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# 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.

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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  
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P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines.

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

This Magazine Is Approved by the Bureau of Education

VOLUME 7

NUMBER 9

SEPTEMBER • 1941

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Published monthly by the COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC., 2664 Herran, Manila, Philippines. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Manila Post Office on May 16, 1935.

Editorial Director: *Jose E. Romero*; Managing Editor: *Bert Paul Osbon*; Assistant Editor: *Max San Juan*; Contributing Editors: *Dr. I. Panlasigui* and *Quirico A. Cruz*; Staff Artist: *Pedro Pagua*; Business Manager: *Emiliana Garcia Rosales*.

Subscription Price: ₱3.00 for one year of 12 issues; \$2.00 in the United States and foreign countries. Single copy, 30 centavos.

Subscriptions are to be paid to COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.



THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

## THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

### OUR STREETS AND TOWNS

Towns have streets.

Streets make towns beautiful or ugly.

Some towns are beautiful. We like to live in them.  
Some towns are ugly. We do not like to live in such ugly towns.

Why are some towns beautiful? And why are some towns ugly?

Town A is beautiful because the streets are beautiful and clean. There are trees on either side of the street. They are clean. There are no pigs, no chickens, no dried leaves, no waste paper—nothing on it that makes the streets dirty.

Town B is not beautiful because the streets are dirty. Perhaps many people do not want to see the dirty streets. Or perhaps they wish they were living in some other town because dirty streets make dirty towns, and dirty towns make people sickly.

We all like to have beautiful and clean streets.

We like our school yard beautiful and clean.

We want also our towns to be beautiful, clean, and healthful.

What shall we do?

Let us have someone always ready to clean and beautify them. This is all right if our town and our school have plenty of money to pay for the cleaning. But suppose there is no money? What then?

A school child eats peanuts. He throws the shells on the streets. The streets become dirty. Another school child eats bananas. He throws the peelings on the streets. Suppose these two school children throw their peanut shells and banana peelings in a garbage can?

Our streets and our yards are beautiful and clean if we ourselves keep them clean. If our streets and our yards are beautiful and clean, our town is beautiful, clean, and healthful. Then we are all happy and healthy.

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI



A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**DISARMAMENT**

By JOHN G. WHITTIER

The time when Whittier, the American Quaker poet, wrote this appeal for peace was in 1871, just seventy years ago. France and Germany were the nations at war, and about half a million men had been killed or wounded. Can any nation afford to put away its weapons, trusting that it will remain unmolested? Nations do not think so today during this great Second World War. But the poet thought that that is the Christian course which should be followed, and that love will conquer hate. Only a comparatively small number in the world today have such faith.

"PUT up the sword!" The voice of Christ  
once more

Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,  
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped  
And left dry ashes; o'er trenches heaped  
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving  
slow

Under a rain of fire; through wards of  
woe

Down which a groaning diapason runs  
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers,  
sons

Of desolate women in their far-off  
homes,

Waiting to hear the step that never  
comes!

O men and brothers, let that voice be  
heard.

War fails; try peace; put up the useless  
sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told  
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights

grow cold,

And round the fire the Mongol shepherds  
sit

With grave responses listening unto it:

Once, on errands of his mercy bent,

Buddha, the holy and benevolent,

Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of  
look,

Whose awful voice the hills and forests  
shook.

"O son of peace," the giant cried, "thy  
fate

Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to  
hate!"

The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no  
trace

Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,  
In pity said, "Poor fiend, even thee I  
love!"

Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank  
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhor-  
rence shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove;  
And where the thunder of its rage was  
heard,

Circling above him, sweetly sang the  
bird.

"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran  
the song;

"And peace unweaponed conquers every  
.. wrong!"

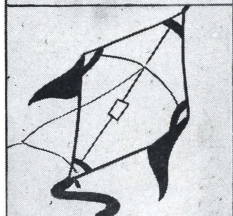
Gift - Dr. Panbeisig

FOR FIRST GRADERS**DO YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH THESE THINGS?**

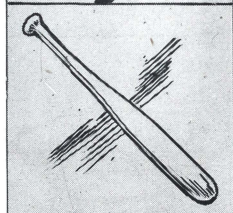
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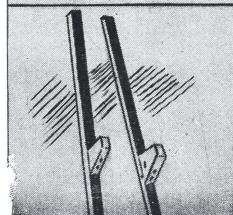
piano  
doll  
top  
drum  
flowers



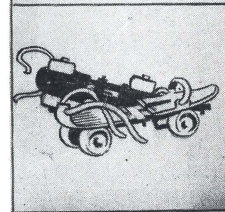
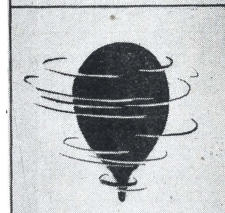
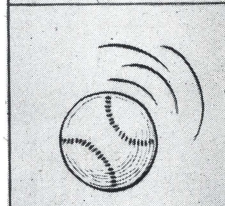
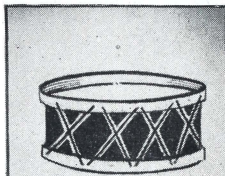
ball  
doll  
boat  
kite  
marbles



ball  
dog  
bat  
top  
frog



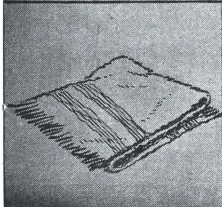
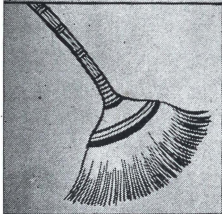
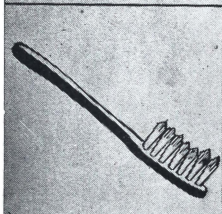
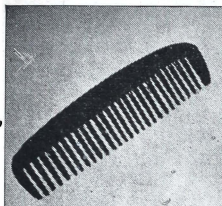
doll  
rope  
roller skates  
stilts  
marbles



FOR FIRST GRADERS

**YOU MUST USE THESE THINGS EVERY DAY.**

Color the pictures. Then draw a line from each picture to its name.

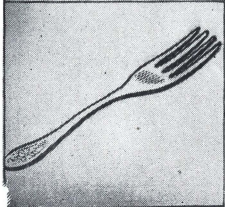
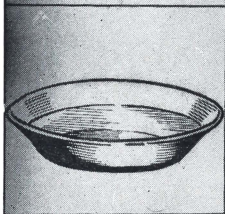


comb  
 soap  
 handkerchief  
 spoon  
 towel

fork  
 water  
 toothpaste  
 toothbrush  
 broom

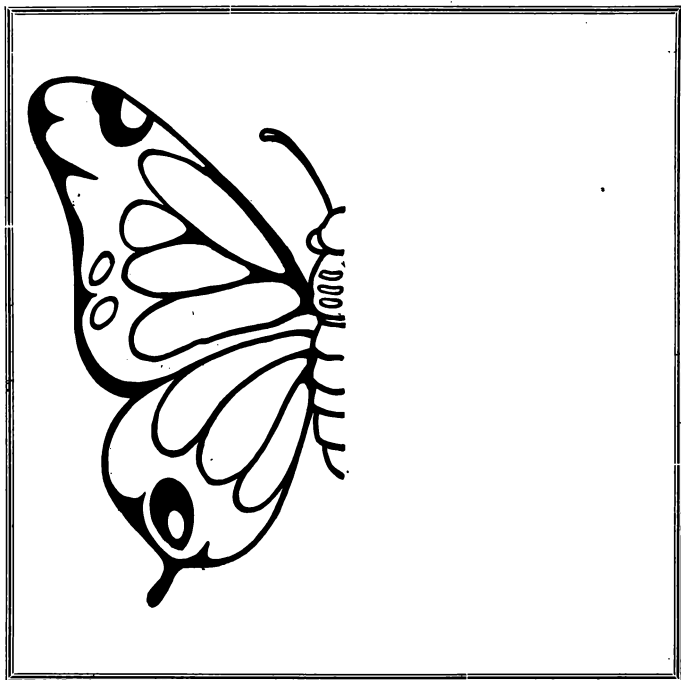
water  
 soap  
 broom  
 spoon  
 comb

handkerchief  
 towel  
 broom  
 fork  
 soap



FOR SECOND GRADERS**SOMETHING TO DRAW AND COLOR**

Complete this sketch with your pencil and then color it.



1. This is a butterfly. It is pretty. It has many colors.
2. Some butterflies are small; some are big.
3. In our garden there are many butterflies. They like to visit the flowers.
4. Do you ever catch butterflies? If you do, you should not hurt them.
5. Do you know the difference between a butterfly and a moth? If you don't, ask your teacher.

