civilians, to carry swords, and quarrels were usually settled on the spot with cold steel.

In the reign of Louis XIII in France dueling became so prevalent that fencing masters were everywhere in great demand and highly honored. Earlier duels were fought with a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other. Later a cloak took the place of the dagger, and finally with the adoption of the slender, needle-

pointed rapier even this protection was abandoned.

The saber, either straight or curved, was always the special weapon of the cavalryman, and it survives today in some armies. The short cutlass was the weapon of the sailor.

Various races and peoples have had special swords and daggers associated with their names throughout history. Thus we hear of the curved sword, called *tulwar*, of the Persians, the sickle-shaped *kukri* of a certain race in India, the delicate *katana* of the Japanese, the Malay *kris* with its wriggling blade, the heavy-pointed *machete* of tropical America, the deadly *bolo* of the Filipinos, the bowie knife of frontier days in the United States, and many other members of the sword family.

Sword-making used to be one of the most honorable trades. The cities of Damascus in Syria and Toledo in Spain formerly owed much of their fame to the skill of their sword makers. But this glory faded when fire-arms came into use.

#### QUESTIONS

1. Why is the sword a "romantic" weapon?
2. What are some historical facts about the sword?
3. How did swords originate?
4. Can you tell of swordsmanship in the Middle Ages?
5. Can you tell of duelling?
6. What displaced the sword as a fighting weapon?
7. What is a saber? A rapier?
8. Study the various kinds of swords shown in the illustration on page 395. Can you name them?
9. What two cities were famous for the manufacture of swords?



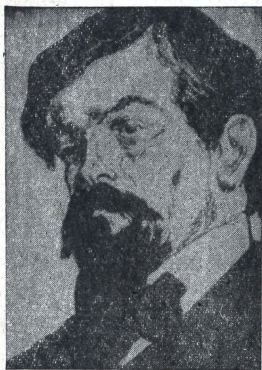
MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION

## GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC

## SECOND SERIES

By BERT PAUL OSBON \*

## XI. DEBUSSY



DEBUSSY  
Modernistic Composer

OF ALL composers, the music of Claude Debussy (de-bu-se) is the most difficult to write about, and it is more difficult yet to listen to and understand his compositions. However, the few facts regarding his life are quickly told.

Debussy was born in France in 1862. He went to school in the French town in which he was born, and grew up with the intention of entering the navy. So as a boy he was not a musical prodigy. A musical aunt guided him to the Conservatory of Music in Paris, but he was too impatient of technical drill, and too

original to excel there either as a pianist or composer.

Nevertheless, upon graduation in 1884, he wrote a cantata called *The Prodigal Son* which brought him fame and which won a prize in the music school at Rome, so to Rome he went for further study. He was oppressed and unhappy and unable to work in the grandeur of Rome. He returned to Paris after one year's absence, which was all he could stand.

He was sensitive and high-strung, and was very unhappy. Ugly people and crying children disturbed him, although he adored his own child whom he called Chou-Chou. To her he dedicated his piano suite called *The Children's Corner* with its charming *Golliwog's Cake-walk* and the *Doll's Serenade*. He has made thousands happy with his delightful *Children's Corner* which you should hear; in addition to *Golliwog's Cake-walk* and *Doll's Serenade*, there is *Jimbo's Lullaby* (which refers to an elephant), *The Snow Is Dancing* and *The Little Shepherd*.

Debussy wrote another composition which has become very well known. It is called *The Afternoon of a Faun*. A poet wrote a poem about a faun which is one of a class of rural Italian deities represented as of human shape, with pointed ears, small horns, and sometimes a goat's tail, or as half goat and half man. Debussy called his *Afternoon of a Faun* a prelude, but rather by reference to the poem which he followed, instead of following

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the form of a musical prelude. It is a very fascinating piece of music with an exotic, languorous atmosphere that no other composer has achieved.

We may consider this composer as the most poetic and original of present music writers, with striking cantatas and symphonic poems. He also wrote a few operas, besides smaller works.

