

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

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THE OLD CLOCK

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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

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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

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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.