FOR SECOND GRADERS**SOMETHING TO DRAW AND COLOR**

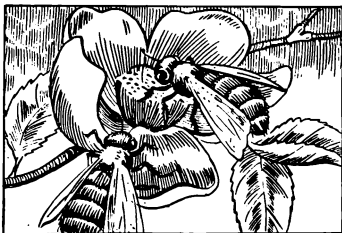
Finish this drawing with your pencil and then color it.



1. This is a flower. Do you have a flower-garden at home?
2. Flowers are pretty. They are nice to have in the garden and in the house.
3. Why do we like flowers? How many flowers can you name?
4. What insects like flowers? Bees and butterflies are insects.
5. What is the color of the *sampaguita*? What is the color of the *champaca*?
6. A rose may be pink, red, white, yellow, or pinkish white.

**FOR THIRD GRADERS****THE BEE**

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY \*



THE BUSIEST creature I have seen,  
 So happy and so free,  
 Who hums and works the whole  
 day long,  
 Is the busy little bee.

Little bee, your ways have taught  
 me  
 How to spend the golden day,  
 And I'll try to be more like thee,  
 Working hard with time for  
 play.

**A Lesson for a Good Reader**

THE BEE is, indeed, a very busy little creature. And he is happy because he is busy. What is the work which he does all the day long? The bee's work is to gather nectar from the flowers. From this nectar he makes honey. The honey he stores away in a hollow tree or in a beehive.

It is very pleasant to hear the hum of the little bees as they go from flower to flower doing their

work.

Did you know that the bees have a queen? The worker bees will follow their queen wherever she goes. Sometimes bees will leave a beehive and follow their queen to another hive, where they will make a new home.

What can you and I learn from the bees? We can learn to be busy and happy. We can also learn to be thrifty.

**Something to Find Out**

Find out how the bee "hums." Does he do it with his voice? Or how *does* he do it?

How does the bee get nectar from the flowers? Watch and find out.

Also find out how the bee helps the flower.

How do the bees store the honey which they make?

Can you tell what honey-comb is?

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

FOR THIRD GRADERS**THE MOON**

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY

THE MOON is a beautiful lady;  
 With a round silver lamp at  
 night,  
 She wanders up in the skyland,  
 Making the earth so bright.

Over the valleys and mountains,  
 And rivers and oceans so blue,  
 You'll always see her a-roving,  
 And looking right down at you.

**Another Reading Lesson**

MANY times I look at the moon. It does not always seem the same. Sometimes it is large and round. Sometimes it is like a crescent. Sometimes it is yellow. Sometimes it looks like silver. When there is a full moon, it is very light even at night.

On moonlight nights I like to play outdoors with other boys and girls. It is so light then that we can easily see to play games.

Our teacher says that the moon

receives light from the sun. Sometimes there is an eclipse of the moon. Then we can see a round shadow covering the moon. Your teacher will tell you about an eclipse, if you will ask him.

Do you like to look at the moon when it is large and full and round? Can you find a poem about the moon? Can you memorize the poem on this page? Can you draw the picture on this page? Draw it and color it.

**Questions to be Answered**

When is it very moonlight?  
 When is there little or no light from the moon?

When is the moon large and round? When is it shaped like a crescent? When is it yellow? When is it silver?

Where does the moon get its

light? What is an eclipse of the moon?

What causes the tides on the seashore? What causes a high tide? What causes a low tide?

How often is there a "new moon"? What is a "full moon"? What is a "waning moon"?

**MOTHER HIPPOPOTAMUS AND HER BABY**

MOTHER HIPPOPOTAMUS spends much of her day in the water, often in herds of 20 to 40. Nearly all of her great body is under the water. She is much more at home in the water than on the land. At times she disappears beneath the water for 8 or 10 minutes, spouting and snorting when she comes to the surface.

Mother Hippopotamus often carries her baby upon her head or neck. There he stands while she swims and dives. The baby learns to swim before he learns to walk. The baby stays with his mother for several years.

When it is night, Mother Hippopotamus comes out of the water. She can not see very well, so she depends upon her

sense of smell to guide her. She sniffs her way to the nearest fields where she eats rice, sugar-cane, water plants, or grasses. She often journeys 8 or 9 miles in search of good pasture.

The home of Mother Hippopotamus is in the lakes and large rivers of central East Africa. This great animal is usually slow moving, but when she becomes angry, she is dangerous. A few years ago in one of the rivers of Uganda a hippopotamus not only overturned a boat, but killed one of the men by biting him.

Mother Hippopotamus has an enormous mouth. Her huge red mouth is furnished with large teeth—tusks in the lower jaw. She can close her large nostrils and short ears when under water.



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**THE GREEDY HERON**

By ALEJANDRO GABORNI \*

ONCE upon a time a Heron invited his friend, the Frog, to a dinner. But the Heron did not have much to eat: only a few flies and mosquitoes which he had brought from a pond. The Frog, who was very polite, ate some of the food, and thanked the Heron.

Then the Frog's turn came. She prepared a fine dinner consisting of a bowl of fish, roasted lizards, and plenty of fat earthworms. Then she got a platter of nice insects for herself.

The Heron arrived and seated himself at one end of the table without waiting for the Frog. He ate everything he could find on the table. When he had finished eating the last fat worm, he said:

"What a very poor dinner! It is too light. Have you anything more to eat in the house?"

"Nothing more, kind sir," said the Frog, "unless you would want to eat me."

Of course the Frog was only joking, but the Heron opened his sharp bill and swallowed the Frog.

The Heron went out of the house and down the field, swinging his long bill gaily and still looking for something to eat.

On the way he met an old Mudfish looking out for a fine dinner of fresh tadpoles. He saw what the Heron had done with the Frog.

"You greedy Heron," said the Mudfish, "why did you eat your friend the Frog?"



"Greedy, indeed!" said the Heron, "I am thinking of eating you, too."

The Heron opened his sharp bill and down his throat went the old Mudfish. Then on through the watery field up and down he slowly stalked feeling finer than ever.

As he went he met an old Snake who was hunting for a dinner of toads and frogs.

"Go away, Heron," said the old Snake, "or I will bite you."

"Bite me, indeed!" said the Heron. "I have eaten my friend the Frog; I have eaten an old Mudfish. What is to stop me from eating you?"

He opened his bill wide, and down his throat went the old Snake.

Then the Greedy Heron started again, but more slowly. As he travelled he met a clumsy crab.

\* Teacher, Pinabacdao Barrio School, Calbiga, Samar.

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS**MOUSIE AND THE HIDDEN TREASURE***A Nonsensical Burlesque Playlet*

By ARTEMIO INTAL

## THE PLAYERS

MOUSIE, a young, strong sailor-mouse.

MOUSIE'S DAD, a big mouse who owns a cabin.

PIRATES.

## SCENE I

Place: In the cabin of Mousie's father. There is a table in the middle of the room, on top of which is a lighted lantern. On a wall hangs a picture of Mousie's grandfather in pirate's garb. (*Mousie's father is frantically searching the wooden chests that are scattered about the cabin. Suddenly he begins to shout and jump.*)

MOUSIE'S DAD: (*Excitedly*) I've found it! I've found it!

(*Mousie, who is outside, hears his father shouting; goes inside to see what the matter is.*)

MOUSIE: What's the matter, dad? What's happening to you? Why are you so excited?

MOUSIE'S DAD: I've found it! I've found the treasure-map your grandfather told me about.

MOUSIE: What did you say, dad? Did . . . did you say a treasure-map? Oh, oh! Show it to me, will you, dad?

MOUSIE'S DAD: Here it is, son. It's the map, the very map. We'll soon be rich—rich!

MOUSIE: Not so loud, dad. Somebody might hear you.

(*Together they lean on the table and study the map, which is yellow with age. Then Mousie's father speaks.*)

MOUSIE'S DAD: Yes, my son. Before your granddad died, he told me of the

loss of his treasure map. During his years of piracy he accumulated great riches which he buried on an island. Your grandfather was a pirate, you know. One day he discovered the loss of the treasure map, but he knew it was somewhere in his cabin. He searched the whole cabin but could find no trace of it. Now that we have the map, our first job is to locate the treasure. Then you and I will be rich.

MOUSIE: (*Sniffing*) I love the sea! It's good to be out on the ocean. I love to hear the waves pounding against the ship. You'll soon love the sea, dad. Sure, you will.