Such modern composers as Tschai-kowsky (see THE YOUNG CITIZEN for July, 1941) and Debussy have literally created tonal coloring of the symphony orchestra of which Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven did not dream. The melodies of Wagner and Debussy are more exciting than the simpler patterns of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert. But it is worth remembering that each kind of music was thoroughly satisfying to the public in its day.

There is realism as well as beauty in other orchestral works of Debussy such as *The Sea*, and two nocturnes called *Clouds* and *Fetes* which have been played in Manila by the Manila Symphony Orchestra. In the program notes of the concert given on September 9, 1941 by the Manila Symphony Orchestra, a critic has this to say regarding Debussy's composition *Clouds* (*Nuages*): "In this lovely impressionistic fragment, Debussy does not attempt to point a picture of clouds moving through the sea of heaven, but rather to evoke such a mood as might come upon one who gazes upon the slow and solemn passage of the clouds dissolving into a grey vagueness tinged with white."

And of the composition *Fetes*, these notes are printed: "*Fetes* is an unforgettable example of the quality in music that accomplishes meaning and suggestions quite beyond words. The music seems to come from the shadowy distance.

Swiftly dancing figures, whirling in complete abandon, crowd and jostle on the scene, lost in the joy of sensuous movement. Swiftly they disappear, and the scene fades."

In his piano music of a serious nature Debussy includes many picturesque titles, such as *The Girl with the Flaxen Hair*, *Goldfish*, *Gardens in the Rain*, *The Submerged Cathedral*, *Moonlight*, *Reflections in the Water*, *Evening in Granada*, etc.

It is Debussy who has given real individuality to French piano music, and his novel effects of tonal coloring, suggesting gray, cloudlike backgrounds and blurred outlines, represent something unique in music, thus far defying imitation by any other composer. He is primarily a composer of program music, and most of his pieces have descriptive titles such as those given above.

Debussy uses many dissonances in his compositions, but his music is now accepted as well written, and his original genius is unquestioned. In some compositions he uses the whole-tone scale. The modern whole-tone scale, as its name im-

(Please turn to page 408.)

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### THIRTY FEET! HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW?

HOW MANY of the animal's feet shown in the picture on the next page can you name? Try first, then check with the following list. In the first row from left to right they are: horse, elephant, eagle, newt, ostrich, camel; second row: chimpanzee, tiger, duck, shrew, lizard, beetle; third row: sloth, bear, locust, flamingo, platypus, crab; fourth row: peccary, spider, giraffe, frog, armadillo, ox; fifth row: kangaroo, tortoise, squirrel, iguana, mouse, gecko.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

THIRTY FEET! HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW?





## HOW TO MOUNT BUTTERFLIES

IN MOUNTING butterflies, there are, of course, various methods of going to work, all of which are good.

The first thing is to make one or more setting boards, and these will vary in size according to the size of the specimens.

Down the center of the board make a groove. At the bottom of the groove a thin strip of cork about an eighth of an inch in thickness must be glued, and the board planed down slightly on each side of the groove until a section has the appearance shown in the first picture.

In making these boards the most important points to remember are that the grooves should be wide enough to take the body of the insect comfortably, and of such depth as to leave a small space between the board and the wings when the body is pinned down to the cork. The actual degree of slope on each side of the groove is not important.

The next thing to do is to pin down the insects, and this is the most difficult part of the setting. These pins can be purchased at a science supply house.\* Black ones have the best appearance. To begin with, three sizes of pins will be sufficient, the shortest being for small butterflies and moths, the longest for the very large specimens, and the middle size for the rest.

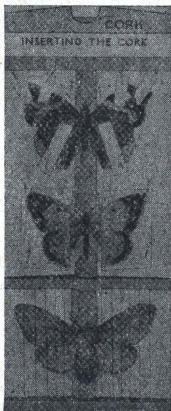
In putting the pin through the body

of the insect, the head of the pin should slope a little forward towards the head of the insect, and about three-eighths of an inch should project beneath the body. Be very careful that the upper part of the pin does not lean to either side. Pin the specimen down to the board, with the body resting in the groove, and a slight space between the wings and the board.