## CURTAIN

## SCENE II

(*Mousie and his father are aboard a small vessel which they have bought secretly. The ship is piled high with provisions. Mousie's father is walking on the deck toward Mousie looking at the water.*)

MOUSIE'S DAD: (*Tapping his son on the shoulder*) All this will be a dangerous undertaking. There are pirates that sail the seas.

MOUSIE: Maybe that's right, dad. By the way, where is the treasure buried?

MOUSIE'S DAD: I don't know. But according to this map, it lies far to the north. Let's direct our course straight to the north until we reach a gap between the mountains. We'll have to pass through it. In the course of our trip we'll reach an island . . .

(*At that same time a pirate's craft is*

*sailing serenely on the waters not very far from the vessel of Mousie and his father. Aboard the pirates' captain is talking to his men.)*

CAPTAIN: Men, be on the watch for passing vessels. Our provision is running low and our water is becoming scarce.

PIRATES: Aye, aye, sir.

*(The lookouts scan the water with glasses. They shout when they see Mousie's craft.)*

PIRATE: There's a vessel off the port bow, captain!

*(The sails are put up and the pirates brandish their swords. Closer and closer comes the pirates' vessel to Mousie's ship. When they reach the craft they clamber aboard, shouting lustily.)*

CAPTAIN: Take them alive.

*(Mousie and father are too unnerved by the sudden attack to resist. Quickly Mousie's dad hides the treasure-map. Soon they are prisoners. Then the pirates take them to their captain.)*

CAPTAIN: Ho, ho, ho! *(Turning to his crew)* Take them to the hold and load what they have on our vessel.

*(Mousie and his father are taken to the hold. Night comes and they hear the plunderers on deck laughing and drinking wine. Busily the prisoners are planning a way to escape.)*

MOUSIE: Dad, we'll rot in this ship if we don't escape.

MOUSIE'S DAD: That's right. Say! the guard is sleeping. We had better slip away before he wakes up.

*(The two prisoners make their way to the deck with the arms they got from the sleeping guard. Exercising every precaution, they slip by the guards on deck and lower themselves off the ship's side. A moment later they are swimming to-*

*ward their ship which is not far away. They reach the ship without any difficulty.)*

MOUSIE'S DAD: Hoist the sails, son, before they discover our escape.

*(Mousie puts up the sails. The wind blows and carries their craft away from the plundering pirates' craft.)*

MOUSIE'S DAD: That gang of pirates took everything with them. All I found was a jug of water and a couple of biscuits.

CURTAIN  
SCENE III

*(The two treasure seekers are on the island where the treasure is buried.)*

MOUSIE'S DAD: Here is the stone all right. Pick up that shovel, son. *(Holding the map in one hand, a spade in the other.)* The map says walk one hundred paces north. *(They begin measuring till they count the hundred paces.)* Then fifty paces west. Yes, this the place. Dig over there, son, while I dig here.

MOUSIE: Nothing over here, dad.

MOUSIE'S DAD: Go on, son. Dig deeper. *(They dig and dig again. After working for quite a long time Mousie cries excitedly.)*

MOUSIE: Something hard in this part, dad. Can it be the treasure? Listen: Come here, dad. Here they are. There are two of them.

MOUSIE'S DAD: Didn't I tell you so, son? Now the treasure is ours. I can't believe it, but we are rich. Ha, ha, ha!

*(They haul the heavy chests to the surface, open them and discover that they are full of gold. Suddenly Mousie looks toward the sea.)*

MOUSIE: Daddy, daddy, look! It's the pirates' ship. What shall we do? What shall we do?

MOUSIE'S DAD: Put the treasure back!

*(Please turn to page 334.)*

## AMONG THE WILD ANIMALS OF EAST AFRICA

*True Stories Related by a Young Traveler*

### IX. A CROCODILE ADVENTURE

DURING my stay in central East Africa, I lived for a time on a farm near the shore of a large lake. I had a young friend, the son of the owner of the farm on which I was employed. This young man attended school at Nairobi, but usually spent his vacations on his father's farm. He liked the life on the large plantation, the riding on the small mountain ponies, and the fishing in the nearby lake and small streams.

In the evening the boy's father would sit in a big chair before the open fire, and tell stories of adventures of the early European colonizers of East Africa, of whom he was one. "And remember, son," he would say, "the dangers of the olden days are still with us in this country; the jungles of East Africa are still full of wild animals."

My young friend and I would sit and listen to these stirring tales. Sometimes as we sat thus, the stillness of the African night was interrupted by the roar of a lion or the snarling of some leopard nearby. Of course we were safe here in the stone farmhouse whose windows had strong iron bars as a protection against dangerous animal intruders.

The planter warned his son against riding out into the country without having a native boy with him and a gun for their defence. The young man had been trained early to use a rifle, and it was really unnecessary for the father to remind his son to take a weapon with him into the wilderness. When my young friend took a trip into the jungle, Wataia, the native boy, was always glad to follow him.



*The Crocodile—a Dangerous Enemy*

Wataia was only a few years older than my young friend. As boys they had been reared on the same farm, and had been on many *safaris* together. The native knew the country better than the planter's son, who spent much of his time in school

in Nairobi, and so was not very familiar with the sights and sounds of the jungle and wild plains. Wataia was able to smell a snake in the high grass, and more than once had kept his master's son from running into a dangerous reptile. Wataia had only his long spear as a protection, but the planter's son had a rifle and a revolver for defence.

My young friend had again come home for a summer's vacation. A few days after his arrival, he proposed to me

that we go on a fishing trip. Just then work was not very pressing on the plantation, so I gladly accepted the invitation. I was really looking for a little excitement. Anything might happen on this fishing trip, for everything in East Africa is an adventure, and sometimes an adventure turns out to be a dangerous one.

Accordingly we went to the lake to prepare for our fishing trip. The boats and fishing equipment had to be looked over, for they had not been used for several months. As usual, Wataia went with us. He was very useful in overhauling the boats and getting the fishing paraphernalia in readiness. Presently we had everything prepared to go out fishing the next morning. We were going to use a heavy, safe rowboat and a light, narrow canoe.

That night we all sat before the open fire at the plantation house. Once again my young friend's father warned us of the dangers of an African jungle. "There are hundreds of crocodiles in the lake and the streams. Do not leave the boat and go into the water—one is never sure where a crocodile is lurking. A savage old crocodile may suddenly appear from the depths of the water."

Early next morning we left the house. We wanted to begin fishing before the larger fish left the surface of the water for the cooler depths of the lake. We intended to stay the whole day at the lake and not return home until dusk. We had taken food with us, and, with some of the fish which we would catch fried in a skillet over the coals, we would fare sumptuously.

Soon we were ready to paddle to the fishing grounds. My young friend and I were in the larger rowboat, and Wataia was in the canoe. Each of us had our

fishing tackle all ready in our boat, and a small can of live bait. My companion and I had each taken a rifle; one never knows in East Africa when a rifle is necessary, even in the water. Of course Wataia had his long spear. We all thought of the crocodiles which my young friend's father had spoken of the night before. From previous fishing trips, we knew there would be many crocodiles ready to give us trouble if they could do so.

The fishing was splendid. At every cast we had a bite. In a couple of hours we had many fish—more than we could possibly eat. We would take a good catch home to the plantation where they would be a welcome addition to the larder.

Before the sun had reached its hot noon-day position, we intended to return to the shore and stay there under the shadows of the tall trees. When the sun was high over head we started for the shore.

We were about two hundred yards from the landing place. Wataia was considerably ahead, because he could paddle faster in his canoe than we could row in our boat. Suddenly a big crocodile appeared. Wataia stood up, spear in hand, ready to hurl it at the reptile. In so doing, he shifted his weight, so that the canoe capsized. The next second we saw Wataia in the water and the canoe floating with its keel upward.

Wataia was a good swimmer and struck out for the shore. At that instant the big crocodile saw him and started toward him, swimming rapidly.

"Swim! Swim! Wataia," I shouted. "The crocodile is after you." Wataia heard me and speeded up. But to our dismay we saw that the crocodile was

gaining. I aimed my rifle at the reptile and fired, but either I missed him or my shot had no effect on his tough skin.

The crocodile was rapidly gaining. We were petrified with fear. We looked around for other crocodiles, and I was horrified when I saw another and yet another making for the boy.

Wataia changed his course and started for some overhanging branches on the shore. He put forth superhuman effort. One of the ugly reptiles was almost up to him. Both of us in the boat were firing at the crocodiles, but we were afraid of firing at the one nearest Wataia, lest we hit the boy.