The delicate operation of arranging the wings comes next, and is done by means of thread and a fine needle. The body is in position in the groove, and the butterfly's wings are closed together. Using a pin stuck in the board as a pivot, and tying to this a piece of thread, we insert the thread between the wings and gently draw the wings down to one side, arranging them with the needle while the thread is still over them. When the specimen is dry all supports except the body pins are removed.

Now we have to fix the wings, and there are various methods of doing this, as shown in the second picture.

We may use small pieces of cardboard, pinning them down as shown, or we must use a piece of transparent binding paper, which can be purchased at any store where science supplies are kept.\* If this transparent paper is used, we may cover all the wings on each side, as shown in the second picture. Or we can fix the wings down with threads passed around the

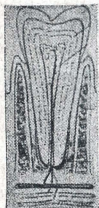


*Three Ways of Mounting*

\* Botica Boie, Escolta, Manila.

## HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

### THE CARE OF THE TEETH



*Vertical Section  
of a Tooth*

It is often said that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." This slogan is more nearly true with diseases of the teeth than with almost any other human disease. And yet very few of us really give our teeth the care they should receive.

Many of us do not clean our teeth properly. We do not visit the dentist. And we do not always eat the kind of food that will prevent the decay of the teeth.

A clean tooth will not decay. It is the teeth that are hardest to clean that will decay first. Dental decay is caused by the stagnation of the sugary and starchy foods in the tiny crevices around the teeth. This stagnation leads to a chemical process known as fermentation which results in the formation of an acid.

This acid, called lactic acid, makes its way into the tooth. The surface of the hard protecting substance—the enamel—is destroyed and roughened. Then there is further stagnation and fermentation of food; more of the tooth-injuring lactic acid is formed; and more destruction takes place, until a cavity is produced.

This is the beginning of the end. Before long decay spreads in all directions in the tooth under the enamel. The pulp of the tooth becomes infected and dies. Putrefaction follows and poisons are formed. A part of the poisons formed

escapes into the mouth and mixes with the food and saliva. This poison is finally carried into the digestive tract.

The remaining poisons penetrate through the tooth into the jawbone surrounding the infected tooth and thence directly into the blood stream. The blood stream then carries the poisons to the different vital tissues of the body.

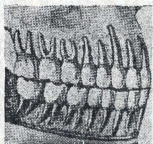
An acute abscess may form. This makes the removal of the ailing tooth necessary. After it is removed, if the person is healthy the remaining germs are destroyed when their source, the infected tooth, no longer supplies poison. If the

person is weak and sickly, the germs may remain in the jawbone for years, and produce more poisons which have no escape except directly into blood stream.

The abscess that forms at the end of a root of a dead tooth or a diseased tooth causes a person no pain or discomfort. The person may not

even know an abscess is there. But just the same the abscess is constantly manufacturing and supplying germs to the blood. Because these germs are sealed up in the bone, they cannot get out. They have to go somewhere, so they slowly destroy the bone until they find their way into the blood stream.

These abscesses are dangerous in another



*Teeth in Position*



*Some of our Teeth*

way. They poison the nervous system, for poisons produced by the germs in the abscesses are distributed to the nervous system. In some cases, only a small group of nerves is affected, but sometimes it is the spinal chord or even the brain which is affected.

A well-known dental disease is pyorrhea, which is not a disease of the teeth themselves. If we compare the jawbone to a piece of wood and the teeth to nails driven halfway into the wood, then pyorrhea may be compared to a growth which gets around the nail and rots the wood until the nail becomes loose and falls out.

Pyorrhea creeps into the mouth unnoticed and may have become deeply rooted and have been in progress for some time before its bad effects are noticed. To the eye of the average person, the gums appear normal. But an X-ray photograph may show destruction around the roots of the teeth. With proper and regular brushing of the gums from early childhood, there should be no such thing as pyorrhea.

The teeth should be brushed all over, behind and in front, so that no particles of food will be left adhering to the teeth.

Even with the best of care the teeth are liable to suffer. Let us remember that a healthy condition of the teeth depends to some extent upon the general health of the individual. Even if one takes very good care of the teeth they will be subject to disease if one neglects the general health.

And since dental diseases may develop unnoticed, one should visit a dentist regularly. Whether your teeth bother you or not, it is a good practice to "brush your teeth twice a day and visit your dentist twice a year."

## Money For Christmas---

A sweepstakes ticket may bring you the answer to your prayers for a Merry Christmas.

Moreover, money invested in the purchase of a ticket will help charity and welfare institutions, which usually get their funds from the sweepstakes, to extend relief to the sick and needy and thereby bring them good cheer on Christmas Day.

LAST DRAW OF THE YEAR—  
DECEMBER 21

₱877,500 in CASH PRIZES  
on a sale basis of ₱1,500,000

ONE FIRST PRIZE OF ₱200,000  
1 Second Prize of 100,000  
1 Third Prize of 50,000  
6 Fourth Prizes at 8,000  
**AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER  
BIG PRIZES!!!**

BE AN AUTHORIZED RE-SELLER and make extra money, the usual commission of ₱3.76 on each booklet of 12 tickets sold at ₱2 per ticket, plus sellers' prizes ranging from ₱5,000 down to ₱100 if tickets sold by you win any of the major prizes in the draw.

ACT AND WRITE TODAY

*Save A Life And Win A Prize*

**PHILIPPINE CHARITY  
SWEEPSTAKES**

National Charities Bldg.

P. O. Box 141

Manila



## CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION

### SOME THINGS YOU SHOULD NOT DO

NOT LONG AGO I sat at my desk writing a note which I wished an upper class boy to carry to a friend. The boy was standing nearby, waiting for me to finish the note which I was writing. I happened to glance up at the youngster, and what do you think he was doing? He was standing there, reading my note as I was writing it.

That is a common practice here in the Philippines. Boys, girls, young men, and even grown-ups frequently stand and read what a person is writing while it is being written.

Readers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, let me tell you that it is very, very impolite to do such a thing. You should never, never stand at a person's elbow and read anything that is being written. It is a practice all too common among Filipinos, who often do it because they do not know, apparently, that they are being exceedingly impolite by being guilty of such an action.

NEVER stand near a person who is writing and read what is being written. If you do such a thing, you are very, very ill bred, to say the least, and it is certainly a thing you should never do.

A few months ago I invited a young man, who is attending a college, to eat dinner at my home. During the dinner this young man wished to have some food which was on the table at a little distance from his plate. The young man did not say "Please pass the meat"—which is what he should have said—but instead he stood up, leaned over the table, and helped himself to what he wished.

I shall never again invite that young

man to eat at my home, for he did one of the worst things possible in table manners. Boys and girls, never stand up at the table and lean over to reach for food. It is very, very rude to do such a thing, and refined people never do it. Only a person who is very ignorant of proper table manners would do such a thing. If in need of food when you are at the table, simply say to a servant or to some one nearby, "Please pass the meat," and then wait quietly until it is passed to you.

Let me bring to your attention another example of rudeness: Recently I was passing on the walk at the side of a street. Several boys and girls were standing on the walk in front of a house talking to each other. The entire space was occupied by them, so in order to continue it was necessary for me to get off the walk and go around them, unless they were polite enough to move to one side so that I could pass.

Did those young people move to one side so that I might pass and not be obliged to get off the walk? Indeed they did not! What an example of rudeness! How impolite these boys and girls were!

When I saw how impolite they were, I stopped and said, "Young people, you are very impolite. You are extremely ill bred. Do you own the walk in the front of this building? I would be ashamed to be so rude and impolite if I were you."

"Excuse us, sir. We will try not to be so impolite again," one of the boys said. I certainly hope that he and the others remember his words.

## WORK AND PLAY SECTION

### SWIMMING AND DIVING

IT IS SAID that all living creatures except men and monkeys can swim by instinct. But any person can learn to swim in a short time, if he learns it in a proper manner.

The first thing to remember is that the human body, when there is air in the lungs, is slightly lighter than fresh water, and very much lighter than salt water.

Nearly everyone can float motionless in a horizontal position with face above the surface if the body is properly balanced.

The first thing to do in order to overcome the fear of sinking is to go into quiet water up to the shoulders. Slowly raise the feet off the bottom, making at the same time short downward motions with the hands. The hands should be held back close to the body with palms extended on the down stroke, but drooping on the up stroke.