We saw the treacherous wake of the crocodile rapidly approaching the native boy. Wataia had only a few strokes left and he would reach the overhanging branches, but the speed with which the crocodile followed him gave the native very little chance to escape certain death.

"Swim, Wataia, swim," my young friend called after the boy as he aimed his rifle and fired at the swimming crocodile. He knew quite well he could not kill the animal from such a distance, but he hoped to attract its attention from the swimming native. But the reptile followed its prey undisturbed, and I feared the worst for the native boy.

Suddenly Wataia gave a leap out of the water and grabbed a low-hanging branch above his head. The next second the crocodile had reached the place where the native had been swimming. The reptile snapped furiously at Wataia, but the boy was so high above the great open mouth of the creature that the crocodile missed him.

We watched breathlessly and felt relieved when we saw Wataia swinging in the low branches. The native was safe

at least for a short while. But we must relieve him quickly, or he might fall into the water again. The crocodile was swimming around and waiting for its prey. We began rowing toward Wataia and the crocodile.

"Quick, master," shouted the native boy. "I am slipping." We redoubled our efforts, but before we could get there, Wataia fell into the water. The crocodile saw him and started toward the boy. As he did so, my young friend, now nearer the reptile, aimed his rifle and struck the animal in the eye. By that time Wataia reached our boat, and I quickly pulled him aboard.

We all sat in the boat a little while to recover from the shock of our adventure. As we sat thus, my young companion and I fired at the crocodiles, and they soon disappeared. Then we went to our landing place and in a little while were frying fish over an open fire. We enjoyed our meal and a rest under the shady trees. Late that afternoon we returned home with a good mess of fresh fish, and were none the worse for our thrilling adventure with a crocodile.

#### QUESTIONS

1. Where is Nairobi?
2. What is a *safari*?
3. Why does the author say that "everything in East Africa is an adventure?"
4. What was the danger of the water?
5. What was the accident which placed Wataia in a dangerous position?
6. What did Wataia do to save himself from the crocodile?
7. Do you think Wataia was quick-witted in the jungle? Why?
8. What saved the life of Wataia?

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

*An Old Legend*

THERE is no other story in any country that tells so beautifully of the magic power of music as does the old legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Once, long, long ago, the old European town of Hamelin, which is built on the banks of a big river, was full of rats. There were so many rats in the town that the people who lived there said that if something was not done to get rid of them, they would not live there any longer.

So every one tried every way he knew to drive the rats from the town. But each day there were more rats in the streets and in the houses than there had been there the day before. A famous poet wrote about these rats in a fine poem:

"Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats."

About this time a strange Piper came to town. The Piper's coat was one-half yellow and one-half red; that is why he was called a pied piper. He carried a pipe, or flute, which he played as he walked the streets of Hamelin Town. The Piper went to the mayor of the town,

and to the other men who lived in Hamelin.

"I know a way to get rid of all those rats," he said to them.

The mayor and all the men were very glad to hear him say this.

"We will give you a large sum of money if you will get rid of the rats," they said. This was a very fine offer, for the sum of money they were going to give the Piper was equal to twenty thousand dollars.

The strange Piper went out into the streets of the town. He began to play sweet music on his flute as he walked along.

As soon as the rats heard the music, they ran out of their hiding places to follow after him. More and more rats kept coming. No

one ever before saw so many rats! There were thousands and thousands of them. Each rat tried to get ahead of all the other rats so as to be nearer the player and his sweet music.

"And out of the houses the rats came tumbling,  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young frisk-ers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,



Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.”

The Piper walked on, playing his pipe all the while. When he came to the bank of the river on the south side of the town, he did not stop but walked right on. The rats followed him into the river, and were all drowned.

The mayor and the people of Hamelin were very happy because the rats were gone. They even went to the church and rang all the bells that hung in the steeple.

Then the Piper came back into the town, and went to see the mayor.

“I have got rid of the rats in Hamelin,” said the Piper. “Please give me the money you promised.”

But the mayor and people would not pay the Piper.

“You earned the money too easily,” they said to him.

“You will be sorry if you are not honest, and do not pay me,” said the Piper.

But they would not pay him.

Then the Piper went into the streets again. This time he played another tune and a much sweeter one than the one he played when the rats followed him. Such magic music had never before been heard in all the land! All the children of Hamelin ran out of the houses when they heard the sweet music, just as the rats had done.

The Piper did not speak a single word. But the boys and girls understood the soft sweet tones of the music, which told of a wonderful fairy land. In this fairy land, the music said, were beautiful flowers, and birds that sang from the trees day and night. All day long children could sail on the rivers and on the lakes in tiny fairy boats.

The Piper’s music told the children

that he would lead them right into that fairy land, and so they followed him.

After he had played for a short time on his flute and walked in the street,

“Small feet were pattering, little shoes clattering,

Tiny hands clapping, and happy voices chattering;

Out came the children running,

All the little boys and girls

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.”

Down the street the Piper led the children. Mothers and fathers called to them, but they did not hear or answer.

When the Piper reached the river this time, he turned to the west, to the great mountains that stood there. Then,

“As they reached the mountain-side,

A wonderful doorway opened wide,

As if a cave were suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced and the children followed.

And when all were in to the very last,

The door in the mountain-side shut fast.”

The old legend tells us that there were one hundred and thirty boys and girls who went into the mountain that day so long ago. Not one of them ever came back, and they could never be found, although their fathers and mothers tried and tried very hard to find them.

All this happened many long years ago. Yet the mothers and fathers in Hamelin still tell the story to their children. The street through which the Piper

*(Please turn to page 334.)*



HISTORY SECTION**JERUSALEM, THE SACRED CITY OF TWO FAITHS***Wailing Place of the Jews in Jerusalem-*

"IF I FORGET THEE, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" So sang the Hebrew psalmist as he thought with passionate devotion of the holy city from which he was exiled. In the Middle Ages the Crusaders, who had toiled the long weary way from their homes in Europe to wrest the city of Christ from Mohammedan rule, knelt in the dust and wept with joy as they beheld from afar the city of their dreams. Today, Jerusalem still draws hosts of pilgrims who come to kiss its crumbling ruins, to look upon the place of Christ's death and resurrection, and to approach with reverent awe its other holy places.

Standing on a rocky plateau, 2,500 feet above sea level, in the mountain region of Palestine between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea, Jerusalem as seen from the neighboring hills is still as the Bible describes it, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth."

Jerusalem is a natural fortress, and

few cities have suffered more terrible sieges. Had it not been for the lack of water within its walls, it would in ancient days have been almost impregnable, for deep-cut ravines protect it on three sides.

Separating the city from the famous Mount of Olives on the east and northeast is the ancient valley of Kidron. On the west and south is the hated valley of Gehenna. This ravine was accursed in ancient times, for here at one time human sacrifices were made to the Phoenician god Moloch, and later the bodies of criminals were thrown there. For this reason the name Gehenna was used to mean Hell, a place for torment after death.

In ancient times there was another valley which separated western Jerusalem from Zion, the city of David, and the Temple hill. But during the centuries this ravine has been filled by rubbish.

The walls surrounding Jerusalem have been many times destroyed and rebuilt. Portions of the present walls probably

*The Garden of Gethsemane*

rest upon more ancient foundations.

Of the splendid Temple, which was the center of Hebrew worship, no part remains standing today. A Mohammedan place of worship, the Mosque of Omar, now stands on the holy spot. Eight gateways open into its courtyard, within which is the Dome of the Rock. This famous rock is said to have been used by ancient Hebrew priests when they slaughtered animals for sacrifice, and where Abraham offered to sacrifice Isaac. To Mohammedans it is a very holy place. The spot in Jerusalem most visited by Christian pilgrims is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, built over the supposed tomb of Jesus. No one knows for certain the exact spot where Jesus was crucified or the place of the tomb of Jesus; but for ages men have made long, long pilgrimages to visit these holy places, and have struggled and suffered and died for them. So we look with feelings of awe and reverence upon these places.

Franciscan monks tend with loving care the place which they believe is the Garden of Gethsemane. Here several ancient olive trees are pointed out as the very ones in whose shadow Jesus knelt and prayed in anguish the night before His death.

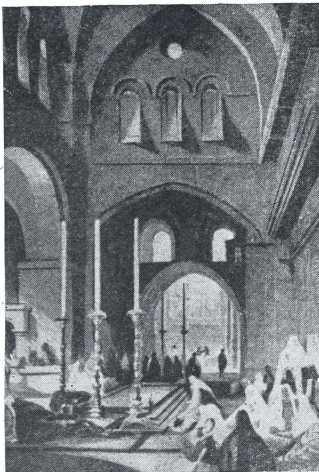
Rising above the garden and overlook-

ing the whole city is the Mount of Olives, associated with many scenes in the history of Christianity.