Next, practice a treading motion with the feet, thrusting down each foot in turn with the sole of the foot flat. Draw it back with the toes upward.

When you can float, begin to learn the simpler swimming strokes. The Breast Stroke is the simplest of all strokes. The hands are brought together, palms down, in front of the chest, and pushed out straight ahead to the full length of the arms. Then the palms are turned outward and the arms swept back horizontally. The stroke is finished by bringing the hands together under the chest again. For the leg-stroke the knees are first drawn up under the body. Then the legs kick out backward and wide apart, are brought together again like scissor blades, and drawn up once more for the

next stroke. The backward kick of the legs should be timed to come as the arms are being thrust forward.

The Side Stroke is a good stroke to learn. The body is turned on one side, and the arms, instead of working together, alternate in their movements. As the lower arm sweeps downward and backward, the other arm reaches forward, skimming the surface of the water, and then moves downward and backward in its turn. The legs are drawn up and thrust out to much the same position as if you were taking a long step; then they are brought together again with a scissors motion.

Diving is an art in itself, which can be acquired only by constant practice. For plain diving the body should follow the line of a curve such as would be made by a stone tossed out a similar distance into the water.

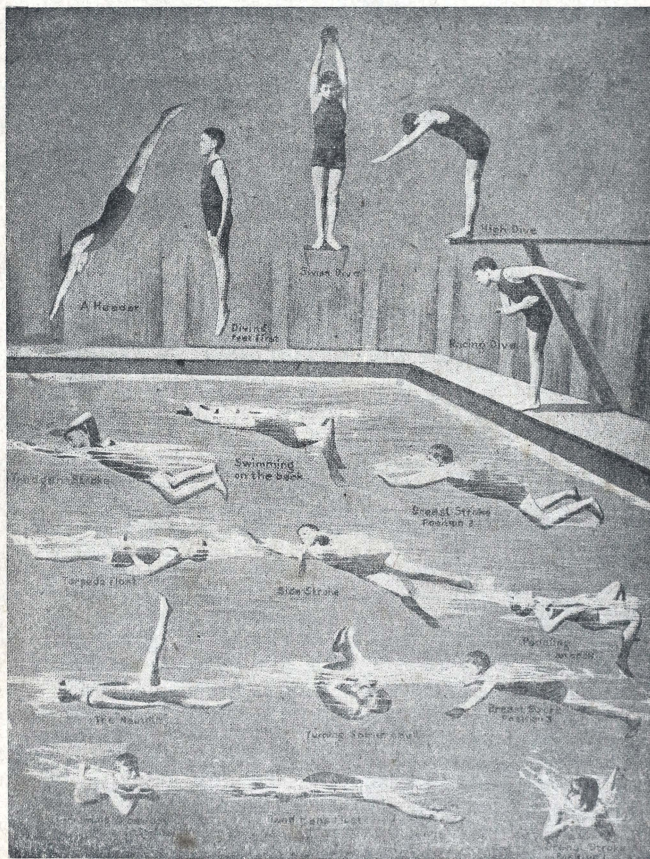
The hands should be held above the head with thumbs together and palms down, never with palms together. As the body enters the water it should be straight, toes pointed and backward. When the body is about half-way in, the hands should bend upward at the wrist; this will tend to bring the head quickly to the surface, and thus give a chance to breathe.

All swimmers should learn how to save persons from drowning. The rescuer should approach from the rear, thrust the crook of one elbow around under the chin of the drowning person and tow him backward to safety, making the swimming strokes with the legs and the free arm.

On the next page are given some illustrations in swimming and diving.



# AIDS TO SWIMMING AND DIVING





## THE PRINCE'S HEIR

*(Continued from page 390)*

seen before.

It was, indeed, a remarkable sight, and the people applauded loudly.

Anak was standing near the throne, and, at the call of the Prince, he stepped forward. But there was no retinue of followers behind him, and he held nothing in his hands except what appeared to be a little, insignificant piece of glass.