The history of Jerusalem goes back to the 15th century before Christ, when it was occupied, we are told, by the Egyptians. When the Israelites entered Palestine, it was held by the Jebusites, a Canaanite tribe. David conquered the city and made it the capital of his kingdom.

It reached its greatest splendor under Solomon. After the division of the Israelite kingdom, it remained the capital of Judah until destroyed by the Romans under Titus in 70 A. D.

About 130 A. D. the Roman emperor Hadrian rebuilt the city. Its history from that time until the 4th century is obscure, when Constantine the Great, after his conversion to Christianity, gave orders for the recovery of the holy places and the erection of two magnifi-



*Church of the Holy Sepulcher*

cent churches.

In 637 Jerusalem was captured by the Mohammedans. It was recaptured by the Crusaders in 1099 and held by them until 1187, when it was reconquered by the Saracens (Mohammedans). It remained in the hands of the Mohammedans most of the time until it was taken by British forces in 1917.

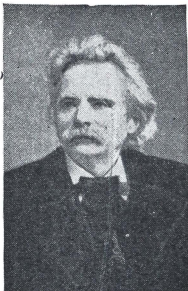
*(Please turn to page 334.)*

**MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION****GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC**

## SECOND SERIES

By BERT PAUL OSBON

## IX. GRIEG



GRIEG

*Famous Norwegian Composer*

In the snowy northland called Norway there was born in the year 1843 a little boy, Edvard Grieg (pronounced *grieg*), who was destined to paint the icy, blue, and glittering scenes of his homeland in music. His grandfather was a Scotchman and his father a British consul in Norway. His gifted Norwegian mother was a singer and skilled pianist, and she gave Edvard his earliest music lessons at the age of six. His mother was very strict, and although it pleased her to see the boy improvising at the piano, nevertheless she was relentless in making him work at his scales and exercises. Sometimes when his mother was not in the room, Edvard would improvise at the piano. This did not escape the ears of his mother, and she would call to him from the kitchen or whatever part of the house she happened to be: "Edvard, now aren't you ashamed?" In a threatening voice she would insist that he practise.

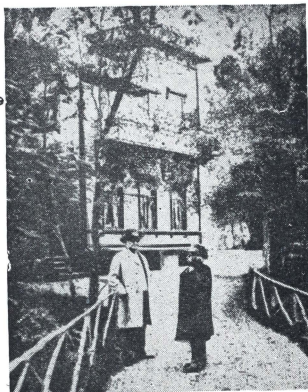
His parents were very much interested

in music. They lived in a beautiful large house, and it was possible for them to arrange for the production of complete operas in their home. On one occasion little Edvard witnessed in his home a magnificent performance of Beethoven's *Fantasia*, with chorus and orchestra, his mother appearing as soloist. She was admirably fitted to instil in her young son a great love for music.

Edvard had an older brother John who was learning to play the 'cello. He was sent to one of the music centers of Germany to study, but he gave it up to become a business man. He always retained his love and interest in music; later he was an important music critic in his town.

When merely a boy, Edvard was taken by his father on long trips through the picturesque mountain scenery of Norway.

*A Norwegian Fjord*



*Grieg (on the right) and a Friend at his Villa*

He learned to love deeply the pine woods, the fjords, forests, and hills of his native land. (See the picture on page 325.) The boy was captivated with the tunes played by the Norwegian fiddlers upon their curious old fiddles. Often he heard the peasant dances and wedding processions, and he longed to preserve the Norwegian music which he heard.

Afterwards, when he began to write beautiful music, it was always reminiscent of these native songs, dances, fairy tales, and wild mountain legends. Trolls and pixies and bearded mountain kings peopled the tales told him during his happy childhood. These things he used in his later compositions, for Grieg was always Norwegian in character.

He wrote his first musical composition when he was nine years old. When a great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, who was living at that time, was shown some of the boy's work, he advised that Edvard be sent to the Leipsic Conservatory of

Music in Germany to study music. His good parents gladly agreed to this. He already had an excellent musical background which he had received from his mother. After studying music in Germany for some years, he went to Denmark and then returned to his native Norway.

After his return to Norway, he married his cousin who was an excellent singer. He founded a musical society which did much to bring forth Scandinavian music. The members of this society solemnly vowed to do all in their power to further the development of national music. Grieg's wife was one of the supporters of this organization, for she sang Grieg's songs when, together, they made concert tours of Germany, England, France, Holland, and Denmark. The ocean trip to America was too strenuous an undertaking for Grieg who suffered and eventually died from tuberculosis, but the honors heaped upon him abroad caused his music to be very much liked in America.

The Norwegian government granted him a pension so that he might devote all his time to composition. Grieg belongs at the top of the group of Scandinavian composers who were unusually fine creators of art-songs. Indeed, Grieg is generally considered among the leading song-writers of the world. Much of his work is distinctly in the German style, because he received much of his later musical training at the conservatory in Leipsic, Germany, but gradually he wrote his music to express a Norwegian style.

When the writer of plays, Ibsen, wrote his great drama called *Peer Gynt*, he asked Grieg to write music for the play.

(Please turn to page 336.)



**ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION****MAN'S FRIEND, THE HORSE***Man's Friend*

FROM the earliest times of man's history we know that he used the horse, first as a source of food and later as an aid in war and a beast of burden.

The members of the horse family are especially interesting because scientists have been able to trace their history more completely than that of any other animal group. So many fossil skeletons of horses have been discovered, in all parts of the world, that we know the history of its development for 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 years.

The earliest ancestor of the horse was a tiny animal about the size of a cat, with five toes on each fore foot and four on each hind foot. These little animals began to run on the tips of their toes to escape their enemies. Gradually the center toes became stronger and the weaker toes finally disappeared.

That is why the horse now has only one toe on each foot. The hoof of the horse is just a greatly enlarged and thickened toe-nail. Traces of the lost toes may be found by examining a skeleton of a horse.

The horse has a well-shaped body, strong limbs, a long head, pointed ears which it can move, and wide-open nostrils. The hair is soft and short, and lies

close to the body, growing into coarse strands in the mane and tail.

The horse eats grass and grain but does not chew the cud, as does a cow. It has from 36 to 40 teeth. There is a division between the groups of teeth, an arrangement by which man has been able to subdue this vigorous animal by using a bit in its mouth.

The young of the horse is called a colt. The colt is born with its eyes open and its body fully covered with hair. It is able to stand and walk a few minutes after birth. Within two weeks the central

*An Arab and his Horse*

teeth make their appearance. Other teeth soon follow, and when the colt is about six months old it has a full set of the first teeth which are called milk teeth. These are shed during the third year. When the colt is five years old its set of permanent teeth is complete.

The growth and changes in appearance of the teeth are so regular up to the tenth year that the age of the horse may be judged by them, but after the tenth year these annual changes cease.

In prehistoric times the wild horse was first pursued for food. The first peoples to tame the horse lived on the great grasslands north of the Caspian and Black seas. (See a map of Eastern Europe.)

In ancient times the horse was used to draw chariots in war, and was not ridden. As beasts of burden the ox and the ass were used long before the horse.

When Europeans first went to America, the horse was entirely unknown to the American Indians. Horses were taken to America by the Spaniards and other people from Europe, just as they were brought to the Philippines. The wild horses and Indian ponies of North America and South America are descendants of horses that escaped from the Spaniards in the 16th century. The wild horses of Australia are descendants of horses taken there from Europe.

Of all the horses in the world today the Arabian steed is the ideal horse. It can run very fast, it has a graceful body, and is very intelligent and tame. (See the illustration on page 327.) The Arab loves and pets his horse as he does his child, and man and beast understand each other perfectly. The mother horse and her colt live in the tent with the Arab and his children.

The Egyptians used horses as early as 1500 B. C., and they were like modern Arabian horses. Horses were in use in Babylonia, Palestine, and Greece about the same time, but they were coarse, thickset animals. The horses used in Spain were introduced from Northern Africa. They were almost as famous as the Arabian horses.

The running race horses are descended from the Arabian horses and those from Northern Africa. The marvelous speed of race horses shows what can be done by careful selection and breeding.

Except in the very cold Arctic regions, the horse is distributed throughout the world. In Europe and North America horses are used as work animals, and are larger than the ponies of the Philippines. Since the common use of autos, horses are not used so much as in former days.

The small ponies of the Philippines are largely used to draw the two-wheeled *calesas* in common use. These horses, even if small, are strong and wiry. Although they are descendants of early imported horses, they have become so accustomed to the tropical climate that they have remarkable endurance even in the heat of the torrid zone.

The normal life of a horse is usually 18 or 20 years. The scientific name of the domestic horse is *Equus caballus*; from this comes the Spanish word *caballo*, and the Filipino name *cabayo*.

#### REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Can you tell about the earliest ancestor of the horse?
2. How many toes did it have on the fore feet? On the hind feet?
3. Can you describe the horse's foot of the present time?
4. Can you tell about a horse's teeth?

## HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

### YOUR HEALTH AND HOW TO KEEP IT



*Simple Meals at  
Regular Hours!*

YOU LIVE in a little house all by yourself. It is your body. People who own houses take care of them, and try to live just as comfortably as they can. The first thing necessary to live comfortably anywhere is to keep everything sweet and

clean and in order.

It is much better to use a house than to let it stand idle. Things rust out quicker than they wear out. So it is with your body. You must use every bit of it every day, and live in every corner of it. The bones and muscles become weak and stiff if they get no exercise. Working muscles and bone call for more blood. This compels the heart to beat faster and stronger, and the lungs to call for more air to keep the blood purified.

All parts of the body should be exercised daily. Swimming, roller-skating, bicycle-riding, dancing, and just plain walking in the fresh air are splendid exercises. Games like baseball, volleyball, basket-ball, and tennis are fine, too. Sweeping a room, hoeing a garden, and working for mother are also good for the body. Laziness is rust for the body and mind. Don't do anything only half-way. Study hard and play hard while you are at it, and then rest. Don't hurry, or overwork, or overplay. Don't lie awake and think about "that examination." If you

do your best every day, you don't need to worry; and if you *don't* do your best, worrying will only make it worse. If your brain is to do good work, it must have sleep. Eight hours for work, eight hours for eating and playing, and eight hours for sleep is a good rule for grown people. Children should have less work, and more play and sleep.

Eat at regular hours. Eat enough at meal time and do not eat between meals. Eat simple food at regular hours. Take time to eat. Chew your food.

Wash your hands before you eat. Rub yourself dry after a bath. Use warm water if possible for bathing and soap. Remove by rubbing the dead skin of the body, the dust, dried sweat, and oil. If this is not removed, it injures your health and makes you unpleasant to other people. The morning shower, followed by a brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, brings the blood to the skin and makes you feel bright and active.



*Brush Your Teeth  
Twice a Day!*

Don't forget to drink plenty of pure water. Drink four to six glasses a day.

Water washes through all the waste pipes of the body and cleans them. It is best to drink before breakfast, between meals, and at bedtime.



*Sleep with Your Windows  
Open!*

Water at meal time often dilutes the food in the stomach too much for proper digestion.

Don't be afraid of fresh air. Use it all the time. There is plenty of it and it costs nothing. Some people, when they go to bed, shut their windows to keep out the night air. Do not do that. Sleep with your windows open.

Brush your teeth. Brush them each morning and each evening. Dirty teeth are not only very disagreeable things to look at—and to have—but they are a cause of disease. A dentist should examine your teeth twice a year. Even the "baby" teeth should be kept clean and

cavities in them should be filled. That will make them last longer and keep the stomach healthier. That saves money and pain, too.

Your eyes are the windows of your soul. They should be clear and bright.

You should not read by a dim light. The light should fall on the page or the work you are doing; not on your eyes.

We read in bed and strain the muscles; we read with a glaring light, or a poor light on the printed page; with the light directed into our eyes instead of on the printed page; we read on the rapidly-moving car and thus overwork the focusing muscles; or for too long a time, paying no attention to the fact that our eyes are uncomfortable.

We read when we are sick, or perhaps when we have got something in the eye and have neglected to go to the oculist to have it removed. Perhaps we get care-

less and wipe our eyes on a public towel in a public washroom; or rub our eyes with unclean hands or a soiled handkerchief; thus introducing disease into the eye.

An eye which is throwing off pus is a dangerous eye, both to its owner and to others, and it should be looked after by a competent oculist at once.

A competent oculist should always be consulted even when the warning seems trivial. Never buy glasses from an untrained optician.

The eye is too delicate a piece of machinery, and our happiness depends too much upon it, for us to neglect it.

These are some of the things you must do in order to have good health and keep it.

#### REVIEW

1. Tell as many things as possible that you read in this article which show you how to have

and to keep good health.

2. Do you think your health will be improved by doing the things suggested?

3. Are you going to do these things? When?

4. Tell about caring for the teeth.

5. How do many people injure their eye-sight?

6. Why should you be especially careful to protect your eyes?

7. Do you know of anything more important to you than good health?

8. Which is worth more—riches or good health?

Health is better than wealth.—*English Proverb*  
 He who has health is rich and does not know it.—*Italian Proverb*  
 Health and intellect are the two blessings of life.—*Megander*  
 Health and good estate of body are above all gold.—*Edictus Justinus*  
 A healthy body is the guest of the soul, a sick, its prison.—*Lord Bacon*  
 The first requisite of good generalship is good health.—*Napoleon*  
 Strength of body and strength of mind, the reason of the sage and the vigor of an athlete, exhibit the most perfect model of a man and the highest refinement of the mind.—*Rousseau*  
 When God would secure to man the highest, best-balanced, most long-continued action of mental and moral power, he does it by giving him a sound physique.—*Mark Hopkins*  
 The first requisite of success in life is to be a good animal. In any of the learned professions, the vigorous constitution is equal to at least 50 per cent more brains.—*Mathews*  
 No citizen has a right to be an amateur in the matter of physical training. What a disgrace it is for a man to grow old without ever seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable! —*Socrates*

#### Memorize Them!



## CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION

### BE AN OPTIMIST

WHAT is optimism? It is taking the most hopeful view of things in life. The opposite of optimism is pessimism, which is the taking of the least hopeful view of things. So an optimist is a person who takes the hopeful view, and a pessimist is one who takes the worst view. Which of these two do you and I want to be?

The hope of the earth is the optimist looking forward and believing that all will be well. There are pessimists everywhere, despairing of humanity, believing in the doom of all things.

The difference between the optimist and the pessimist is the difference between knowledge and ignorance. Just now we may feel that evil holds the world, but all history of the past replies that good will come.

If we are to be optimists, let us know *why* we believe. What is the foundation of optimism in a war-torn world like that of today? It is based on history which shows us that all ages have led men on to higher things and greater power, in spite of dark periods of evil like that of the present time.

The mind that understands the past will believe that great things can happen in the future. A few thousand years have opened up the entire field of human knowledge; a few hundred years have "made us masters where we were slaves." What, then, is impossible in the hundreds

and the thousands of years ahead of us?

The promise of what man yet will do is, in the things that man has done, but beyond all possible comparison will be the wonder of the things to come.

"To travel hopefully," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "is a better thing than to arrive." We must travel hopefully.

During the ages since man first appeared, has the movement of the world in general been good or bad?

Good, of course. The present bad condition of some parts of the world is only temporary; good will surely triumph eventually. Believing this is optimism.

At the present moment it would seem that wrong has prevailed in Europe. But this will not endure. Wrong can never

*(Please turn to page 336.)*



*Liberty WILL enlighten the world.  
If you believe this, you are an optimist.*

## WORK AND PLAY SECTION

### THE FLYING WHEEL



THIS is a simple little toy which can be made at no cost at

all out of a post-card or a piece of light weight cardboard.

On the cardboard draw a circle about three inches in diameter. To do this easily you can draw around a tea cup which is turned upside down. When the circle is well drawn, cut it out with a pair of scissors.

Inside of this draw another circle about two inches in diameter. To do this easily draw around a glass tumbler which is turned upside down.

Across the smaller circle draw a line through the center of the circle. Draw another line at right angles to the first.

(Please turn to page 339.)

### THE WIND-BALL

GET a piece of thin cardboard or stiff paper. Cut out of it three discs, each about three inches in diameter. Draw straight lines upon them as shown in the picture.

Then cut along these lines with a sharp penknife, taking care that the various lines correspond in length. Now slip the second disc over the first, so that you get a double disc as shown in the picture. Over this arrange the third disc, which gives the complete wind-ball. Be careful in putting the discs together.

Place the wind-ball on a smooth walk on a windy day, and it will race along quite fast.

Or you can blow it across a table from one side to the other. A boy can stand

(Please turn to page 339.)