There was the sound of a short laugh here and there, at which the good Prince frowned, for he liked this dark, long-limbed peasant, whom he now feared had failed.

"Well, Anak, have you found the task impossible?" he said kindly.

"O Prince, I have for you the key which tells that, though the earth may be covered with abundant beauty, and the sea swarm with the marvels of life, yet without the white light of sky they cannot exist. The light of the sky holds the marvellous paints to which they must all come for their colors; while their beauty passes away, that of the light of the sky is everlasting, always renewing both earth and sea."

At the Prince's puzzled look Anak held up the piece of glass in his hand. It was a triangular, wedge-shaped

## HENNY-PENNY

*(Continued from page 388)*

backing out of the hole, she ran off home as fast as her trembling legs would carry her.

And that is how it was the king never knew the sky was falling.—*Reprinted by Permission.*

object. Then he placed it in a ray of sunlight which fell on to the white steps of the throne.

Immediately on the steps there were the most marvellous shades of blue and green, of yellow and violet and red, and every imaginable color. A great cry of amazement went up, for no one in those days had ever heard of the spectrum or a spectroscope, and no one knew anything about the wonderful rays of broken light.

Then the Prince came down the steps and held his white robe in the wonderful colors of the rainbow. He took Anak by the hand.

"My heir—your future Prince," he cried to the people.

And the people shouted with delight. From their own number had been chosen their future ruler, for had he not proved himself to be the wisest man in the land?

## CHASED BY A LION

*(Continued from page 392)*

ran with all his might. The boy spurred his pony on. Luckily they did not have to cross the grassy land. If they had come into the high prairie grass they would have been lost. The grass would have hindered the short legs of the pony.

The pony made for an opening in the corral fence, and in a few moments pony and rider were within the enclosure. The tall thorn bushes and branches, which made the fence, kept the wild animals out. The boy sprang from his pony and threw thorn branches into the opening. Then with his rifle in hand he awaited the appearance of the lion.

But the lion did not appear, although the boy knew the animal was somewhere near. He kept his rifle ready for instant firing should the beast attempt to penetrate the fence. Fortunately the corral was not very large, and the thorn fence was high enough to prevent wild animals from jumping over. The natives had been very careful in selecting this place in which to keep cattle during the night safe from attacks of wild beasts.

The boy knew that the lion was lurking outside of the enclosure but could not

*(Please turn to page 411.)*

# National Footwear



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## THE OLD CLOCK

*(Continued from page 394)*

thought, as he made his way across the *sala*, "and I can do it."

Crash! There was a dreadful noise. He had pushed over the tall, old clock in the dark. Uncle Juan's door opened quickly, and he came hurrying with a flashlight in his hand.

"Why, Isidro, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Uncle Juan, I just meant—" he began. "I wanted it to—"

"If you will help me," said Uncle Juan, "perhaps together we can lift it up."

There was not much damage done. The works of the old clock were unhurt, but the back of the case was broken right away. It lay splintered from the fall, and there among the splinters was something else—a long, thick envelope with red seals! The color went from Uncle Juan's face as he lifted it up.

"What's this? Why, *it's the lost paper!*" he gasped.

Just at that minute the pendulum started again. It swung to and fro, and there was a whirring sound. And then, in the half-darkness, the song of the clock began once more: "I knew—I I knew—I knew!"

## DEBUSSY

*(Continued from page 398)*

plies, goes up and down in steps of a whole tone, without any of the half-tone intervals found in the diatonic scales. This explains some of the peculiar chords which he uses.

He never crowds his music with tone color, but he has made music express poetic feeling in the most delicate and unusual fashion. One simply feels the effect of his music as one does sunlight, or a calm beautiful afternoon.

Musicians have been keenly interested in Debussy's use of the old Greek scales and in his orchestral combinations. But to the listener, the point of interest is in the effect of the music.

Claude Debussy is the real founder of modern music. His highly original methods of harmonizing and creating tonal colors has revolutionized the whole musical art. His orchestral compositions speak a new and different language, and his piano pieces are unique. He wrote his songs in such a manner as no other composer has ever equaled. Everything is vague, ethereal, without a definite rhythm or melody. Such is the music of Claude Debussy.