### HOW TO MEASURE THE DIAMETER OF A BALL

YOU may have learned in school that the diameter of a ball is the distance through it, passing through the center. To measure the diameter of a ball exactly may not seem a very easy task, but there is a way of doing this which is quite simple. Take two blocks of wood, or two boxes, a little higher and wider than the ball, stand these on a table with their sides



touching a wall or a larger box which is on the table.

Between

the two boxes or blocks place the ball as shown in the picture. Still keeping the sides against the wall, or large box, bring the two blocks or small boxes together until they touch the ball.

Now take a ruler and measure the distance between the two boxes, taking care to keep everything quite still and level. Thus, in a very simple manner, you have found out the distance through the ball at its center. If you want to find the distance *around* the ball (the circumference) multiply the diameter by 3.1416, or, roughly, by 3 and 1/7.

## THE BALANCING ZOO

Having drawn the outline of each animal, color each with crayola or colored chalk. Then cut each animal out very carefully. See that the projecting claw, beak, trunk, or hand is well curved and pointed. Each toy should then balance



ON THIS PAGE is shown a collection of balancing animals. You can make them easily out of old post-cards or a thin piece of cardboard.

First, draw each animal as shown in these pictures, taking care to keep to the



same proportions, though you can make the animal bigger or smaller. The curve of the body must be kept in order to get the balance. With the lizard and the monkey there must be a good curve of tail at the end.



itself on the tip of a finger or the point of a pencil. If it is well made, it will balance itself firmly and easily.

There is science as well as fun in the Balancing Zoo. Let us take the lizard, for example, and see why it balances so

*(Please turn to page 339.)*



## GREEDY HERON

*(Continued from page 315)*

"Get out of my way, you!" ordered the Crab.

"No, sir," said the Heron proudly. "I have eaten the Frog; I have eaten the old Mudfish, and I have eaten the old Snake. What is to stop me from eating you?"

But before the Heron could finish what he was saying, the Crab raised up his two mighty pinchers and pinched the Heron's neck.

## SOME QUESTIONS

1. Do you think the Heron was polite?
2. What did the Heron do to the Frog?

## MOUSIE

*(Continued from page 317)*

*(They bury the treasure again; cover it with soil and run toward a clump of trees nearby. They climb a tall one).*

MOUSIE: *(Excitedly)* Look, dad! They've changed their course. They aren't coming here.

MOUSIE'S DAD: Sure enough, son. I thought they would land and make us prisoners once more—with the treasure we found.

MOUSIE: Let's get down. It's safe now. Then we can get the treasure again and sail for home.

## CURTAIN

## PIED PIPER

*(Continued from page 322)*

and the children went on their way to the mountain is called the "Street of the Children." In this street there is set up a large stone. On its side is cut the date, "June 26, A.D. 1284." That is the day on which the Piper is said to have lead the boys and girls away. Up the street a little farther there is a statue of the Piper.

Every year, when the twenty-sixth of June comes around, all the people who live in Hamelin have a great holiday in memory of the children who followed the Piper.

On that day, the whole town is full of rats again. But these are not live rats. Instead, they are little cakes and cookies made into the shape of a rat. And all the stores in town have for sale little flutes, like the one the Piper played.

The boys and girls of Hamelin still love music, and they sing and play it all the year round. But no one is ever allowed to sing or play any music on the street through which the children followed the Piper, so long ago. That is to be a silent street forever.

## JERUSALEM

*(Continued from page 324)*

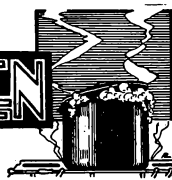
One of the famous places of Jerusalem is known as the Wailing Place of the Jews. This is a wall of very ancient stones, once supposed to have been a part of the temple erected by Solomon but now known to belong to later times. Every Friday Jews gather at this wall, kiss the ancient stones, mourn the loss of Jerusalem, and pray. There are Hebrew carvings on these stones; these are the prayers of pilgrims.

Except for its memories of the past, Jerusalem is not an attractive city today. The streets are narrow and dirty, shut in by the high gloomy walls of the buildings, and often overarched, so that they seem almost like passages through caves. The houses are square and flat-topped, with few outside courts. The streets are crowded with traders, beggars, and pilgrims and travelers from all over the world.

Old Jerusalem is buried deep in the ground; modern Jerusalem is partly an old Crusaders' town with Mohammedan additions, and partly a uninteresting travel resort, but to the followers of two faiths Jerusalem will ever be a sacred city.



# The YOUNG CITIZEN Pantry



## TWO KINDS OF CAKES AND THEIR ICING

### *Angel Food Cake*

Ingredients needed: 8 whites of eggs; 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar; 1 cup sifted flour; 1 cup sifted sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1/4 teaspoon salt. Beat the whites of the eggs slightly. Add the salt and cream of tartar, and beat till stiff. Add the sifted sugar gradually, beating between each addition. Sift the flour 3 times. Fold lightly into the mixture. Then add the vanilla. Turn the batter into an ungreased tube pan. Bake 60 minutes in a moderate oven at 325 degrees F. Turn the pan upside down on a wire rack. Let the cake cool in the pan.

A good icing for angel food cake may be prepared in the following manner. Ingredients: 1-1/2 cups sugar; 1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar; 1/2 cup hot water; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 sliced candied pineapple; 1 slice candied orange; angelica; candied cherries; 2

egg whites. Put sugar, cream of tartar and hot water in a saucepan. Stir over a low flame until dissolved. Boil the syrup without stirring until it will spin a thread when dropping from a spoon or until the thermometer registers 238 degrees F. Beat the white of the eggs until they are stiff and dry. Then pour the syrup onto the eggwhite in a thin, steady stream, beating constantly as you pour. Beat until the frosting is thick enough to spread. Add the pineapple and orange cut into bits. Stir into the frosting. Spread on the cake with a spatula. Decorate with candied cherries and angelica cut into thin slices.

### *Chocolate Cake*

Ingredients: 2 eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1/2 cup milk; 1 cup flour; 1/2 cup cocoa; 4 tablespoons butter; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 2 teaspoons baking powder. Break eggs into a mixing bowl and beat well. Add the sugar grad-

ually, beating well after each addition. Sift the flour, baking powder, and cocoa together. Add alternately with the milk. Beat between each addition. Then melt the butter and add to the batter. Beat. Flavor with vanilla. Bake in a loaf pan for about 40 minutes at 350 degrees F.

For the icing to this cake you'll need the following ingredients: 1 white of egg; 1 tablespoon water; 2 cups confectioner's sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cake bitter chocolate. Beat slightly in a bowl the white of egg and water. Add sifted sugar gradually. Beat between each addition. Continue beating after the sugar is all used until thick enough to spread. Flavor. Spread on the top and sides of the cake with a spatula. Melt the chocolate in a double boiler. Cover the icing with a thin layer of hot chocolate. For variety the chocolate may be flavored with peppermint.

## GRIEG

(Continued from page 326)

The music was so lovely that it became better liked than the play itself, and finally was arranged in two orchestral suites, giving the whole story in a series of beautiful tone pictures. Some of them are in Norway, and some in far-away Arabia or Egypt.

If you wonder how music can tell a story without words, you have only to listen to one of the most remarkable stories ever told in music—the *Peer Gynt* music by Grieg. *Peer Gynt* is a Norwegian legend of a worthless fellow whose life was dissipated in wandering from one land to another and carousing, while his old mother Ase waited in vain for his return.

During his wanderings, Peer Gynt met an Oriental dancer named Anitra who got all his possessions and then left him. At another time he met the trolls and their king in a hall under the mountains. All these events are told in the music of *Peer Gynt*.

Grieg chose certain events of the story to tell in his music. Those which you will enjoy the most (you can hear them on a phonograph), and which carry the thread of the

story are:

*Morning**Anitra's Dance**Ase's Death**Sunshine Song**In the Hall of the Mountain King**Cradle Song*

Try to hear any of these or all of them at your first opportunity.

In another composition called *March of the Dwarfs* Grieg tells us of the old fairy tales, and in the *Norwegian Bridal Procession* he tells of the quaint marriage customs of the peasant folk. In his compositions entitled *To Spring* and *Butterfly* he has caught the spirit of spring, the song of the birds, and smell of grass and flowers and trees. Grieg never wrote great symphonies, but contented himself with composing beautiful songs and smaller works.

The Northland is a country of mountains and fjords of snow and northern lights, of a rugged race of liberty-loving people. A deep and lasting love of the North warms the hearts of its people. These characteristics Grieg expresses in his music which reminds us of the deep fjords, and dark mountains of Norway, his native land.

Grieg lived in a villa outside of his native city. Here he died in 1907.