## MOUNTING BUTTERFLIES

*(Continued from page 400)*

board lengthwise, and fastened in tiny notches at each end of the board, as shown in the lowest picture.

To keep the body straight, pins should be stuck into the groove of the board underneath the lower end of the body to support it. The feelers (antennae) and legs of the butterfly should be carefully arranged, and, if necessary, may be kept in position by pins stuck into the board slantingwise and pressing upon the feelers and the legs.

The specimens should be laid aside in a shady, dry place, free from dust and secure from the attacks of ants, mice, or cockroaches. Small specimens will dry quickly, but the larger ones may take several weeks.

To know whether a specimen is ready for placing in the collecting cabinet, touch the abdomen with a needle, and if the skin is dry and immovable, the drying is completed.

In the cabinet the specimens may be damaged by mice, ants or cockroaches, or they may mould. The filing cabinet should be kept dry and insect proof. A little naphthaline or a few moth balls may be placed in the cabinet.





### Our Reading Club

By TOMASA ABUELA

(15 YEARS OLD)

OUR teacher said we were not reading enough books. So she called a meeting of our class.

"What shall we do about it, boys and girls? You are not reading enough books."

"Let's organize a reading club," suggested Romeo, the brightest boy in the class.

"That is just what I was going to suggest," said Miss Torres.

So we organized a reading club. We met at each other's homes each Wednesday evening and each Saturday evening.

Our teacher chose a book which she thought we would like: At our reading club we took turns in reading. Sometimes our teacher read, but all of us got a chance to read aloud to the club. We have continued this practice for two years. Our teacher says our reading habits have been very

(Please turn to page 411.)

### Earning Money

By DOROTEA CORTEZ

(14 YEARS OLD)

I HAVE had piano lessons for six years and my teacher says I play quite well for a girl of my age. She says it is because I have learned how to practice well.

Now I will tell you how I earn money by my knowledge of piano and my ability as a good "practicer."

Five of the young children in our neighborhood have begun to take piano lessons. They did not know how to practice very well, because they are so young.

So I went to the mother of each one and asked her to let me supervise and help them in their piano practicing. For doing this I get ten centavos for each half hour of supervising. I make several pesos each week, and my "pupils" are getting along splendidly, so their teacher says.

My work at supervising is helping me also, for it teaches me to be very care-

(Please turn to page 411.)

### The Friendly Society

By JUAN DE LA CRUZ

(17 YEARS OLD)

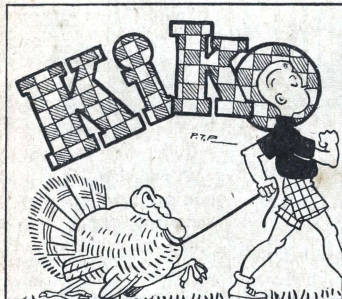
At Rizal School which I attend we have an organization called "The Friendly Society." The purpose of this organization is to make new students acquainted with the other students of the school, and to welcome them to our school. Many times students come to us who are shy and timid. They do not feel at home. "The Friendly Society" was organized to help just such students as these.

Our society has been organized for about three years, and our principal thinks we are doing some useful and necessary work in our school which is quite large and has several thousand students enrolled.

We do everything possible which our name signifies. If a girl is lonely or homesick, we take her in hand and she is soon happy and contented. If a boy is having financial troubles

(Please turn to page 411.)

## THE FUNNY PAGE





## CHASÉD BY A LION

*(Continued from page 406)*

find a way through the thorn branches. In another hour darkness would come, and the boy was afraid that the lion might in some way effect an entrance then.

Once the young man saw the yellow hide of the lion through the thorn branches. Immediately he fired two shots through the fence. An angry roar answered him from the outside. Then there was quiet. "I must have scared the animal away with that shot," thought the boy.

For a long while he listened in the quiet of the evening. He heard no sound from the lion. He did not dare go outside the fence; the animal might be waiting, ready to attack him.

Presently the boy heard the drawn-out call of a native herdsman. He began to have hope. Perhaps this herdsman was bringing his cattle to the corral for the night. He listened and heard the sound of moving cattle. He fired two shots into the air to attract the attention of the herdsman.

The herd was coming toward the corral. All of a sudden the cattle stopped, and the boy heard their frightened sniffing and nervous pawing with their hoofs. Perhaps they had become aware of the pres-

## READING CLUB

*(Continued from page 409)*

much improved by our Reading Club.

Once our club had a picnic. We went in a large bus to a beautiful cool place. We took our dinner with us, and ate it in picnic style. We didn't forget our reading, even on the picnic, for we took turns in reading to each other after dinner the stories and articles in the latest number of THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

ence of the lion. The herdsman called out to the cattle to quiet them.

The young man shouted to the herdsman. "There is a large *simba* (lion) out there," he called in the native dialect. But the herdsman had already seen the lion. Yes, there was a lion there, but he was—dead. The boy's one shot had killed the animal. It was a chance hit, and the young man was greatly surprised that it had killed his savage foe.

Soon he started toward his home which was not far away. When he arrived home it was quite dark. The next morning father and son went out to get the skin of the lion, but the hyenas had been there already during the night, and so there was not much left of the "king of the forest."

## EARNING MONEY

*(Continued from page 409)*

ful, because I have to train my "pupils" to be very careful.

My work is becoming so effective and so well known, that I am thinking of raising my price to twenty centavos for each half hour.

My teacher says that some day I will be a very good piano teacher. I hope I will be able to earn enough money so I can help pay my expenses when I go to college.

## FRIENDLY SOCIETY

*(Continued from page 409)*

we do what we can to set him on his feet. We have parties and picnics to which new students are invited, so they soon become acquainted. We help students from out of town, especially girls, to find pleasant and comfortable places in which to live. If any student needs advice, he or she is encouraged to come to our club, and we soon put him on the right track.

There are many things for "The Friendly Society" to do. And we try to do at least some of them.

Any school can easily have a "Friendly Society" like ours, and it will make life brighter and happier for the entire school.





# Chats with the EDITOR

BOYS AND GIRLS, parents, teachers—all readers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN: I wonder how much you are making use of this splendid magazine. Are you using each issue as much as possible and as your Editor has in mind when preparing each number?

Or do you do as a teacher did in a southern province? This teacher carefully kept all the copies of THE YOUNG CITIZEN as they arrived, put them away so they would not get soiled or damaged, and, when the superintendent visited the school, proudly displayed all the copies—clean and undamaged, yes, but they

had not been touched or read by any pupil.

By following such a procedure, no use whatever is made of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, and the very purpose for which the magazine is published is defeated.

Yes, we want you to USE every copy of THE YOUNG CITIZEN. Read it and re-read it until it is worn out. Pupils above the primary grade in every school should read every word of it—not only once, but two or three times.

If there are questions at the end of an article or story, answer the questions. If necessary, get father or mother, or your teacher, or

an older brother or sister to help you. If there is a puzzle to be solved, don't stop until you have worked it out. If there are things to be made—I am thinking now of the *Work and Play Section*—make them. You should even read the pages for the first, the second, and the third graders; you will learn much from those pages.

Parents, you will find many of the articles of THE YOUNG CITIZEN interesting and informational, and will, I believe, enjoy reading them. The Editor enjoys them.

Then, too, if you will encourage your children to read the many interesting things of this magazine, it will improve their English.

So you see, THE YOUNG CITIZEN is a very valuable magazine both for the home and the school.

All my space is used, so Goodbye.—THE EDITOR.

## COMPLIMENTS

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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*

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The undersigned, Community Publishers, Inc., owner or publisher of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, published monthly in Manila, Philippines, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of *ownership, management*, etc., as required by Act 2580 of the Philippine Legislature.

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(Sgd.) E. G. ROSALES

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of October, 1941.

[SEAL]

(Sgd.) C. M. PICACHE  
Notary Public

## TEACHERS, PUPILS, AND READERS!

### THIS IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR— READ IT AND READ IT THROUGH

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) Marking 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 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, even if it is not published yet, you will become a member of

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#### DO NOT FORGET—

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2. To write your name and address very plainly on your composition.
3. To state your age.
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