## BE AN OPTIMIST

(Continued from page 331)

endure. We must be optimists and believe that right will again prevail, and it will. Be an optimist. Liberty *will* enlighten the world. If you believe this, you are an optimist.

And when the entire world is again controlled by the right, in the new age that will come science will give us power, and power will give us leisure. We are beginning to use the power of the sun. The optimist says, Who knows how far that power will take us?

Forever great events are in the making. There is never a day—even in the present terrible world condition—but what *some* good seed is sown that will bear unexpected fruit. There is no limit to the promise of the future. We have among us even now men whose names will endure when some of the stars in the sky have ceased to shine. The world *will* become better. Right *will* conquer wrong. Be an optimist and believe this and do your tiny bit to bring it about.

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

1. What is an optimist?
2. What is a pessimist?



### A Friday Program

By DOROTEA REYES

(12 YEARS OLD)

AT OUR SCHOOL in grade six every Friday we have 30 minutes for a free activity period. Two weeks in advance of each Friday our teacher appoints a committee of three pupils who are to arrange a program for the Friday activity period. There is a different committee for each program, and of course each committee tries to do as well—or better—than previous committees have done.

Sometimes we have some instrumental or vocal music, some poems read by good readers, a short dialogue or two, some stories read or told, or anything else the committee can think of and prepare. Sometimes we get one or two parents to be the speakers on the program.

One time we got a man from Manila, who is an amateur magician, to come and do some tricks for us. We all liked that program

(Please turn to page 339.)

### Window Boxes

By ALFREDO JOSE

(14 YEARS OLD)

LAST YEAR mother and I were visiting in a neighboring town. As we were walking along the street one day, we saw a number of window boxes in a beautiful home. The boxes had many different flowering plants growing in them.

Mother liked them so well that I told her I would make some for our home when we returned. And I did.

I got some boards from wooden boxes which I bought at a store in our town. Then with a hammer, saw, and small nails I constructed six long, narrow window boxes, all of the same size. I painted them green.

I filled the boxes with rich black soil, having first put some stones and some dried moss in the bottom. This was to hold the moisture and supply good drainage. I got the moss in the woods on the mountain

(Please turn to page 339.)

### Making a Scrap Book

By SERAFINA GRAVADOR

(11 YEARS OLD)

MY FATHER always buys the Sunday paper. After he has read it, he gives the section to me which contains many pictures. This supplement of the Sunday paper tells many interesting geographic, industrial, or historic stories. So from them I have made several scrap books which I have carried to school and placed on the reading table for reference work.

This is the way I make a scrap book: I cut some sheets of heavy paper seven by twelve inches in size. I paste a picture cut from a supplement, with its printed description, on each side of each sheet. Then I write as neatly as I can some questions under each picture.

When I have a number of sheets prepared, with a punch I make two holes on the left side of each sheet. Then I make me a nice cover for my scrap book. I punch two holes on the left

(Please turn to page 339.)





## A FRIDAY PROGRAM

*(Continued from page 337)*

very much, for the magician did many marvellous things. He taught us all how to do one trick, but there is no fun in a trick after you understand how it is done.

The program committee never tells what is going to be given at the program—it is always kept secret until the time comes. And then—what a surprise!

We all enjoy planning the programs, getting them ready, and giving them. Our teacher thinks this is an incentive to cause us to read stories and poems in search of program material, and teaches us to have initiative and executive ability.

## WINDOW BOXES

*(Continued from page 337)*

slope; I washed the earth from it and dried it.

After the six boxes were filled with soil and were in the windows, my problem was to find suitable flowering plants. I planted some *cadena-de-amor* in each box and some nasturtiums. I got some petunias also, and some small sized marigolds. After a few months my plants began to bloom.

How pretty they looked, and how attractive they made the windows appear!

## FLYING WHEEL

*(Continued from page 332)*

Then between these draw two more lines, and then four more, so there are eight lines crossing the center at equal distances apart as shown in the first picture.

With a sharp penknife cut along these straight lines, and then turn the points upward and downward alternately, as shown in the second picture. The flying wheel is now complete. Set it rolling outdoors during a windy day on a smooth walk, and it will whirl along at a great speed.

## WIND-BALL

*(Continued from page 332)*

on one side of the table, another boy on the other side, and the two boys can blow it backwards and forwards.

You can make a game by drawing a chalk mark across the center of the table. One boy tries to blow the wind-ball across the line. The other tries to prevent him from doing this and at the same time tries to blow it across the line. When a boy succeeds, he scores one point. The boy scoring five points first wins the game. Don't you want to make a wind-ball?

## MAKING A SCRAP BOOK

*(Continued from page 337)*

side of it also. Then I loosely tie all the sheets and the cover together with a fancy ribbon which I save from a box of candy.

I find great pleasure in making a scrap book in this way, and the scrap books which I have made seem to give pleasure to my classmates. Mother is glad to have me make such scrap books, for she thinks I learn things in that way. Any way it's lots of fun to make one. Try it.

## BALANCING ZOO

*(Continued from page 333)*

well. The reason is that by curling the tail and curving the body the center of gravity of the whole object is kept down towards the lower half and under the projecting claw, so that the animal is not top heavy.

The same principle applies to each of the toys—the shaping and curving keeps the center of gravity just where it should be to preserve the balance. This is often done by means of a lead weight. If these cardboard animals are well made, no lead weight is needed.

So these interesting toys are quite scientific.



## Chats with the EDITOR

I was very much interested recently in reading a short article in the *Manila Daily Bulletin*. The headline, printed of course in large type, caught my eye and caused me to read the article through several times quite carefully. Perhaps you will be interested in some of the statements of this article, if you have not already seen it in the Manila newspaper.

The headline called attention to the fact that the recent Philippine census shows that English, followed by Visayan, is the most widely spoken language in the Philippines. That was an interesting headline, so I read what followed.

The article stated that "English... is by far the most extensively distributed language in the Philippines, census figures reveal," and that "in 32 provinces more than one-fourth of all the inhabitants speak English."

The news item went on to state that "practically all the persons speaking English have completed at least the first three grades in public or private schools." As a reason for the widespread use of English in the Philippines, the writer concluded that "this, of course, is due to the present school system."

It was also interesting to me to note the number of provinces using various dialects of the Philippines. In the article referred to the commentator showed that Visayan, including Cebuano-Visayan

and Panay-Visayan, is spoken in 15 provinces, Tagalog is spoken in 12 provinces, and other dialects such as Pampangan, Bukidnon, Lanao, etc. are each spoken in one province.

Your Editor likes to think that *THE YOUNG CITIZEN* is playing a part in assisting young Filipinos in this wide-spread use of such a great language as English. We are helping boys and girls from the first grade up to acquire a use of English, and we shall continue to do so as long as English is the language of the schools. The principal reason for the existence of *THE YOUNG CITIZEN* is to help young Filipinos in their study of English.

There is an old saying in Europe that Italian is the language to use when you want to sing, French when you want to make love, and English when you want to do business. This is only a popular saying, of course, but it does show that English is the world's commercial language.

It is true enough that English is a good language in which to do business, for probably the greater part of the world's commerce is conducted in English. But English is good for many other uses besides business. Indeed, it is one of the richest languages spoken, with more variety and flexibility, probably, than any other language, and it is spread over a greater part of the earth's surface.

I have been in many different parts of the world—various countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—and in every place where I have been, at least some English was spoken. You can go almost anywhere in the world, and if you can speak English you can find some one who will understand you and speak to you in that tongue. This is one of the reasons why the English language will be a great help to you if you will learn it.

How difficult do you suppose it is to learn English? One might think it would be a very hard task. In the ordinary unabridged dictionary you will find from 300,000 to 500,000 different words, but of course no one person ever uses all of these. It has been calculated that Shakespeare, who had a very wide English vocabulary, used not more than 24,000 different words in his writings, and the great English poet Milton used 17,000 different words. In ordinary life few persons whose mother tongue is English use more than 2,000 or 3,000 different English words.

Do not be discouraged by these figures, for the learning of English has been simplified. It is possible to have a good working knowledge of English if you know something less than 900 different English words, provided, of course, that these are the right words. Some of the world's greatest authorities on English have been working for 20 or 25 years in choosing the basic words in the English language. These have now been tabulated. How many basic words do you think there are in this important language? Just 850 words. In my next Chat I will tell you more about this simplified system of English. I am sure you will be interested. Goodbye.—THE EDITOR.

# Announcement to All Our Young Readers:

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, you will become a member of

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

The rules for securing membership are simple.

### OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

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

Address all letters to:

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### The Uses of THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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

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

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

*This magazine is published 12 times a year*

COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.

MANILA